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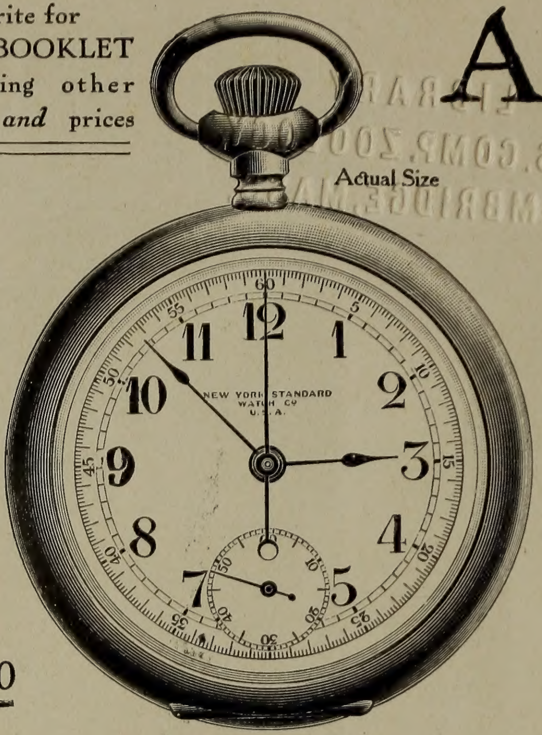
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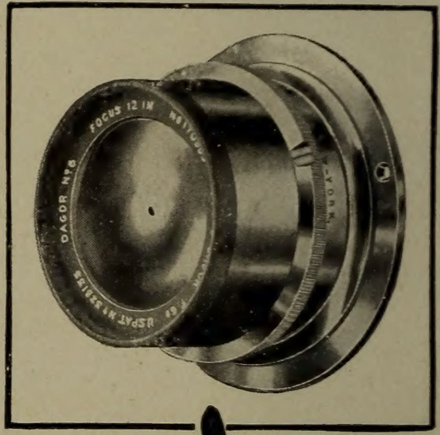
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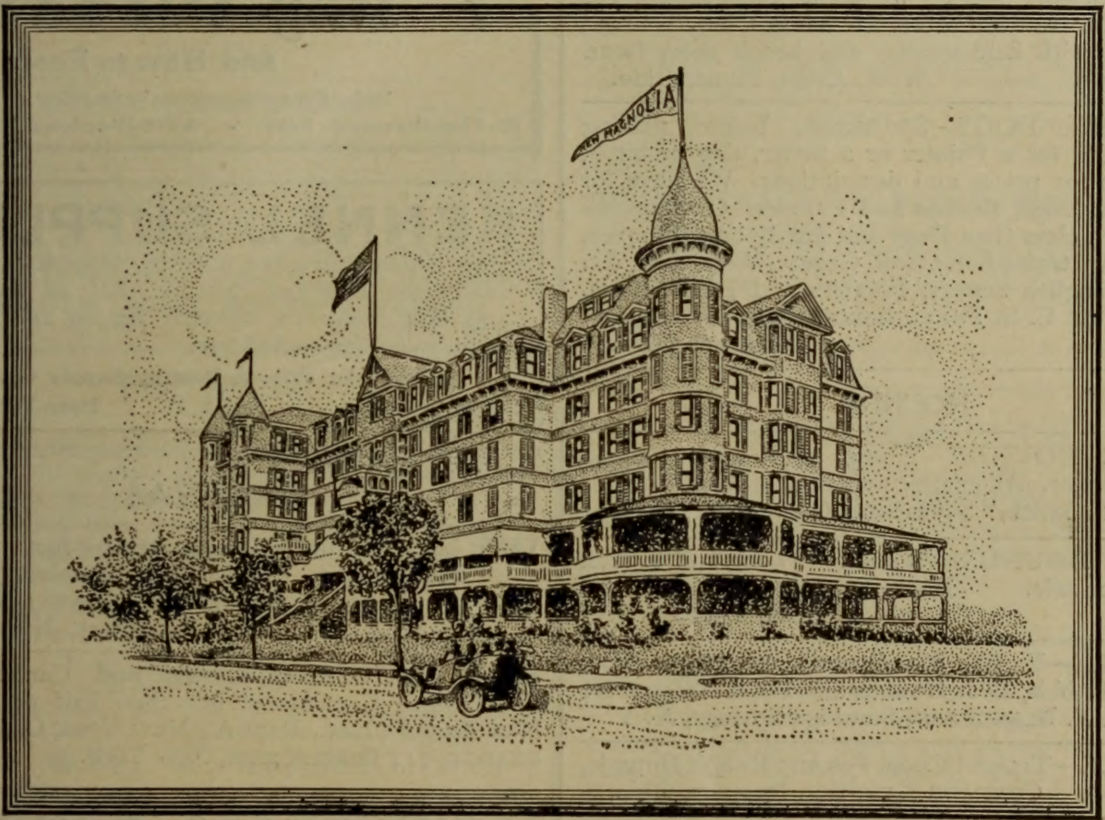

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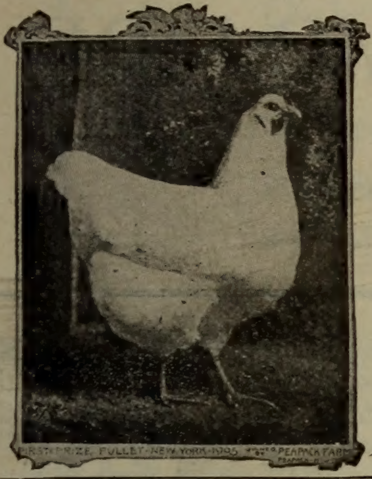

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AROUND OUR CAMP-FIRE

I leave this rule for others when I'm dead,
Be always sure you're right—then go ahead.
—DAVID CROCKETT.

RECREATION FOR AUGUST

We think the reader will agree that the present number is just a little bit the best we have ever turned out, and that we have amply fulfilled our promises made in the June number. But wait! At the present writing (June 5) we have the magazine for August made up in dummy form, and comparison with the folded form proofs of the July number by a jury of five results in three for August as against two for July. Were we, ourselves, to cast a vote, it should be in favor of the later issue.

An exceptionally good article that will appear in the August magazine is by Ernest Russell, and has to do with the settler's battle with the wilderness; there are some very good illustrations from photographs. Another valuable illustrated article is by Eugene Parsons and tells of the explorations of General Zebulon Pike, of Pike's Peak fame. This article will be all the more interesting in view of the coming Pike's Peak celebration, at Colorado Springs, during the last week of September. Of especial interest to hunters of big game will be Everett Dufour's article on hunting the prong-horned antelope, and Sid Howard's article on caribou hunting on St. Patrick's marshes. The bird hunters will be entertained by Dr. George McAleer, with an article on prospecting for woodcock. John Boyd contributes an illustrated article on Indians as guides, and Hrolf Wisby tells how to become an expert swimmer.

Recreation's Platform

An uncompromising fight for the protection, preservation and propagation of all game; placing a sane limit on the bag that can be taken in a day or season; the prevention of the shipment or transportation of game, except in limited quantities, and then only when accompanied by the party who killed it; the prohibition of the sale of game. These are "Recreation's" slogans now and forever.

Other articles and stories there are in abundance, entertaining and usefully suggestive, but we prefer rather to surprise our readers than tell them so far in advance what they must wait for. Anyway, the feature of the August number will be its surprises; so, as we said before, wait!

RECREATION AND MT. McKINLEY

In the June number we told of the exploring expedition to the Shushitna Valley, at the same time stating that an attempt might be made to ascend Mt. McKinley. Since then a dispatch from Seattle, Washington, states that Dr. F. A. Cook will lead the new expedition in the ascent of Mt. McKinley. The intrepid doctor is, by this time, in Alaska. He is accompanied by the celebrated mountain climber, Prof. H. C. Parker, of the University of New York. Mr. R. W. Parker, an experienced Arctic explorer, and Recreation's special artist and correspondent, Mr. Belmore Browne. Mr. Browne has hunted and sketched all over that part of Alaska, and was in the Mt. McKinley country last season.

If any one ever reaches the top of Mt. McKinley, these seem to be the men to do it. But the reader must remember that it is a stupendous undertaking. Mt. McKinley is not only the highest mountain on this continent, but it is the biggest mountain in the world. Mt. Everest, of the Himalaya range in Asia, reaches the phenomenal and unique elevation of 29,002 feet, but to do this the wily Asiatic mountain has taken advantage of a high tableland for its foothold; thus, Everest stands on the shoulders of other mountains. Mt. McKinley, on the contrary, looms right up from the earth, standing on its own feet and thrusting its ice-bound shoulders and snow-covered head away above the clouds, without sacrificing its mountainhood by being boosted to its elevation by other less ambitious mountains.

Mt. McKinley is a true American and reaches its eminence by its own exertions, so to speak. Recreation stands for achievement, strenuous outdoor work, and hence it is right and proper that its already celebrated staff artist should be the adventurous soul to plant our flag on the top of the biggest mountain in the world.

Mr. Browne's story of the expedition will make good reading. To make certain of getting the numbers containing it, be sure your name is on our subscription list. Address Recreation, 23 W. 24th St., New York, and enclose a dollar and a half.

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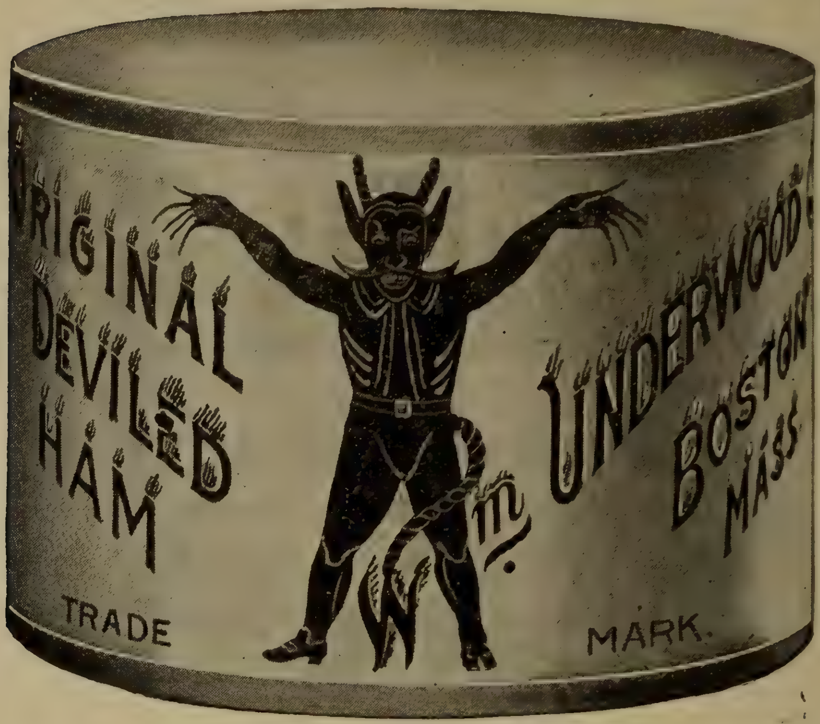

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RECREATION

Volume XXV JULY, 1906 Number 1

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WM. E. ANNIS, *Publisher*, 23 West Twenty-fourth Street, New York
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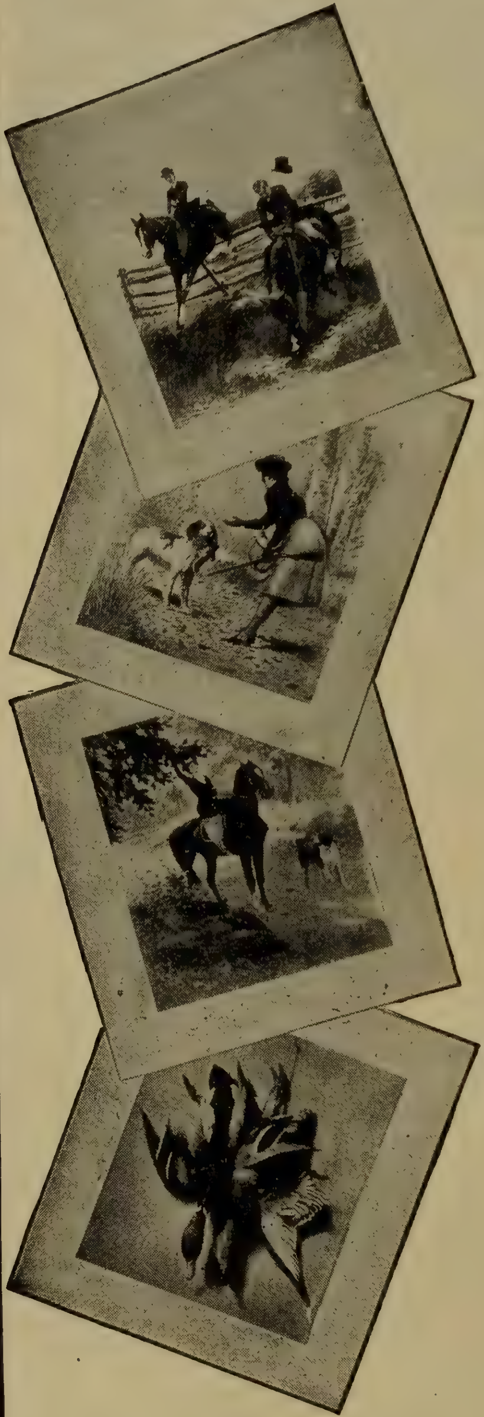

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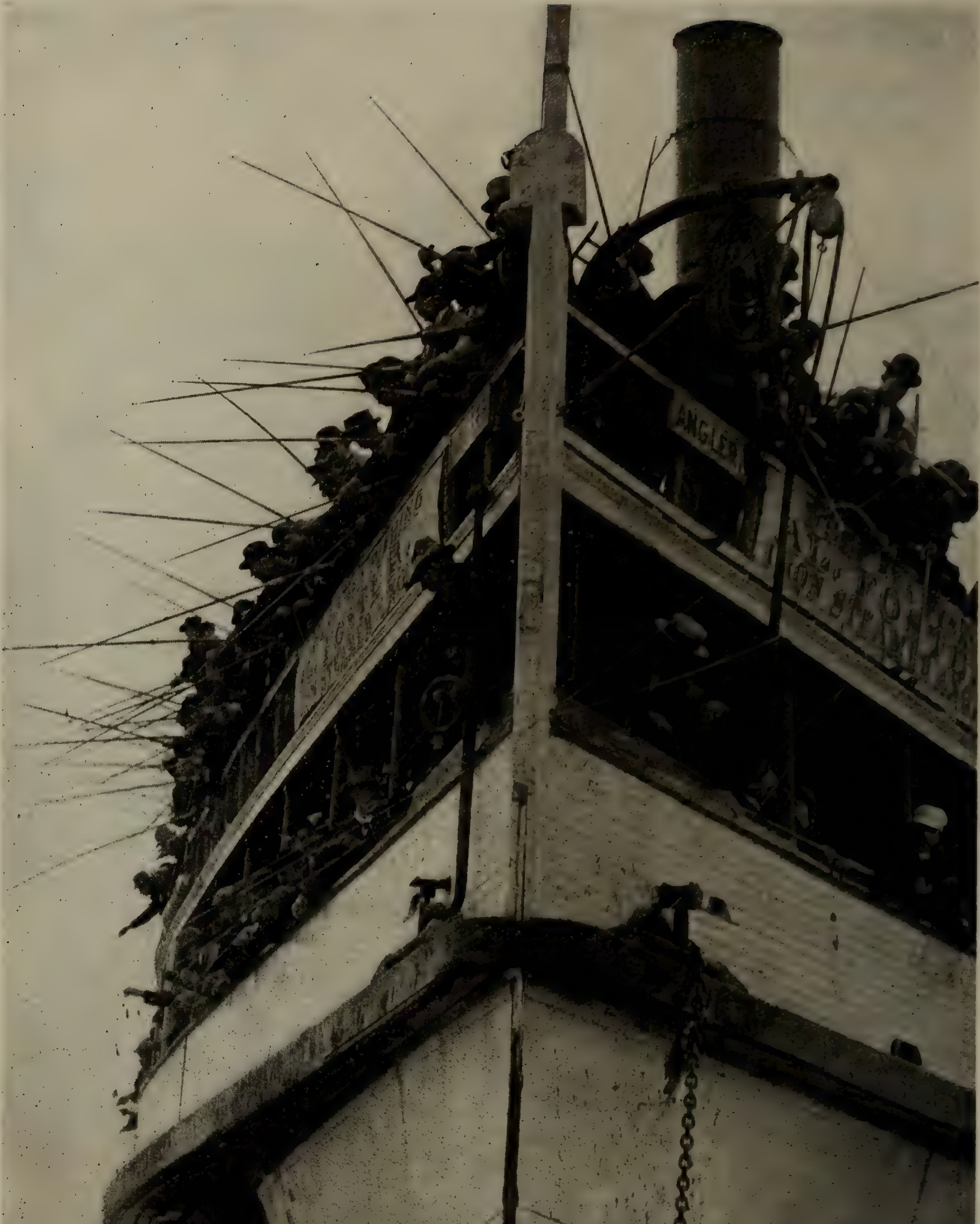


JUST FANCY THE TANGLE!

As soon as the anchor falls hundreds of lines are cast, but not a hitch is made, no one loses his temper. Many of these fishermen go every Sunday, rain or shine, and they understand the little inconveniences of the game.

WALTER KING STONE 1906

RECREATION

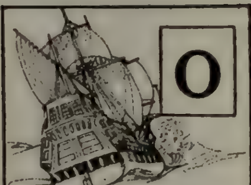
Vol. XXV JULY, 1906 No. 1

ONE OF THE CROWD

A Trip to the Fishing-Banks with Some of New York's Sunday Anglers

BY ROSCOE BRUMBAUGH

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR HEWETT



ON SUNDAY morning, from April till November, Battery Park is the rendezvous for many New York anglers. From all directions and by all modes of travel they come; but all are headed in one direction—the fishing-boats. A lone robin may call from the top of yonder maple, but few hear it, for the babel of many tongues drowns even the incessant chatter of the sparrows. The ticket "barkers" hold up every pedestrian to impress upon him the superiority of such and such a boat, while on the park benches old cronies swap tales and good cheer. Everybody is happy. Witness the smiles and greetings that are passed along. It is, indeed, as the robin plainly calls and calls, the top o' the morning.

At the piers the fishing-steamers are rocking impatiently, while on the decks gather the jolly crowds, awaiting good naturedly the signal to start. Out on the bay a few straggling ships are passing and the bright morning sun dances upon the never resting waters. Even the Statue of Liberty seems to lose the stare of bronze and put on an appropriate smile. Everybody knows it: Going fishing!

"Buy a hat-guard before the boat leaves!" calls out a young fellow on board, who then proceeds to give you visions of coming home hatless.

"Sure and pwhat would a string be for, annyway?" asks an Irishman, leaning over the railing. "Who'd want t' look like a Inglish dood?"

"Ach, only womens wear dem tings," answers his side-partner. "I chust got one fer Lizzee."

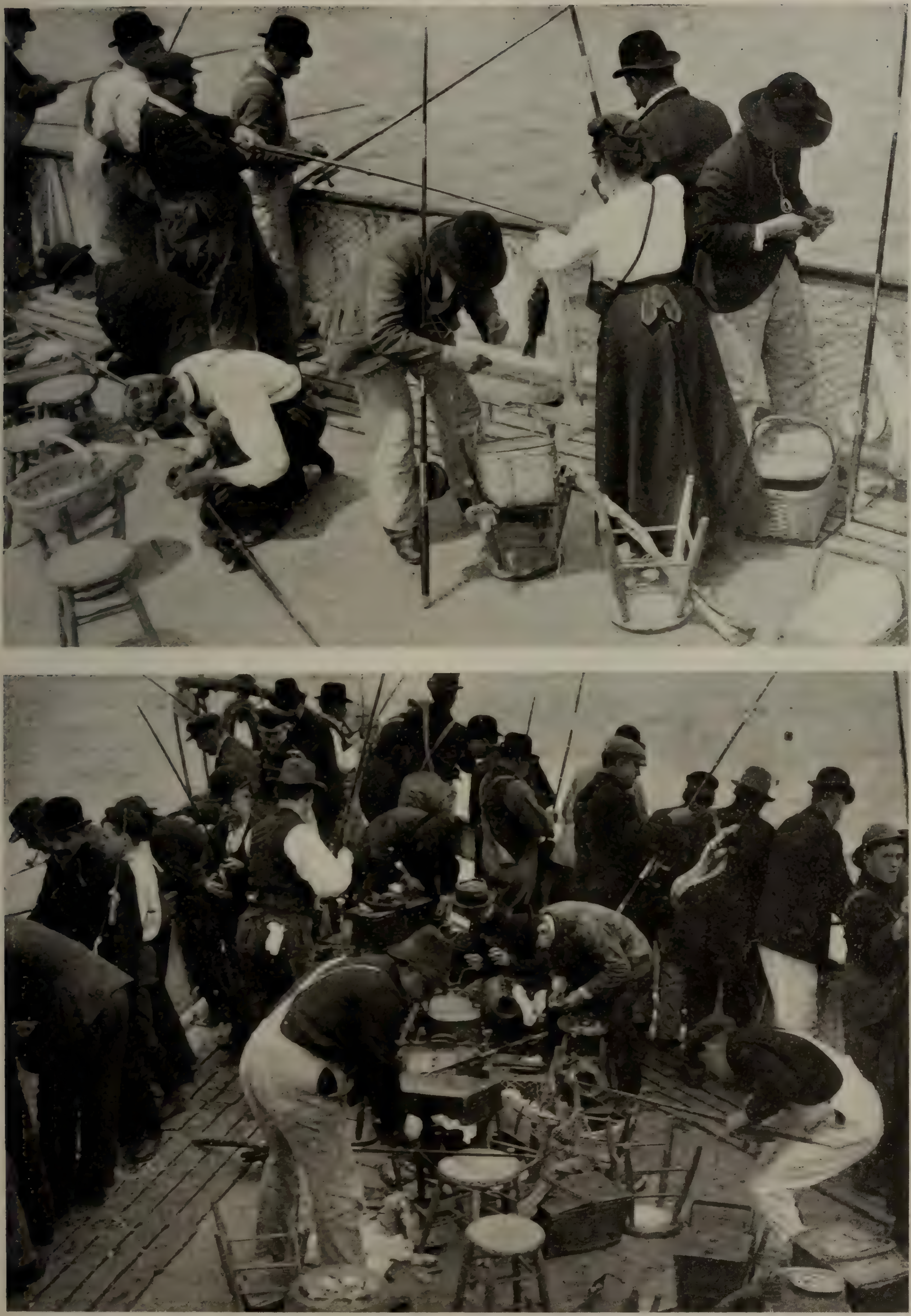
But the word has been given to start and the boat now glides serenely out on the bay. A few warships may be lying in quarantine, or one or two may be passed on the way to Sandy Hook. What a picture they make in the shimmering sunlight. Three rousing cheers go up from the hundreds on board to the jackies on the great steel miracles. How the blood goes atingling when Old Glory is run up and "broke out!" Even the stolid Germans manage to shout; the Irishmen yell. There is no more thrilling sight in its associations with patriotic pride than the magnificent entrance to the finest harbor in the world. The Narrows are beautiful, and the ships passing there add a touch of romance to the scene. Fort Wadsworth and Fort Hamilton at either side, with their fine swards and background of trees, set off a picture that could hardly be improved. Then comes the long stretch of beach at Sandy Hook, with the glistening targets as its only decoration.

On the way down five or six men are preparing bait. Pity the clams! Barrels of them are cut up like so many potatoes. But the work is forgotten in the mere pleasure of being free and easy, and in the joyful anticipation of the coming sport. Some may get a little too hilarious and imbibe more freely than they should and thus later imagine themselves taking home a fuller string than actually will be the case.

After a few hours' ride the fishing-banks are reached, where the excursion boats all anchor close together. As soon as the anchor falls, hundreds of lines are cast. "Follow your line!" "Here with that last throw!" call a dozen of voices, and it all works out so smoothly that you suspect the act has been rehearsed. Not a hitch is made and no one loses his temper. When the first catch is made another old-fashioned cheer goes up, which is especially heartsome should the good luck fall to Mrs. Schmitt or Mrs. Hennessy. Whoever pulls the first bass is the hero of the hour. It may be the sprightly little girl of seven summers or the oldtimer of sixty winters who sits on the upper deck and draws 'em in at regular intervals. No one cares for cocker eels, but blackfish and fluke, though plentiful, are considered good catches. Weakfish, bluefish, ling, porgy, cod and perhaps one or two monster anglers all go to make up the "catch." After all, health must be included in the catch, too.

THE STARTING POINT, A PIER HARD BY HISTORIC BATTERY PARK

"Just fancy the tangle!" exclaims a



THE FISH ARE BITING—ALL ARE PREOCCUPIED, ALL GOOD NATURED AND CONSIDERATE, AND THERE IS NONE SO POOR THAT HE MAY NOT HAVE A FAIR CHANCE TO CATCH ONE

The weight of care and
are all lost

nervous little Englishman who has unconsciously caused a bad mix-up of lines.

"Hold on! Can't you hold yourself a bit? My line's in there," screams a woman from below.

"Quite so, quite so. I shall undo it," he calls back to her gallantly.

But it can't be undone. It is a mix-up that would put many a latter-day matrimonial tangle to blush. Lines must be cut, but fortunately few tempers are injured. Many of these fishermen go every Sunday, rain or shine, and they understand the little inconveniences of the game. It is their rest and recreation from a week's work. Yet in the crowded condition of the boat one man may be found baiting another's hook by mistake. There are laughs then of wonderful contrasts and insinuations galore.

The reels are making merry music and splash, splash, splash go the lines on the glassy surface of the water. Here and there exclamations of delight arise as nice catches are hauled in. When there is a possibility of some one losing a fish a dozen willing hands are ready to help secure it. Back and forth they surge from railing to bait-pots, with almost the precision of the jackies we saw marching up and down the battleship an hour or so before. At the stern a dozen young women, all in white sweaters, are attracting their share of attention by their good luck and fetching appearance. The wind plays havoc with their locks, but that only adds charm to the picture they make. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," comments an accommodating neighbor to one of the girls, as he helps bring in her catch. All are so preoccupied with their own affairs that no one takes notice of the "camera fiend" who manages somehow to get the picture of everybody on board.

"Move the boat! Move the boat!" call a hundred voices when no one seems to be having any luck. The boat is moved, of course. When the anchor goes down again the "first cast" scene is enacted all over again. Probably the boat will be moved several times and in the end wend its way over to Rockaway shoals to try again. Here a rowboat or two may be taken aboard which contain a fine lot of fish. These fish start the market for those on board who wish to sell their fish, and those who did not fish or had bad luck can purchase what they want at low prices. However, it is doubtful whether anyone ever confessed to having bought his string. Can you blame a man, when such big ones get away?

All this time the restaurant is being well patronized. Over its entrance might well be hung the trite but appropriate motto: "Ham and Eggs Enlivening the World." Folks on board eat hearty and often, as the salt air whets the appetite. "I have been in the restaurant five times to-day," laughingly remarks one woman to her companion. And you do not doubt the statement. She looks the picture of health and is a splendid example of the benefits to be derived from a regular weekly outing. It is not so much the fishing, as she says, but just the getting out where the winds are free.

The crowd contains many types for profitable study by the student of human nature. Made up largely of working people, many of them well-to-do, it presents varied contrasts. Here is a café proprietor, there a thriving butcher or grocery man. Architects, artists and clerks all rub shoulders in bubbling good humor on the trip. The weight of care and the week's business worries are all lost and forgotten in these hours of play. The big-hearted German-American at my side tells me he goes out somewhere every week. "It keeps a man in trim," he says. "I get tired of the fish and often give them to some one less fortunate before I leave the boat. I like to get the cool sea breezes and be in the push. It does a fellow good even if it is Sunday." Note his ruddy cheeks and contented grin, and contradict him if you will.

When the boat weighs anchor for home volunteer quartettes and choruses start up "In Dear Old Georgia," "Consolation," and "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie," but I hear only the words of some verses I read that very morning:

"There is a garden of the South
That lies along the sea,
Kissed ever by the summer's mouth
And sweet with melody."

And better still:

"Where all the livelong, brooding day,
And all night long,
The far sea-journeying wind should come
Down to the doorway of your home,
To lure thee ever the old way
With the old song."

Wound at convenient places are the erstwhile busy lines, now drying in the sun. Everything is in disorder. Most of the men have taken off their fishing togs and have donned street clothes once more. It is difficult to recognize some of them after the change. All the available seating space is occupied with parties of friends and little family groups, chatting over the incidents of the day. Pipes and tobacco are in great demand; indeed as much so as something to eat. "Here with that tobacco," becomes a common request.

Thousands of city folk, modern cave-dwellers, if you please, have taken advantage of the glorious summer day, and in motor boats and launches, sailboats and yachts, are passing with ease among the larger craft. It is an inspiring sight to the lover of the out-of-doors. The whole world seems joyous outside of the "four walls and a ceiling" which hem a man's soul in. It is gratifying, also, to know that every year the number of people seeking outdoor amusement grows larger and larger. All of which calls to mind words written by Thoreau years ago: "One moment of life costs many hours, hours not of business, but of preparation and invitation. Yet the man who does not betake himself at once and desperately to sawing is called a loafer, though he may be knocking at the door of heaven all the while, which shall surely be opened to him." And when to the fascination of nature in its larger aspects

the week's business worries and forgotten

"I like to get the cool sea breezes and be in the push. It does a fellow good even if it is Sunday."

the doors are once opened they can never, never swing shut.

All the way on the return games are in order, and there is music on all sides. Here and there are little groups enjoying luncheon after the day's sport. The Lady in Green, more dignified than the others, uses a newspaper for a napkin. Now and then she bestows a patronizing smile on the couple at her right, who are evidently afraid of losing each other. Scattered over the boat, in quiet corners, tired-out children are dozing peacefully. No wonder—such a breeze and such skies!

On my trip a storm arose as we passed up the Narrows. Steadily the wind grew stronger and the gulls kept flying lower and lower. Over Manhattan and Jersey dense black clouds hung like a pall. No one got excited. It was all a matter of course.

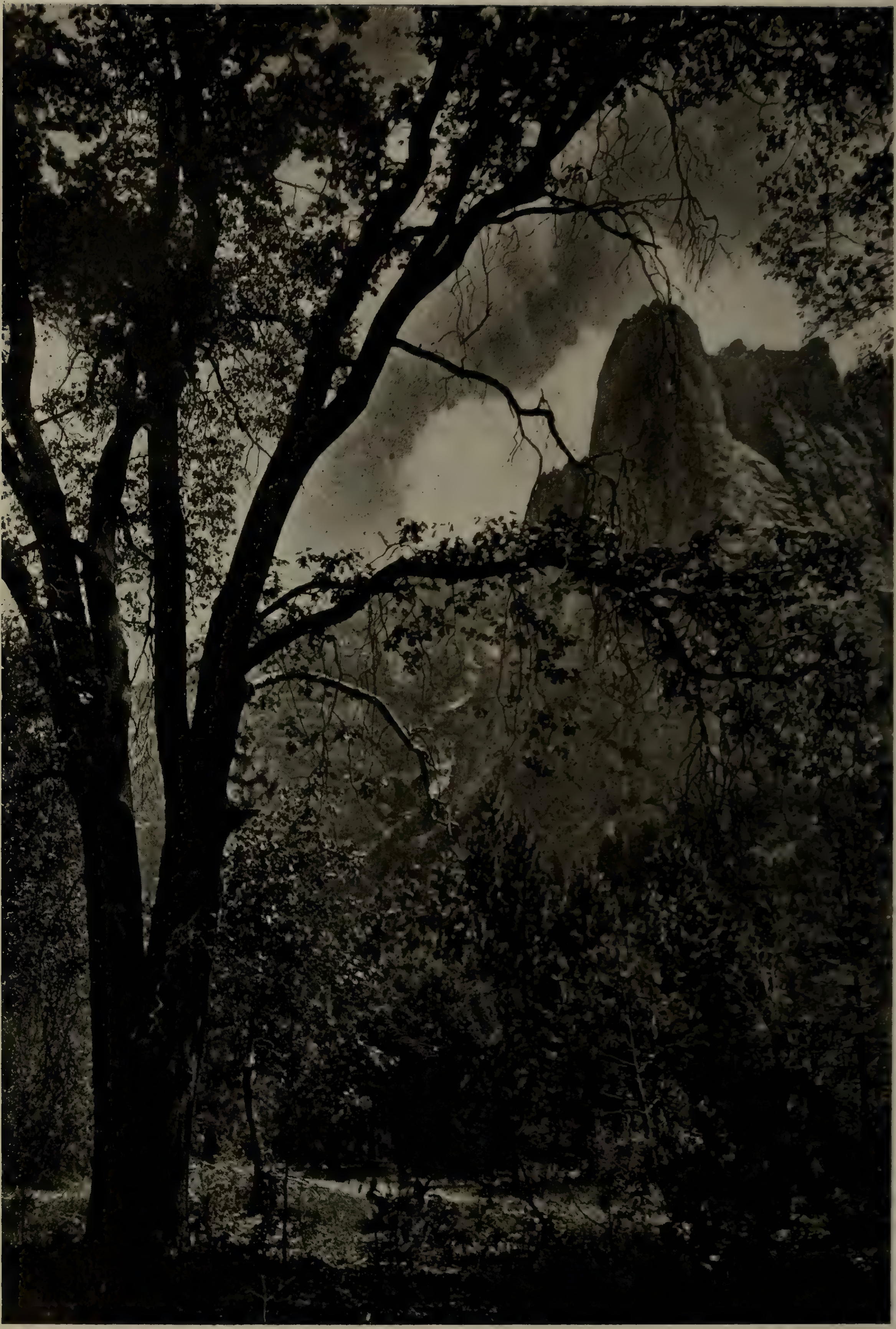
THE LADY IN GREEN KEEPS UP WITH THE PROCESSION DESPITE SUCH LITTLE INCONVENIENCES AS THE WIND AND WIGGLING FISH

Down the stairways surged the crowds from the upper deck. Some tarried too long and were drenched by the downpour.

"I don't care!" cried the Lady in Green, as she picked up her skirts and swept by like the coming of spring.

Hundreds of persons are awaiting friends at the pier. The landing is hurriedly made, but no one cares about the jostling. It's all a part of the outing and demonstrates once more the patience and good nature of the motley American crowd on pleasure bent. Over in the park the sparrows quarrel and chatter as before and the robin sings as merrily as in the morning.

All in all, it is a fascinating trip. The fresh sea air gets into your blood and you will doubtless go again and again; if not on a real fishing boat, then on the wonderful Ship of Memory.



You might camp in the valley all summer and yet explore some new wonder every day

CAMPING IN THE HIGH SIERRA

Where Conditions Are So Ideal That Men and Women Must Appreciate Nature

BY MADELINE Z. DOTY

A MAN'S yell of terror rang out on the night air. Dark forms appeared from among the trees and hurried toward the spot from whence the sound came. But it was found that the excitement had been caused by nothing more than a young, cold, shivering, little rattler, who, deserted by his family, had sought the comfort of man's abode. Having found a sleeping-bag on the ground, he had crawled in for the warmth. Imagine the horror of the man when he had attempted to get into his bag and heard that dreadful whr-r-r of the rattle. After that the sleeping-bags were never left on the ground, but hung on trees during the day.

This was only one incident where life is principally made up of the pure joy of living. Do you know what it is to be simply glad you are alive; to feel every muscle in your body in its right place and in full play; to tread the ground with the strength and freedom of health, and to feel you are monarch of all you survey? The place to know and feel all this is in the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California. I never before had camped out to any extent, yet for one solid month I lived in the open. I did not even see the outside, let alone the inside, of a dwelling-place. We were miles by trail from even a log cabin.

To get ready for such a camping campaign you need comparatively few things. Take dress, for instance. The men usually wear khaki trousers, red or green flannel shirts, strong hob-nailed footwear and soft felt hats. The woman's costume is scarcely more elaborate. Dark flannel bloomers, for it is apt to be cold at times, and knee skirts; shirt waists made like a man's negligée shirt with the collar fastened on; a gay windsor tie of some kind; a soft felt hat of becoming shape and large enough for protection from the sun, and strong shoes with hob nails, are the most convenient and comfortable costume, and many like its picturesqueness. You will want a warm sweater, and don't forget the all-important bandanna, which, tied to your belt, serves the various offices of napkin, night cap, towel, an apron to cover the grease spot on your skirt, and last, but not least, as a most important utensil to carry your lunch in. The high-laced boots are a necessity, both in fording a stream, for they are water-proof, and in any unexpected encounter with a rattlesnake. That last statement sounds much more dreadful than it really is; for though we went through a part of the country where there are many rattlers, I never saw a live one on the whole trip, except the ignorant little fellow that crawled into the sleeping-bag. A rattler will never attack you if let alone; he is quite as anxious as you to get out of the way.

The time to go camping in the Sierra is in July or August, for then it never rains. You need no tent, only a sleeping-bag. You just live out in the great out-of-doors with no roof over your head. A very important item in camping is this sleeping-bag. The easiest, warmest and lightest weight bag is an eider-down quilt covered with a dark denim, folded over and sewed like a bag, with one end left open for you to get in. It was a queer sight at night, when the horses occasionally wandered up to the sleeping quarters, to see these weird-looking sacks, each with a head sticking out of the top, rise up from the ground and utter a piercing shriek or a "shoo" to the approaching horse. Until you have tried it you cannot

Oh! the joy of the trail!

imagine the comfort and warmth of the sleeping-bag. The first night we spent in a house after the trip was over, the friend who was with me was unable to stand the "squashiness" and, what seemed to her, the tremendous elevation of her bed. So she got up, spread her bag on the floor, got into it and went right to sleep.

The only remaining item to complete the personal camping outfit is the "dunnage-bag." That is a brown canvas bag that looks like a laundry-bag with a rope around the top to draw it together. Your sleeping-bag and clothes are dumped into this, the rope drawn up and tied, and you are ready to start.

The way, from a scenic standpoint, to get into the big mountains of the Sierra is to enter by way of the Yosemite Valley. You take a sleeper from San Francisco. Early in the morning you tumble out of the train to find yourself in a small village, where you get breakfast and discard the few remaining conventional clothes you are wearing, leaving them in a suit-case at the station until called for. Then, in full camping costume, you climb onto one of the big, open stages that hold about twenty people each. For a day and a-half you ride, putting up at night at an inn that is in the heart of the woods and very near to one of the groves of famous sequoia trees. Each mile you drive you get higher up, the air grows bracing and full of the wondrous smell of fir and pine.

The trees have grown to be giants, and you must throw your head way back to see their tops. There has been and will be no rain for some time, so there is plenty of dust. This is somewhat allayed, however, by the crude oil that has been sprinkled on the roads. At last, about three o'clock of the second day, you see a big opening in the woods, the driver reins in his horses, and you gaze, speechless, into the Yosemite Valley. Straight up from the floor of the valley on either side rise gigantic rock cliffs to the height of two or three thousand feet. El Capitan, a huge mass of weather-beaten, barren rock, guards the entrance. The floor of the valley seems a mass of waving tree tops, with here and there a glimpse of the gleaming Tuolumne River, like a silver

. . . *you gaze, speechless, into the Yosemite Valley*

thread wending its way in and out. Wherever there is a rift in the rocks, a torrent of water comes dashing over the top of the cliffs. So far does the water fall in some cases, even as much as a thousand feet, that when it reaches the valley it has become sprayed as fine as smoke from a green wood fire.

You might camp in the valley all summer and yet explore some new wonder each day. But although you are already at an elevation of 5,000 feet, you must pull yourself up 4,000 feet higher to be among the snow-covered mountains where the Tuolumne has its source. So after a few days you prepare to start forth again. Early in the morning, according to the usual programme, you pop out of your sleeping-bag and scurry down to the river for a plunge. You gasp at the thrilling, cold shock. You have need to be brave, but it is good. How it makes the blood run through your veins. You feel well and strong enough to conquer the world. After breakfast you dump your things into your dunnage-bags. The packers, the men who look after the baggage, are busy strapping the bags on the horses, five bags to a horse, and packing up the provisions. Unless it be a very blind trail, you are at liberty to go when you please. So you may start off ahead of the rest or wait until the others have gone, and so be quite alone all day. Oh! the joy of the trail! Once get its fever in your blood and you never can get it out. To be a wanderer, a vagabond, care-free and merry, with endless miles of blazed trail stretching out before you and the smell of sage brush in the air; to throw yourself flat on the ground and drink deep from one of those sparkling, ice-cold mountain streams. The feel of the water as over your hands you let it run, or, stretched on some sun-kissed rock against which the river is dashing and beating in unspent fury, to wonder half the day away at the beauty of sky and tree and river, and "commune with air, light and night, hills, winds and streams, and seek not strength in strengthless dreams."

You may take your own horse on the trip, and some prefer to ride when it is a long distance to the next camp. The

You are dumb with this newest realization

mountain horse is a living wonder, so surefooted and clever is he getting down rock ledges that are not easy for man; in fact, there are few places where man can go that a mountain horse cannot follow. Fording a stream on a horse's back is great fun, particularly when the water gets deeper and deeper; now up over the stirrup, and you wonder how many steps more it will be before the horse has to strike out. There was one day when I was in the saddle from seven in the morning until seven at night, stopping only for an occasional drink and an hour or so for my lunch.

Toward night your attention is turned to find a good spot to camp in. Any mountain meadow that has a good stream running through it and plenty of trees is a

Toward night your attention is turned

of the splendor and majesty of nature

suitable place for camp. The aim each night is to find such a place, where, perhaps, if it be very attractive, you would linger on for some days. The men's camp is on one side of the stream and the women's on the other, or the women's camp is up-stream and the men's down-stream. Between you is always the spot for the big camp-fire. It is there the commissary is located. There the Chinamen hold sway, stirring big iron cooking-pots over the fire. You can imagine that it is a very favorite spot, when the yell is given that announces meal-time; you fairly run, for first come first served. So you line up with tin plate and cup and file by the big iron pots, where food and drink is ladled out to you. Generally you use but two utensils to eat with, the tin cup

to find a good spot to camp in

THE CLEVER MOUNTAIN HORSES

fastened to your belt and the tin spoon in your pocket. A cupful of beans devoured, you repair to the river to wash your cup. Sand and water make a splendid cleanser. Then for a cupful of coffee and after that probably a cupful of apple sauce and some hardtack. If you are particular you wash your cup between the last two courses, otherwise you let it go.

I wish I could picture the coloring of the country. In the far-away East the mountains are green. All the country valleys and hills are green, all shades and kinds, from the light, fresh green of early spring verdure to the dark, rich shades of the conifers; but still all green. The Sierra Mountain country in midsummer is a series of gray-browns. It impresses you with its dryness. You miss the green at first, but soon learn to appreciate its absence. It is this very dryness that makes everything so brilliantly clear. It makes the air bracing. There is nothing slow, luxurious or enervating about it. Underfoot is the brown dust, without fern or moss, overhead the intensely clear and brilliantly blue sky. Around you the gray-brown rocks, bowlders and mountains stand out clean and clear-cut, with their dazzling patches of snow. The gnarled old trees, with their lofty, dark green crowns, are whispering their dryness to vagrant ocean breezes. Here and there, scattered over the ground, are the mountain flowers, gay, vivid spots of color, like the bright red snowflowers.

Then come days of action and desire when you elect to master some snow-covered peak. Usually one must make an early start. So it is only three o'clock and very dark when one of the men gives the familiar "jodel." You tumble out of your sleeping-bag, half awake, and gather with the others shivering around the fire. A Chinaman is stirring a pot of half-cooked rice. Queer, indeed sorry-looking, objects you are. Here is a woman in overalls. It is to be a hard, stiff climb and no skirts are allowed. The women usually prefer bloomers, but this one has a passion for overalls, and rolled high above her ankles at that. Her face is covered with powder, and her head is carefully swathed in a green mosquito-netting veil. This is to protect her from sunburn. The men's faces are covered with blacking from the bottom of cooking-pots, to protect them from snowburn also. One man looks like a negro who has attempted to scrub himself white and only succeeded in one or two spots. You line up and call out your numbers, and off you start, single file. The sun is just beginning to peep over the mountain you are to climb, which looms like a great snow-covered giant in front of you.

An hour passes, and now the mountain is lost sight of, as you push on up through the few remaining stunted trees. After every pull of ten or fifteen minutes there is a pause for breath, and there is much friendly chaffing along the line. Soon you are above

PART OF THE PACK TRAIN

. . . busy strapping the bags on the horses, five bags to a horse

timber line, above all growth of every kind, and encounter great patches of snow. Occasionally beyond the mass of rock and snow you catch a glimpse of your objective, the distant peak, and when you turn to look around you see between the ridges the world spreading out at your feet.

Now you come to a great glacier. A mile and a-half wide, covered with snow, straight up it stretches before you, with the sun beating down on it, dazzling your eyes. The wind has swept across the snow and left it in great ridges, just as though some great giant had spread out his hand with fingers widespread and pressed it deep in the snow. A few of the men go ahead and, looking out a route from ridge to ridge, break the way. It is like trying to walk on the ties of a railroad track; at first you get along bravely, but the high altitude makes the breath come quickly and the gleaming snow makes the footing uncertain. Soon you become so uncertain of your footing that you are continually missing the next ridge and falling in between the ridges, sometimes up to your waist in snow; but everything comes to an end, and there is only a little stretch of ice left. Steps are cut in this and a rope passed along. That conquered, there are some big bowlders to scramble over, and you are at the top at last.

At first you sink down too exhausted to do aught but get your breath; then, as your heart quiets down, you look about you. There is the world at your feet, a world in which there is no sign of human habitation. For miles in all directions are endless mountain ranges, great barren mountain peaks with their covering of snow. Splendid and rugged they stand, and gradually creeps into your heart the feeling of your own insignificance. You are dumb with this newest realization of the splendor and the majesty of nature. You breathe deep the rarefied air, your heart grows big to meet the bigness all about, and you feel close to the infinite. Then some one calls out to know the name of a distant mountain peak, and the spell is broken.

Now the attention is turned to luncheon, of hardtack, raisins, sweet chocolate and stuffed dates. Every mouthful is devoured and the crumbs sought after, and then goes up the cry for water. If you have your canteen full you are lucky, for otherwise the best you can do is to put a handful of snow in your cup and, holding it in your hands, vainly endeavor to generate enough heat to turn the snow into water.

The climb down is an easy one, for though you have climbed to a height of over 13,000 feet, quick time is often made by sitting down and sliding. The snow is just hard enough to make coasting good. A slide of half a mile is only a matter of a few minutes. It is a keen delight to go whizzing through the air if you can keep your balance and don't go twirling around and down backwards or over and over like a barrel. Toward evening you come straggling into camp one by one, to be greeted and cheered by those who stayed behind.

As dusk creeps on a big camp-fire is built. The logs are so big that you can sit on one end of them while the other end blazes away merrily. Gradually you all gather about the fire, forming a large circle. The firelight plays on the sunburned, hardy faces. There is an expression of content and strength there. You feel that each one has found his poise and is his own master total and absolute, while at the same time your common love of nature is drawing you all together in a very close bond. Sometimes you talk and laugh with the "pal" next you or gaze silently into the fire. Now some one starts a rousing, good song. Talent is discovered among your number. Someone recites, someone else tells a funny story, until the fire begins to die down. Then you start on a hunt for your sleeping-bag. It seems very dark after the brilliant, roaring fire, and you stumble over bags, bump against trees and vainly try to locate the tree which marks your special apartment. On one occasion I was awakened by having a woman walk right on top of me in her hunt for her tree. Having found your own beloved tree, you crawl into your little bed-bag that you have come to like so well, and stretch out on the fragrant ground. Overhead are the clear sky and the twinkling stars. The wind is on your cheek, the breath of life in your nostrils; the music of the pines is lulling you to sleep, and you know that when you wake there will be a wondrous sunrise and a glorious day. Can any man or woman help being saner, healthier and wiser for such an experience?

PORT TOWNSEND HARBOR, JULY 4, '03

YACHTING IN THE NORTHWEST

Where Fast-Sailing Craft and Their Masters Rival the Best Product and Ability of the East

BY F. M. KELLY

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. G. MC CURDY

VERY young in the life of sport is the Northwest, and in yachting especially; for it is the most expensive of all play, with the possible exception of horse racing, and requires leisure as well as considerable money to follow. For our youth in play there are reasons. What was this vast territory bordering on the North Pacific the half of a century ago? Inland a wilderness of mountains and valleys known only to the fur traders; coastwise, a labyrinth of waterways cut only by the keels of the traders' craft and the sliding dugouts of the aborigine. Scarcely dreamed of were the vast potentialities of this immense territory, an empire in itself. To it came the restless folk of the East, who left the broken ground of their fathers, seeking to break the newest lands beyond the great divide for the weal of the world. Their axes swinging, they toppled the giant Douglas and the cedar; and where these had stood were reared the walls of the homesteads. Labor, most forceful of all influences, made the West, as it has made, and will continue to make, all places. Our swift waters were harnessed, the forests cut into lumber, and vessels built to traffic it in the marts of the world; from the sea, the yearly harvest was gathered to feed the stranger afar off; while from its deep storehouses the earth was forced to gorge its coal, its base and precious metals. The result of faith and energy is worldly success, which in most cases is synonymous with wealth. Having attained it, the next best thing is to put wealth to good advantage; in other words, to enjoy it. A good medium is clean sport. Of such is yachting; and, then, what a fascinating sport it is.

As we know, great strides were made in winning the land and the sea in a brief space of time. As it was with regard to work, so it has been with play. Twenty years ago there were a number of boats afloat in British Columbia and Washington waters. These boats were styled yachts. To call them such was gross flattery; for the term could have been applied with as reasonable consistency to a Dutch galiot, or even a catamaran. A yacht signifies a

THE "OWASCO," OF SEATTLE, A PUGET SOUND SLOOP

craft with some pretensions to beauty. Our early boats were sadly deficient in this respect; but as they were the progenitors of the beautiful fleets now yearly afloat in our waters, they are entitled to a measure of consideration. When the time could be spared, these oldtimers were matched for money prizes; and no doubt there were many exciting finishes, even as exciting as we witness nowadays with our modern-built fliers. At least, our old skippers never grow weary of telling of such; and undoubtedly they were so to them. They did not know the racing machine, however, the result of years of marine architectural experiments to produce the speediest craft propelled with sails. Lines were a minor consideration or were not considered at all. If a boat were fortunate in having a clean entrance forward and an easy run aft, its owner risking the canvas to the fullest extent, it was natural that such a boat would win. Most everything, though, hinged on the skipper's ability and nerve. Of course, these go to make up a big percentage in the winning of a race to-day; but our boats are now built to get the greatest driving power with the least possible amount of resistance. It is now really the brains of the naval architect plus the brains of the skipper.

It was some thirteen years ago that a number of enthusiastic yachtsmen hap-

" BONITA," SEATTLE, THREE TIMES A WINNER OF THE TOWNSEND TROPHY

pened to be together at Bellingham, Wash. It was on the occasion of a race, one of a number held by the yachtsmen of different Northwest cities during the years between 1885 and that time. A few boats had been constructed with some pretense to speed and beauty just about that period, and they awakened quite an interest. The parties who chanced to be at Bellingham on the occasion referred to are the fathers of the Northwest International Yacht Racing Association, now the most important factor in international sport on the whole Pacific Coast. From that meeting the association has grown to considerable proportions. Flying its flag, seven yacht clubs now conform to its rules, four of them belonging to Washington cities and three of them to cities of British Columbia. In the seven clubs there cannot be less than two hundred boats, a conservative estimate, ranging from the schooner and the yawl of many tons burden to the knockabout and the cat, famous for smart contests in Eastern waters. These boats were mainly built from the designs of celebrated Eastern naval architects, and are not behind the Eastern product in material and workmanship. Neither are the men who sail them of inferior ability to those who sail winning craft in the big events of the Eastern yachting season.

THE "LAVITA," OF SEATTLE, ROUNDING A BUOY ON THE PORT TOWNSEND TRIANGLE—SHE WON THE KEY CITY CUP IN THIS RACE

Speed the time when this assertion will be substantiated.

The annual races of the Northwest International Yacht Racing Association are invariably held on the Fourth of July, alternately in each city represented. To Victoria, the first city of the Northwest to become famed for yacht racing, was given the honor for 1904. Vancouver, one of the latest to gain distinction, had the regatta for 1905, while Bellingham will handle the meet for 1906. All of the association cities are fortunate in having splendid sheets of water in close proximity to them. Weather conditions, though, differ materially; which is most satisfactory, as each type of boat has a chance. At Victoria and Townsend, the "machines" have but little show; sometimes they do not venture a start, for the

THE "WIDEAWAKE," OF VICTORIA—SHE, ALSO, HAS WON THE BIG RACE

when the fliers of the seven clubs contest for the supremacy of our inland sea, formed by the waters of Juan de Fuca, the Gulf of Georgia and Puget Sound. For a number of years the Townsend Yacht Club, its harbor being about an equal distance from all the cities of the association, had the entertainment of the yachtsmen. In 1903, however, it was decided to race velocity of the wind during July at either place is often as high as thirty-five miles to the hour. It is great sailing for the heavy type of boat, however. Seattle, Vancouver and Nanaimo are noted for lack of wind during the summer months. For all-around sailing, Bellingham offers the most advantages. There is generally a good breeze, but there is not the sweep of open water to raise a nasty sea, such as there is at Victoria and at Townsend.

In the securing of trophies, the association has been most fortunate, the principal ones having been donated. To the munificence of the people of Port Townsend the Key City Trophy is due. This trophy is a splendid example of the silversmith's art, and must be raced for perpetually. It goes yearly to the boat of A and B classes making the best time, handicap figured, over a fifteen-mile course, and triangular. So far, the "Lavita" has captured it once, the "Bonita" thrice, the "Wideawake" once and the "Ariadne" once, the latter boat being the present holder.

Just what the future has in store for the Northwest yachtsmen is at present problematical. It is safe to presume, though, that the future will produce as good material in man and boat as the recent past has produced; and here, in our waters, some day, great international events are bound to take place; for it would be hard to find conditions more favorable. That these contests will go far toward solidifying good relations between the peoples goes without saying; for good-fellowship is the spirit animating our little friendly rivalries at present. When the anchors are down and the sails are furled, there are no differences.

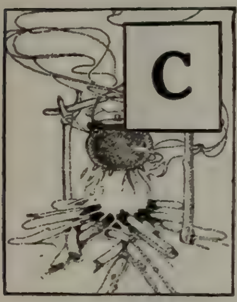
KEY CITY TROPHY
PORT TOWNSEND

AN ADEQUATE INCENTIVE
TO GOOD RACING

GUIDES, WHITE AND BROWN

Some of Their Characteristic Traits and Some Yarns They Have Spun

BY JAMES LEDDY PÉQUIGNOT

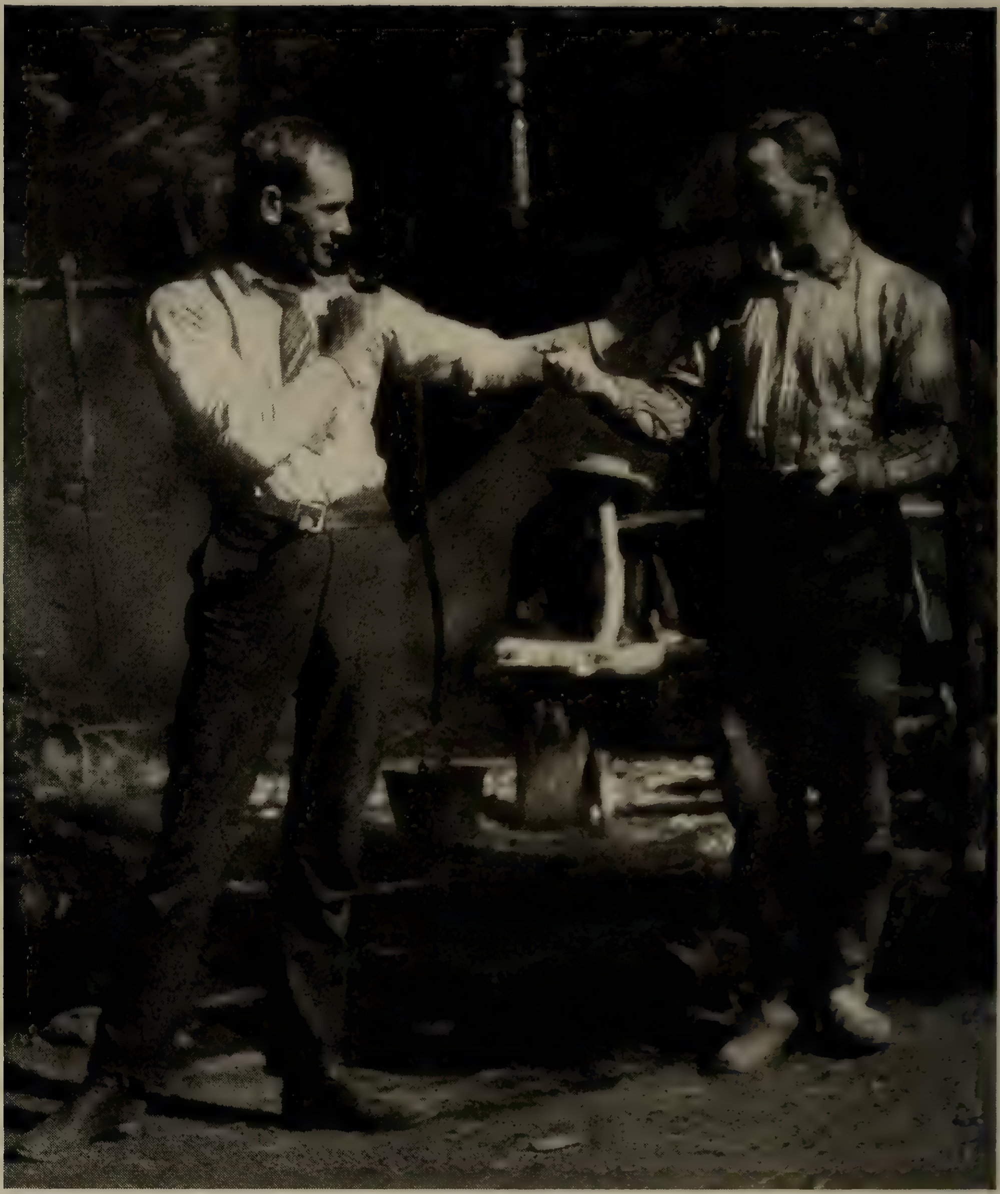


COULD the memories that cluster 'round each crackling camp-fire be half so tender were it not for the guides seated in the glare of the flames, smoking their pipes and spinning their yarns and telling all sorts of lies to the tenderfoot from the city? "I'm the biggest liar of the hull d—n lot of ye," Ed Ronco used to say, as he sat in front of a camp-fire I love to recall, in a far-away spot in Maine. Every night when the dishes were washed he would light his pipe, throw a fresh birch log on the fire and be ready to talk on any subject that might come up, and if he didn't know anything about it, it is an even bet that none of the other guides ever guessed it, for in some positions his imagination was superb.

"Give us a bear story," I asked him one night, with the following rather startling result:

"Many's the bears I have shot in the woods, but I'll never forget the big one I let get away because he was so wise I thought he would some day maybe find his way into one of them trained animal shows you fellers have in the big cities. It was nigh onto five o'clock in the afternoon that I first saw this geezer, as I was paddlin' a sport back to our camp-ground, and there was Mister Bear rummagin' around amongst our grub, just like he was at home, with never a smell of us, and we within handy spankin' distance of him—so I told the sport to keep still, and there we sat in the canoe and watched him. First, he knocked our jug of syrup off the table, and he rolled in it till I thought he'd stick to the ground. Then he waddled over to the flour barrel and upset that and got the flour stuck to the syrup until he looked mighty like a polar bear from Alasky. When he thought he was enough stuck on himself he walked over to our fire and rolled around pretty near close enough to it to get burned for about five minutes. Now, if he wasn't making ginger cake for the little cubs he had left back in the woods, you can put me down for the biggest liar you know!"

Many other camp-fire tales did Ed tell us, but I have not the space to recount them here. I must, however, recite one other story with him as the hero, for it showed us that he possessed a greater amount of good nature than we had at first given him credit for. There were six of us sitting on the bank of the river one day, when some bold spirit suggested a swim. The air was a bit chilly and the water more so, but five of the party were soon preparing for a dip, one only sitting quiet and unconcerned on the bank—Ed Ronco—trying to make himself as small and unnoticeable as possible. Being caught in the act, "The water's too blamed cold for me," he said, "but while you fellers are making fools of yourselves, I'll show you a trick or two on one of them logs out there in the water." Now, Ed was a crack log driver and had a reputation among the guides for being able to do any number of stunts on a log in midstream, balanced only with his setting-pole. "Birling" was his specialty, and, stripping to his underclothes, he took up one of the canoe poles and hunted out a log to his liking. He worked the log around to where he could embark without wetting his feet and, shoving off, was soon churning the water about him into foam as he ran and danced back and forth on his log, his face shining with justified pride, while we shivered in the cold sunshine and envied him the perspiration streaming down his face. "Are you cold?" he yelled; "come out here and warm up; it



ED RONCO CHALLENGES JOE, WHO "SASSES BACK" RIGHT DIREFULLY WITH THE JACK-KNIFE HE IS SHARPENING

isn't cold to-day." His invitation was accepted, but in a manner unlooked for by him. One of the boys, who had quietly slipped into the stream, swimming under water and gauging his distance well, came up at the end of the log, and with the slightest tilt he dumped the poor fellow into the icy element he had so carefully avoided. Such splashing and sputtering! Ed got all the warming up he needed before he got through. Shivering and dripping, he made a half-mile dash along the bank, until he got his circulation up and perhaps his temper down, and by the time we were dressed he joined us, with the remark that he "guessed the water was wetter with your clothes on than with them off," and he seemed to enjoy the particular attention that had been paid to him.

Writing of Ronco recalls a story told by another guide we had with us on the same trip, a case where a practical joke so worked upon the nerves of the less courageous sportsmen and even the guides of a party that the expedition was pretty nearly broken up. Harlow, the guide, had been one of the main figures in the experience, and so we listened wide-eyed and full of interest as he lay near the fire and so spun his tale:

"It were the cutest and queerest trick I ever seen played on a sportsman, and begorry I laugh in me sleep many the time

JOCKO TECONNAIS, WALTER FERRIS AND LOUIS SOUCI—JOCKO SEATED ON DR. HUGHES'S 63½-INCH MOOSE

when I git to dreamin' about it. On this trip about which I'm narratin' the sport I was guidin' had with him a peculiar make of whistle that he told me they call a 'siren,' and when ye'd blow on it it made a wailin' sound that came as near to bein' the cry of a panther without bein' the same that ever I heard. He blew it fer me one day when we were some miles from the rest of the gang and then and there the two of us in a devilish moment planned our little game. We tuck one other guide in pardnership with us, little Canadian Joe, and the next night when we were all cuddled up close to the fire and blazin' away as usual, Joe and the feller with the whistle got up and started to the spring fer drinkin' water. Now, there was a guy named Billy in the party, and begosh I think he was afraid of his own shadow, and he bein' skinny dis shadow wasn't much, even at high noon. 'What would ye say if I told you that I seen panther tracks off in the woods to-day,' says I—and Billy's eyes opened as wide as saucers, till I was almost sorry I spoke."

Here Harlow paused, relit his pipe, looked around to satisfy himself that we were all interested, and then went on:

"Now, one guide, as you know, will seldom contradict another, and some of the down-river guides probably really believed the story and I'm blame sure most of the sportsmen did. They shifted around a bit uneasily and I left 'em shift before I went on, and Billy all the time was getting as nervous as a cat. I had just made the remark that the gentlemen who had gone down-hill for spring water were surely taking a long time, when an awful wail and scream pierced a hole in the still night (if ye'll pardon my poetical thought) and the men could feel their hair stand on end, while the goose-flesh came and went on their faces and necks, and then poor little Joe, pale as ashes and tremblin' so that he almost fooled me, and me in cahoots with 'im, came runnin' into camp and, sinkin' in a heap on the ground, cried out, 'Good Lord, boys, that awful thing howled in my ear and I saw two big, shining eyes in the middle of a bush! What in h—l can it be?' Then up spoke Pierre, the halfbreed: 'By dam, he soun' jes' like painter I hear 'leven, twel' year 'go; he keel mon pere's sheep; I no lak dese painter.' Well, boys, they were purty well shaken up, but nobody was for makin' a move. Then again through the dense woods the ghostly wail sounded, and if you'd a been there you'd have seen your Uncle Harlow doin' frantic stunts to get his hands on a gun. Oh, I tell you it was gettin' to look like the real thing all right. The crowd was soon lined up with their guns in front of the now dying fire, and somebody asked for Billy. He was nowhere to be seen. From the direction of his little white tent we soon heard groans, and going over I asked him to be brave and come out. 'No, no!' he cried, holding his tent-flaps tight together. 'Let me alone!' So I left him, and as I turned to go to the fire I saw for the first time since the scare my sport with the whistle. He was in the act of lighting his pipe, and by the glare of the spark in his hand his features was a study for an artist, sure enough. How he kept from laughin' as he stood there in the midst of that gang, I'm never goin' to tell you.

"Well, to make this story short, in a-half hour we were in our tents. In the dead of night a pair of boots that had been hanging by a string over our table fell with a crash and knocked a lot of cans and truck on the ground. We were out in a jiffy and by the light of the moon I saw Billy's tent almost pulled down, as the poor boy dashed out and, with the canvas all tangled around his feet, fell all over himself, cryin' out like he was murdered. We managed, after a while, to calm the boy and order came to the camp, but nary a one but Joe, the whistler and your humble servant would enter his tent that night."

So did Ed Harlow get the palm for a story-teller on that trip, and well, indeed, did he deserve it, since, as we afterwards verified, the incident as related by him actually occurred.

Before I leave this merry party of guides and sportsmen, let me pay a tribute to Joe. With him as a guide I spent four happy weeks, not many autumns ago, and if a guide ever worked hard to please a sportsman on a trip and deserves the credit I hold the guide does deserve, Joe surely stands in the front rank. I had many a laugh as I watched him every other day changing my bed of balsam boughs, with care and precision, saying that chaps from the city were used to downy beds and he didn't intend to have me go back home and kick about my couch in the woods. Every morning before breakfast he would climb to the top of a tree that stood on the bank of a stream near camp and "look the situation over" as he termed it. One day he spied a fine buck deer drinking at a bend in the stream not fifty yards away, and in his anxiety and excitement to let me know he nearly fell from his high perch to the ground. Added to his many good qualities was his work as a canoeman. He could make good time in all kinds of wind and weather with paddle or pole, and, in fact, with possibly one exception, he was as expert a man on the water as I've ever known or heard of.

This exception brings me to Ed Grant, who guides in the woods around Rangeley. I've never met Grant, but I have the story of his canoemanship from one who paddled in the same boat with him for many days. It was at noon one day that Grant and his sportsman had stopped to cook a little lunch on the bank of a stream when some flattering remarks were made to the guide anent his skill with the feathery blade. "Well, I'm not a bad hand a-paddlin'," Grant replied, "but there was a crowd I had out in the woods a few years ago that thought to give me learnin'. I taught 'em a thing or two before I got through with 'em, and if it won't tire ye too much to listen while the tea there is boilin', I'll tell ye how I licked the boys from Harvard. These fellers got to tellin' us guides how they rowed on the Harvard crew (I sometimes think they never set foot in a Harvard boat) and how the guides didn't know the devil of a lot about a rowboat or a canoe. I got a bit warm around the collar of my flannel shirt but I held my tongue in my teeth so I couldn't answer. Next day I proposed a race. There was four to be in the race, for we had only four boats, so three of the sports and mesel' were the contestants. There was a straight stretch of water for about a mile that ended by our camp, and this was the scene of the triumph of an old hecker of a woodsman over three dandy sports from town. I lifted her fair that day, for my ire was up and the way that canoe leaped and all but flew along the surface of the stream can't be explained in my language. Before I had gone 200 yards the water had gotten so hot under me that it burnt a couple of holes in the bottom of the canoe. I looked back, but I couldn't see the boys on account of the steam I'd created along the quiet racecourse. My paddle itself was on fire by this time; three trout came up through the holes in the canoe and were soon boiled in the hot water. The edges of the boat were beginning to burn, but on I went like greased lightnin', so fast

ED RONCO BIRLING A LOG—ONE OF THE OTHERS SWAM UNDER WATER AND, TIPPING THE LOG, GAVE HIM A DUCKING only a couple o' quarts o' water leaked in, and never letting up an instant, and when I finally pulled in at the home-stretch things were hot, things were hot, I can tell ye! It took three of us to put the fire out on the canoe and then we sat down and were quietly eating my trout when the three champeen oarsmen came puffin' past the stake."

I did not hear Grant tell this tale and simply relate it as it was told to me, but I'd be willing to wager that for all-around high-class imagination he is hard to beat. It must have been a relative of Grant's that told me a fish story one day while we sat listening for an answer to a moose-call. He waxed enthusiastic as he told me in a whisper, for we were keeping very still, that a trout had actually flopped into his canoe one day as he sat fishing. When he went to clean his catch this particular one danced and jumped around so that he let it alone, and for gratitude it actually came with him back to his tent. Next morning it was still alive and followed him as he went about his chores. For several days it was his boon companion, until one fatal morning, as he was crossing a log bridge, the trout, doing its fish two-step after him, unfortunately slipped between a crack in the logs and was drowned in the water below. Poor trout!

I have noticed that while it does a guide's heart good to have an attentive listener to his tales, he is equally enthusiastic when stories are told or read to him. Last fall I took a few light novels into Canada with me and when we happened to get back to our main camp (a lumberman's log hut) for the night, I had to read until my eyes were tired to an enthusiastic woodsman and a jolly old cook. Often did I envy them their appreciation of what seems trivial to a great many of us. One night I particularly recall we were sitting at a table and I read by the light of a little oil lamp. The two men sat opposite me and could I sense the wide-eyed expression on their faces as I came to an exciting part of my story. They were so worked up that the guide, when the climax in the tale was reached, clapped his hand so hard on the table that the lamp fell over, and, fortunately, went right out; a lot of cooking utensils toppled to the ground and rattled like a young earthquake, while the cook, who was equally worked up, gave a yell as he fell from the bench to the floor. Order restored, the lamp relit, I had to go on with my reading. It was this same guide, Jim Manderville, who with a bad attack of rheumatism, superinduced by the rainy weather we had on the trip, tramped the woods with me for two long weeks on a moose hunt, saying, when I sometimes suggested that we were working too hard, that he'd drop in his tracks before he'd let me go back without getting a crack at a bull moose. "Ye've treated me white, Jim," he said to me, "and I'll find ye a moose." And he did.

If there was one game that Manderville doted on it was "pedro." I had brought a pack of playing-cards with me, and many a bitter struggle did we have when four of us got together (which didn't happen often) around the lunch hour. Puffing away at our pipes we would play for a couple of hours, and looking back on it now I think the guides were oftener winners than losers. How they used to chuckle over their victories and how keenly they felt their defeats.

Other tales could I tell, other anecdotes narrate of guides with whom I have personally come in contact, but I have told enough for myself. I shall quote a few incidents, however, gathered from outside sources, from older and more experienced men than I.

Dr. Wm. E. Hughes, whose tales, told me a few years ago, gave me the thirst and longing for woodland life that I have since been able to gratify, has had many an experience with guides, and his views agree with mine that too little credit is given the guide for his services with a sportsman. The Doctor has told me of Jocko Teconnais, Walter Ferris and Louis Souci, who hail from the Temagami district in Ontario. For out and out woodcraft these three guides are doubtless without peers. One evening the party was seated around the fire chatting when Jocko quietly got up and walked a few paces into the woods and stood silent and serious. Walter got up soon after and joined him, while Hughes and the others sat and watched the two guides standing still and pensive underneath the trees in the light of a golden moon. "He's off now," said Jocko at last. "Yes," answered

HOWARD AND BOB MANDERVILLE, OF NEW BRUNSWICK—HOWARD AT THE LEFT

Walter, "down by the lake I'll reckon by this time."

"What did you hear, Walter?" asked the Doctor.

"Big moose," answered the halfbreed; "didn't ye hear him?"

"Not a sound."

"Well," chimed in Jocko, "he crossed the ridge off yonder a few minutes ago."

"Bull?" asked the Doctor.

"Bull," answered Jocko.

Next day, Dr. Hughes tells me, to satisfy himself, he walked over to the ridge and sure enough there were the tracks freshly made of a big bull moose.

Another time Walter and the Doctor were canoeing out on the stream when they spied a fox running down a hill some distance in from shore but which could be plainly seen between two rocky promontories that reached down to the bank. "Sit right still," said Walter, "and ye'll see that fellow in a minute come right out by the point there," indicating one of the promontories mentioned. Sure enough, in a short time the fox came rushing right past the spot Walter had mentioned. Seeing the canoe and its occupants, he changed his course and skipped off into the forest. Walter watched a second, and then taking the paddle, quietly brought the canoe a couple of hundred yards down stream. Then he stopped and pointed at an opening in the woods:

"Ye'll see him pass there in a minute, Doctor, if he ain't gone already." In less than thirty seconds the fox appeared among the trees, sauntering leisurely in total ignorance that human beings were so near.

Thomas Martindale, who I verily believe would rather roam the woods than eat, laughs heartily over a French-Canadian cook he had in Maine last summer. He had been calling moose at the lower end of a lake on a moonlight night until eleven o'clock and one of his fellow sportsmen was at the opposite end, calling also. The tents were pitched about half-way up the lake, close to the water, and here the cook was busy with his pots and pans while the hunters were away. Getting no answer, Mr. Martindale and his guide began to paddle slowly back. When near the camp, a great commotion reached their ears. Not many yards away a moose plunged into the stream and started to swim across. The cook, somewhere in the darkness of the trees, was shouting:

"*Sacre, mon dieu*, you d—n fool! I no mak ze call!"

The poor fellow had little breath left in him when the sportsman and his guide asked him to get into the canoe that they might paddle him to camp. On the way he told them his tale of woe:

"You see, ze man at ze top of ze lake he keep making call and you keep making call, and ze beeg moose he grunt and run around crazy like, and not know where to go, so he rush right into camp and, I no lie Mr. Martindale, he snort fire out of his nose and stamp around and it scare me so I could not run, so I throw up my hands and curse to him. And then he came at me and I manage to run down to ze bank where you just see him plunge into ze water, and I thought for sure my last day was come. I so glad you kill him, *Monsieur*, for he was a wicked fellow with fire in ze eye and in ze nose."

This same sportsman, Martindale, tells me a queer tale told him by an Indian guide he had canoeing with him on the Peribonca some years ago. It was well on in the fall, a snowstorm was coming on and they determined to stop on their journey about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and make camp

A PARTY OF TYPICAL NEW BRUNSWICK GUIDES—HIRAM MANDERVILLE AT THE EXTREME RIGHT

THE GUIDES' HIGH TIDE OF HAPPINESS

against the oncoming storm. After their light supper, as they sat in the shelter and watched the fire outside raging away in defiance of the wind and snow, the Indian began:

"Dis is familiar place to Charley, he know dis place well."

"How is that?" inquired Martindale.

"Well, sir, you see dat stream yonder, and you see dat bank we come up to-day, and you see dat spot off there, other side of fire? There I kill big moose two year ago when ice in river and snow on ground and nearly get kill mysel'. With my fren' I land on this spot one evenin' and while he go off to find good camp-groun' I stay and call for moose. Big moose he soon come up yonder and I shoot and hit him bad. He come at me and strike me in leg, cut big gash above knee and then roll over dead. I near dead, too, when my fren' come back, but he go and take fishing-rod and some meat for bait. He make big hole in ice and put down line and very soon he catch big ouananiche. He open up ouananiche and lay him flat over cut on leg and tie it up. Then he skin moose and wrap me up warm and take me back to the town. I get well in spring and now all right once more."

Mr. Martindale tells me he found Charley always a lover of truth and believes the story as he told it. He himself saw the big scar on his leg where the moose's hoof had struck him.

My old friend "Doc" Moore has more friends among the guides in certain parts of Maine and Canada than any one I know and I shall use one of his stories to conclude this collection. In Newfoundland, a couple of years ago, the Doctor had a sportsman friend with him who had not had much experience with a gun. "Nick" Neill was guide for the green hunter and one day when they were screened from view on the barrens a fine bull caribou passed some yards in front.

The sportsman fired, but his bullet went high—anothershot and he tore away a front leg, a third shot and the caribou was minus a hind leg, and then Nick shouted: "Hit another leg, feller, and you've got him sure."

"Did you shoot?" inquired the sportsman, when at last the caribou was down. Witness now the easy magnanimity of this son of the bush, and above all his high-power imagination:

"I saw you was shootin' sort o' fore an' aft, so I just cross-fired you at the proper p'int so the two bullets come together gentle, an' my old .45 caromed right into the corner pocket. I'm a perfeshional pool player durin' closed season, I am. But it was your nickel-jacketed bullet done the business; for if it hadn't been on time to the exact instant, my old lead slug would still be goin'!"

AN OUTING IN ACADIA

Nova Scotia from a Canoe

BY ALLEN J. HENRY

LONGFELLOW has made the land of Nova Scotia immortal. His beautiful epic has so impressed itself on our minds that we do not think of this country as a province of the British crown, but as the land of Evangeline, that dim, sad country whence the peaceful Acadians were so cruelly driven by order of the English king. We wonder at the barbarity of the people who broke up such ideal homes and settlements as those must surely have been. And again we wonder strangely at the substitution of the harsh-sounding name, Nova Scotia, for Acadia, beautiful, euphonious, poetic, exemplifying in its syllables all that is happy, contented and peaceful. Indeed, the very change in names brings before our minds the character of the whole tragedy.

Although since our trip through Nova Scotia my companion and I have felt much sympathy for the Acadian exiles, it must be confessed that we started for that place with no poetic or romantic thoughts of any kind in our heads. Our main idea was to live in the open air, to fish a little, to shoot a little, to eat a great deal, and to return home "much benefited by the change," as the railroad circulars say. We had seen our guide, Laurie Mitchell, of Maitland, and talked the matter over with him before deciding to visit this particular country. He had assured us of a good time, without too heavy a drain on our purses, so that, although we possessed little definite information concerning the nature of the country, we were not altogether "going it blind."

Arrived at Maitland, a village of four or five houses, with the aid of Mitchell we packed our camping accessories in two bags, leaving the rest in the keeping of the Fords, the guide's friends and proprietors of our headquarters. That done, our next job consisted in the lashing of a brand new canoe and our our various impedimenta on a large farm wagon. By nine o'clock on the morning after our arrival we were off, with the *adieus* of the good country folk ringing in our ears.

After a tramp of four miles we came to the spot where we were to launch the canoe. Our original intention had been to cruise along the Liverpool River, through the chain of lakes, to Liverpool. A long drought, however, had dried up the streams to such an extent that this was out of the question, so we decided to follow the river as far as Lake Rossignol, where we would strive for the mouth of the Shelburne (emptying into Rossignol) and follow it up to its source. Here we expected to get fairly good fishing.

Down the stream we glided, until we stopped to allow Mitchell to greet an old acquaintance of his who was casting from a rowboat, drifting along with the current. That over, we again faced down stream, and in a quarter of an hour emerged into Fairy Lake. Thence we set out in real earnest across the lake, heading for the mouth of the Liverpool River. It is impossible to see the full extent of Fairy Lake, on account of the numerous small islands in it. On the shores grow small scrub cedars, pines and hemlocks, with an occasional maple thrown in.

On the other side of this uninteresting lake we entered the mouth of the Liverpool River. Dragging the canoe over an eel-weir (or eel-*wire*, as Nova Scotians call it) built many years ago by the Indians, we were fairly started on the river part of our journey. The scenery here became beautiful. Tall, stately pines and hemlocks fringed the curving banks. The intense quiet of the forest pervaded everything. Now and then we would come to rapids made difficult to run by the great weight in our boat and the shallowness of the water.

We paddled steadily for about seven miles, stopping only for lunch, our progress being necessarily slow, on account of the numerous rapids we encountered. At six o'clock Mitchell landed us above Loon Lake Falls, where the rapids are long and swift. Just at the foot of the falls we unloaded everything, pitched our tent and with rod and reel made ready for an hour's fishing. It was about six o'clock when we paddled out to some rocks just at the foot of the falls and, landing, proceeded to cast. We had good sport, the trout rising frequently. Several of our catch were of considerable size, the largest weighing two and one-half pounds.

A night of loveliness had succeeded the misty day. The August full moon was high and, looking up the river over the falls, the scene presented was one of rare beauty. Just below our camp Loon Lake lay, wild and mystic in the yellow light. We retired early to the camp, where we threw a couple of logs on the fire and crawled into comfortable sleeping-bags. The ever-changing cry of the loons and the calls of the wild night-birds lulled us into a peaceful sleep.

Next morning we were up betimes, and, after a leisurely and substantial breakfast, broke camp, loaded our canoe and set out for Lake Rossignol. The river ran swiftly and, had it not been for the low water, we would have had very little work to do before reaching the lake.

Lake Rossignol (whose beautiful name is one of the few indications left of the former presence of the French in Nova Scotia) is similar in appearance to Fairy Lake. It is about fifteen miles in length and from five to eight miles in breadth. It is studded with numerous small islands and surrounded by rocky shores, and in addition is apt to be extremely rough, as we found in our five-mile passage across its upper end. We lunched hastily on a rocky point—hastily because Mitchell was not sure of the whereabouts of the mouth of the Shelburne River, which was that afternoon's goal.

Arrived on the other side of the lake, it did not take us long to locate the Shelburne. We paddled up-stream a short distance and pitched our tent, as usual, in a previously occupied spot. That evening Mitchell, having stripped some birch trees, made a bark megaphone, and with it treated us to some bellowing sounds, which he assured us were correct imitations of the cow-m We did not contradict him.

Next morning, after about an hour of steady paddling up the Shelburne, we were compelled to "carry" for the first time. This was indeed a slow and arduous task, there being such a great quantity of baggage to transport in addition to the canoe. From woods the prospect now changed to meadows. Hay-stacks of spring grass lent a homelike appearance to the scene. With these before us it was hard to realize that we were forty or fifty miles away from human habitation.

The Shelburne is a most beautiful stream, flowing through the wildest kind of country. The woods on either side of it give every indication of extreme age. The axe of the woodman has never touched this part of the forest, although there are numerous lumber camps in other sections of the country and a bridge built by lumbermen crosses the river a few miles below Sand Lake. At last, I thought, we are in the midst of "the forest primeval."

Just where the river begins to broaden out as it leaves the lake is a small brook, up which Mitchell steered the canoe for about a-quarter of a mile. We landed in a miniature cove and we carried our tent, camping bags, etc., up to a spot in the woods about two hundred yards from the landing place. This was to be our headquarters for several days, so we beached the canoe and carried everything to our new "home." Urged on by our appetites, it did not take us long to pitch the tent, build a fire and cook supper. We had not yet disposed of the trout killed at Loon Lake Falls and now enjoyed them.

The moon was high when we were ready to turn in, and the night still as death. Mitchell "called" from back of the tent just before we turned in. In the morning we found unmistakable evidence that a small bull moose had walked almost through our fire, as we lay sleeping. After breakfast we set out for trout. We had rare sport, for in less than an hour we had landed considerably more than we could eat, and we threw the last three or four back into the water after conquering them. The fish, as a rule, were not big, few of them tipping the scales at more than a pound and a-half. They were good fighters, however, and afforded ots of amusement. In one spot several ut would rise at every cast on the instant e flies touched the water.

On the fourth day of our stay at Sand Lake we paddled to a point of land at the upper end of the lake, and that night slept out under the stars.

The next day, with a view to exploration, we carried to Tupper Lake, paddled across, carried again and launched the canoe in Big Tobeatic Lake, which we also crossed. A short distance from where we landed is Little Tobeatic Lake. No islands dot the surface of Tupper Lake, but Big Tobeatic possesses the usual Nova Scotian proportion of these. Between the two a log flume runs alongside the stream connecting them. We caught a few fish (or, as Mitchell would have us say, killed some trout), cracked away at the elusive loons and reached "home" late in the afternoon. Wednesday morning we struck camp and started for Maitland over the same route by which we had come. About ten miles down the Shelburne we camped on a convenient meadow, despoiling a hay-stack to make ourselves an unwontedly luxurious bed. Here we caught the first glimpse of a human being we had seen since crossing Lake Rossignol, a week before. He was one of a party of hay-cutters and told us that moose and bear had been seen near where we had been, but a short time ago. Next day we hastened on down the river, stopping once to borrow pitch for canoe repairs from a couple of Nova Scotians who were on their way up stream for a month's hunting. No contrary wind or rough water retarded us this time on our passage across Rossignol. My companion and Mitchell dragged the canoe up the Liverpool River, against a stiff current for seven miles. Paddling was out of the question. So one man took the bow and the other the stern and together they pushed and hauled. It was abominably hard work, particularly as their only foothold was the slippery rocks of the bottom of the river. I had landed a short distance above the lake to chase up a flock of ducks which swam out of a small cove just after we passed. When I rejoined them, having given up the chase after the ducks, they had passed over the worst of it and had reached water where it was possible to make some progress by paddling. A little farther up we encountered more ducks, one of which my friend brought down by a good shot. That it was only slightly hurt, however, was proved by its wonderful exhibition of diving. We chased it for half an hour, pumping away with the little rifle in vain. It had some narrow escapes, but as a rule was very much too quick or too wary for us. We finally gave it up and repaired to Loon Lake Falls, where we camped for the night in the same place we had occupied on our first night out.

Next morning the first rain we had seen in Nova Scotia set in. We fished all morning in spite of the downpour. At noon we proceeded on our journey up the river. It did not take us long to cross Fairy Lake and reach our original starting-point, where the son of "Dolph" Ford patiently awaited us with a horse and wagon. We used up the last of our rifle cartridges on a crane who, standing at a distance of about 160 yards, refused to budge, in spite of shots on all sides of him. We were firmly convinced that he was full of lead, so to speak, when he arose unconcernedly and flapped heavily away.

So ended this rather bloodless but most enjoyable trip. During the course of our 100-mile journey (50 miles each way) we had killed fish by the score, but no bird or beast had fallen a prey to our .22 calibre bullets. We had wounded a mink, swimming in Tupper Lake, and one duck, but both had escaped.

Though our luck in seeing big game, which we were not after, however, had not been the best, we carried many pleasant memories back with us. The great North Country has many charms for the sportsman, and of these we had tasted most abundantly. The invigorating out-of-doors life repaid us for all the trouble and expense it cost, and we have some tall fishing stories of "when I went to Nova Scotia" to relate when occasion affords as the years roll by.

THE WILDERNESS VIRGIN

Or Patience Rewarded

BY SID HOWARD

AWAY up on the Georgian Bay-Ottawa Divide, in His Majesty's Commonwealth of Ontario, Providence has made it possible for *Salmo fontinalis* to flourish and grow strong and exceeding thick through the back, and the Provincial Government, being of a mind with Providence and all true men, has set apart one million acres there, with the waters contained thereby, as a fish and game preserve and reservoir for the rains, that these glorious fish may continue to propagate and multiply and gradually migrate to where the sons of men with little money can get at them.

Dick, the homespun gentleman of the woods, it was who introduced us to the forest-hidden lake in the hills, five portages in from the main route; told us after two years' acquaintance, on our third trip, by which we judged he had slowly come to approve of us and return in some measure the love for him we bore.

"It was before the road was put through," explained Dick. "I found it, following a deer track on my snowshoes. The Gilmour people had a camp in there one winter, years before that, getting out square timber, but nobody has done anything there since."

We listened breathless.

"It is a fine lake," said Dick. "There's a lot o' green timber standing yet, and the pine is always a fine sight."

He whittled a toothpick carefully out of a match. "Nobody ever fished in there but me," he added, simply.

We rose from beds on the balsam brush, and in a glow of kindliest feeling seized him by his paddle-calloused hand.

"Are there any trout in the lake?" demanded we, staring him solemnly in the eye.

"Oh, yes," said Dick, the taciturn, strangely unmoved. "The lake is full of them."

"Big ones?"

Dick put just a little nicer hair point on his toothpick before he replied. When he did his voice betrayed not the slightest sign of mental strain or emotion.

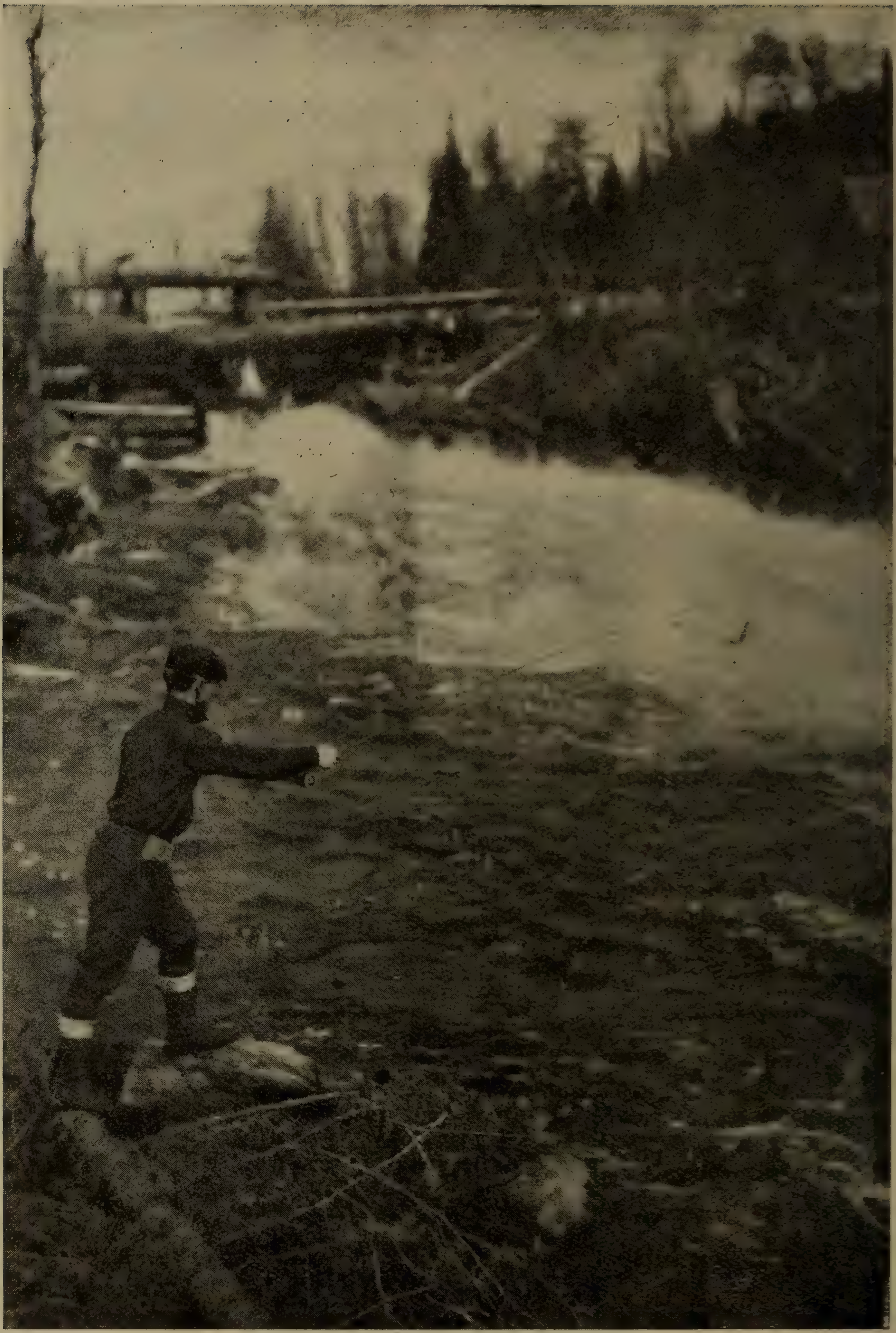
"There ain't a small trout in the lake," said he. "If there is I never caught one."

"Now, look here, Dick, no trifling with a serious subject; how heavy do they run?"

"Three and a-half to five pounds," said Dick, placidly. We relapsed upon the blankets again, weakly aghast.

"We'll call it five and a-half"

Down in old Vermont



. . . *fished the Whisky Jack Rapids*

and in the State of New York they fish the little brooks with light fly-rods and when they land a one-pound trout they get out on the bank and dance in their long wading-boots and shout for joy.

So Sam in evangelistical spirit had seated himself down and written to his benighted brother in the United States of America. "Come up into Canada and catch some grown fish," said he, "and bring your bass tip, in case anything happens."

George came, 750 miles by rail, and quite prepared to go as far again by canoe, if necessary. Trout was the only condition insisted upon.

We had fished the Devil's Dam and the Whisky Jack Rapids and caught trout, plenty of them, small pan-fry trout and trout you must cut into steaks to cook, and for two days we had fed on trout and boiled potatoes and Dutch-oven bread and maple syrup until we could look down and see the fat puffing our cheeks up under the eyes. Also, we felt sufficiently strong to essay the Long Portage, all the more so inasmuch as we had good old Dick and his broad-backed brother in the checked shirt to carry the canoes.

"Will you take us over to see this little wilderness virgin, Dick?" said we, our voices trembling a little with anxiety and feeling.

"I will if you do the square thing," said Dick.

"What's that?" demanded we.

"Keep it to yourselves," said he.

"Dick," we cried, "it's too easy. What's the name of the lake?"

"It has no name," said Dick, "and it's not on the map, either."

"All the better," said we. "May it never get there."

The night descended, the old familiar picture that we loved, the blue smoke, white canvas, mysterious forest shadows and the ruddy flare of the fire.

We slept again on balsam brush, with our cheeks pressed against the cool canvas of our dunnage-bags. At daylight came the call, "Breakfas', breakfas'," and we were up, and by sunrise away.

We crossed the portage without a halt. Dark avenues of spruce; clumps of clean needle-carpeted pine woods, cool-shadowed and whispering; patches of brule and the open sky; then a muskeg with the old corduroy rotted out and greasy poles here and there to save one from the morass; up-hill into the hardwood high and dry, and then, finally, the silent gray glint of the lake through the leaves and tree trunks in the hollow beyond.

"That it, Dick?"

"That's her," said Dick.

The canoes were put down at the mossy landing and we mopped our brows.

The open water, leaden and calm, reflected the low roof of the overcast sky. A loon, well out from the shore, laughed away high in the treble, every note clear and smooth as a God-gifted soprano's, and the silence threw them back from the hills, one by one, clear, unbroken as they went.

"Are there are trout in this lake, Dick?" we asked, for the mere joy of hearing.

"We'll find out before we're much older," said Dick. He unslung his paddle from the thwart-strings and we got afloat.

Down fifty feet in the clear depths I could see the boulders, slowly sailing by beneath the canoe, which floated, it almost seemed, in air, scarcely a ripple marking the line on the surface.

"Well, boys, here goes for a big one," said Sam, as he swept by in the other canoe.

The sinker took the little chub down into the darkness. With paddles barely working, the canoes drifted along, close to the tops of the overhanging cedars on the steep, rocky shore. I had now unlimbered my rod also. We circled the horseshoe curve of the bay and crept half-way up the western slant without a strike.

"We've got to find a school," said Dick, sucking his pipe, "though what old-fashioned trout want to keep school for at their time of life, I don't know."

The other canoe was several lengths ahead, with Sam and George trolling, a rod out each side.

Suddenly across the calm I heard the sharp click of a reel, the bump of wood on the gun'l' and an exclamation in the twang of "little old New York."

"Holy sufferin'."

Dick, in my canoe, chuckled in his pipe-stem.

George's rod was dancing, like a bulrush in a gale, and the reel singing in semi-demi-semi-quavers. Every little while I heard a fighting exclamation, "Go it, old boy, go it. You're all right. Go it, this rod's insured. That's it, strain this old tip of mine. I need a new tip, anyway. Got a little line, that time—gee whiz, here, where in Sam Hill are you going? Holy Mike, did you see him?"

The fish had jumped, a beautiful pink-speckled, square-tailed, brook trout, and a foot and a-half long!

"Did you see him jump?" I fairly shouted to Dick.

"Yes, I seen him," said Dick. Then, after a careless pause, "We'll get bigger ones than that, though."

"No, sir," I answered, vehemently. "No, Dick, don't say that. It's been a very nice illusion so far, and by chance a miracle has been wrought, but let it go at that. I—gad, Sam's got one, too! They'll have a great mix-up there in a minute. Hello, I'm caught. Dick, back up."

The line was running out until the reel was fairly hot before Dick got the canoe turned.

And it still ran out.

"By jove, it's a fish!"

Dick laid his paddle across the gun'l's and pressed the ashes down in his pipe with his hardened thumb.

"That's what it is," he answered, sententiously.

The staunch bait tip was springing, bucking, dipping, fairly diving, the reel rattling like a telegraph office.

"I've only got 100 feet of line," I moaned.

"Well, I'll give you some slack with the paddle," reassured Dick. "But play with him and he'll stay round."

I don't know how long it took to land that trout. He was the first of a triumphal series and it seemed a long time, half an hour or half a day, maybe. The others averaged five minutes, and ran just as big or bigger, but the first struggle—well, it seemed longer.

And when, after heart-rending failures, the net was behind him and I let him slip back into it, what a "beaut" of a trout he was; black-backed, dark red flanked, glistening wet, thick through as a ham, wide as the blade of a paddle and nearly as long.

How the canoe shook as Dick held him out in front of him, his whole body swaying as the fierce fish doubled and struggled in a net that was knit for fingerlings and was all too small for trout.

"He'll go over five pounds, that fellow," said Dick.

"We'll call it five and a-half," said I, magnanimously. "Are you fellows ready to go ashore for lunch?"

"Not on your life," roared Sam. He'd hooked another.

We had a pretty kettle of fish to carry across that portage. I think I'd sooner have carried the canoe.

"How can I ever get down to domestic fishin' again," wailed George.

"Boy, you came perilously near to 'seeing red' to-day," grunted his gentle brother, "and it's scenery for yours for a while, and take your murderous mind off of fishing."

For morality applies even to wilderness trout.

DE BLOSSOMS AND DE BREEZE

De fields will soon be ready fo' de reapah; let 'em reap,
I'd ruddah be a-loafin' whah de coolin' shaddahs creep,
On de green banks ob de ribbah, jes' a takin' ob my ease,
A jolly little bruddah to de blossoms an' de breeze.
Wa'n't nebbah fond o' reapin', ruddah hear de reapahs sing,
From across the woods an' meddahs, whar de honeysuckle swing;
It jes' seems kind o' natural fo' me to take my ease,
Fo' I was bo'n a bruddah to de blossoms an' de breeze.

—*J. H. Rockwell.*

HILL-COUNTRY HOMING PLACES

How to Get One and Enjoy Its Benefits

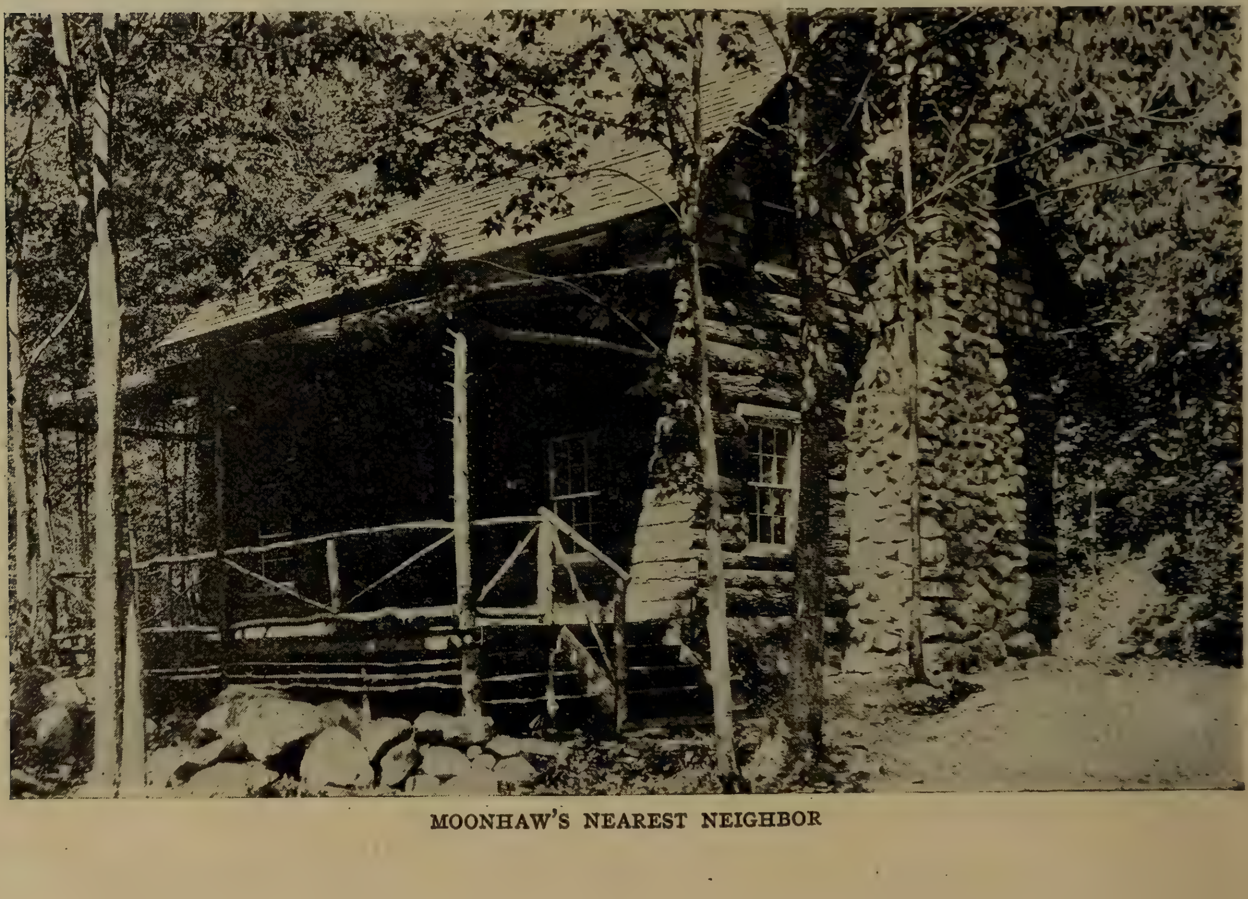
BY HOWARD GREEN

THE movement to preserve our forests in their primitive state is spreading everywhere. Besides the passage of favorable laws by the different legislatures, the idea has been utilized in the building of vast private estates and in the formation of park associations. The latter are especially to be commended and encouraged, since at the same time they afford the opportunity, at comparatively small cost, for the nature lover to possess the "home" in the forest he has dreamed about so long.

Why should the man of moderate means not be a joint owner of part of the great forest? Wild land is still comparatively cheap and there is plenty of choice, though it is rapidly being secured for the preserves, especially in the Catskill and Adirondack regions. A club of congenial fellows with a few hundred dollars each could buy a good many acres, with streams and forests, build the desired number of cabins, a few rough bridges, and cut roads to facilitate getting about from camp to camp, and in that way enjoy their vacations and week-ends, per-

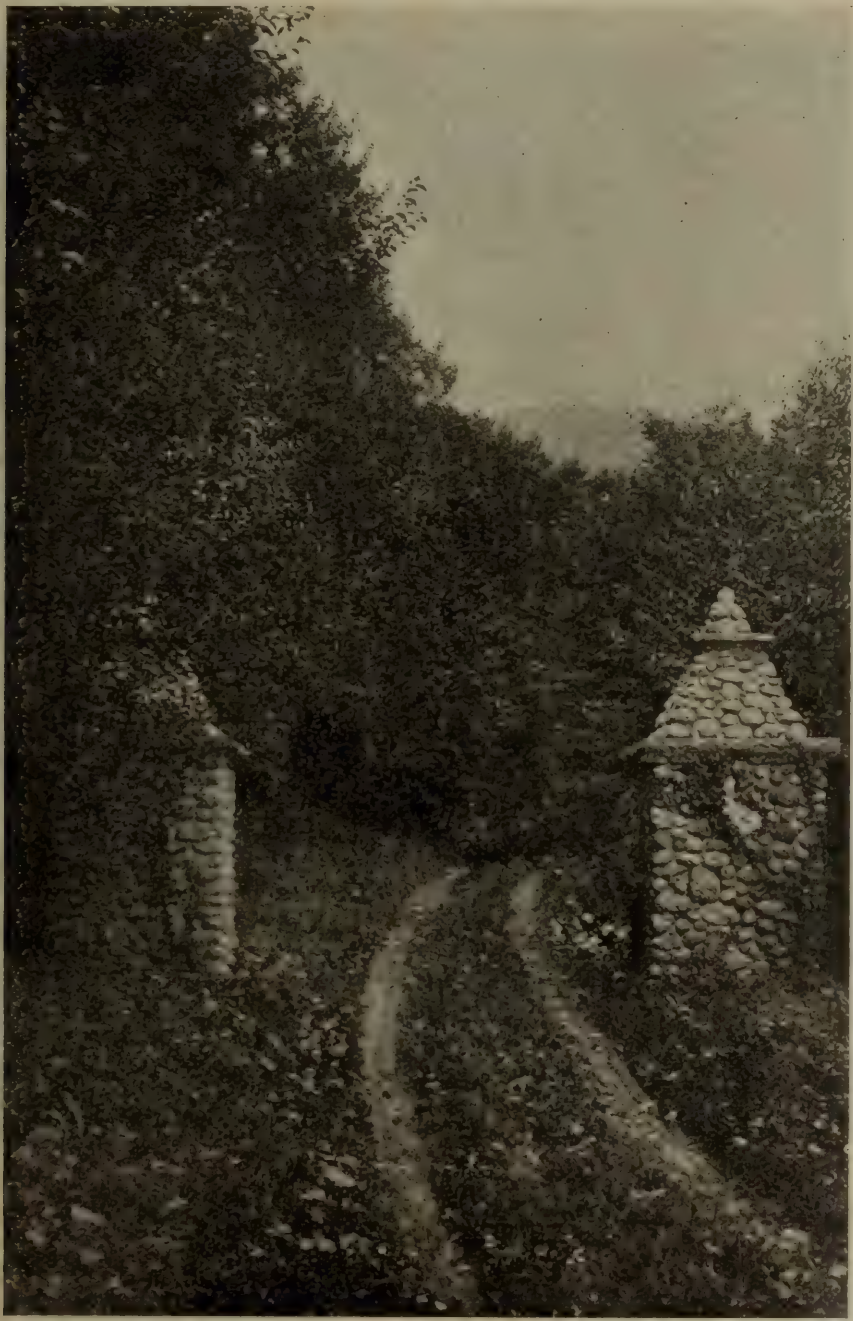
. . . *streams of glass-clear, ice-cold water*

MOONHAW LODGE



MOONHAW'S NEAREST NEIGHBOR

haps, with the comforting knowledge that they were safe from the encroachment of civilization for some time, and altogether independent of the preserve owner. With proper management, a considerable number of members could get the benefit of outdoor life without getting in each other's way in the least; in fact, with good judgment in all details, a greater number of individuals could probably benefit from the land in this way than in any other.



THE ENTRANCE TO WITTENBERG PARK
In Ketcham's Hollow

A good example is furnished by Wittenberg Park, in the Catskills—a piece of forest land that was bought by a sportsman who came across it in his wanderings and is being improved to the extent of having roads built through it, its streams bridged and lodges built. The place is now the property of the Wittenberg Club, which was incorporated a little more than a year ago; its members each pay a comparatively small sum for the privileges of the park and the expense of the improvements. The principal "camp" is called Moonhaw Lodge, and is built on the site of the lodge of the chief of the Moonhaw Indians, who were the owners of the country in years gone by.

"FAINT BABBLING OVER STONES IN STRANGELY, SOFTLY TANGLED TONES"

All the building materials used, with the exception of cement and nails, are obtained on the spot, and the work is all done by natives. The bridges are made of cobblestone, in the building of which the workers are remarkably skilful; the cobblestones are picked up in the bed of the stream and the bluestone, which is also used, is found near-by. It requires from four to six weeks to build a lodge, at a cost of about $600.

The Wittenberg Club land is of the wildest in the Catskills and, with the exception of the lodges, bridges and rough roads, is left exactly as the lumbermen left it years ago when they stripped it of its hemlock. And through the forest run streams of glass-clear, ice-cold water, the very sight of which would cause the eyes of the fisherman—he who knows the haunts of the speckled trout—to brighten; and with reason, for in the two miles of streams tributary to the Esopus Creek that meander through Wittenberg Park and tumble noisily over the rocks in innumerable little cascades lurk many members of the brook trout tribe—the genuine *Salmo fontinalis*, with their characteristic wildness, and the flavor that belongs to trout that live in very cold water.

Moonhaw Lodge, in Wittenberg Park, is

easily reached, buried though it is in the depths of the forest. The quaint little hamlet of Shokan, reached by railroad, is only five miles from Moonhaw Lodge, and the drive is made to seem but a fraction of the distance by the enjoyment of the picturesque scenery. For the first two miles the road leads through Watson Hollow, and then, turning to the right, the traveler faces Wittenberg. Then traces of civilization disappear one by one, and the drive is finished between Mount Cornell and Wittenberg in a depression known to fishermen as Ketcham's Hollow, in which is situated Wittenberg Park. The surroundings are attractive—done in Nature's best humor, one might fancy—and offer all that a lover of the forest could desire.

Besides affording pleasure and recreation to its members, the park association is of great help in the preservation of our vanishing forests. There is a constant struggle, of ever increasing sharpness, between the "captains of industry," whose aim is to turn the forests into lumber and set the clear mountain waters to driving their turbines, building huge dams and flooding enormous areas, on the one hand; and on the other, those who desire to protect the forests for posterity, not only for the sake of pleasure but to ensure a supply of the timber for the future. Private preserves are safe and every owner is doing his part of a good work. The actual battle is largely a legislative one; for the laws made for the protection of the forests are subjected to constant attacks by those who care nothing for the forests except in so far as they can be converted into cash.

Interest in the preservation of the forests is fortunately increasing rapidly, and the State land in the Catskills and the Adirondacks has been increased by 47,799 acres since 1900. The total area of State preserves is now 1,487,787 acres, the greater part of which is in the Adirondacks. It is interesting to note that the price of land purchased by the Government since 1900 has averaged a little less than four dollars an acre; while ten or twelve years ago the same land could have been bought for a dollar and a-half or two dollars an acre.

There are many reasons why the formation of clubs for purchasing "homing" places like Wittenberg Park is to be commended. The members are afforded the recreation and relaxation they require, and are made healthier and doubtless better men thereby; the forests and streams are preserved intact for the benefit of those who come after us, instead of being sawed up into chairs, or mashed into paper to be hastily read and thrown away; and, finally, the money put into such land is well invested, for the value per acre is constantly increasing, and the value of a preserve would, of course, be enhanced by the roads, bridges, buildings and other improvements made. Indeed, the capital invested should, in a few years, represent only a comparatively small part of the real value of the property.

To have an interest in a place like Wittenberg Park makes it possible for the townsman to enjoy, without great expense, the advantages and privileges of the owner of an estate. The plan has succeeded admirably wherever tried, and will no doubt become more and more popular. For it is doubtful if there is a lover of the great out-of-doors who has not always longed to have a cottage somewhere in the mountains—his own cottage—out where the cares and worries of business cease to call, but where the thrushes keep chanting all day long.

BASS-FISHING IN WISCONSIN

Where Waters Are Clear and Skies Are Cool and Tackle Suffers Mightily

BY DON CAMERON

TO THOSE who seek the ideal in bass-fishing, no better locality can be found than the lake regions of upper Wisconsin. Hundreds and hundreds of lakes of every size and description are scattered over that wooded land and almost every body of water is the home of the big-mouth bass. In all this broad land no more perfectly natural conditions exist. There the waters are as clear and cool as the skies of winter and only Nature’s fisher folk take toll.

Northern Wisconsin is low, the prairies interspaced with small hills covered with choice timber, or scrub oak where the pine has been cut away. The fertile plains are but sparsely settled with foreigners. More than a-third of the land is covered with lakes, streams, swamps, or low, dank prairies, grown high with wild grass. The clear streams are highways for the trout family; the rivers abound with pickerel, bass, suckers and other small fish, while the lakes are literally alive with the biggest of black bass and mighty ’longe.

Less than a year ago it was my pleasure to make one of a party that spent a little over three weeks fishing in this lake region, and never before had I seen such sport with rod and line as we enjoyed. Many of the lakes we fished bear no names. Others were known locally as Pine Lake, Bear Lake, Twin Lakes, Cedar Lake, Jay Pond, Big Bone Lake, Island Pond and a hundred and one other names. The abundance of game about these lakes testified that men seldom troubled the waters. Noisy waterfowl were exasperatingly plentiful, and squirrels barked from the trees all day long.

The greatest difficulty we encountered in our fishing was in securing suitable bait. While the bass would jump at a fly a little in the early morning or late evening and would strike a spoon when they felt like it, live bait was the only lure that could be depended upon to coax the big fellows upon the hook. It was by far harder work to get the bait than it was to catch the bass. The season was late and the small streams held no fish except trout, and every minnow had to be caught on the riffs of the big streams with hook and line. Often it took half a day to get enough bait to go fishing. But the sport we had after the bait-pail was stocked with restless minnows!

While the weed-filled bays and mouths of small streams and the sunken logs always held a goodly fish, it was the sandbars that cropped out near the surface in some of the lakes, leaving deep water on either side, that afforded the best fishing. The biggest bass seemed to be lying in wait among the rocks in the deep water to seize the first minnow that ventured out along the shallow water of the bar. A lively minnow, properly impaled on the hook and gently handled, would no sooner swim out toward the deep water than a long shadow from the deeper green would pounce upon it, and the fisherman had his hands full—probably a big bass or sometimes a ’longe.

The fights we had, the big ones that got away before the gaff was improvised—all would make many interesting pages. A peep into our tackle boxes after we reached camp every day would show that while we were victorious, it was not without sad loss to ourselves where tackle was scarce.

The fish were plump and full of fighting strength. The hook seemed to awaken frantic energy and they fought long and well, trusting not all in sheer strength of fin and tail, but resorting to every strategy known to fish. They sought refuge beneath every stone and sunken tree immediately after the first few splendid jumps. The lily-pads and water-plants were the deadliest enemies to our sport, and once the bass made his favorite covert in the strong stalks, the line was hopelessly tangled and the fish tore the hook from his mouth.

My steel bait rod was the only one to come out of the woods as good as when it went in. A split bamboo became damp with continual fishing and slivered. A greenheart bait tip was slivered on a huge bass which took a twist around the anchor rope. A lancewood broke at the ferrule, butting a twenty-pound 'longe. In justice to the modern school of bait-casters, however, I must say that there was none in our party who was an expert bait-caster. Perhaps a past master with the short rod might have shown us that, with skillful casting, artificial minnows were as successful lures as the live ones we used. As for myself, my home is in New York State, near to good trout waters, and I have fished too long with the reel below the hand to ever hope to master the short rod and the free reel.

The first day among the bass we met a disgraceful defeat, considering the fish we hooked, notwithstanding there were veteran anglers among us, for we were handicapped by lack of a landing-net or a gaff, and it was almost impossible to get the tired fish near enough to the boat to slip two fingers into their gills. That night until a late hour the sound of hammer and cold chisel on metal could be heard, and the next morning a crude but serviceable gaff hung on the tent pole. Then things looked different.

We caught a great many fish, even more than we could possibly eat, but these we turned loose immediately after tiring. It was seldom that we hooked a bass that would weigh less than a pound, while the largest bass that fell to our lot was a ten-pounder, a big-mouth caught just about dark, after a fine day's sport. The bait was gone and we had stopped fishing for the day, but two large dead "shiners" lay belly up in the bait-pail. They were fully eight inches in length. The old flat-bottom scow, belonging to a Norwegian farmer, was moving slowly along near the timbered shore. The waters lay black with approaching night, the waves gone to rest with the evening hush which had silenced the noisy insect and bird life. Without knowing why I did it, I took one of the two minnows and, fastening my hook through the head, threw it out of the boat to trail. I did not expect a bite on so large a bait, but there was no other and I was reluctant to give up the sport.

"Whir-r-r-r-r," went the automatic. "Whoa, stop the boat," I exclaimed, "I'm fast on something!"

As I grasped the rod and turned around, the line was cutting a streak for deep water and I knew a fish had struck the twisting bait. I waited a little, until I thought it safe to strike, then a slight yank on the line fastened the hook and brought a monster bass at least three feet out of the quiet water. An instant he shook himself, until the half-rotten fish flew from his jaws; then he fell with a heavy splash. Three times the fish leaped in indescribable anger. The fight was in clear, deep water, and I kept the fish's head high and away from the bottom. The tackle was true and well tried. The fish's rushes and lightning-like speed soon tired and I brought him close for the gaff. Ten pounds that bass weighed in camp that evening—fully a pound and a-half more than any other bass caught that trip.

It was in the middle of September when we broke camp for the long drive to the nearest railroad station. The first flights of ducks were already splashing into the waters of the lakes early in the morning and at dusk. Their noisy quackings called us from our beds at daybreak the last day, as these were the advance guard, the non-divers, and they fed near the shores. Many a time I have turned my back upon the wilderness and faced the cities again, but never with such reluctance, such a lost, lonesome feeling about the heart, such a feeling of leaving behind all that I held dear, as the time I looked the last upon the crystal waters, and each tiny wave nodded a last farewell, as we drove away from the lake region of upper Wisconsin.

LACROSSE ON SOUTH FIELD, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

AN AMERICAN SPORT FOR AMERICANS

The Ancient and Excellent Game of Lacrosse

BY G. M. RICHARDS

(Columbia University Lacrosse Team)

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDWARD CAVE

YEARS before the canoe of the earliest *voyageurs* floated upon the headwaters of the St. Lawrence, before the coming of the white man, back in the dim past of the North American Indian, dates the ancient game of *pagaadowewin.* It was played with a ball of rawhide filled with hair, and a short stick, called by the Chippewas *pagaadwan,* bent at one end into an oval loop, which was loosely knit with deerskin, after the manner of a snow-shoe—making a small net. Any number of men took part in the game, and the object of each party was to carry the ball between the goal-posts of their opponents. The goals were often several miles apart, and even among the red men, accustomed from childhood to hardship and with muscles and wind acquired of necessity, the game was considered a trial of endurance and skill, lasting sometimes for days.

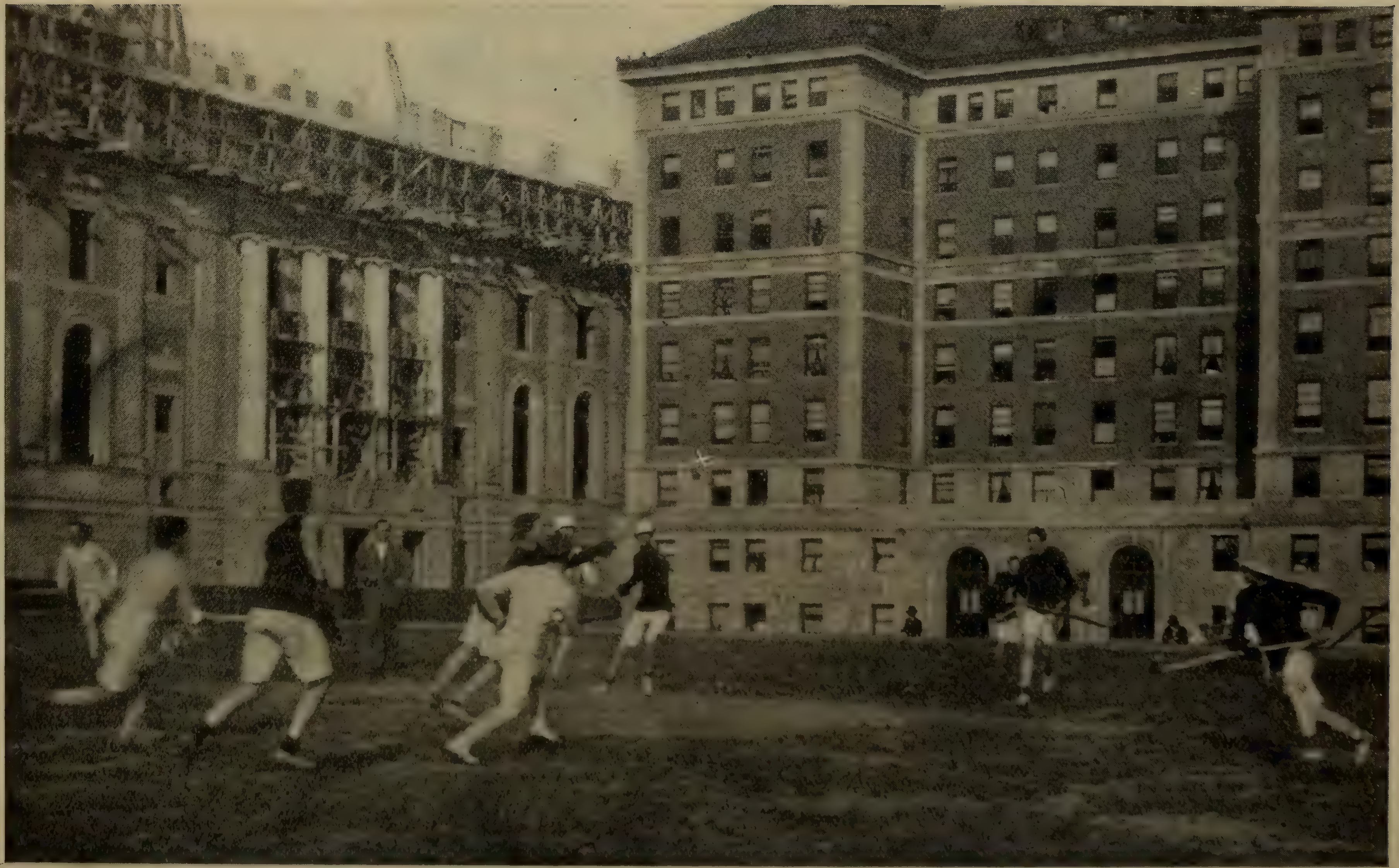
When the French came they called the stick used in the game *la crosse,* from a fancied resemblance to a bishop's crosier: from which we have the name of our modern game—lacrosse. With the gradual elimination of the old methods of play, the subordination of brute strength to skill and the introduction of "system," there has developed the fastest, most trying and, with the exception of equestrian polo, the most spectacular game of the day.

Two reasons why lacrosse has not achieved more widespread popularity are that it is a gruelling contest, requiring perfect physical condition, and that skill in handling the stick can be attained only by long and faithful practice. While modern lacrosse bears little resemblance to the game of former years, as much as possible of the rough play having been eliminated, it is nevertheless hardly a pastime for infants; and the man who fears a few cuts or bruises had best seek elsewhere for his amusement. The game is played by two teams of twelve men each, who line up as shown in the accompanying diagram, between the goals —which should be not less than 110 yards apart. The game is started by the two center players (one of each team) "facing off" the ball: that is, it is placed on the ground between their sticks, which they hold back to back, and at the sound of the referee's whistle each man draws his stick toward himself, the ball going toward the goal of the center least adroit. The ball being now in play, the attack players on the side toward which it has passed try to "uncover" or escape the opposing defense men, get into position to receive the ball and then pass or carry it to their own inside or outside home men, who do most of the goal shooting. This, no doubt, sounds simple: it is but fifty-odd yards from the center of the field to either goal-net, and a lacrosse ball can be thrown more than twice that distance. But in that short journey good men have come to grief; for the defense players, who, as a rule, are heavier than the attack, meet the oncoming rush of the latter with all their strength and weight, and when we have the oft-tried problem of the irresistible force meeting the impenetrable body something generally breaks—occasionally it is a nose, now and then a rib; usually, however, only dignity suffers.

If a player carrying the ball be intentionally struck by an opponent's stick, it is called a foul; but if the opponent should strike at the player's stick and hit the player, it is called an accident. As the latter has been known to occur, one will see that a fine degree of discernment is required on the part of the referee, whose position is similar to that of a baseball umpire, only worse. But, since we are writing for the novice, we will leave these refinements of the game to be learned by experience.

In the first place, you will need a stick and some patience. The best lacrosse sticks are made in Montreal and are strung with clock-cord. If possible, secure one which has been used for some time by a good player; the cord will be soft and you will find it much easier to handle the ball. The proper position for the ball in the net is about a foot from the end, and against the frame of the stick; after using a stick for some time the ball will roll naturally into position. The best way to begin learning with the stick is by tossing the ball against a wall or building, and do not become discouraged if at your first attempt you miss the building. In throwing the ball do not try to push in out of the stick, but allow it to roll out at the end, using the stick something after the manner of a sling, and moving your body in the act, not merely your arms.

"FACING OFF" BEHIND THE GOAL, COLUMBIA-PENNSYLVANIA GAME, MAY 19, '06— GOAL-NET AT LEFT OF PICTURE



. . . *with the exception of equestrian polo, the most spectacular game of the day*

A scrimmage between Columbia attack and Pennsylvania defense players, May 19, '06.—Cross indicates ball being caught by a Pennsylvania player—This picture shows bad for Columbia, only three of six Pennsylvania men being "covered" by wearers of the Blue and White

There is only one way to become a good stick-handler—that is by practice; do not become discouraged if you make little progress at first; like most things, there is a knack in it—and the light generally comes to a man suddenly.

After having learned to catch and pass the ball while standing still, you must learn to do the same things while in motion, for in a lacrosse game you will seldom have an undisturbed catch and you, therefore, must learn to catch a ball coming from any direction, while running at the top of your speed. The best practice is to run up and down the field with another player, passing the ball back and forth as you go. Opposition by one or two other players will lend zest to the play, but for the sake of the future of the game, let the interference be not too rough. You will soon learn to pass the ball a little ahead of the man who is running, in order that he shall not have to slacken his pace and wait for it, and also that it is easier to catch a swift ball when properly placed than a ball that is merely tossed. One of the secrets of good stick-handling is a free movement of your body and stick—do not attempt to catch a ball by holding your stick rigidly; the stick should "give" the moment the ball touches the net, otherwise the ball will rebound from it. Again, when endeavoring to pick up a ball that is rolling away from you, do not reach ahead for it with your stick: you will usually succeed only in increasing its speed, or if the end of your stick runs against a tuft of grass you may suddenly find the handle prodding for your backbone by way of your abdomen—an operation which hurts you and often breaks the stick. What you should do is to carry your stick on one side, and when almost up with the ball suddenly increase your speed and scoop it up.

Much might be written concerning the finer points of stick-handling, but it would be a waste of words—observation, practice and experience are the best teachers. Yet the fact must not be lost sight of that good stick-handling is the one fundamental upon which success in lacrosse hinges. Too much practice cannot be indulged in by the individuals to perfect themselves for their part in the system of play that is to be afterward developed in

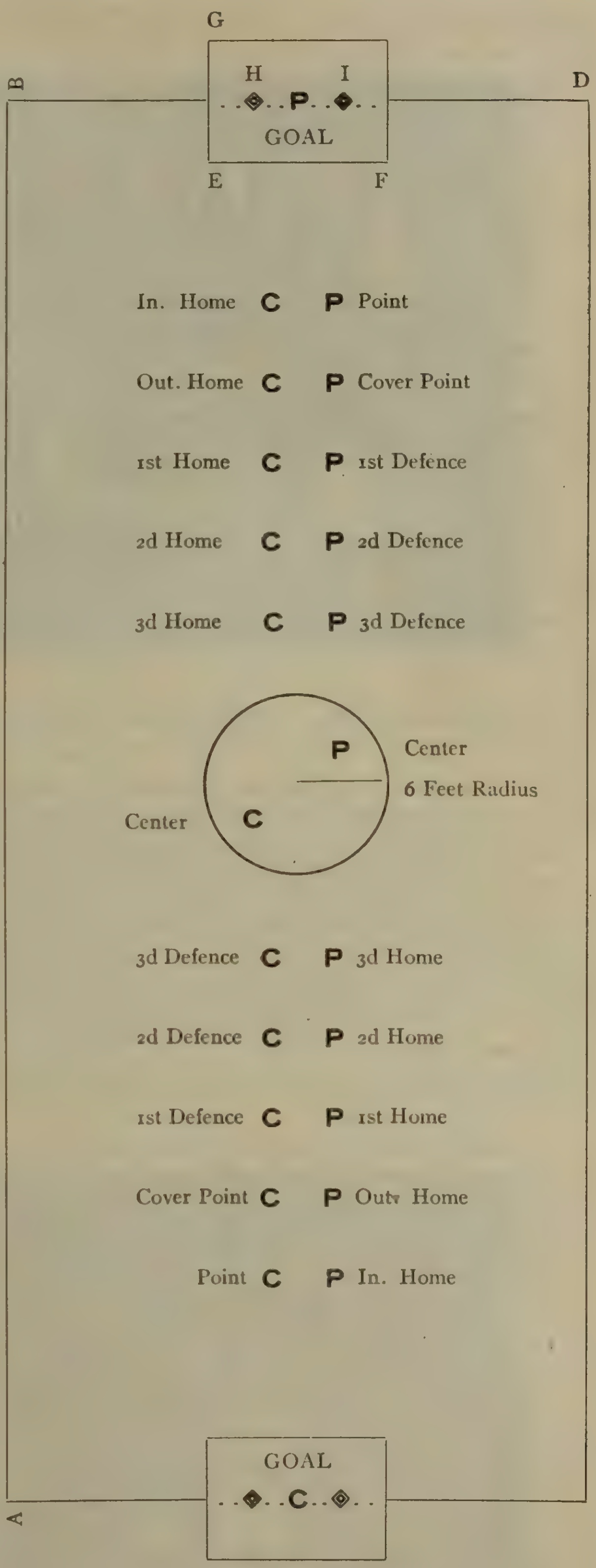
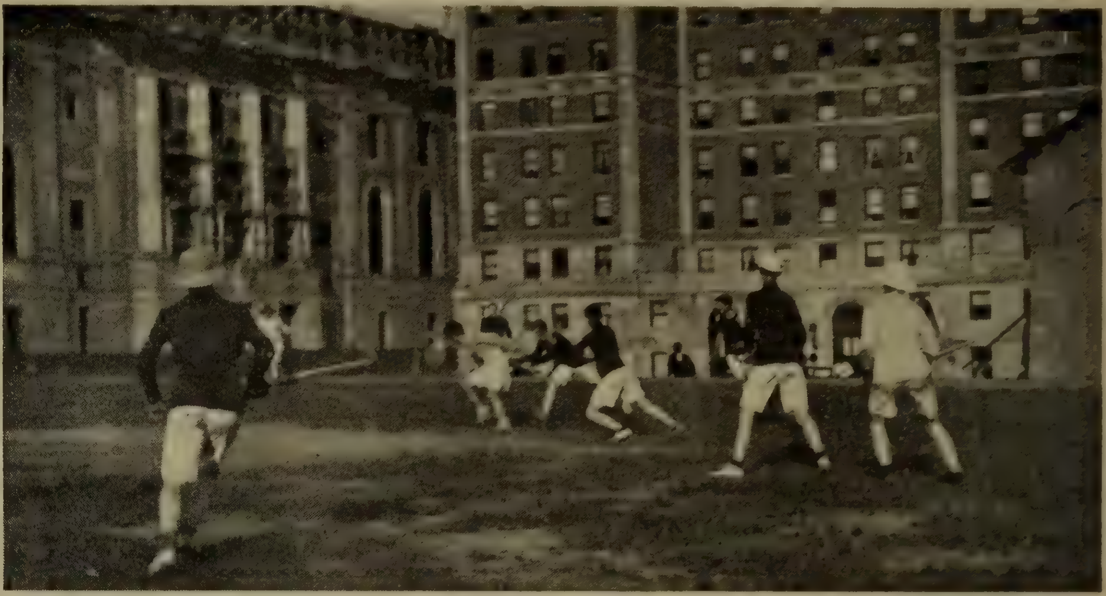

G
H
I
B
D
P
GOAL
E
F
In. Home C
P Point
Out. Home C
P Cover Point
1st Home C
P 1st Defence
2d Home C
P 2d Defence
3d Home C
P 3d Defence
P
Center
6 Feet Radius
Center
C
3d Defence C
P 3d Home
2d Defence C
P 2d Home
1st Defence C
P 1st Home
Cover Point C
P Out. Home
Point C
P In. Home
GOAL
C
A

DIAGRAM SHOWING A LACROSSE FIELD AND POSITIONS OF PLAYERS

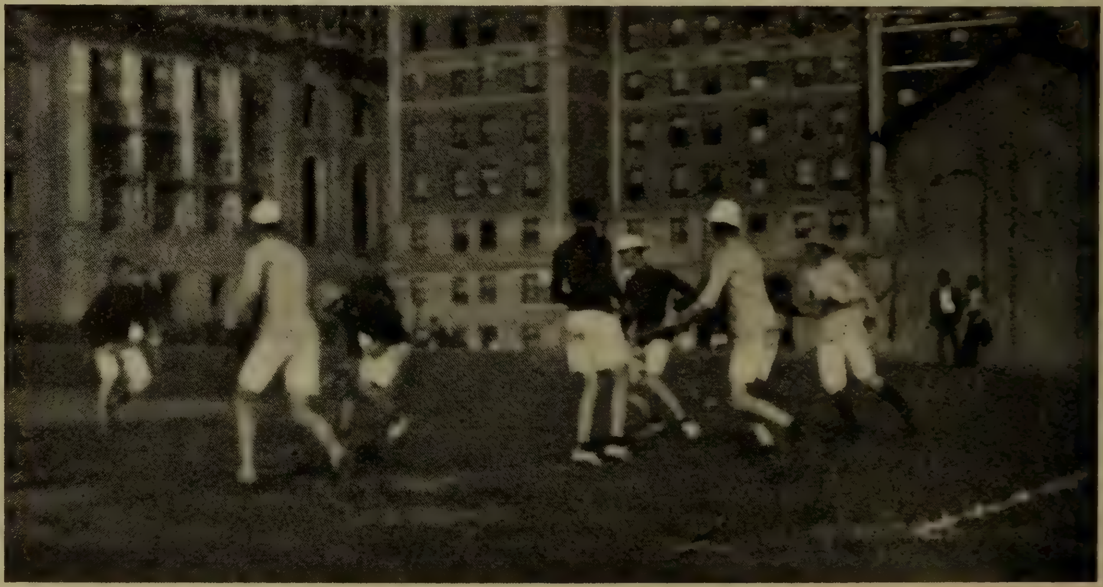
A to B—110 to 125 yards
B to D—Any width.
E to F—18 feet.
E to G—12 feet.
H to I—6 feet.



The upper picture shows a fast Columbia attack player trying conclusions with four of Pennsylvania's defense players. This man is noted for his disregard of team play, and although exceptionally keen and willing, he frequently wastes his energy by going it alone against heavy odds. As might have been expected, he got a trimming in this instance and retired to his position thoroughly winded, and unprepared, if called upon within a minute or so, to hold his own against his opposing defense player.

In the lower picture, the Pennsylvania point and cover point men are at fault; for although their first defense man has the ball, neither of them is in a position to check one of the two Columbia home players should he suddenly receive the ball. And this is just what happened. Stewart, Columbia, the man in white at the left, obtained the ball and passed it like a flash to his inside home player, who immediately shot a goal without interference.

The white triangle on the grass at the right of this picture is the goal line, and six feet behind it is the net, guarded by the Pennsylvania goal-keeper.



the team. A successful system demands that each man shall be in the right place at the right time, and good stick-handling, which latter requires that every player be absolutely sure when receiving and passing the ball. A miss or an inaccurate pass on the part of a player at a critical moment breaks up the system and often means a goal for his opponents. As a man learns to subordinate his individual peculiarities to the welfare of the team, the more valuable he becomes as a player. No team of individual players can hope to defeat a team on which the men play together; and brute strength cannot overwhelm speed and head-work.

It is in continually and cleverly dodging, and this with a minimum of effort, that the attack and home players gain the most, and supplementing this with several good, snappy systems of passing, and with good stick-handling, they can keep the opposing defense, point players and the goal keeper busy. In this the game strongly resembles basketball. For whoever has witnessed a game of basketball knows that it is difficult indeed to defend a goal that is attacked by players who play their positions swiftly, unerringly and yet without apparent effort, ducking, dodging and passing the ball with the exasperating *sang froid* and skill of the expert player. But everything does not come the way of the artfully dodging attack player, the best of systems and stick work notwithstanding. For, checking with his stick and with his body, in which there are tricks that are as sly as they are effective, the opposing defense or point player is busy trying to break up that beautiful system. When he so checks, with his body backed by plenty of determination, a flying attack player and spills him thitherward on the greensward on the back of his neck, that system goes a glimmering, to be replaced by another, which proceeds forthwith and with the ball toward the other goal. Our fallen hero will land on his feet on the second bounce, if he be of the sort that makes lacrosse players, and bethink himself to not speed so swiftly and to dodge more skilfully when hovering near his friend the enemy.

Needless to say, there is much unnecessary rough play where the game is between unskilful and inexperienced players. As in boxing, the most effectual stick checking calls more for skill than for physical effort. The raw player will smash away in truly vicious fashion, yet rarely succeed in doing more than tiring himself and bruising his opponent needlessly. And again, as in boxing, a rule that old lacrosse players know is "when attempting to dodge an opponent or he intends to try to dodge you, watch his eyes and not his stick." Furthermore, a player must learn how to receive a severe body check with a minimum of resistance, as a boxer learns to keep "loose on his pins"; must acquire the knack of making his weight count in body checking another player, as a boxer does whenever he lands a blow; must learn how to upset a runner without himself falling, and when he does fall must know how to take the grass easily—if such is possible in lacrosse. It will be seen that the game is not to be learned in an afternoon. Once learned, however, it never loses its charm, and though by and by a man will hang up his stick for good and all, he never outlives being a lacrosse player.

At present, lacrosse is played by several Eastern universities, notably Columbia, Harvard, Cornell and Johns Hopkins. To see the game at its best, however, one must cross the border into the "Land of the Maple Leaf," for there is the home of lacrosse. Compared with the game between two junior teams of Canada, a game between the average teams of the States more resembles hockey than lacrosse—for our lacrosse players rarely ever see the game before entering college, and in the fourth year at college a man is just beginning to understand the game.

Every recurring season brings it more popularity, however. Wideawake Americans who are in a position to judge declare that beside lacrosse, baseball is dreary, football stupid. But they are not of America—why shouldn't they be dreary and stupid? When we get to playing lacrosse among the grammar schools and academies we shall develop college teams that will give exhibitions of this typically American game that will earn for it the credit which is its due—that of being the best game in the world for young men with red blood in their veins.

THE ART OF CAMPING

From the Utilitarian Standpoint

BY CHARLES A. BRAMBLE

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I.—The Unnecessaries

THERE is camping and camping. Nansen was strictly camping out when he passed a winter in the Arctic regions, with one companion, in a snow shelter, feeding three times a day on bear's meat or seal's blubber, without pastry or dessert. Another kind of camping is when Papa takes the better half, with a choice assortment of marriageable daughters and student sons, to his "camp" in the Adirondacks.

My own camping has been of the more strenuous sort, and as I have been under canvas in the tropics as well as in the Arctic regions, I am foolish enough to imagine that I know something of the art. But I never go for a trip without learning something, and I have a suspicion that the only man who knows much about it is the Indian, and even he but understands the methods best adapted to his own limited requirements. A first-rate packer from the Rocky Mountains would find his knowledge of very little use in the far Northeast; the best Ojibway hunter of his tribe would cut a sorry figure out in the antelope country. All that any one may attempt is to touch upon a few of the more salient points of the art.

Three things a man should have: food, warmth and shelter from the elements. Each of these is important in the order named. Without food, a man quickly succumbs. Without artificial warmth, obtained either through fire or clothing, he must inevitably suffer much in ordinary climates, and is likely to join his forefathers during some cold snap. Shelter is, perhaps, more a matter of habit, but if it is a habit, it is one that is so thoroughly ingrained in modern civilized men that you rarely find them, like Kipling's young wanderers, sleeping with the "starlight on their faces."

Now, in every country that I have visited experienced men seemed to agree that provisions should be simple, nutritious and in such form that when swollen by cooking they gain largely in bulk. In the tropics we used rice and dried fish very largely and native servants could find plants for currie stuffs growing almost by the wayside. Less food need be carried in the tropics, and I do not remember the slightest difficulty in keeping the table well supplied with game, as animal life is considerably more abundant in warm climates than in temperate or cold ones, taking the year through. You will find open-air men of the same way of reasoning all over the world. In the North, mess pork, beans and evaporated fruits and flour are the mainstays. Tin cans about a camp in the wilderness are the sign manual of the tenderfoot. Surely it is unphilosophic to take goods where weight counts, of which a heavy percentage is covering.

The first thing to learn is a love of the simple life. I do not necessarily mean the simple Christian life which some are leading in New York City, but the simple life in which plain food goes very sweetly on account of a good appetite, and in which most of the hours between darkness and dawn are taken advantage of for sound, dreamless slumber. I have no patience with the man who would try to duplicate the life he has led in the city out in the forest. If he be so fond of city life and its luxuries, why leave it? The woods are full of hardships, but they are hardships that the real lover of nature and of the true simple life revels in out of the sheer joy and lust of living that is his.

I am not a total abstainer—neither am I a drunkard. My inclination is to take a little good liquor into camp. In the tropics I believe a little spirits necessary to health, though many will not agree with me. The reports of the American army surgeons in the Philippines show clearly that the greatest sufferers from the climate are the total abstainers. The same results have been found to obtain in India and in the other numerous tropical portions of the British Empire. Yet, though I should like always to have a bottle of sound whisky at command, I have given up taking such a thing to the woods. I found the plan did not work. Nine out of ten guides and Indians will get drunk whenever the opportunity presents itself. These men are perfectly wretched while there is a drop of liquor in camp. Hide it as you will, they have an instinct that is unerring, and its discovery is certain within twenty-four hours of leaving civilization. Then they will plot and plan to get at it, and, failing this, will feign all kinds of terrible ailments in the hope of working upon your sympathies. By and by bottles and men will come into close proximity, and then you will have a very disagreeable twenty-four hours ahead of you. I have had men, and good ones, too, when they were sober, break open boxes, slit waterproof bags with their hunting knives, lose boxes overboard in the rapids in order to fish for them after dark on the quiet, and all because they scented whisky. Now, my only exhilaration is derived from a cup of the best black tea.

After a time, unless one shirks a fair share of the work, the body gets into such admirable condition that all the cravings and promptings caused by an unnatural life disappear, and I am quite sure that the man who swings a paddle or an axe whenever opportunity offers, and carries a fair load over the portages, will soon get into such condition that he will not miss the delicacies he has left behind.

A great many people who go into the woods think it necessary to lug about a sheet-iron stove—in fact, some of the more luxurious have been seen toting full-sized kitchen ranges over the Northern waterways. Yet, in a wooded country a stove is by no means a desirable addition to the outfit. Two green logs parallel to each other and not more than six inches apart serve as an admirable cooking range. A fire of hardwood is built between them, and after a little time there is a bed of hot coals that will keep a dozen pots and kettles singing merrily. This is a better fire for cooking on than the standard pattern camp-fire, which is too large and fierce for the cook to stand over. When, however, you have nothing but the camp-fire, and yet wish to "boil the kettle," rake a few of the hot ashes out to one side and cook over them. In some parts of the Northwest, when a cook was preparing a meal for a large gang, we used to dig a trench about a foot wide and ten or twelve feet long. This trench was filled with hot coals and the pots hung above it, by hooking them over a long pole resting in forked uprights at either end of the trench. This is a capital plan in an unsheltered locality where the wind blows fiercely and fuel must be economized. Ours on these occasions was generally dead willow boughs, and though they make a very hot fire, it is one that burns quickly. In the dead bush the two green boughs already mentioned serve an equally useful purpose.

The tendency of inexperienced men is to take a quantity of luxuries into the woods. By so doing, unless they have plenty of strong, sustaining food as well, they simply invite starvation. I have supplied men of another party with food, in answer to their urgent request, although they had any amount of delicacies yet untouched. When a man is paddling hour after hour and day after day, in the hot summer sun, he loses weight and strength very fast unless his food is of such a nature that it gives him the necessary vigor. Lumbermen have discovered that for hard work, pork, beans, beef and bread must be their main reliance. Occasionally, a well-meaning "boss" has fed his men upon made-up dishes, such as stews, ragouts, beef croquettes, etc., but such experiments did not last long, an angry chorus soon insisting upon a return to simple, sustaining food.

The soft, useless flesh of civilization must melt away under the strain of active exercise, but it should be replaced by hard muscle. If one's weight diminishes very rapidly, it is a pretty sure sign that either the exercise is being overdone or that the food is not sufficient in quantity nor of the right quality. I do not think that vegetables and such things are a necessity to a man in active exercise. The great warrior tribe of East Africa, the Masai, live almost entirely, up to middle life, upon meat and milk, and they are famous as athletes and fighting men. The Northern Indians had few, if any, vegetables when discovered by the white men, and they seem to have lived upon unboiled meat and fish. A Micmac Indian —a young fellow of eighty or so—told me that the reason his tribe was now so short-lived was that they ate too many potatoes. It is possible that the *buctawitch, i.e.*, the rum of the palefaces, may also have had something to do with the early taking off of his kinsmen, but I did not suggest this, as I knew that the old gentleman was not an ardent teetotaler himself. There may, however, be something in it. The doctors tell us that a man is as old as his arteries, and that the arteries fail on account of earthy salts that are deposited little by little upon their inner coats. Now, most of the things we eat contain these salts in appreciable quantities, and when meat is roasted they remain in it, whereas when it is boiled they are removed. The Indian's food was always boiled unless he was pressed for time, when he roasted his meat or ate it raw. His method of boiling was to make a vessel out of birch-bark, which he filled with water and heated to the boiling point by placing therein red-hot stones. It is quite possible that living almost altogether upon this boiled meat, he escaped the heavy doses of salts to which civilized man subjects himself.

Emergency rations have attracted a good deal of attention of late. My own experience with them has been limited, but from what I have seen I am inclined to think that the occasions on which they are really useful are very few. Of course, if a man carried an emergency ration always about his person it might some day come in handy, but as a rule a couple of captain's biscuit would be at least equally serviceable.

Once in northern British Columbia I met a young English doctor who was as green as they make them. This gentleman had provided himself with innumerable small, patent pellets, that he assured me would sustain life almost indefinitely under the most trying conditions. "Here," said he, holding aloft a tiny white globule, "is the equivalent to a beefsteak! This," holding forth a brown lozenge, "is equal to two fried eggs! Each of these," pointing to a box of minute pills, "is as stimulating as a glass of the best Burton ale!" This sounded very pretty, and had it not been for subsequent events I should have taken some stock in his confident statements. Unfortunately for his assertions, a stampede occurred a few days later, in which he participated. He left on his journey in the mysterious gloaming of a summer's night in the North—happy, chubby and amply provided with pills, pellets and lozenges. He returned a week later a living skeleton, scarcely able to drag one foot after the other, and he probably owed his life to the generosity of a prospector who had shared his last meal of "beans straight" with him.

My own experience with emergency rations was not so harrowing. At the solicitation of a friend I consented to take a few tins on a rather hard trip. One day, when all was going well and grub was yet plentiful, I said, "To-day we will live upon emergency rations." The idea was not hailed with any enthusiasm. Nevertheless, like good, faithful fellows, the men agreed to the proposal. For breakfast one tin per man was opened and a gray, gritty substance was fried with some grease. After besprinkling it plentifully with salt and pepper and Worcestershire sauce, we managed to eat it, but at the close of the meal every one seemed downcast. The morning was passed in gentle slumber, yet at luncheon-time our belts were fully two holes shorter than usual, and we were quite ready to pitch into the emergency rations or anything else that came handy. This time the rations were dissolved in hot water and taken in the form of soup. No thanksgiving was said—it being deemed inappropriate to the occasion—and a deep gloom settled o'er the camp. About half an hour before supper-time one of the men sidled up to me and intimated that as we were not short of grub there was no particular reason why we should suffer a third infliction of emergency rations, and it did not take long to convince me that there was considerable justice in the man's argument. Our supper was a glorious meal of fried brook trout, pork and beans and quantities of strong tea.

Some weeks later the grub became low indeed, and I then proposed that we fall back on the remaining tins of emergency rations. This the men flatly refused to do; consequently, when lunch time came, I ate my share, while they looked on and gnawed some fragments of bannocks that had been discovered in one of the bags used for pillow cases. How long their determination would have held out I do not know, because that night we ran upon a lumberman's cache, containing a barrel of flour.

II.—Camp Cookery

One may procure cooking-outfits, the various articles of which "nest" one within the other, but for a hard trip I do not think one gains much by this. Pots and pans become so battered and dented that they refuse to nest, and then they are no better than the ordinary kind, that cost less. One of the never-failing sources of argument around the camp-fire, when old woodsmen are gathered together, are the relative merits of wide, shallow vessels and deep, narrow ones. I have often seen tests made, and generally the wide, comparatively shallow vessel proved the victor; but an old kettle, that is well blackened, always seems to bring the water to a boil quicker than a new, bright one.

Aluminum vessels convey the heat more quickly than block tin or enameled iron, but these admirable qualities unfit aluminum as material for a cup from which to drink, as it absorbs heat from the liquid it contains and remains uncomfortably hot much longer than tin. Aluminum is most easily cleaned, and one saves a good deal in weight. Perhaps, taken as a whole, the wealthy man may indulge in the luxury of pots and kettles made of this material, and gain a little thereby, but their cost is so very much more than that of tin that they are to be looked upon as decided luxuries.

Enamel ware is clean and durable, but it is too heavy for the peripatetic camper. The one indispensable article is the frying-pan. I have been away for days at a time from the main camp with nothing but a frying-pan—a good, deep one—and we got along quite nicely. First, we would make our tea in the frying-pan and pour it into cups made of birch bark. Then we would fry our pork and make our bannocks in the same old frying-pan. This is not luxurious camping, but it shows what can be done in an emergency. The best frying-pan is deep and has a short socket, in which a long handle of green wood can be thrust. Such a pan is handy to pack.

Next to the frying-pan in importance I would place the so-called kettle. The woodsman's kettle is very different from the household utensil of the same name. It has no spout; its handle is of wire, and it has a cover—at least when it goes into the woods, though not, as a rule, when it emerges blackened and battered. If to these articles we add a plate and a tin cup, generally called a dipper, we are approaching an outfit that some old huntsmen regard as bordering on the effeminate. Yet, the addition of a few knives, forks and spoons will hardly be cavilled at, although forks and spoons of a makeshift description may be quickly whittled out of some fragrant wood, usually cedar.

The greatest preventives of profanity, next to a well-ordered, imperturbable mind, are numerous cotton bags in which to preserve the various stores. Wilderness travel is rough and those foolish ones who place their dependence on paper bags will some day find their sugar and pepper have formed too close an alliance and their tea and salt have become so intimately blended as to defy separation. By using bags and attaching to them little tags bearing the names of the articles they contain, much trouble would be avoided. It is not a bad plan to cut nicks in the sides of these tags, so that one can tell in the dark, by the sense of touch, what is in the bag. This latter precaution is, however, not very necessary, unless the providing has been done on a generous scale. As a general thing, one knows perfectly well what is in each bag, as there is little to choose from, and toward the end of a long trip one is sometimes rather apt to congratulate one's self if there is anything left in those bags that contain tea, sugar, tobacco and such like luxuries. I have generally noticed that the sugar gave out first, then the tobacco. It usually makes no difference how much you originally start with, as the more you have of these commodities the more lavishly the men will help themselves. As for Worcestershire sauce, some of my Indian friends would get away with a gallon a week if it were obtainable.

The art of cooking is one that is to be learned only by experience. On one of my journeys into northern British Columbia I took some lessons from a baker before starting, and the knowledge I acquired was more valuable to me than the smattering of the higher mathematics that I acquired at college. Many books on camp cooking have been written, but as they usually begin each recipe with "Take a little of this, and a little of that," and as you have neither "this" nor "that," you find such delicacies as plum pudding without the plums and without the citron, and with nothing but the flour and the suet, are not a huge success.

No doubt the general principles of cooking are the same in the open air as in a well-ordered kitchen. Yet, a very good cook might find it difficult to emulate the feats of some unpretentious woodsman, if he found himself in a wet, sodden forest, with darkness coming on, and he were told to get a hearty meal for a half-dozen hungry men as quickly as possible. Under such conditions fancy dishes are out of place. A man that knew his business would set about the job somewhat as follows: The flour bag would be opened, a handful of salt with a sufficiency of baking powder and enough flour for the purpose would be mixed with water into a batter. This a backwoods cook always does in the flour bag itself, rolling back the top of the bag before beginning. After a time he has a mess of well-kneaded dough in a circular basin of flour. This is made into flat cakes, and they are placed in a couple of frying-pans, tilted at an angle before the embers, or, better still, should he have a bake-oven or reflector, it is placed in this, and a great mass of hardwood coals are strewn in front of and underneath the tray that contains the dough. This bread will require very constant watching and turning, so that the cook dare not leave it for long. He finds time, however, to put on a large kettle of water to boil and to cut up his salt pork ready for parboiling. When the bread is baked, an operation that does not take very long, a frying-pan is half filled with water, and the pork boiled until all the salt is out. Two or three changes of water may be required. The kettle is now boiling and a liberal amount of strong black or green tea is thrown in. This is usually allowed to boil for a minute or two, and then taken off and stood to draw on the hot embers. The old household allowance of "one spoon for each person and one for the pot" will not do in the woods; for some occult reason, more of the leaf is required in open-air cookery, though I must confess most woodsmen overdo the thing, and, moreover, they boil their tea far too long. This and the amount of fried food they are forced to eat probably account for the indigestion from which even the most rugged often suffer.

But to return to our cooking: The tea and the bread being ready, the pork is soon fried sufficiently, and if it is a hurry-up meal the welcome cry of "Snack-ho!" resounds through the forest. Given a little more time, the cook will probably furnish beans and apple stew. Beans, however, require time, as they must be well cooked, and are not fit to eat until they have been soaked so as to become tender. Sometimes, in the mountains, at high elevations, it is impossible to cook beans, and equally impossible to cook potatoes by boiling, as the temperature of the water never becomes high enough to make them soft. The tyro is usually fooled when he first tries to cook beans, or rice, or dried apples. He puts in far too little water and too many of the other things; consequently, after he has put the lid on and is contentedly gloating over the magnificent repast he will spread before his companions, an unwelcome odor of burning causes him to rise hastily and take the lid off the kettle to see what has happened. Instead of a toothsome mess, he finds nothing but a quantity of charred food that a starving dog would disdain.

In well-ordered households game birds are invariably plucked; in the bush, the rule is to skin them. It is a rough and ready proceeding and not calculated to improve the flavor of a delicate grouse. But it must be remembered that game is never really worth eating unless it has been hung a short time, and this can rarely be done when traveling, so it makes little difference whether the game is skinned or not. But, happily, one's appetite is so excellent that a skinned drumstick fried in pork fat seems a morsel fit for the gods.

Bookmen tell us a lot about wrapping birds or fish in clay and cooking them in the embers. Unfortunately, when I have had the birds and fish the clay was lacking, and when I struck a rich deposit of this unctuous earth, I did not have the game, so that I have never been able to experiment in this direction, much as I should like to. Yet, I cannot think that it would be a very practical way of cooking, for reasons that I have outlined. I have never seen Lo, the Indian, ever attempt anything of the sort. If he is without a frying-pan or a kettle, he toasts his game before the fire on a skewer. What he would do if he were well provided with clay of the right tenacity I do not know. Perhaps he would act as the books say he should.

I remember reading, somewhere, that a grouse, wrapped in wet newspaper, could be toasted on the live coals, and left to cook, with the assurance that after a time you could knock off the charred paper, feathers and skin, discovering a succulent morsel. Well, perhaps so.

Many years ago, an estimable Englishwoman published a book on household management, and in it she included a recipe for "jugged hare." She began by saying, "First—catch your hare." Nor must we forget that before we can cook game or fish we must catch it. For this purpose we require firearms and fishing-tackle. Much small game secured in the bush is foully murdered. Men who would scorn to take a pot shot when shooting over their setters or pointers, will aim like artillerymen at some wretched grouse clucking indignantly within ten yards of their feet. The law of the wilderness is that the stronger must devour the weaker, and as a man—even when armed only with a $5 trade gun—is much stronger than a grouse, he proceeds to put the law into force. It is astonishing what a large amount of game can be brought into camp with the aid of a .22 calibre pistol. Sometimes, when hunting caribou, I have carried a .22 calibre revolver, and I recall that on one short trip I secured eighteen grouse with it. Sometimes we would not even trouble to shoot, relying upon a whipcord noose, which we would affix to the end of a pole that we cut as occasion required. It is only on very still, warm days that you can do anything with the ruffed grouse with a noose, but the Canada grouse hardly ever escapes the snare of the fowler. Now, according to the ethics of true sport, these things should not be done, but, my friends, the wilderness must feed its wayfarers, and if you are far enough back and in need of meat, you would undoubtedly be perfectly justified in securing grouse by pot shots or running nooses. I would only insist, however, before I give you absolution, that you be ready to affirm that the birds were for your own use, and not for sale or export. There is little fear of your ever being tempted to break the law by snaring or shooting too many.

Grouse are far more plentiful around the clearings and near the farms than they are in the deep woods, where their food is too scant and the number of their enemies too great to permit of any very heavy stock. Sometimes, early in the season, one may meet with a good many birds, but at such times fish are abundant and easily caught, and the grouse, being but half grown, are not desired. Later on, when the fish decline to bite and the grouse are big, full-feathered fellows, you will find that the foxes and the martens and the minks and the hundred and one other four-footed and winged vermin have taken such heavy toll that you rarely put up many birds in the course of a day's tramp.

(*To be continued.*)

A MATTER OF A MASCALONGE

Where 'Longe-fishing Is Best—Some Tackle Hints, and the Story of a Memorable Catch

BY HARRY L. MEANS

IT WAS an Englishman, I believe, who, after landing a tarpon with the aid of side-arms alone, vouchsafed the opinion that as a sport tarpon fishing was comparable to only one other in America—that of pig-sticking. This conclusion was prompted, as I inferred from reading the article in which the English angler was thus quoted, by the discovery that the tarpon's flesh is uneatable.

I trust, however, my brother angler did not depart for his native land without a try in our Northern waters; for a mascalonge once landed would, I trow, gratify his desire for sport, and later, properly prepared and served steaming hot, compensate for any previous disappointments by tickling beyond compare his epicurean palate.

To those of my readers who have never hooked, played and landed a mascalonge, I will say it is worth your while. It may mean a pilgrimage from down East, out West, or from the sunny South to the balsam-laden wilds of Wisconsin; it may tax your patience and make inroads upon an otherwise perfect nature, ere the memorable strike—and then, the thrill, the ecstacy that follows may as suddenly surrender to a cherished memory and an erstwhile nourished tackle—yet, I still urge, it will repay the effort.

There was a day, if I am to credit the sayings of older, better and more fortunate anglers than I, when, with bark canoe and an Indian guide, the taking of big mascalonge was a matter of little time, and more, of less concern. I have listened with cupidity to the telling of these wondrous catches of one, two, three and even a-half-dozen in a single day, with weight ranging from thirty to forty pounds, in the vain hope that some day good luck might proffer me an emulation. But alas, the days are no more! Yet, I do recall that the little fellows—those of twenty pounds and under, as my informants confided—were given their freedom that they might grow in strength and gameness to the delight of the succeeding generation of anglers. We live in grateful remembrance of the consideration!

TYPICAL 'LONGE WATER IN WISCONSIN—THE

Wisconsin and Minnesota now stand in the fore as offering lakes in which this fish may be taken. Time there was when Michigan and Iowa could boast a goodly number whose waters harbored the mascalonge, but its taking in the lakes of these States is now attended with much uncertainty. The Upper Peninsula of Michigan and some places in the Straits of Mackinac still afford moderately good mascalonge fishing. Wisconsin and Minnesota, preferably the former, offer the most promising waters. Despite the rapid advances of civilization in the Northwest, Wisconsin is to-day not without its virgin waters, and it was my good fortune the past September to see two lakes, in a country somewhat populous, as the term might be applied to that section, into which a line had never been cast, except from shore. I did not fish these waters, for I was already satisfied with my success, and then, too, the portage of a 200-pound rowboat for a full half-mile would have meant more than I cared, at the time, to undertake. I reserved the pleasure for another season.

On the subject of tackle, it may not be amiss to recount my own observations. When the uninitiated hears of mascalonge fishing he has thoughts of windlass and cable. I, myself, confess to the error. The longer one fishes for mascalonge the smaller grows his tackle. When one can count his catches in two figures he is ready to make concessions, but never with the first one. The 'longe is not without strength, and if it is to be a tug-of-war, then adhere to the heavy tackle idea, although the stout line and powerful reel may not avail your purpose. The fish takes the bait rather tenderly, and his landing depends more upon the handler's skill than his athletic training.

A braided line that will stand a strain of eighteen pounds and even less, with a reel capable of comfortably accommodating fifty yards, will be quite sufficient. To successfully fish with a line of such limited length, however, will depend upon the angler and the dexterity of the oarsman. One hundred yards of line and a reel of one hundred and fifty yards capacity is to be preferred. The reason is obvious. Some reel-makers have a way of getting more line on the spool than the purchaser, and when one is playing a 'longe one hasn't the time to look to an even distribution. Should the day be propitious the additional one hundred and fifty feet of line will not be needed, yet with a calm lake and a clear sky it may enable the angler to force a strike, when his incessant trolling would otherwise go unrewarded.

I have often heard the theory advanced that the mascalonge strikes in anger. It has been said and printed that this fish, not content with battering the lure that trails in the keel water, has dared strike a polished drinking cup when dipped into the lake. These battered mementoes have even been displayed to the too-credulous angler in substantiation of the narrator's veracity. I

WEEDY POINT ON THE LEFT IS A LIKELY PLACE stand ready and willing to concede to the mascalonge anything that will further portray its gameness, but I must add that since it has never been my good fortune to witness this exhibition I am reluctant to accept it.

It is not fair to assume that age and the consequent increase of strength and self-reliance incident thereto will promote timidity in the 'longe. It seems only reasonable that the converse would obtain. Yet the two ideas are irreconcilably inconsistent, for seldom are big fish taken in placid waters. I have never heard even the most garrulous guide say that a perfectly calm lake was favorable to mascalonge fishing. On the contrary, the undisputed hypothesis is that the angler must have a little sea, or else his lure well back from the boat, if a strike is to result. A 'longe will sometimes strike in pacific waters, but to get the much coveted big ones it is necessary to have the spoon not less than thirty yards away.

THE AUTHOR AND HIS GUIDE, WITH THEIR BIGGEST 'LONGE

While this fish is sometimes taken in deep water, with the bait skimming the bottom, the favorite places are the points and bars. Here the fresh-water tigers lie in wait for the unsuspecting pike, as they dart from lily pads to rushes in search of some dainty morsel. They feed chiefly, if not entirely, upon the wall-eyed pike, when this fish is available, and it may be noticed that the good pike grounds are to be found near the bars where the mascalonge strike may be looked for. Guides who have had the opportunity of observing and the inclination to observe tell me that whenever they found undigested fish in the stomach of a 'longe, it was usually wall-eyed pike. Whole pike, weighing as much as a pound and a half, have been taken from the stomach. They frequently prove an attractive bait, and will often yield a strike when the artificial lure has failed.

My friend, Armstrong, and I had fished Wisconsin waters for several days with indifferent success. We had one six-pounder, with the usual pike and pickerel to our credit. The mascalonge was taken by my fishing companion in Lake Julia, famous for its number rather than the size of its mascalonge. Big Lake is at the head of the Eagle chain. It is fed by the waters of Eagle River, which in turn receives its supply from several lakes many miles above. Strikes are not so plentiful in Big Lake, yet when strikes do come the angler may look for a formidable adversary.

It was a bleak day in early September of last year. We were ambitious for a "big one"—Armstrong and I—and Emile Kloes, our guide, had promised it. Our lines went overboard at the pier and temptingly trailed from either side of the boat, which was pulled at a fair rate of speed. A frog did contortions at the end of my companion's spoon, while a bit of red flannel and a small piece of pickerel gullet served as an attraction on my own.

There is a legend, or maybe fish history, which, if I mistake not, has been handed down by our forefathers, establishing beyond controversion the fact that all fish have a settled antipathy for an east wind. Whether or not this is a sedative for ill luck is a matter that addresses itself to the individual angler and his conscience, yet the theory is not without adherents, myself among them.

On this particular day and for the two previous the wind had been coming from the east. The house, the conditions considered, proved more attractive than the lake, and I may as well add that Emile, who is a conscientious fellow when it comes to taking your dollars, had comforted me with the opinion that it would be a waste of time to venture out. When I learned that two gentlemen from St. Louis had taken one eight-pounder, two weighing six pounds each and two smaller ones that did not come up to the legal limit from Lake Julia the previous afternoon, and in the face of a strong east wind, then I had determined to disregard the accepted theory that a 'longe will not strike while the wind blows from the east.

Despite the guide's efforts to shift the wind, it continued from the east. It stirred Big Lake almost to the seasick point, and as the sun penetrated an occasional break in the heavy clouds, it reflected more radiantly the silvery beauty of the whitecaps.

We had reached the upper end of a long bar at the head of Big Lake. Silently we paralleled the shoal water along its east side, nestling close to the weeds on its crest. We were near its end and our last hope was waning when the outer line, my own, tightened, and the spool rapidly played against my thumb, as the boat, of its own impetus and washed by the waves, drew out my line.

I intuitively set the hook.

"A submerged deadhead," ventured the consoling guide, bringing the boat to a standstill.

Not a movement—not the faintest manifestation of life. The boat was backed a-half stroke, the line meanwhile being taut. Then something moved. It moved again and the tip of my short rod was drawn six inches nearer the water's surface. The guide did not wait for orders, for he, too, had seen the movement. Shifting his legs as a signal for business, and with a stout stroke of the right oar, he headed for deeper water.

The fish — for I was now certain it was something animate—responded slowly, sullenly. We were now fifty feet from the bar and still nothing to indicate the species of my catch. As we found deeper water, down went the line, for as yet there was only sulky submission.

"It's a big pike," declared my companion, which opinion the guide fortified, as he nervously shifted his legs and bent to the oars.

Then the fish refused to be led and lay inertly at the lake's bottom. I had, in the interim, regained the line the drifting boat had played out. Then a movement, a challenge, and the line cut the water as if attached to some powder-propelled missile.

Another interval of passiveness, of which I took advantage to gather in a little line. I was still working the reel-handle when that unknown something moved, fairly darted to the surface.

Yard by yard the tiny silk line left the water, until, ye gods, a 'longe—defiant, tenacious, assertive, its eyes glistening and its massive jaws distended—leaped into air some seventy feet away, described a quarter circle and dropped back to do battle in his sacred lair.

"He will go fifteen pounds or better," exclaimed the now excited boatman.

A momentary stop and the fish was off again; not, perhaps, for more than thirty feet, yet it seemed twice thirty, after a glance at the little line remaining on the spool; for, not a half-dozen yards were left me. I tried coaxing, but the mascalonge resolutely refused to be cajoled. A sudden impulse seized it, not to do my bidding, and charge the boat, but dash it did, and in the opposite direction.

"Back water," was the laconic command, and the oarsman's alertness alone saved me defeat, and forefended the freedom the fish so desperately sought.

I tried my reel handle; it yielded. Foot by foot I drew the fish nearer the boat. I already felt the delights of victory, but I reckoned unwisely, for, another run, with just time for my hand to clear the handle, and the mascalonge was again in the air. The sun momentarily peeped through a cloud, making more lustrous the rose-tinted belly and the round black spots on the background of white.

The much-coveted moment had come—my camera within reach and the sun at my back—but the mascalonge fell from view with the picture machine still at my feet, untouched. I trust I may be pardoned for the omission.

I might be charged with pleonasm to essay a further description. Suffice it to say, however, that the battle waged relentlessly for fifty-eight minutes by the watch. Each dash for liberty, each leap for freedom, was but a repetition of former dashes and leaps, yet each had in it that indescribable something to impress it more vividly upon my memory. Five times the fish went into the air, each succeeding leap, perhaps, less vigorous, until it floated upon the water's surface, weakened, defeated.

Then the exhausted mascalonge was brought to the boat, and Armstrong, who, gaff in hand, had been a silent, exultant witness to its gameness, adroitly lifted it beyond the pale of freedom. As it lay bleeding from the knife thrust, and gasping for the life for which it had so valiantly fought, I owned to an ineffable regret—I wished I might give it back its life to compensate for the sport it had given me.

Once inside the boat, it was easy to see that my pocket scales, which had a limit of fifteen pounds, were of little use. It was fully three hours later, which—perhaps—meant a loss of a couple of pounds, that it tipped the beam at 22¾. It measured 46 inches from tip to tip, ten inches spread of tail, 20 inches girth and 3 inches between the eyes, while its lower jaw protruded an inch beyond its upper and measured nine inches.

A storm, which had been threatening for an hour, now broke in all its fury, and we were forced to take refuge in a deserted cabin. As we silently battled against the heavy swells on our return, the guide bending to his work with a light heart and strong arm, I rested my oars and, half-turning, inquired:

"And how was the wind?"

The guide faced the east in critical silence, and when he replied a few moments later, there was just the suggestion of disappointment in his voice, as he said:

"Well, a little *north* of east."

AN INTERRUPTED SONG

BY JOHN BROWN JEWETT

THE summer sky is bright and free
  Of even a zephyr's wings;
High on the hilltop's loftiest tree
  A redbird sits and sings.

A cloud appears; the breezes rise;
  The cloud comes swiftly on;
Its lightnings fill the darkened skies,
  And lo, the bird is gone.

But raging rain, and tearing wind,
  And thunderbolt, pass by,
Leaving their dripping wrecks behind,
  The sun regains the sky.

And on the ruins of the tree,
  'Mid shining drops of rain,
The redbird sits, and merrily
  Resumes his broken strain.

TO GRAND LAKE BY TEAM

Overland Cruising in Colorado

BY J. W. COPELAND

IT WAS our good fortune to have been asked to join Mrs. Cook and her family on a trip to Grand Lake, Colo., a distance of 150 miles by team from Denver, going by way of Berthound Pass, over the Divide and through North Park. Our outfit, consisting of camp-wagon, tents, etc., was complete. Mr. Cook had taken such trips in the early days, and if I remember right the wagon was one he had used in years past. He arranged for horses, and early on the morning of July 7 we were off—Mrs. Cook, her son Paul and daughters Genevieve and Dorothy, my wife and I.

As we journeyed on toward the mountains, we passed beautiful ranches with their orchards and truck gardens, reaching Mount Vernon Cañon about midday, and succeeded in getting over Floyds Hill by nightfall. We had little choice of selecting a place for our camp; the one thing that was most essential was there—a beautiful stream of water. After staking out our horses and eating our evening meal, we went to bed, and all found it quite necessary to elevate our feet instead of our heads, in order to keep us from sliding down into the stream. Floyds Hill does not sound big or bad, but in this the name certainly is misleading. It had been my initial experience driving down a mountain and I was tired. The cry of the coyotes and the rumbling of falling water in the stream below were soothing sounds in my ear and I slept, with never an attempt to finger a line or slam on the brake.

Paul was up first the next morning, his real object being to get a view of our surroundings. Yet he did think it out of place to sleep after daybreak. This morning, as was the rule after, we were up and off before sunrise. Our object was to reach the foot of Berthound Pass by night. As we passed farther into the mountains their grandeur was more and more revealed. Early in the afternoon we could see the snow-covered peaks near by; numerous little mountain streams and sections of heavily timbered country added to the delight of that day's trip. At night we made camp as we had expected, at the foot of the range known as the Continental Divide. We were at the fork of two streams, in a basin-like park—an ideal location. The growth of timber was very heavy; snow-covered peaks towered all about us.

At breakfast next morning, as the sun cast his now very welcome rays over the peaks, we beheld a grand view; indeed, one never to be forgotten nor possible to describe. You may see some very excellent pictures of mountain scenery, but they cannot depict the real beauty of the scene. It was a wild country, too; the baby cry of cougars, or mountain lions, had been heard during the night from the cliffs around, and near camp before breakfast we found fresh signs of deer. But Paul and I had to content ourselves hooking a few fine trout for breakfast.

We were off early, hoping to reach the top of the Pass by midday. It was a hard climb and our party walked, both to relieve our horses and for the added pleasure the experience gave us. Up and up we went, winding and winding. Paul and I took turns at driving. This part of our journey was one of the most delightful—the view was always changing, the air cool, yet bright and sunny, snow-covered peaks to our right, a deep cañon between. Often the view was one of rugged grandeur, again green valleys and big pine forests stretched out before us. Delightfully clear, cool springs of water were passed along the trail all the way up, and flowers of many varieties and in great abundance.

We reached the summit early in the afternoon, where we rested and refreshed ourselves, and indulged in a July snowball fight, at an elevation about 11,000 feet, or practically two miles, above sea level. The view from this point is grander, I think, than from Pike's Peak. I have been over the Rockies at several points by railroad, but one cannot get such views from a car-window.

In the afternoon we were off down the western side of the Divide and into North Park, stopping for some provisions at beautiful Idlewild, where the stage stops for a change of horses on its regular trip to Grand Lake and Hot Sulphur Springs.

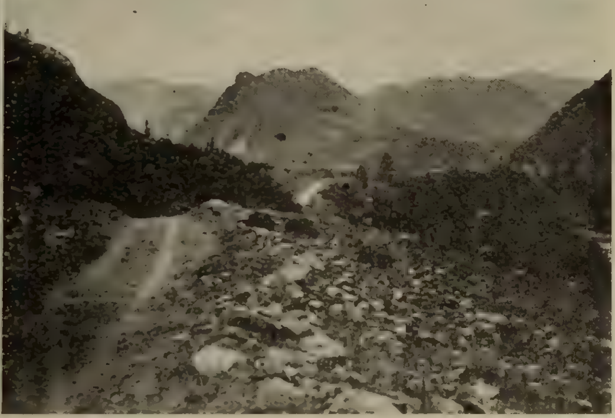
We camped that night, our third day out, at a point near Coulter's, another stage stop. North Park is some thirty miles long and about ten to fifteen miles wide, a fine grazing place for cattle. We found the cattle in many cases very wild; at times we had lively experiences with them.

We experienced some bitter mixed with the sweet on the day following: one of our horses showed signs of having mountain fever. Our movements were necessarily very slow that day. We expected to reach Grand Lake about noon, but we were glad indeed to get to our destination at midnight. About ten miles out from the lake we had to unhitch our sick animal, and had it not been for the assistance of some cowboys who came up we might have been left in a bad predicament. Miles from water, our party tired from the hard day's trip and our supply of food down to rock bottom, we found our cowboys friends indeed. Our sick animal died, but we secured a horse from the cowboys and reached the lake, as I have said, late that night, and camped on the west shore until morning.

After pasturing our horses, we secured boats and rowed across the lake to our temporary home, the Cooks' log house, which was built on a huge rock projecting out of the water on the east shore. There is a small settlement on the west shore of Grand Lake, about two and one-half miles distant across the lake from the Cook cottage: The lake is only three miles long and from one and one-half miles to two and one-half miles wide; not large, but beautifully situated, and its water clear as crystal and literally alive with mountain trout. The mountains slope down to the lake on the southeast side, also on the north. There are two fine streams flowing into the lake and one flowing out. These streams abound with brook, rainbow and other species of trout. Mount Baldy, set back from the lake two to three miles toward the east, is a grand sight, which changes from every point of view. Mr. Cook has killed many bears within a mile of his log cabin. The timber is verdant, and the country is practically as wild to-day as it ever was.

We spent many days fishing in lake and streams in exploring the country. Every day was crowded full with new experiences. He who has not gone back into the mountains 75 to 100 miles from any railroad can scarcely imagine the feeling of absolute freedom and the complete restfulness experienced on such an outing. It is worth all the hardship in getting there. I like to hear the coyotes at night, which we so often did; would have liked better to have met one or two of them during the day. Often on my trips up the mountain I would find fresh signs of a bear, but he always kept going and going. I would hear a rattle and cracking of dead limbs that would give me new hope, but I never quite got a look at him. Of the deer, the does are quite tame, but the antlered ones always keep out of sight. There are lots of wild berries in that section, which makes it a fine feeding ground for bears. The country was literally full of birds of many varieties: magpies, black-and-white, with long tail-feathers, were common; the thrush was the chief songster of the forests, at sunrise and sunset he sang his best; the green-tailed towhees sang at all times during the day; the meadow larks were constantly heard in the ravines. One day I ran across an eagle; he flew up and up to the highest cliff of Old Baldy, where he probably was guardian of a family.

Before starting back to Denver we decided to drive to Hot Sulphur Springs, a round trip of fifty miles, and as we had returned the horse we borrowed we made a bargain with a cowboy for a broncho he was leading. I offered him thirty dollars; he held out for thirty-five and got it. Paul was sure it was a good bargain, and our



AT THE SUMMIT OF THE PASS
SAILING ON GRAND LAKE

THE COOK COTTAGE AT GRAND LAKE
THE ROAD FROM IDAHO SPRINGS

experience afterward proved to us that it was—for the cowboy. We hitched the new "bronc" up with our city horse, and he was so full of life that he wanted to pull the load himself. We got over the first half of the distance in fairly good time, and then the broncho started to act bad. He would kick, bite, stop, refuse to go, drink muddy water along the road, refuse clean water, go when he pleased, and was altogether bad. After making many an honest effort to encourage him to be decent, even using kindness, we were compelled to give it up, to the great amusement of some ranchers. Dorothy said several times, jokingly, "The animal is locoed," and we afterward found this to be actually the case. Fortunately, a ranchman came along with a team and we bargained with him to pull us into Hot Sulphur Springs. Even to this Mr. Broncho seriously objected, but we were all completely out of patience with the animal and really took some delight in seeing him do something he didn't want to; but he had to go along, for we had a good, strong rope around his neck and tightly fastened to the wagon. We spent two days at Hot Sulphur Springs, bathing in the hot sulphur water and tramping over the country. We tried to sell our broncho and get another horse, but, however hard we tried, we could not get thirty cents for the animal; indeed, the hotel proprietor seemed anxious that we hurry and depart and get the animal away from his horses. It is not good for horses to associate with a locoed animal, I am told. We displayed real nerve in again hitching that broncho to our wagon; he would bite and kick and look wild-eyed, but it was sheer desperation on our part. We could not buy another horse, as we had not brought enough cash along and we were unacquainted in those parts. We were "up against" it. However, we started. Broncho behaved fairly well (for him) till we got away from the settlement. That saved our feelings somewhat. We still had hope that we might be able to make a bargain with some ranchman for a horse, and Mrs. Cook wanted to be in on the next horse trade. Sure enough, she asked the first settler we saw to sell us a horse, and, fortunately, he had one he would sell. We struck a bargain; I gave my note for it, cash to be paid him at a meeting place agreed upon on our return trip to Denver. This animal proved to be all right and our horse-trading was practically over. I might mention now, however, that I sold this horse on our return to Denver for about what we paid for him. As for the locoed broncho, we left him at a ranch on our way back to Grand Lake, and in passing there on our way to Denver the ranchman offered to pay me twelve dollars for the animal, which was accepted without any delay.

Our trip back to the lake was without special interest, further than being annoyed by cattle after sunset. They came toward us, bellowing and threatening; we had to handle them cowboy fashion, yelling and urging on our horses. At times it seemed as if our horses would be gored. One big bull came up the road and stopped in the middle of a small bridge that we had just started over. The situation looked serious, indeed, for a moment; dropping his big head, he swayed it from side to side, challenging us to come on. It was the only thing for us to do, so we urged our horses on, cracking the whip, and rushed the bridge, the bull giving way at the last moment. We camped for the night at Spetzger's, half way between Hot Sulphur Springs and Grand Lake. We reached the lake next day about noon.

A week later Mrs. Copeland and I started back to Denver with the team; the Cooks were to remain at the lake two or three weeks longer. Our trip back was a very enjoyable one; we had no load to haul and could make good time. We slept on hay in our camp-wagon, stopping for the night wherever we happened to be, but always near running water. There is no fear of being disturbed at night in that country; the common tramp is unheard of. You may be sure of being left entirely alone, for it seems to be in the atmosphere in the Rocky Mountains. We made the drive back to Denver in three days. Of course, to do that it was necessary to push forward hard and put in a full day.

We were at the end of one of the most enjoyable outings we ever had. A trip of this kind is not without its hardships, it is true, but the real fun and recreation we enjoyed alone linger in our memory.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

Again comes Independence Day,
With all its blare and blatant noise;
And all the stress the day employs,
With streets all bunting-spun and gay.

Each heart shall pulse with quickened life
At sight of all the flag-strewn way;
And hail again the veterans gray,
In rhythmic play of drum and fife.

—*Stacy E. Baker.*

THE ATHENS WORLD'S ATHLETIC MEET

BY MILTON E. TOWNE

THE fourth revival of the Olympiad, the blue ribbon of meets, which took place some weeks ago at old Athens, was, in point of number of entries, international representation and interest, easily the most notable event in latter-day competitive athletics. It is to be hoped that the Olympiad is now a permanent institution—a sort of Mecca to which each nation's best will pilgrimage for future generations.

As a matter of course, the paramount thing to Americans was the success of our team. And right nobly did they live up to our expectations. Following the example set on the three previous occasions, notably the first meet at Athens ten years ago, our cracks came off with the lion's share of victories. And as a further triumph for America, Martin J. Sheridan, of the Irish-American Athletic Club, earned the title of largest individual point winner. In short, the Yankee team completely snowed under its foreign competitors with such ease as to demonstrate beyond peradventure and for all time the superior prowess of our athletes.

The team sailed early in April on the *Barbarossa,* under the able managership of Mr. "Matt" Halpin, of the New York Athletic Club. An otherwise uneventful trip was marred by a discouraging mishap in the shape of a gigantic wave which swept over the decks of the ship, seriously injuring several men. Among the number was J. S. Mitchel, New York Athletic Club, the veteran shot-putter, and H. L. Hillman, Jr., of the same club. The latter was entered in the 400-metre race, and his chances of winning the event were considered to be very bright. This unfortunate occurrence would, it was feared, seriously impair the strength of the team, especially in view of the ever-present dangers of a foreign climate. Subsequent events proved the proverbial American indifference to adversity.

As will be remembered by those who eagerly scanned the sporting columns of daily papers, C. M. Daniels, New York Athletic Club, started the ball rolling by winning the 100-metre swim, after he had won his heat literally by a finger-nail. From then on to the finish it was a procession for the Americans, with the issue never in doubt. "Archie" Hahn, of Milwaukee, took first place in the 100-metre sprint, negotiating the distance in 11 1-5 seconds. As there are about sixteen hundred metres in a mile, the 100-metre race may be considered for all practical purposes the equivalent of 110 yards. Hahn showed splendid form and is undoubtedly one of our best sprinters. In the 400-metre race (or quarter mile), Paul Pilgrim proved a victor. He also won the 800-metre run, thereby gaining the distinction of being the only runner to win in two events. The second man in this race was Lightbody, of the University of Chicago, who won the same event in the world's record time of 1.56 at the last Olympia meet, at St. Louis. He redeemed himself in the 1,500-metre run by vanquishing the much-vaunted English milers in an exciting struggle.

Martin J. Sheridan, the particular bright star of the meet, distinguished himself by winning the discus (free style), the 16-pound shot-put and taking second place in throwing the 14-pound stone. He also was third in the standing broad and standing high jumps—a remarkable record, which stamps him as an all-around athlete of the highest order. In the standing broad jump, Ray Ewry, New York Athletic Club, proved best, and in the standing high he won again, with Lawson Robertson, of the Irish-American Athletic Club, next. This number was marked by the Americans winning in one—two—three order. R. G. Leavitt, a Williams College man, was returned a winner in the high hurdles, and George V. Bonhag, Irish-American Athletic Club, walked off with the 1,500-metre "heel and toe." In the running long jump, Myer Prinstein, from Syracuse, the Irish-American Athletic Club entry, displayed his usual good form and won handily from O'Connor, England's crack.

The event of, perhaps, greatest interest to the Greeks, and one in which victory was most keenly sought for by all concerned, was the Marathon race. In this contest, calling for special endurance and grit, the sentiment of the audience was plainly in favor of a Greek victory. It was not to be, however, as the winner turned up in a Canadian, William Sherring, to the intense disappointment of the Greek contingent.

On the following page is shown a table giving the principal events, with winners, second and third men, together with times and distances:

EVENT	WINNERS	SECOND	THIRD	DISTANCE	TIME
100-metre swim	C. M. Daniels, New York A. C.	De Halmay, Austria	Healey, Australia		1.13.
Five-mile run	Hawtrey, England	Svanberg, Germany	Daly, Ireland		26.11.
400-metre run	Paul Pilgrim, New York A. C.	W. Haswell, England	N. Barker, Australia		.53 1-5.
1,500-metre run	J. D. Lightbody, University of Chicago	McGough, England	Hellstrom, Sweden		4.12.
400-metre swim	Scheff, Austria	H. Taylor, England	J. A. Jarvis, England		6.23 4-5.
100-metre run	Archie Hahn, Milwaukee A. C.	Moneton, Australia	Barker, Australia		.11 1-5.
Marathon race	William Sherring, Hamilton, Ont.	Svanberg, Sweden	Frank, Irish-American A. C.		2h. 51m. 23 3-5s.
High hurdles	R. G. Leavitt, Williams College	A. H. Healey, England	Duncker, Germany		.16 1-5.
800-metre run	Paul Pilgrim, New York A. C.	J. D. Lightbody, C. U.	W. Balswell, England		2.01½.
1,500-metre walk	George V. Bonhag, Irish-American A. C.	Linden, Canada	Spichotas, Greece		7.03.
3,000-metre walk	Stantics, Hungary	Muller, Germany	Saridakis, Greece		15.18 3-5.
Discus, free style	Martin J. Sheridan, Irish-American A. C.	Georgantas, Greek	Jacwinen, Finn	136 feet 2 inches	
Standing broad jump	Ray Ewry, New York A. C.	Petit, France	Sheridan, I. A. A. C.	9 feet 8 5-16 inches	
Pole vault	Gouder, France	Boderstrom, Sweden	Glover, America	11 feet 6 inches	
Hop, step and jump	O'Connor, England	Leahy, England	Cronin, England	14 metres 65 centimetres	
Discus, Greek style	Stephen Mudin, Hungary	Lemming, Sweden	Sostera, Bohemia	32 metres 64 centimetres	
Running long jump	Myer Prinstein, Irish-American A. C.	P. O'Connor, England		7 metres 20 centimetres	
Standing high jump	Ray C. Ewry, New York A. C.	L. Robertson, I. A. A. C.	Sheridan, I. A. A. C.	5 feet 2 inches	
Three standing jumps	Peter O'Connor, England	P. Leahy, England	Connolly, Boston A. A.	36 feet 1 inch	
Running high jump	C. Leahy, England	Goenczy, Hungary	Kerrigan, Portland, Ore.	1 metre 77½ centimetres	
Throwing 14-lb. stone	Georgantas, Greece	M. Sheridan, I. A. A. C.	Doizas, Greece	65 feet 4 inches	
Putting 16-lb. shot	M. J. Sheridan, Irish-American A. C	David, Hungary	Lemming, Sweden	40 feet 2½ inches	

TABLE OF RESULTS OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS AT THE LAST ATHENS WORLD'S ATHLETIC MEET

It will be noticed that 12 of the 22 events were won by U. S. A. athletes; England got second place most times, with 7, and U. S. A. the most thirds, with 6

It is somewhat regrettable, to a thoughtful follower of the sport, that the American victory at Athens should have been quite so one-sided. As "competition is the life of trade," so only are closely-contested events conducive to a keen rivalry between athletes. Certain it is that interest ebbs when results are a foregone conclusion. Especially is this true of international contests, involving great distances in traveling and corresponding expense. It is an open question whether another such overwhelming defeat will spur on our foreign rivals, undismayed, to fresh effort, or will they throw up their hands and concede the palm to America without further ado? We trust the former spirit will prevail. Another question comes up, especially in the mind of a "layman," as to the whys and wherefore of this extraordinary state of affairs. Why does the American athlete excel? There are some who claim that the reason may be traced to an exceptional suitability of our climate for producing athletes. This sounds plausible, but entails much discussion.

A trite saying, attributed to various "captains of industry," runs something like this: "Specialize if you would succeed. Do one thing and do it well." This same maxim appears to obtain in modern athletics as well as in business. At any rate, the American athlete of to-day follows it to the letter. This country has developed some famous all-around athletes, but the great majority of our stars are specialists. Each bends every energy, concentrates every thought, toward the goal of perfection in his chosen line of effort. The virtue of this is seen in the unique methods used by some of our best athletes, which, while the acme of form, are far removed from those of their fellow competitors, and are in each case admirably adapted to their individual physical peculiarities. This, to our mind, is the keynote of their success.

On the other hand, let us take the ancient Greek idea. In the olden days the Athenians placed athletics on a high plane—indeed it was classed among the fine arts. Then, as now, they scorned a man whose arms were developed out of proportion to his legs. Normal but complete development of the body and versatility rather than special proficiency in the games was their aim. Beauty-worshippers always, their games were a means to an end, the realization of beauty in the physique.

To the practical, matter-of-fact American, no doubt there is a touch of the esthetic in this ancient ideal of athletics, although it possesses a deep and inspiring significance. If it is true that the Greeks have carried this idea down through the centuries, they must exercise a benign influence over modern sport.

THE CAMPING LAUNCH

BY W. R. BRADSHAW

WITH A DESIGN BY E. B. SCHOCK

A CAMPING launch is a boat that combines the advantages of a summer cottage, yacht and camp, and is superior to any of these in its yield of health and pleasure. It is a hundred times more restful than a crowded hotel or boarding house and affords altogether the most delightful way of healthfully spending a summer under God's blue tent.

What a difference from life in a flat in a crowded city, that counterfeit of a home, which is neither home nor habitation. The present-day business man in a large city, cooped up within narrow walls in a vitiated atmosphere, harassed with business cares and irritable nerves, can find no better solace for mind and body than the rest and freedom of a houseboat. But a houseboat with an engine in it is better. It affords a splendid opportunity of breathing ozone, of seeing the sky and the waters, the green fields and all the beauties of nature.

Even life in a cottage in the country is monotonous compared with life on a camp launch, with its everchanging landscape, affording the most enjoyable means of getting away from oneself, which a continual change of scene implies.

In the self-propelling houseboat we have in mind, one breakfasts and dines in new scenes continually. In addition, it imparts the tone of rest and comfort, the pure air, the cool nights and the opportunity for adventure by going ashore when and for as long as one likes, and the complete freedom from physical or mental fatigue, by having at hand everywhere all the comforts of home.

In yachts the narrow quarters due to the exigencies of sea-going craft, sea-sickness, the danger of shipwreck and the monotony of long voyages offset the pleasure of change of scene, while, on the other hand, the houseboat or camping launch sails in sheltered waters on summer seas, penetrates ideal channels and bayous, affording the incomparable delights of an amphibious life, where the voyagers may practically sojourn in the woods as well as on the water.

The pleasures of camp life in the woods, of long canoe trips on inland rivers, are undoubtedly great, but they have to be paid for by hard work and many discomforts, all of which are eliminated by means of the motor-propelled houseboat. This is a movable summer home, which carries not only the shelter, bed, kitchen and supplies, bath tub, icebox and wash-stands, but also the whole camping party.

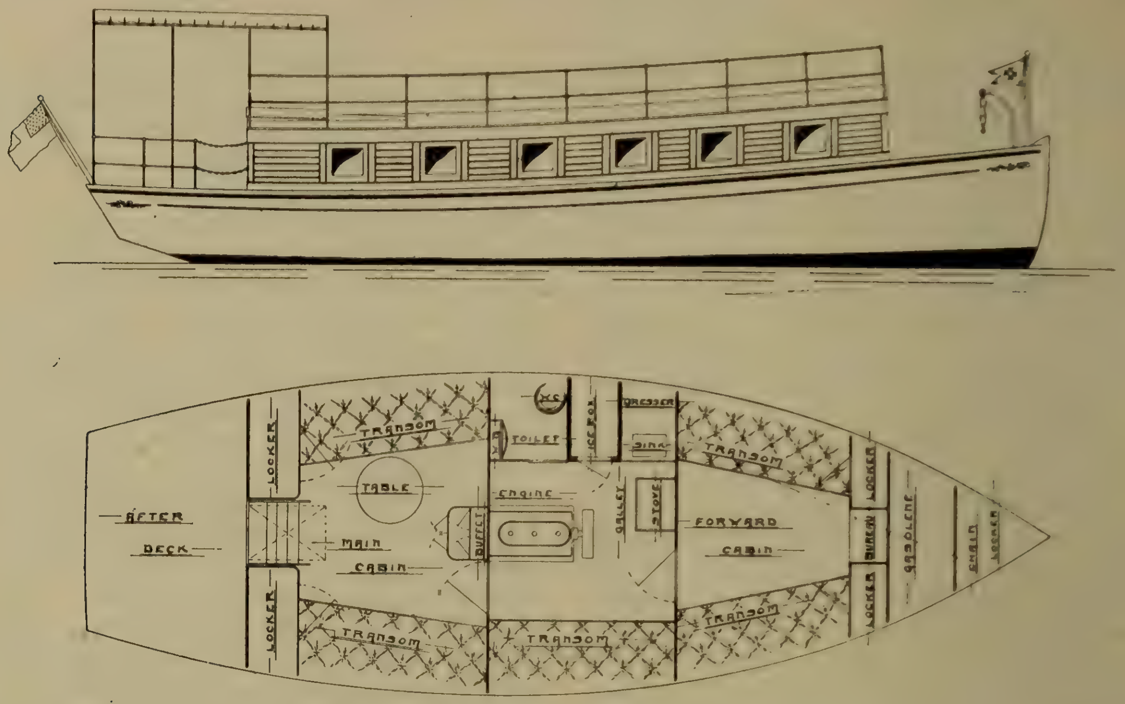
It seems an extraordinary thing that ever since Noah blazed the way for an idle life on the water, it is only within the last few years that it has been possible to obtain a self-propelling houseboat of light draught. The law of progression towards a given ideal is by means of the aberrations or extreme experiments of the idea that is sought to be realized. In breaking away from the costly and cramped quarters of the yacht, we first encounter the unwieldy houseboat, that, having no motive power of its own, must remain where it is anchored until it is moved to a new location by a tugboat. This kind of craft, while roomy and convenient to live in, is only a floating home, a house standing on a foundation of water instead of dry land.

The other extreme is the fast-running motor boat, a complicated specialty of racing craft, the logical development of the automobile and built for speed only, launch racing being the reason for their existence. They are built to carry the powerful engines that propel them and have no accommodations for living on board.

What the holiday-seeking public, of limited time and money, demand is a camping launch that will give good accommodation for a family party to ensure comfortable life afloat and having an engine not too heavy for a very light draught craft, yet capable of driving the boat six or eight miles an hour. The gasoline motor, with its cheap fuel, solves the problem, as it does away with the too heavy and altogether too bulky steam engine, boilers and coal bunkers of the old-time yacht.

We have given some thought to the problem of how the ideal camping launch should be constructed and submit herewith a plan of what we regard as a comfortable, economical, self-propelling houseboat cruiser. This particular craft is 36 feet over all by 12 feet beam and draws only 2 feet of water; not too large a boat for the father of a family to navigate himself. If the expense be not too great, a cook or man-of-all-work can be employed to lighten the inevitable daily task.

The cabin structure as a whole is conceived with great skill, as the result of long experience in designing similar craft. It is divided into three separate compartments—a fore cabin, an engine room and galley, and a rear or main cabin, all having a full headroom of 6 feet 3 inches. The fore cabin contains two full-length luxurious berths or transoms and two hanging closets. The transoms have hatches on top, so as to be used for storage. This section makes a very comfortable double stateroom.



DESIGN OF A 36-FOOT CAMPING LAUNCH

Suitable for a long cruise on inland waterways, and having a speed of eight to ten miles an hour and comfortable living quarters for a family party

The intermediate section contains the engine, galley, toilet, and one full-length transom for the use of the cook. The engine may be either of 10 or 15 horse-power, and of the two-cycle or four-cycle variety, as preferred, the two-cycle being only half the cost of the four-cycle type. A 10 horse-power engine will drive the boat eight miles an hour and a 15 horse-power engine from ten to twelve miles an hour.

The main cabin has two extension berths, which on occasion can accommodate two persons each; thus, the launch will accommodate seven persons in all. There are also two hanging lockers, a bureau or sideboard and a space for a writing table between the bureau and the berth. This cabin is also the dining-room, a dining table being provided. It communicates directly with the open deck aft, which is covered with an awning and can be used as an open-air dining-room, if necessary.

The exterior view of the launch shows each section of the cabin provided with two large windows, thus giving ample light and ventilation to the interior. The top of the cabin has a railing around it and an awning can be spread converting it into an open-air parlor. The boat can be steered either from the forward end of the top deck or from the lower deck aft. The freeboard at the bow is 4 feet 5 inches, at the waist 2 feet 7 inches and at the stern 2 feet 9 inches.

The cost of building this launch in oak frame, cedar planking, plain finish, would be, including plumbing, but excluding furnishing and equipment, about $1,700. The engine, of the two-stroke variety, 10-horse power, would cost $400. The equipment, including anchors, steering apparatus, etc., would cost $110. The furnishings, including cooking outfit, china, glass, mirrors, bedding, bureau, desk, etc., $175, and navigation equipment $65 more, or $2,450 in all. If a greater speed than eight miles an hour is desired, a 15 horse-power engine would cost $600.

With a floating home of this description the owner can go practically anywhere his fancy dictates. He can cruise up the Hudson and, by means of the "Northern" Canal, enter Lake Champlain and sailing on through the Richelieu River reach the St. Lawrence, when he can, by virtue of the splendid system of locks and canals, circumnavigate the rapids of this most scenic of rivers and reach the ever-charming Lake of the Thousand Isles at the foot of Lake Ontario.

If ambitious of further exploration he can sail to Toronto and have the boat hauled by rail to Penetang on Georgian Bay, to avoid the long voyage thither via Detroit and the St. Clair River. In a few years the Trent Valley Canal will be opened from Lake Ontario, via Peterboro and the Kawartha Lakes and River Severn, to Georgian Bay, which will affort a short route along the most picturesque waterway in the world, thus saving a distance of five hundred miles.

Once afloat amid the 30,000 islands of Lake Huron, the enraptured vogager will wish for eternal summer, so amazingly beautiful is the island scenery. Here, bathed in an ocean of dry, clear air, full of ozone and sailing over a sunlit sea of immaculate transparency, he can cruise amid endless islands covered with maple, pine, juniper, sumac, golden-rod, blue daisies and blueberries.

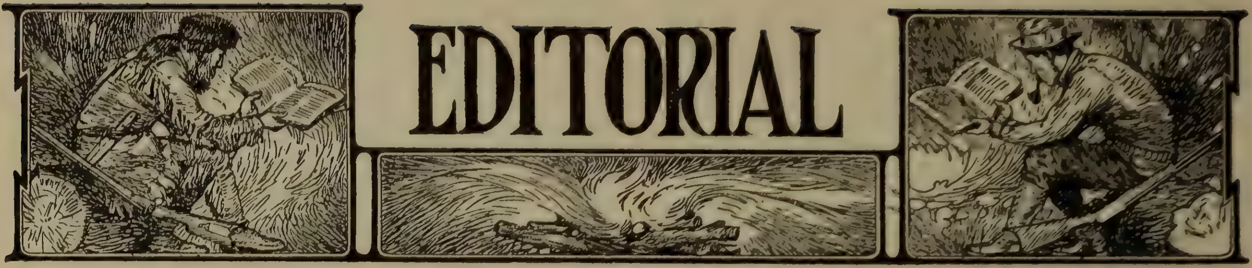
The Great Lakes furnish a limitless field for summer exploration, and for those who desire to escape the Northern winter there is the trip to New Orleans via the canal system of Ohio from Lake Ontario to Cincinnati. At Cincinnati the Ohio is entered, and one may drift down the river until the Mississippi is reached. Along the lower reaches of the latter river the gun and the rod will supply the table with a variety of food, not to mention the wild fruits to be obtained from the banks.

In the bayous of the Gulf of Mexico oysters and shrimp are plentiful, and bears, wild turkeys, deer,'possum and ducks abound. Hugging the western shore of Florida, an archipelago of islands is entered south of Tampa. Then comes Key West and its outlying islands, affording a safe route around the extreme end of the peninsula. Beginning with the Indian River, there is an inland route safe for boats of the lightest draught right up to New York. The route runs from Jacksonville to Charleston inside the sea island of Georgia. From Charlestown to Beaufort, N. C., there is a short stretch of outside cruising, but this negotiated, it is all inside sailing, through Core Sound, Pamlico Sound, Albemarle Sound and thence by canal across Virginia to Norfolk. The noble Chesapeake Bay affords fine sailing to Chesapeake City. Here you enter a canal that crosses the States of Maryland and Delaware and arrive at Delaware City on the Delaware River. Up the Delaware to Bordentown is the next stage, where the boat enters the Delaware and Raritan Canal for New Brunswick and thence to New York.

There are altogether some twenty thousand miles of navigable waterways within the United States. The possibilities for extended river recreation surpass those of any other country on the globe.

. . . *the other extreme is the fast-running motor boat*

This is the "Laugh a Lot," which was described on page 561 in the June number of this magazine—It has a guaranteed speed of 20 miles an hour



EDITORIAL

A Plea For Honesty

In a recent editorial we protested against the habit of dishonest dealers in palming off upon the public any sort of a substitute in place of the food the innocent purchaser thinks he is buying, and this protest was made on the ground of simple honesty.

It is high time that we return to the old-fashioned ideas of integrity, and the sooner we do so the better it will be for everybody. But

WHOLESALE LYING

is not by any means confined to the manufacturers of adulterated food, or even to fishermen.

So accustomed are we to consider the anglers' tales as fiction that we commonly call an exaggerated account of anything a "fish story." But it is not well to be too hard upon the fishermen, God bless them. They are a genial, whole-souled lot of fellows and they really believe that the fish that got away was the biggest one ever seen, besides which their lies are harmless and prompted by enthusiasm for the sports and a desire to entertain their friends.

The fishermen's lies, on the whole, are commendable, but when a man lies regarding scientific facts he is committing a serious crime against education, progress and all of those things which should be considered sacred.

When a man goes up North with a bunch of guides, and sits in his tent all day "smoking his pipe of clay" while the guides do the hunting, then when this same man brings out a lot of game, which his guides have killed for him, and, not content with that, writes a book upon the trip telling how he killed the game (he never killed) and describes part of the country (he never visited), he is committing a more serious crime than the poor fool of a financier who substitutes oleomargarine for butter.

We have seen a dozen men come out of the woods, each of them with the full quota of game allowed by the law, and, to our personal knowledge, not one of them was within five miles of the game when it was shot. Not satisfied with this, one man paid a guide $30 for the privilege of shooting a bear, *which was at the time fast in a trap*, and $5 apiece for two deer which the guide killed for him. The last deer was killed while we were eating breakfast with this great (?) hunter, and yet he is to-day proudly pointing to the bearskin rug and the upholstered heads of those poor animals as trophies of his own skill in woodcraft and hunting, when the truth is if you would take him a hundred yards in the woods and turn him around two or three times, he would be as much lost as if he were dropped from a balloon in the centre of a primeval forest. But this is not the most serious charge we have against these

FAKE SPORTSMEN.

As head-hunters they have caused a rivalry among others of their class to produce record-breaking heads of big game. The demand for such things has made the supply and the taxidermist's skill has produced composite heads which are truly record-breakers. There is a bighorn head of this description which has created a great deal of comment and been greatly admired by scientific men, yet this much-talked-of head originally belonged to *more than one sheep*.

It would probably be true if we stated that every one of the record-breaking heads is a fake.

It is a common practice among the woodsmen to increase the spread of the horns by braces while the heads are still fresh. In some cases this is done by sawing the skull in half and then fitting it together again in such a way as to increase the spread of the horns. Without going into detail, there are numerous methods by which an expert taxidermist can produce a record-breaker. They do not hesitate to take parts of different heads and make a composite one to meet the desire on the part of the head-hunter for a record-breaker. This may be news to the general public, and news to a few of the scientists who have honestly accepted such heads as genuine, but it is no news to the old hunters from the mouth of the Mackenzie River down to the Maine woods and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and its publication will only cause a wink and a smile among the taxidermists who concoct these monstrosities.

We protest in the name of decency against any sort of fake which tends to mislead people on scientific matters. These cheats should all be individually exposed.

NATURAL HISTORY

is a serious subject and its study is so intimately connected with the very source of our own existence that no human has a right to trifle with it. Our old friend Wallace, the taxidermist, who had a dark, mysterious shop where the Brooklyn Bridge crosses one of the small streets back of the Bowery, was an adept at making strange and curious animals, but he never attempted anything which would mislead any one with a rudimentary knowledge of nature. He made gorillas about ten or twelve feet high of bear skins, and they were fearsome creatures, but no one was expected to take these things seriously. They occupied the place in the taxidermist's art that the caricature does in the illustrator's art. Some of the taxidermists of to-day, however, are

SKILLED COUNTERFEITERS

and do not hesitate to palm off their "green goods" even on scientific societies. It would be a much less serious thing to the public in general if they would palm off counterfeit money, because the injury they do in progress and education cannot be measured in dollars and cents. But let not the reader put all the blame upon the few dishonest taxidermists. It would never have occurred to these men to prostitute their art had not a lot of head-hunters bribed them by offering exorbitant prices for record heads.

While on the topic of city men let loose in the wilds, we might say that one

RARE SPECIES OF CARIBOU

has been utterly exterminated within the last few years. The mere fact that the range of this caribou was so accessible and that it carried a head and antlers of such beauty and symmetry would lead one to suppose that the ordinary civilized man and sportsman in general would be chary about its total destruction. But the *Rangifer stonei* was only discovered about six or seven years ago by Mr. Andrew J. Stone. Its habitat is on the Kenai Peninsula, and consists of a small range of bald hills which rise just above timber line. So small is the range that the hunter may traverse this whole district in two days' hunting. Yet the fact remains that everywhere, emblazoned (by himself) on the trees at the timber line, is the name of a well-known man who not only aided, but hastened, the extermination of these fine animals. In one of his camps a magnificent bull's head, useless as a trophy, as it was *in the velvet*, was found at a time when these animals were reduced to one very small band. Yet this man is heralded all over the land as a Nimrod and is, apparently, proud of his record and the part he took in the extermination of this unique species of caribou.

We are convinced that the only thing that can stop such wanton destruction is to

HAVE THE PUBLIC EDUCATED

to a point where they will look with contempt upon such butchers who now pose as sportsmen; and as a warning to the younger generation, RECREATION states that no matter where a man commits his deeds of slaughter, whether it be in the Arctic Circle or in the Tropic Zone, *at some time some other man will cut his trail*, and while it may not be good taste for a magazine to publish the names of the pot-hunters, they may rest assured that the secrets which they considered buried in the wilderness are told to-day over the cigars in the clubs of all the big cities and their names are known to all those interested in real sport and adventure.

In conclusion, it is refreshing to see that a healthy sentiment has already sprung up among real sportsmen, and that in one of the Western States a man, of his own accord, appeared before a magistrate and asked to be fined for an infraction of the game laws which he had committed some time previous. The astonished magistrate was accommodating, the man paid his fine of $39 and went his way to sin no more.

THE GUN MAKERS ARE GAME PROTECTORS.

It is a mistake to suppose that the manufacturers of arms are not in favor of game protection. These people all know that the sale of their goods is largely dependent upon the abundance of game, and they are, one and all, enthusiastic supporters of all laws made for the protection of our wild creatures. Many of the arms people are themselves sportsmen and thoroughly understand the necessity of stringent legislation for the protection and preservation of the game they so dearly love to hunt; besides which, they are all of them wise business men or they never would have made the great success they have in their trade, and, being wise, they know that it is to their own financial interests that the game should be preserved.

THE GAME FIELD

Propagating Ruffed Grouse

In his report, dated Dec. 1, 1905, to the Massachusetts Commission of Fisheries and Game, Prof. Clifton F. Hodge, of Clark University, Worcester, who has gained notoriety through his experiments in domesticating ruffed grouse, stated that the grouse he had in captivity for the commission were very easily brought through the previous winter. For housing they were given the choice of a large flying cage filled with trees and brush, and sunny compartments on the south side of a small building, also filled with branches of different trees. In severe weather they were observed to spend the days mainly in the building, wallowing in the dry earth with which the floor was covered, or perched about in the branches. The nights were always passed outside, either perched in the trees or within their extensive snow burrows.

Water was provided daily, but there was no evidence that they touched it while snow was on the ground. On the other hand, they were seen frequently eating snow.

For food they were constantly given free choice of as large a variety as possible. Budding brush of apple, black cherry, poplar, maple, willow, spruce, oak, chestnut and some others were liberally supplied, and they were observed to bud mainly on poplar and apple. They were also frequently observed to eat the dry brown leaves—oak, apple and chestnut—with which they were supplied. Rose hips and thorn apples were eagerly eaten, and the berries of black alder were taken sparingly. Their main foods, however, consisted of seeds and grains—corn, kaffir corn, sunflower seeds, wheat, rye, buckwheat, millet, oats and barley. Oats and barley were eaten sparingly; peas and beans were refused. Sunflower seeds, kaffir corn, corn, buckwheat and wheat were preferred in the order given. The birds also ate all the acorns and chestnuts that could be procured, and also quantities of cranberries, apples and cabbage, with which they were always supplied.

In the spring their yard was spaded, freshly sodded in part and the rest thickly planted with ferns from the woods, mosses, wintergreen and sweet fern. So eager were the grouse for the fresh fern leaves—although they had cabbage, lettuce, plantain and many other growing plants—that among the scores of large clumps planted in the enclosure not a frond was allowed to unroll. From this Prof. Hodge infers that the tender fern buds must form a staple article of food for the grouse in the early spring.

Only one of the birds reared from the egg was a cock. He was large and vigorous, and from the time that he first began to strut in September his captor expected daily to hear him drum. However, the fall and winter passed, and about the middle of February the strutting began afresh, but no sign of drumming. The other cock, captured the fall before, but tame and entirely at home in the enclosure, began persecuting his rival. He was therefore put in a cage by himself some distance from the rest. "I hoped in this way," Prof. Hodge continues, "to ascertain the motive of the grouse in drumming. If the lone cock drummed, it might indicate either a mate call or a male challenge. If the other cock answered, it would suggest the male challenge. However, nothing happened, and as the middle of April approached I was about ready to conclude that probably both cocks were yearlings, and that they would not drum in captivity or without instruction from the birds in the wild. Just at this juncture a letter from Mr. J. B. Battelle was received, in which he stated that his ruffed grouse (captured birds) never drummed in captivity, because, as he thought, the hens were left with the cocks. Accordingly as a last resort, I shut up all the hens. The cock was greatly excited, and ran eagerly about searching for his mates; then, almost before I had time to take in the situation, he sprang to the top of a bit of stone wall, and, stretching himself up to full height, began to drum. As the wings moved faster he slipped off, and finished his first performance on the ground. This was April 14, and three days later the first egg of the season was laid. For about three weeks he continued to drum whenever the hens were shut up, but never when they were with him. During a drumming bout he would perform about once in three minutes, the act itself lasting from twelve to fifteen seconds. Numerous photographs were taken, but after the first two or three days the cock became so pugnacious that he would stop drumming to fight, if any one (except a certain little girl) came near the enclosure.

"By spring the flock consisted of three hens and two cocks. One of the hens had been reared from the egg; the others had been captured the fall before. Only the hen reared from the egg laid. As just stated, the first egg was found April 17. This was dropped on the floor. The hen then made her nest in the most secluded corner of the house—an ordinary hen's nest, in fact—and laid the remaining nine eggs of her clutch in this. The last egg was laid May 3, and May 4 she was found brooding. Five of the eggs hatched vigorous, normal chicks on the morning of May 27, making the incubation period twenty-four days. Nearly mature chicks were found in the other eggs.

"I was unfortunately obliged to be away when the brood came off, and for some days before. A letter received from Mr. Battelle on the eve of my departure stated that if, as the weather got warm, 'the hen spends a good deal of time off the eggs, do not be alarmed. She knows better than we whether she is overheating her eggs or not.' I regretted my neglect to show this letter to the one who was left in charge at first, but have since contented myself with the thought that the lesson was worth the price. The hen was thought to have deserted her nest; five of the eggs were slipped under a brooding bantam, the hen returned to her task and just five of the eggs hatched. Which five is not altogether certain, but probably the five that were not cooked under the bantam, although I have had no trouble with bantam hens in hatching the eggs. There is probably some difference in the body temperature of the two birds, though I have not tested this matter.

"The cocks of the ruffed grouse are evidently polygamous. I observed the 'wild' cock mate with the two 'wild' hens. The hens, however, permitted mating but once, and after mating, if left together, the cock will peck the hen to death. Mr. Battelle writes me that he had a hen killed in this way, 'her skull being pecked as bare as a billiard ball.' I therefore watched the pair very closely after seeing them mate, to ascertain whether Mr. Battelle's was an exceptional case. The pair got along peaceably for three days, but early in the morning of the fourth day I found the cage filled with plucked feathers, and the hen's skull pecked 'bare as a billiard ball.' Had I been a few minutes later, she would probably have been killed. I put about forty fine silk stitches in the mangled scalp, under antiseptic precautions, and the hen was apparently as well as ever. The above would indicate that mating occurs but once in a season, that the cocks drive the hens away after mating, and that probably the drumming is for the purpose of attracting unmated hens.

"My permit for the year allowed me to take seven eggs. Mr. M. Leticq had under permit captured a brooding ruffed grouse and made the experiment of removing the bird and nest to his yard, to see if she might not continue sitting and bring off her brood. Not wishing to risk all the sixteen eggs at first, Mr. Leticq brought me ten, and had them put under a bantam. The grouse hen deserted and soon died, so these eggs were made to serve my purpose. I simply wished to have some eggs hatching about the time my own would come off, so that, in case those laid in confinement were not fertile the first year, I could give the grouse hen some chicks to bring up. Since the eggs laid in captivity proved fertile, the chicks from these eggs, all of which hatched, were allowed to remain with the bantam hen.

"Rearing the young birds for the first three weeks was, aside from extra precautions in preparing the foods, practically as easy as rearing so many bantam chicks. They grew rapidly, and, the weather at first being favorable, developed into apparently hardy, vigorous specimens, perfectly clean and free from vermin or disease. They were given the run of the large cage, and sought the shelter of the house at night. At the end of a week they could fly short distances, and when two weeks old began to roost by themselves, instead of brooding with the hens. In fact, they roosted in the branches with which the house was filled, alongside their respective mothers.

"The grouse mother was quiet, and at first brooded her chicks much more than the hen. She never scratched, was extremely solicitous of her brood—so actively so that it was necessary, after a first accidental encounter with the bantam hen, to protect the hen from her. She was not seen to offer her chicks an insect, maggot or other morsel of food, as hens do; but this was not necessary, since the chicks were perfectly able to feed themselves. She was also never seen to partake of any of the food provided for the young. She was in every respect a model mother. The contrast between the bustling, blustering, scratching hen—a bottomless pit for maggots or custard—and the gentle partridge, emphasizes the point that as quiet hens as can be obtained should be selected for rearing the grouse chicks; but after doing this, and after trying all sorts of schemes for inducing the hen to brood her chicks as much as possible, I often felt that I would like to amputate her scratching legs close up to her head. Still, in spite of the hen's fussiness, all the chicks throve for the first three weeks.

"About June 20 we had a severe, cold rain. The chicks were carefully housed and did not get wet. Still, they showed signs of being chilled, and went back to brooding again. They were now too large to find shelter under the hen, though the partridge could cover her five. To cut a long story short, all but one of the chicks (one belonging to the grouse hen) took sick and died during the storm or within a few days after.

"Fortunately, Prof. W. E. D. Scott happened to visit me at this time, and he freely gave me the benefit of his long and successful experience in rearing and especially in feeding young wild birds. He also referred me to Dr. George Creswell, the leading English authority on bird hygiene. All the symptoms as well as bacteriological tests made in my laboratory by Miss Anna A. Schryver and Mr. Charles W. Miller left little doubt that acute septic fever was the cause of death in all cases. According to Dr. Creswell, the feeding of egg is the most fruitful source of septic fever in all sorts of wild and cage birds. It seems that this food is too rich, or is not well absorbed, and the part which remains unassimilated in the intestine forms the best possible food for the germs of septic fever to grow in. If the weather is fine, and the bird has plenty of exercise in the fresh air, this may not result seriously; but let the bird encounter some unfavorable condition—get chilled or wet, or be confined for a day or two—and it is dead almost before we notice that there is anything the matter with it. I think the principles here involved may prove of great value in rearing young pheasants and turkeys and a number of other birds. In case I am able to attempt the rearing of partridge chicks again next spring, I feel reasonably certain that, barring accidents, I can bring to maturity every chick hatched. I shall substitute 'ants' eggs,' and a great variety of insects obtained by sweeping the grass with insect nets, for custard and all forms of egg food, use as much coarse foods—greens and fruits—as possible and carefully avoid overfeeding. While I regret most keenly the loss of our beautiful flock of young birds, I feel that the lesson learned is worth the cost many times over. I think, in fact, that it will definitely insure the success of our experiment in the artificial propagation of the ruffed grouse.

"It only remains for me to add that on October 1 my entire flock of tame grouse was poisoned. The poison used was white arsenic, which was pasted over fragments of acorn kernels and thrown into the grouse enclosure. All the birds came through the summer well, and were in perfect health and feather. A quantity of the poisoned acorns was gathered in the enclosure, and chemical tests leave no doubt as to the poison used. Fragments of the fatal acorns were found in all the dead birds. The greatest obstacle which I encountered in my work was the plague of uncontrolled cats which infested the neighborhood. In attempting to keep my premises clear of these pests I must have incurred the spite of some unprincipled person, with the result above stated.

"I have, however, accomplished the chief objects of our experiment. I have succeeded in rearing the ruffed grouse to maturity from the egg, have been enabled to study in detail the foods, habits, instincts and character of the species as it has never been studied before, and I have demonstrated that the grouse will mate and rear young in conditions of domestication. I had hoped to go one step farther, and show that this could be done on a considerable scale, and rear a number of the birds which the commission could use for purposes of further propagation. I had also some correspondence with reference to sending some of the birds to England, for purposes of introduction and experiment there; and also with reference to placing pairs of the tame grouse on country estates from which they had been exterminated where they would be carefully protected and encouraged to increase. All these plans will now have to await the rearing of another flock, which I hope to do next spring."

British Columbians Busy

The Fish and Game Club, of Victoria, B. C., seems to be doing good work. A short time ago a deputation waited upon Senator Templeman and represented that the lakes of the island near the capital were being fished rather too hard for the natural increase to stand the strain; and, in consequence, the Senator induced the Fishery Department officials to set aside some 250,000 trout fry for distribution in the lakes nearest the centers of population. This, in itself, was evidence that the association is alive, but it has done much useful work in other directions. It is now highly dangerous for fish and game dealers to have fish or game on hand in contravention of the law in the city of Victoria. The slaughter of grouse and deer has been very great in the past, and nothing but the population has saved the game and fish from extermination, but it looks as though the past bad days are gone, and the future is promising. No part of the continent has at present so much game as British Columbia. If such independent, energetic bodies as the

Victoria Fish and Game Club are multiplied in the Province, it will have enough and to spare for natives and visitors alike.

And yet some of the residents of Victoria and its neighboring districts are so thick as not to see which way their bread is buttered.

Secretary Musgrave, of the British Columbia Fish and Game Club, announces the arrival of a consignment of the great capercailzie, or caper pheasant, from Great Britain, for distribution upon Vancouver Island and the mainland.

A good specimen of the caper pheasant weighs from eight to twelve pounds; a blue grouse of the weight of four pounds is considered a big bird, so that by comparison it is possible to form a fairly approximate idea of the size of the caper. Obviously, therefore, he will form a valuable addition to British Columbia's stock of game birds.

The problem will be the protection of the stock. A flying game bird of the size of a capercailzie would prove a very tempting mark to pot hunters. What would the man or boy who acknowledges allegiance to neither law nor conscience—whose conscience has perhaps never been developed at all—of whom it is surmised there may be some in British Columbia, do under similar circumstances?

We suspect, also, from the history of the caper, that after the manner of all fowls of gigantic growth, he is not prolific. Although he withdrew himself to the farthermost wilds of the United Kingdom, he was at one time all but extinct. By fostering care and assiduous protection he is becoming common again. Nevertheless his tribe cannot be shot in thousands by the sportsmen of Great Britain, as is the case with the ordinary grouse of the moors.

British Columbia ought to be well suited to the nature of the immigrants. They should do well indeed, and increase and multiply if given a chance. If every sportsman makes them a special object of his solicitude and care they will have a chance.

Missouri Law Upheld

The Supreme Court of Missouri has upheld the game law that was passed as the Walmsley bill by the Missouri Legislature during the 1904–1905 session. The decision was on a test case brought from the St. Louis courts. Last fall some of the St. Louis dealers decided to test the validity of the law and Fred Heger openly offered for sale a few game birds. He was arrested on a charge of violating the game law and the case was tried in the Circuit Court at St. Louis and then appealed to the State Supreme Court. The case was argued before the Supreme Court, which decided that the section of the law which prohibits the selling and shipment of game birds protected by the law is constitutional.

State Game Parks Increase

McLean County, Ill., is to have a state game preserve similar to that recently opened near Auburn in Sangamon County. The entire stretch of timberland known as Funk's Grove, comprising 3,000 acres, has been tendered to the State by the owners, and will be leased for the propagation of game, rent free. The work of stocking it with quail, pheasants and wild turkeys will be commenced at once under the direction of the State Game Warden. It is interesting to note that the State Game Commission is taking a census of the prairie chickens in the various counties, and that this shows the birds are not in immediate danger of extinction, due largely to their protection by the farmers. It is unlawful to kill prairie chickens in Illinois until 1909.

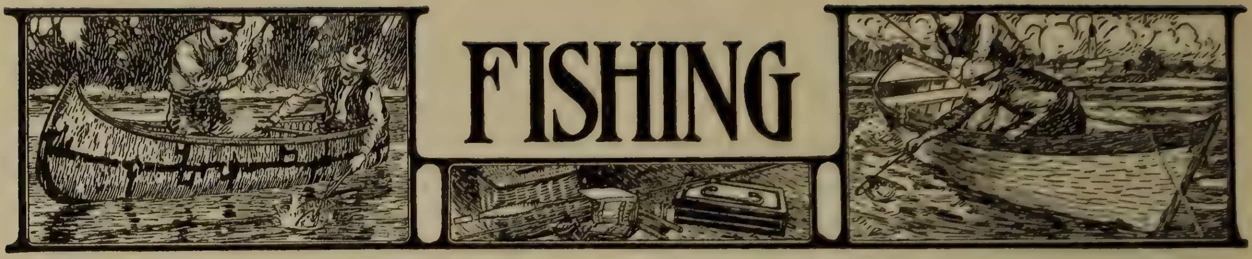
Ducks in Wisconsin

A letter from a subscriber in La Crosse, Wis., brings the information that the new law prohibiting spring shooting in that State is already showing good results. In April and early May, seemingly conscious of the security afforded them, thousands of ducks made the marshes between the north and south sides of the city of La Crosse their feeding grounds.

Deer for Tennessee

The Belle Meade herd of deer, which were owned by the estate of General W. H. Jackson, in Belle Meade County, Tenn., have been bought by subscription and turned over to the State Department of Game, Fish and Forestry, and subsequently turned out to roam the hills as State property.

Deer are protected by law in Tennessee for the next two years, and the parties interested in the purchase of the Belle Meade herd believe that, with the protection they will have from Colonel J. H. Ackler, the State Game Warden, these deer will distribute themselves over a wide section and acquire the necessary ability to take care of themselves by the time the law is off.



FISHING

Where the Bass Bite

BY ST. CROIX

Five years ago I went on an exploring trip to Temagami. Five not overlong years, and yet in the interval hotels have arisen, steam launches taken the place of birchbarks, and the noble redman learned to know his value. Why? Because in Temagami and its companion lakes, Lady Evelyn and Obabika, there is about the best bass-fishing of the continent. If any fault may be found it is that the fishing is too good. The bass are so eager that they take almost any bait, and like all else that comes easily, the bass-fishing may prove somewhat wearying. Yet this is a good fault; an excellent fault—for it is so easy to leave the bass alone and do something else for awhile; to lay the rod aside until the old twitching of the muscles of the right arm shows that the surfeit has passed off and that we are once more keen and ready to do battle.

For beauty of a quiet, peaceful kind I cannot imagine anything to surpass Temagami. It was the Algonquin heaven, and a very pretty paradise it is. Clear water, rocky, pine-clad shores and islands, and a pure, germless air that makes it the Mecca of the hay fever sufferer, for here he is absolutely certain of a respite. Moreover, it is so easily reached: Take your parlor car at Toronto, and run through to North Bay, and after a good night's rest, transfer to the branch line, and in a few hours you get off at the eastern arm of the great lake and find a good hostelry awaiting your honorable presence. Everything you should need may be had here, though the dyed-in-the-wool sportsman will certainly have brought many things with him, some few of which he had, perchance, better left behind.

Seventeen miles farther on you will find a most picturesque inn ready to offer you the hospitality of the woods, than which nothing is more satisfying. By this time you will have left your delicate, ladylike appetite behind and be quite ready to eat anything from fried lake trout to moose steaks.

Here some married men leave their wives, while others prefer to take them along, and certainly if a woman likes the simple life there is no need to divide the party. From Temagami Island the canoe routes radiate to every point of the compass, and you may make your trip one of a few hours' duration or extend it through a long summer. The canoe can penetrate to the uttermost parts of this delightful country, and if you are not adept at managing these graceful, frail craft you may enlist the services of skilful Algonquin canoemen, men who will tackle the worst stretch of white, rock-strewn river, and master it with scarcely an effort. It is always pleasant to see a master at work, and these poor Indian trappers are the very finest canoemen the world has produced. Pity it is they are so few.

When I first visited Temagami, things were different. We went in by way of the portage from Haileybury, and followed the Montreal to Mattawabika Falls; thence to Lady Evelyn Lake, Gray's River—where the bonnie brook trout swarm—and ended up with Temagami and the Metabetchewan. This made a pleasant round trip, which, however, was somewhat marred by a serious shortage of provisions toward its close. Bass are very good eating, but bass straight, without bread or anything else, except a weak decoction of tea minus sugar and milk, is not to be commended for a steady diet. Thus, it came to pass that one sad morning I said to my Indian—there were just two of us: "How long would it take to run down the Metabetchewan?" (We were camped on Temagami Island.)

"About two days, unless we paddle hard."

"All right, we *will* paddle hard."

Se we started at nine o'clock one beautiful August morning, and had it not been for a leaky canoe, we should have reached the mouth of the Montreal River late that night. As it was, we got there at two o'clock next day, after having spent six hours at various times in persuading that old canoe to float a little longer. Bernard used to feed it with the best spruce gum obtainable at every portage, and even then we could not keep our blankets dry.

This run from Temagami to Temiskaming is said to be between forty and fifty miles as the river flows. No one who has tried to paddle it in a day will dispute these figures.

We looked for health, scenery and fish—and we found all three. Now, most people are looking for silver as well, and not a few are finding it; for some of the richest mines of the continent are only a few miles from Temagami. It is sad to think that, perhaps, we walked over silver ore without being the wiser, but as many eminent men high in the mining and scientific worlds seem to have done the same, we must not grieve overmuch. We found what we sought, and the best man living cannot expect to do more.

It is to be hoped that these rich silver ores will not be found by the shores of sweet Temagami itself, for we do not wish to have those charming solitudes disturbed by the dynamite of the miner, nor do we desire greatly to see those straight pine shafts bowed by the axe or, worse still, by fire, which is their more deadly foe. Yet, what has to be will be, and those who would see Temagami in all its glory should go this very year, and if they and the lake are spared, it is hardly likely they will resist its call when once more the bass are "ripe."

Bamboo vs. Lancewood

As an interested reader of your magazine may I ask you, through it, for an expression of opinion on the relative merits of split bamboo and lancewood fishing-rods? Is a lancewood more liable to break at the joints? Why is it that the stores do not handle them now? Will a bamboo rod be ruined in the event of the varnish being worn off? Thanking you in anticipation of some knowledge of the subject,

Seattle, Wash. J. T. R.

All fishing-tackle dealers handle lancewood rods, but the sale of split bamboos is far greater, as they are the fashion. Undoubtedly the best split bamboo is a better rod than a lancewood, but when you get down to the $2 quality the purchaser makes a big mistake when he selects the bamboo, as there is much difference between a good one and a poor one, and no maker can afford to give you a fine bamboo rod for a low price.

We always revarnish our rods, greenheart, lancewood and split bamboo, each spring with the best coachmaker's varnish. It is advisable to do so with all rods, but more especially so with split bamboos, as they, being made up of sections, suffer more than a single-piece rod.

A good split bamboo will not break at the ferrules, but it will not stand the liberties that a good greenheart or lancewood rod will—in camp, for instance. For fishing in the wilds of the Kootenays we have used both greenheart and bamboo, and in our hands one served as well as the other.—Ed.

He Will Find It

Reading carefully over Recreation for the last three or four years, I could not decide what is the best way of catching bass. I fish in Chippewa Lake, Medina County, O.

I have tried it by day and night, but failed to catch any.

What way would you catch bass in that lake, viz., line, hooks and hours?

Cleveland, O. A Subscriber.

Not having fished the lake you mention we cannot say what would be the most killing bait for bass, but we should try live minnows first. Bass do not always take the same bait, yet, taking one water with another, live minnows certainly have the call. Morning and evening

By Geo. T. Taylor

ON THE FAMOUS MIRIMICHI

are the best times, few fish being on the feed during the warmer hours.

Lately we have given up all rods for bass excepting the short bait-casting rods that were first introduced by the Kalamazoo anglers. A rod five and a-half feet long, with fairly big, upstanding wire guides and agates near the handle and at the tip, meets our views. Without knowing something more definite about your waters it is impossible to say what style of fishing will succeed best. Try to get some old local fisherman to show you the rudiments of the art.—Ed.

By Rannie Smith

FLIES VERSUS BAIT

Try a Quill Minnow

What is the best minnow to use for trout in a small stream—I mean an artificial minnow?

Bennington, Vt. Yale.

We have found a quill minnow, No. 3, 1¾ inches long, to be a good size and pattern.—Ed.

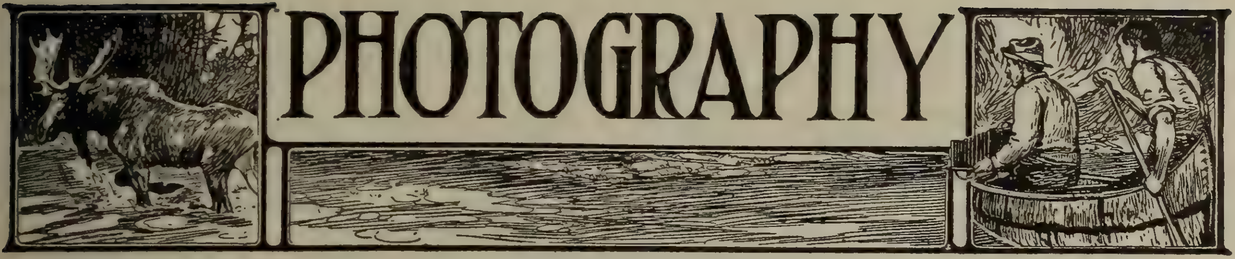
Nibbles

A good varnish for rods is that known as "best coachmaker's." Two coats should be applied, but the second must not be laid on until the first is dry. Spar varnish is preferred by some.

A useful varnish: Break a stick of shellac into small pieces, and dissolve in spirits of wine. After applying it to whippings or tackle, be sure that it is thoroughly dry, or the varnish will turn a grayish shade and probably flake off. The dressing must be perfectly dry when the varnish is applied. Sealing wax may also be dissolved in spirits of wine, and makes a useful varnish, though it will not last as well as that made of shellac.

For bass there is no better bait than live minnows, as every old bass angler will agree. But the more sportsmanlike use of artificial flies will often bring good results in July. Late evening fishing is probably the best, and if the fish are rising and you can manage your flies, you may even catch a good bag after dark. But night fishing has its disadvantages, it being very hard to net the fish and hazardous to expensive tackle if there is brush in the water, or rocks are abundant. Light flies are best.

Do not forget that, in bait-casting, a great deal depends upon having your lure strike the water gently. To many beginners this may seem impossible where casts of 100 feet and upward are made, but there is a trick in it. When the bait is about to strike the water and a few feet above the surface, raise the tip of your rod; this will change the direction of the bait, turning it toward you and materially checking its momentum. It will strike gently and immediately start toward you, which latter is imperative to success. If the bait does not move off immediately on striking the water it will frighten the fish, rather than attract him.



PHOTOGRAPHY

Developers and Development

On no other photographic topic has more been written nor is there another about which more information is asked than there is concerning development. There was a time when the photographer had a choice between but two developers, ferrous oxalate and pyro. Then hydrochinon was boomed, the claim for it being greater latitude in exposure and development, and that in cases of underexposure, the development could be prolonged without danger of fogging the plate. Eikonogen followed closely, with its claim of greater energy, and with the possibility of getting with it more detail in under and instantaneous exposures. Other new developers appeared in quick succession; for each was claimed not only all the merits of the other developers but other essential qualities which they lacked. So a large body of amateurs, especially beginners, have been and are shifting from one developer to another, frequently changing the old formula for a new, following many suggestions, but mastering little, if anything; and becoming discouraged, they ask, "What is the best developer? Which is the best method of development?"

The amateur whose negatives are satisfactory, no matter with what developer nor by what method they were developed, is earnestly advised to make no immediate change, either in his developer or his methods, until by a series of experiments he proves to his satisfaction that some other fellow's developer or method is better. There are few who have not some pet formula which they believe to be superior to all others, but with the same developing agent the possibilities of the various formulæ are about equal, and for any brand of plates it is not likely that another formula than the one recommended by the plate-maker will be an improvement.

But for the amateur in the midst of dark-room troubles, who has not met with the success he desires, the following, which for several years has been the writer's formula and mode of development, can be recommended.

A.

Sulphite of soda, dry	6	ounces.
Water	32	"
When dissolved, add pyro	1	"

B.

Carbonate of soda, dry	4	"
Water	32	"

The directions given for using this developer are as follows: Take of A, ½ ounce; B, ½ ounce; water, 2 ounces.

Right here is a point generally overlooked. The directions, given by the plate-maker, may be followed very rigidly in the studio, where for exposing the plate the light can be so controlled that the subject shall be given the softness or brilliancy of illumination which it requires. But with the amateur conditions are different. In field work he often has to contend with violent contrasts of light and shade; bright patches of sunlight against dark masses in the shadow. Again, he has to work with a dull, flat light, with very little contrast between the lights and shadows of his subject, conditions which are beyond his control. In the development, however, it is possible to modify, though not to correct, the effects produced by these conditions; contrasts can be softened by stopping development as soon as the details in the shadows are clearly seen, and they can be intensified by prolonged development.

Another matter of importance is the strength of the solution in which the plate or film is developed. The writer once plodded along using the developer under all conditions and for all subjects, exactly as directed in the printed instructions. The development was quite rapid, the negatives often overdeveloped, and they were "contrasty," too dense and harsh. Changes of formula brought no better results. The only remedy that availed was a weaker developer. The experiments were commenced by diluting the combined developing solutions with double the usual quantity of water, then three times as much, and so on. It was noted that with the more dilute developer, the less rapid was the development, and eventually, that with a colder developer the development was even slower. And as a result of these experiences the developer is diluted with from four to six times the usual quantity of water in winter, and from ten to twelve times the quantity in summer. By this method the development is always under control, the much diluted solution, itself, retarding the too rapid development of overexposures, which, as a rule, require only a longer development and seldom the addition of a restrainer.

The formula given, like all others, is only suggestive, and is not to be followed slavishly. With slight modifications, it may be more suitable for some brands of plates, or for different emulsions of some particular brand. Some have a greater tendency to fog, which sometimes can be remedied by using a smaller proportion of solution B, or by the addition of a few drops of a 10 per cent. solution of bromide of potassium. Or, the color of the negative can be altered by using more or less sulphite of soda. There have been occasions when from three-fourths to one-half the quantity of solution B was used with the given quantity of solution A, and when the amount of sulphite of soda in solution A has been reduced to four ounces, or increased to eight ounces, the result, with the former, has been a more yellow negative, and with the latter one more gray. A print from the former will be more brilliant; from the latter it will be softer. With a very thin, weak negative, the yellowness is desirable, as it will tend to increase the brilliancy of the print. But with a negative of good printing density the yellow will cause harshness in the print, so a gray negative, which is a softer printer, is preferable. But the necessarily prolonged development in the much diluted pyro developer may cause a general and intense yellowness in the negative: this can be sufficiently removed by bathing the negative in a saturated solution of alum, to which has been added citric acid, previously dissolved in a little water, the proportions being about one ounce of the acid to one pint of the alum solution.

There is no light absolutely safe for the development of plates and film, and too long an exposure, even to the deepest ruby light, during the early stages of development, is liable to produce light fog. The developing tray should either be covered or set four or five feet from the dark-room lamp, until the development is well under way, then the negatives can be briefly examined close to the light, without danger of fogging. To a diluted developer and the shielding of the plate or film from the light, during development, rather than to a specially constructed apparatus, the temperature of the developer or a precise time for development, is due the success of tank development.

There are other developers which in solution do not decompose as rapidly as pyro, nor will they stain the fingers as pyro stains, but for all around negative work all are inferior to pyro. While they produce negatives which look well, owing to the bluish color, they are inferior as printers to the pyro developed negative. It is as important that a negative shall be of a suitable printing color as that it shall have sufficient detail and proper density. With a majority of pyro's competitors the chemical fogging point is reached at an earlier stage of development, and not infrequently before sufficient density has been acquired. So when the question is asked: "Which is the best developer for negative work?" our answer invariably is, "Pryo."

"Which is the best method of development—the old or one of the new? Is it better to develop in a developer of a standard strength, at a stated temperature and for a specified time, or to watch for the appearance of the image, then multiplying by a certain factor the elapsed time between the application of the developer and the first visible indications of development to determine the total time which the development should continue, and take chances on the results? Or, is it better to acquire the faculty to develop skilfully, to know the different treatments required for harshly or for flatly lighted subjects and to get the most out of the negatives when there have been errors in the exposures?"

For all of merit in the new methods in development due credit should be given. With the new, the novice will get a better average of good negatives; for, not knowing how far development should be carried, he will almost invariably underdevelop his exposures. With this, the tank and time method, the danger of fogging by too much exposure to the dark-room light is obviated. Exposures can be developed anywhere and in emergencies when dark-room facilities are not available, and the negatives will be better in quality than those developed in the old way by the beginner or by the average commercial developing and printing establishment.

But, following the new methods exclusively, the amateur becomes a machine, working mechanically and never competent to meet emergencies in development. For the occasional dabbler who does but little work, and that at remote periods, we recommend the new. But for the serious worker who aspires to the mastery, who aims to accomplish, under all conditions of light and shade and with one trial, the work he sets out to do, we advise the old form of development in the dark-room with trays.

Colors for Prints and Lantern Slides

There are on the market transparent colors under various names and in cakes, tubes, books and bottles with which gaslight, bromide and platinum prints and lantern slides can be colored very satisfactorily. For each make of these colors there is claimed some merit which gives it a superiority over the others, and for most of them it is represented that no aniline is used in their preparation.

If the amateur photographer desires he can easily and cheaply prepare his colors from Diamond dyes for wool. The following shades will be sufficient: dark blue, yellow, scarlet, crimson, terra cotta and golden shade brown. With the blue is included a shading dye which, used alone, makes a pale purple tint and it will make a variety of shades by mixing with the blue in different proportions. With the yellow is also a shading dye, which is an orange color. Green is obtained by mixing blue and yellow, and a flesh tint by mixing orange with a very little scarlet. We advise that the colors be mixed only as they are required for use, and that only small quantities be prepared at a time.

Dissolve a little of each dye in half-ounce bottles, partly filled with water; then add acetic acid or strong vinegar until the solution has a decidedly sour odor, and then water enough to fill the bottle. The colors should be applied in very thin washes, which should be repeated until the desired strength of color is obtained. To remove the colors, soak the print or slide in diluted ammonia until the color disappears; then wash thoroughly and try again.

These dyes are manipulated the same as are the transparent colors sold under different names. They produce the same effects, are more economical, and when misapplied are removed in the same manner. It is argued that these colors prepared from Diamond dyes will fade. We have on hand lantern slides which were colored ten years ago, and velox prints which have retained the colors for nearly two years, and neither show any indications of fading. If these colors do fade, as is claimed, they certainly are less fugitive than some of the present day printing-out papers.

By G. W. Kellogg

HUNGER IS THE BEST SAUCE

About the time when the amateur usually abandons field work for the season, it is our intention to give more explicit directions for coloring. In the meantime it will be well for those who are interested to practice occasionally, even though the work may be crudely done. If the subjects be fruit or flowers, use specimens for guides in coloring, and get on the print as good a representation of the coloring of the original as is possible. Preserve all prints so colored, no matter how unsatisfactory they may seem. They will be useful later for reference, when, after a little practice, better work can be done.

Answers to Correspondence

A subscriber, living in New York City, writes in part as follows: "In the notes in the April number you speak of a tank for developing negatives. Will you tell me the best make and where and at what cost one may be purchased? You also speak of the Wynne metre. I would like to know, also, where this may be purchased and what it costs. In regard to a ray screen, I would like a little enlightenment. You warn amateurs against getting too strong a screen for their cameras. Would you kindly tell me the make and what grade or number that would give the best results in general amateur work; also where it can be purchased?"

All the articles can be purchased from any dealers in photographic goods, of whom there are hundreds in New York who will be pleased to quote prices. For the tank development of film we know of but one practical device, the kodak tank. For plates, there is no necessity of purchasing a specially constructed tank. A well diluted developer in an ordinary tray will do the same work, and if desired a tray large enough to develop several plates at once can be used. A cover can easily be made to fit over the developing tray, or a larger tray can be inverted over it to exclude all light. Concerning the Wynne metre, we have made inquiries among some of its users, without finding one who is not enthusiastic over it. But were it not for the latitude in plates and film, no exposure metre would be serviceable. The ray filter is a valuable accessory, but we earnestly advise the amateur to let the ray filter alone until he is thoroughly proficient in the use of his camera without it.

From Smithport, Pa., comes another inquiry about an exposure metre, and the following complaint about a reputed high-grade lens recently purchased. "When I have the centre of a view focused sharp on the ground glass, the sides are out of focus, and when I stop the lens down everything goes out of focus. What would you advise me to do?"

Return the lens to the party from whom it was purchased with the request that either a good lens be sent in its place or that your money be refunded without delay. With a reputable dealer, there will be no trouble, and even a lens shark, rather than return the money, may after a series of excuses and delays send a good article. We have some authentic information concerning fake lens schemes, and will be pleased to receive full particulars from any of our readers who have been victimized.

Another letter, from Dixon, Cal., referring to an article in the April number, asks for further light on the tank development, and the glycin developer. The correspondent suggests also that writers on photographic topics be more explicit, so that the amateur will the more readily understand. We thank him for this suggestion and will further say that, since the publication of the article to which he refers, there has been a change in the management of this department, and with it, very naturally, there are changes of opinion in reference to many matters, one of these being the subject of development. It has been our opportunity to test and compare almost every developer on the market, to ascertain which is best for specific lines of work, and we found pyro superior to all others for negative work. We would refer our correspondents to the article on developers and development in this number and to the one on exposure in the June number.

It is desired that this department shall be a helpful medium for the amateur in all branches of photographic work. To this end, we invite all amateur photographers to ask freely for what they would like to know, about the branches of the work which interest them most, to relate their troubles, their failures. Write us what you have accomplished, how you do your work, the way you overcome difficulties.

To Preserve Pyro Developer

One objection often made to the use of pyro is its tendency to decompose rapidly in solution. But by the following method we have a pyro solution on hand which, after two years, is as clear as the day it was made. The stock solution was made as usual and then poured into two-ounce bottles, filling each bottle to the brim and corking it tightly. As no air can get to the solution it will keep for a long period, possibly indefinitely. As the solution is used, pour the balance which remains into a smaller bottle and, if necessary, add water to fill the bottle. Then cork it.

Be Independent

Photography has no mysteries. Its processes are not so complex that any one with energy and an ordinary amount of persistence can fail to master them. But the present tendency is to so educate the amateur that he shall be dependent on mechanical devices, proprietary preparations, and become mechanical, rather than to train him so that he shall acquire accuracy of judgment, compound his chemicals, use his own brains, and become a skilful worker. Every amateur can be more than a mere machine controlled by another's will. There is no trouble he cannot overcome, no obstruction he cannot dig through. Without exposure tables, metres, ready-made powders and solutions, he can acquire the ability to accomplish all things, with reasonable accuracy, from exposure to the finished print. Seek first to attain the mastery so that with confidence in your own judgment you can, when necessary, be independent of help.

THE HUNTING DOG

The Best Dog

BY EDMOND WOODFORD

Every sportsman of middle age has owned one dog that he believed to be the best dog in the world. Perhaps he was right. It may have been the best dog in the world—for him. That intimate sympathy may have been established between the biped and quadruped which alone insures companionship and camaraderie, and, if so, the partnership is sure to have been a happy one. It is not, however, of these happy unions that I would write, or that I had in mind when I chose the heading for this article, but rather of the best breed of dog for use in the field.

"DEACON," A SUCCESSFUL BENCH AND FIELD POINTER

Owned by W. R. Lyon, Piqua, Ohio

Practically, the choice is limited to the pointer and the setter for all-around shooting and to the spaniel for brush or covert work. I think I have had as varied shooting and almost as much as most men of middle age, and yet I have not quite decided on "the best dog" even yet. Each breed has its good points and its bad ones, and yet they are all so attractive to a dog-lover that one finds it hard to make a selection. Much of my earlier shooting was had over very well-trained spaniels, in the thick brush of the Eastern States. On ruffed grouse and woodcock these dogs gave me the greatest satisfaction. I thought then, as I think now, that a good spaniel will put up one-third more of these birds, within range, than a pointer or a setter, though the shooting itself is harder.

The lively, bustling spaniel will work out a thick belt of alder, or a matted sidehill, in a most thorough manner, and will pass under logs and through small openings that a larger dog would never tackle. Oftentimes the woodcock gives out no scent. I know this, because I kept a wing-tipped one for some weeks and experimented with it. On placing it under a bush my dogs—fully up to the average in nose—would fail to acknowledge it on many occasions, though passing within a very few feet. This is where the spaniel gains his advantage. It takes a *very* close-hunting dog to find scattered woodcock when the weather is dry and hot. This was forced to my attention some fifteen years ago in a rather emphatic way. I was hunting a large, open cover, as Eastern covers go, when I chanced to make out a woodcock, squatting as motionless as if carved in stone, under the upraised end of a log. My dog—one of old Sensation's grandsons—passed within ten feet of the bird without winding it.

A lively, hard-working spaniel will not leave a corner unvisited, and often, when experienced and well-broken, will try to flush the bird so as to give a shot. I had one good mongrel, a cross between a water-spaniel and a field-spaniel, that would always work a narrow belt, so that the birds came out on my side. Any man who has had a really clever dog will believe this, but the tyro may find it hard to credit such a statement. Well, I can only give my word that old Kaiser did this so regularly that it could hardly have been a mere chance.

Later, my lucky star took me to the prairies of the Northwest. Here a field-spaniel would have been of very little use. For the actual shooting the pointer proved fully equal to the setter; in fact, I preferred the short-coated dog, holding him to be just a little bit the more intelligent. But the setter had advantages in coat that made him on the whole the more useful animal. There was plenty of water, up there by the Saskatchewan, while the rude winds of autumn and the occasional snow flurries were against the satin-coated pointer, whose pluck alone made him keep on going when his master needed a heavy sweater and stout mackinaw jacket to keep the field. It is pitiful to see a delicate pointer in really cold weather. He sits with tucked-up flanks, hardly resting on the frozen ground, blinking and shivering, though brave and eager even in the jaws of a young blizzard. The merciful man is surely merciful to his dog, and it is hardly the part of mercy to condemn a thin-coated pointer to a life in a region where for half the year he will have to suffer much from cold.

The setter is, therefore, in my opinion, the better dog for the Northwestern tier of States, and for the Canadian Provinces of the Northwest. Only he will be handicapped in any dry district, and you will have to carry water, when with a pointer you could have just managed to get along without so doing. On the other hand, in the South or in the lands that lie nearer the equator than the Southern States of the Union, you will be wise to use the pointer. In fact, a setter must be shaved or clipped in many of the Southern States to be of any use whatever. In no case will he stand heat as well as the pointer. It has been found that, in the East Indies, the pointer stands the hot weather much better than most breeds, while the setter soon succumbs to some form of liver disease.

So we find that no one breed of dog will be available for all-around shooting in every part of the continent, and even in any one region there is usually sufficient variety of ground to make a varied kennel of more use than one confined to a single breed.

As to whether a setter or a pointer should be wide-ranging or a potterer—though no one will acknowledge a liking for such a dog—leads to a difference of opinion, whenever half a dozen gunners are discussing the question. I find, however, that fully three-quarters of the men who are doing the actual shooting, who own but one dog, and are just ordinary, everyday sportsmen, prefer a potterer for ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting in the thick brush of the Eastern States and Provinces. I must confess, even though it should draw down on my head the scorn of the field-trials man, that I agree with them. Of course, if you have one of the paragons we so often hear of and hardly ever see—a dog that, in addition to a turn of speed and a fine carriage, is blessed with an exquisite nose—he may find more birds, and yet not flush two out of three beyond range. But the general run of dogs cannot do this, and I have noticed that the best bags are mostly made by the owners of animals that would be quite out of the money in any trial held upon quail or chicken.

In the West a bold-ranging dog is a valuable asset. You can see him a mile off, and as the packs of grouse are too often scattered, you will have far more fun with such a companion than with a slower, closer-ranging dog.

In conclusion, I would urge upon the younger generation of sportsmen, whose lines are cast in the Eastern States, to pay more attention to the spaniel. This is, in shooting at least, the day of small things. The big bags of the past may no longer be made; in fact, we have no right to try to make them, for with the increase of population, game is none too plentiful, while of gunners there are many. And for shooting in small woodlands, and on game that has learned to lie close, the spaniel is the dog for fun. Moreover, his training is a simple matter, and a youth is more likely to turn out a spaniel that will do him credit in the field than he is to coach a setter puppy into even a half-broken dog. If a spaniel will keep to heel, until hied on, never hunt more than thirty yards from the gun; drop to hand, wing and shot, and retrieve tenderly from land or water, he is highly educated. These things are not difficult to teach, as the pupil can be hunted within checkcord distance, and is naturally apt. No spaniel is, however, to be depended upon until he has had at least two long, hard seasons in the field; preferably under the same master. Few things are more exasperatingly self-willed than a young, irrepressible spaniel puppy, when first introduced to the gun. He is in the seventh heaven of delight, and for all he cares for voice or whistle, might be as deaf as the proverbial adder. But patience will achieve much. Generally it is the puppy that threatened to break his master's heart that eventually gladdens it.

THE REFERENDUM

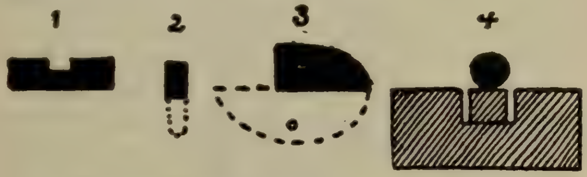
A Fancy Sight That Is Strong

So much has been said about fancy revolver sights in the February and March numbers that I feel as if something should be said in defense of the so-called fancy sights. The sights I prefer are known as the Patridge sights. They are preferred by Mr. E. E. Patridge, of Boston, Mass., one of the finest revolver shots in the United States. The work Mr. Patridge has done with them is sufficient to prove their merit, as target sights. They are especially adapted to the .38 Smith & Wesson Special, and can be obtained from the Smith & Wesson Company.

These sights are far ahead of the ordinary factory sights, under all conditions, where any kind of a sight is needed. Now, with regard to the fear, expressed by some, that target sights would be knocked out of alignment by carrying the revolver on the hip, or by other rough usage, I can say, safely, that they will stand as much abuse as the factory sight. The front sight is very coarse; thicker and stronger than the factory sights turned out by the Colts Company. Mr. Patridge recommends a thickness of 8-100 of an inch, and never less than 7-100. This is considerably thicker than a 5-cent piece. For all-around use this sight should be tipped with a coarse ivory head, as much better work can be done with an ivory sight in a poor light. This sight is as thick on top as it is at the bottom, and the top is left square instead of being rounded, as in other sights. The rear sight consists of a steel block, with a deep, square notch cut in it. This notch should be slightly wider than the front sight, so that a narrow line of light will appear on each side of the front sight in taking aim. The top of the front sight is held level with the top of the rear sight; the appearance of this sight when aiming is that of a straight bar, with two narrow lines of light running up to the target.

The accompanying diagram gives a good idea of the appearance of these sights. Most shooters will find them a great improvement over factory sights.

In answer to the rather peculiar question asked by Mr. T. M. Houdlette as to what a man would do if the mainspring of his double-action revolver broke at the critical moment, I know what I would do. I would have an engagement elsewhere, and lose no time in trying to fulfil it. Furthermore, a single-action revolver with a broken mainspring would be no better than a double-action; they would both be out of business. The working parts of a Colt or a Smith & Wesson double-action are few and strong, and no more liable to break than a single-action. This applies to repeating and single-shot rifles as well, except that a Winchester Repeater will handle a swelled cartridge much better than any single-shot rifle. I speak from experience, as more than once I have had the various single-shot rifles hopelessly jammed with a tight shell that an '86 model Winchester would have extracted easily.



DIAGRAMS OF THE PATRIDGE SIGHTS

J. C. ANDERSON.

Sacramento, Cal.

Would Reload the .405

Will the owners of .405 calibre rifles, readers of RECREATION, who wish to reload their cartridges, order, all together, from the Ideal Manufacturing Company, moulds for a bullet with a copper gas check, like the ones for the .30 calibre, .32-40, .38-55, etc.?

The shape of the Ideal bullet, No. 412,263, could hardly be improved on. It is only short the gas check.

With the cast bullet, and clean shells, 28 grains of Dupont No. 1 gives excellent results for mid-range, and the recoil is scarcely noticeable. Seventeen grains of sharpshooter, which can be loaded into dirty shells, gives equally good results in shooting, but is rather liable to leave lead in the barrel.

The bullets I use are of a mixture of 5 parts lead to 1 part Magnolia metal (babbitt); 10 per cent. tin, 10 per cent. antimony and 80 per cent. lead would probably give better results, but in out-of-the-way parts of the world antimony is hard to obtain, and very expensive if shipped by express or freight in small quantities. With a gas check, almost any old mixture would do, and a great variety of loads could be used.

Some time ago I obtained, through a dealer, 500 metal-jacketed, soft-point factory bullets, but they are not listed in the Winchester catalogue now, and I don't think they are obtainable.

Can any "Recreator" tell me what kind of powder is used in the .405 factory cartridge? I asked the Winchester people, but they replied that the cartridges were not reloadable. The cartridge contains 58 grains of a powder similar in grain to the Laflin & Rand W. A., but of a different color. I have tried up to 58 grains of W. A., which is all the shell will hold, without pressure, and with this load have to set the rear sight, a Lyman receiver, .05 of an inch higher than with the factory cartridge.

Some of the shells have been loaded fifteen times with high-power loads and not a single one has split or swelled. I consider the .405 the best of all the high-power calibres. The 300-grain bullet will knock a deer down and out at very long range, if you hit him, whether it expands or not, while for dangerous game it is far more powerful than any other repeater made.

With the mid-range loads mentioned, which are very suitable for practice, the recoil is less than with the .38-55 black powder cartridge, and when shooting game I never notice the recoil from the high-power load. The straight shell is particularly adapted to reloading. The Ideal people have my name down for the mould, and I think fifteen or twenty more names would induce them to bring it out. ".405."

San Pedro de Ocampo, Mexico.

Many Men—Many Minds

In the April number of Recreation I read an article about the "improved six-shooter," written by Mr. Walter Kelly. Now, Mr. Kelly seems to know "a little" about revolvers—and no doubt he does; but he has to learn one thing—be up-to-date. The .45 Colt S. A. was a good gun in its days, when it was first put on the market, but, like many other things we once admired, it has had its time.

I have owned two Colts S. A., one .45 and the other .32-20 calibre. The .45 was completely worn out after 3,000 shots; the .32-20 did not last 2,000 rounds. The barrels of both guns were as good as ever, but the actions were worn out. What we want to-day is a gun well made, with the old Colt grip, and we have it in the .38 S. & W. special.

With this gun I have made 57 out of a possible 60, on the standard American target, 50 yards, using 3 grains Laflin & Rand's Bullseye, and a bullet tempered 16 to 1. I have also tried this gun "against time," at 15 yards. I fired 6 shots in 6 5-10 seconds, and I managed to keep them all inside a 6-inch circle. I have often tried this with a Colt S. A. but never did as well. I have lived in the West myself, but I never saw any wonderful performances with a gun without target sights. The real gun crank is the one who expects to hit and make every shot count. The bad man of the West uses a gun without sights and no trigger, and, of course, wastes a lot of ammunition; but how often does he hit? If this escapes the waste basket you will hear from me again, *and the .38 special for mine.*

New York City. Chas. Nelson.

Soft-point with Black Powder

Kindly inform me if I am at liberty to ask any questions through Recreation pertaining to guns and ammunition. If so kindly tell me what the results would be of a soft-point and metal-patch bullet in a .25-20 Winchester repeater, with black powder.

F. H. C.

Springwater, N. Y.

Recreation is at all times willing to answer any reasonable questions as to weapons and loads.

As far as the barrel goes, the use of a bullet with a whole or partial jacket would not cause trouble, except that the fouling would cause great friction and tend to wear out the barrel before its time. The bullet with a full metal patch would have more penetration than one of plain lead. The behavior of the soft point bullet would depend upon the charge of black powder. With sufficient powder it would expand on impact.—Ed.

The Ideal Rifle

For a long time I have been scanning the gun and ammunition letters for some article about the .25-35 Savage. This looks to me to be about as near the ideal rifle for small game and target practice as any on the market, provided it will do the following:

1st. How would paper-patched bullets work with a full charge of black powder?

2d. How much high-power smokeless would they stand before leaving the rifling?

3d. How often can shells be reloaded?

4th. What kind of accuracy and about what velocity would be obtained with a full charge of black or King's semi-smokeless powder?

I want a rifle for small game and target practice at fairly long range. A small calibre that can be used to shoot ducks or geese with, up to about 300 yards, and which can be reloaded without the use of the metal patched bullet.

Will the .25-35 fill the bill?

Like a good many more, I have had my troubles with a high-power small-bore and short twist. And before investing in another would like to hear from some brother sportsman who has had better success, and benefit by his experience. P. WALTER.

Inver Grove, Minn.

For Pitted Barrels

I have a Winchester repeating shotgun the barrel of which is badly pitted; how can I clean this out? I have tried 3 in 1, and a Tomlinson cleaner, but with no effect.

What do you suggest to remedy the matter? Where can I get trap shooting rules?

Philadelphia, Pa. G. S. T.

Better send it to the makers to be rebored or to have a new barrel. You may possibly be able to take out most of the pits with flour of emery, but in all probability you will spoil the gun's shooting in so doing.

For trap shooting rules, write to the Peters Company, 98 Chambers Street, New York City, or to the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, New Haven, Conn.—ED.

Remember the Game Laws

On page 459 of your May number, "Rancher," of Deep River, Conn., states that "Three years ago the .30 gun bagged *two caribou, one deer* and a moose for me in Nova Scotia."

Now, this statement has been very adversely commented on. It has been close season for caribou for some years. Deer have *never* been allowed to be shot since the Game Society imported them from New Brunswick. My friends, M. H. A. P. Smith (high sheriff of this county) and Major Daley, of Digby, spent a good deal of time and money catching and turning down the red deer. Very heavy penalties have been imposed on some of our own people for killing deer, others have been fined for shooting caribou.

Your correspondent may have killed the caribou in open season, and shot the deer by mistake. If such is the case, there is no more to be said on the matter. If, on the other hand, he poached them, he has no right to make use of the columns of a first-class sportsmen's magazine to advertise the fact that he is a poacher. I hope that you will enquire into the case.

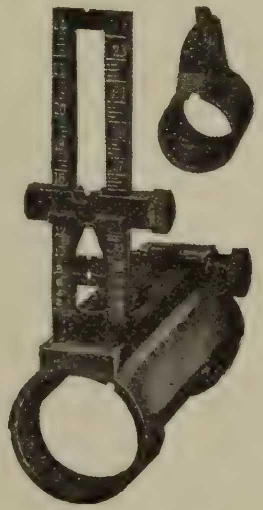
I am no "crank," nor do I wish to speak harshly about a case until I hear both sides of it. In common with the other game wardens of this province, I will do anything I can to help the American *sportsman*, and spare no pains to land the poacher (Canadian or American) in jail. EDMUND F. L. JENNER,

Agent, Nova Scotia Game Society.

Digby, N. S.

Sights for the New Springfield

After exhaustive experiments, a military board recommended a set of sights for the new United States Army rifle, Model 1903. The sights recommended were accepted and are now being manufactured. They resemble those brought out by the Westley Richards Company, of Birmingham, some years ago, and differ much from the new British and German sights.



THE NEW GOVERNMENT SIGHT

They will no doubt be excellent for fine work and deliberate shooting, but will possibly not possess any great advantage over present and less complicated sights for use under the conditions that usually obtain in active service.

New York. "GUARDSMAN."

Game Protection in Canada

Our brother sportsmen over the border will, no doubt, be glad to learn that we are waking up to the value of protection. Hitherto, we have had such quantities of game and so few sportsmen in comparison to acres that the need of stringent regulations has not been felt very keenly. Now, with the rapid spread of civilization and the ever increasing number of men coming to Canada from your side during the open season, the absolute necessity of making good laws and living up to them is dawning upon our gunners and fishers. The result is that we are rapidly changing our methods.

Yet, it must not be forgotten that laws that are just the thing in the settled parts would be altogether ridiculous beyond the clearings. It would never do to judge the explorer and his needs by the ethics of the city man. Fancy telling a prospector who was short of grub that he should not shoot a grouse on the twenty-eighth day of August, because the season did not legally begin until the first day of September.

Then, the backwoodsmen, with their enormous families and small means, may be excused if they sometimes bring down a deer, when the strict letter of the law says they should not. I have slept in the houses of worthy men who had a dozen children and incomes ranging from $200 to $400 a year. To such I have always said: "I at least see no harm in your shooting an occasional deer at any time, providing you use its meat, and that other meat or fish is not available." Yet I would not shoot a deer or a grouse myself in the older parts of the provinces before the law permitted on any consideration.

A very deserving society has been formed in Ontario—the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association. Branches have been established at Lakefield, Berlin, Bobcaygeon, Sudbury, Sturgeon Falls, Sturgeon Point, Peterborough, Parry Sound, Gravenhurst, Orillia, Huntsville, Hamilton, Hastings, Hastings County, Wiarton, Chatham, Windsor, London, Guelph, Scarboro and Lindsay. Each one joining has to take the following pledge: "I hereby agree to obey the game laws of the province, to encourage others to do the same and to endeavor to prevent any one breaking them." J. U. FOSTER.

Toronto, Ont.

Bobwhites on the Coast

The Game Commission of the State of Washington has just recently "planted" a good supply of healthy bob-white quail throughout the most suitable portions of the State, paying for them out of the hunters' license fund.

Spokane, Wash. J. S. NASH.

Ducks Not All Dead

Duck-shooting in the West has by no means seen its day, if we are to judge from the abundance of the fowl in Oklahoma during the past spring. On the Twin Lakes, west of Guthrie, and along the Cimarron, Skeleton and Cottonwood rivers, the ducks fairly swarmed in April—canvasbacks, redheads, pintails, spoonbills, blackjacks, ruddys, baldpates, butterballs, blue- and green-winged teal, and also geese. It is reported that never were wildfowl seen so plentiful in Oklahoma and the Indian Territory before, and the only regret is that spring shooting still obtains here.

Guthrie, O. T. J. A. T.

Good-by to Duck Shooting

The Yukon Council in its wisdom (?) has decided that the spring shooting of ducks does no harm, and, consequently, the season has been amended, so that all and sundry may shoot ducks until June 1, and begin again on August 25. The law passed last session protected the birds after April 1. Poor ducks! Even their breeding grounds are now being ravaged by the man behind the gun. Those who have seen the pintails and mallards of the North rearing their broods know what a fatal blow is being inflicted by this latest ill-judged enactment of a weak-kneed council.

Foosland, Ill. F. HENRY YORKE, M.D.

Newfoundland Fishing

Each season finds added numbers of fishermen visiting Newfoundland and Labrador for the salmon fishing. More protection is being afforded the rivers, and the old myth that big salmon did not exist in our rivers has been dissipated. The reason there were no big salmon ten years ago was that the nets were so numerous and of so small a mesh that all fish excepting grilse were caught before they reached the headwaters. In a recent report, the Commissioner of Fisheries said: "The salmon industry of the colony and Labrador is a very important one. If it was properly managed, owing to the high price of fish and the great demand for it abroad, it should be a veritable gold mine to our population. The famous Gander River, one of the most splendid salmon streams in North America, affords an object lesson as to how a great fishery may be ruined. Eighty years ago the Gander produced annually 2,000 tierces of salmon, worth nearly $40,000; even fifty years ago the catch averaged over 1,000 tierces; latterly it has come down to less than thirty. The cause of this decay is not far to seek. The fishermen in the early summer and spring placed their nets along the shores of the estuary. At the end of June and during July they moved up the main river and completely barred the passage of the fish by nets put across the stream. During the past few seasons nets were not allowed above certain specified points and, as a consequence of keeping the river clear, takes are steadily increasing. The Gander has every requisite for a salmon stream: it runs without a natural obstruction for over one hundred miles, with its lakes and numerous affluents, and it provides the parent fish with the most splendid spawning grounds."

Our Newfoundlanders think so little of trout that they use them as bait for cod! Yet the day will come when the trout, by attracting tourists, will, perhaps, net as much as the sea fisheries do to-day. J. T. R.

St. John's, Newfoundland.

Fishing in Canada

Trout-fishing is very good in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario. Some tremendous baskets, or, rather, sacks, of trout have been made in the Laurentians and beyond. One man, who should have known better, got 300 in two days, one of which was a Sunday. All this early fishing is with bait, and after the warmer weather sets in such big takes are not frequent, though one can always get all that a sportsman should want.

I never consider the trout fit to catch, as to condition, until they have had a gorge of the fly known in the States as the shad fly and in England as the May fly.

During the months of July and August excellent sport may be had by using a small midge fly on a No. 12 or smaller hook, and fishing only early and late. A fly that is very successful in the summer is the Jenny Lind, but early in the season I could never do much with it.

Unfortunately the authorities do not seem able to prevent the wholesale netting or dynamiting of trout. Only the other day a friend saw 800 pounds of trout shipped from the station at Ste. Agathe. If this sort of thing could be stopped it would save many a lake. A few years ago these practices were in a fair way of being made too risky, but the poachers seem to have taken heart of grace again, and some very fine catches will be ruined. Of course, if one can spare the time to go back, there is all kinds of fishing yet, but the busy man wants his sport within easy reach.

The Algonquin Park has been fished by several parties this year, and all seem to have done well. This is in Ontario, within easy reach of Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal. But of fishing waters in Canada there is no end—thank Providence. The country is, however, going ahead so fast the modern man has not the time to spend by the waterside that his sire had. AN ANGLER.

Montreal, P. Q.

A Contented Tyro

Up to last year I had not done any bass-fishing to speak of, but put in most of my spare time after trout. I always considered bass as an inferior fish. Fate sent me to a part of the country where there were no trout, but many bass, so I set to work to find out something about that kind of fishing. I became the owner of a "special" grade bait rod weighing 6½ ounces, and 6½ feet long, with bell guides and agate on top and lower ring; a take-apart reel, for 60 yards of braided raw silk line, and the whole outfit did not cost more than $20. I bought, later, a few artificial minnows and found that for bass-fishing I had a rig hard to beat. In some waters these fish, especially if big fellows, will not take artificial bait so well as natural bait, but in Michigan and Canada they will generally take them. And, to my mind, one fish caught on the artificial beats two of a kind on natural bait, as one has not the trouble of carting the can and all the other truck that go with the natural article.

I should like to hear from more experienced bass-fishermen, as, after all, one season is not enough to learn more than the rudiments of the art of bass-fishing. BADGER.

Chicago, Ill.

The Nepigon

The best fishing on this continent is to be had here on the Nepigon River. The trout run up to eleven pounds and there are many of them. Like everything that is good, the trout-fishing of the Nepigon costs money. It has been calculated that the expense for a modest party, expecting to be out ten days, may be set at $100. This does not include the cost of provisions nor the services of a special man to cook, so that for most men the price might be almost doubled.

The Nepigon is but thirty miles long, but it drains a lake containing 900 square miles of water, full of trout. Those found in the Nepigon are on their way down to Lake Superior. No matter how many are caught, the fishing will not suffer so long as the lake at the head remains unpolluted.

The Hudson's Bay Company and McKirdy are the two outfitters. They will engage guides.

Nepigon, Ont.

Law Didn't Protect Bass.

The cold and backward spring delayed the spawning of the bass, and consequently the law protecting them in some States failed of its purpose. In too many States bass are allowed to be taken in May. The season in all northern States should open the middle of June, as in New York State.

Coldwater, Mich. H. F. BAILEY.

PARAGRAPHS FOR PURCHASERS

ALTHOUGH the Matchless cigar lighter, made by the Matchless Cigar Lighter Manufacturing Company, of 16 John Street, New York City, takes us back to the days of our grandfathers' old flintlock in principle, it is a novel and useful contrivance which bids fair to meet with great success. In appearance it resembles a match box such as is carried in the pocket; its construction is strong and durable and it is fitted with a series of wheels which, upon lifting the lever forming the top of the case, revolves a tiny cube of flint which in turn throws a spark to a chemically prepared wick, thus igniting it to light a cigar, a cigarette or a pipe. The strongest wind cannot blow it out, which makes it a boon to the smoker out of doors.

A story is going the rounds in New York of a discussion between two well-known business men who visit the Maine woods every shooting season. One had been telling of his outing, which he had found doubly delightful because for the first time he had taken his small boy along.

"A boy of twelve? I should be afraid," said the other, "to give my boy the responsibility of a gun."

"Well," said the first, "I should be afraid to deprive my boy of his share of responsibility. Nothing develops a boy like responsibility."

This man's view is exactly in line with the propaganda being carried forward by the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass. They argue very reasonably that by putting a rifle or gun in the hands of a boy you teach him to be careful, you increase his self-respect, and make him self-reliant and manly. The Stevens Company issues a catalogue on rifles, shotguns and pistols which every father should see. The company's only request is that four cents in stamps be sent to cover postage.

W. H. Mullins Company, Salem, O., reports a very gratifying export business from all its agents in various foreign countries. Five carloads of motor boats were a recent day's export business. This speaks well for the impression made by Mullins' steel boats abroad, and as Europeans are generally pretty conservative, it should doubly reassure American that the product of this company is not of the "built to sell" sort.

Shotgun users who resort to clay bird shooting during the summer as a means to increasing their skill against the coming of the game season, should not overlook the fact that Dead Shot smokeless powder is not only a popular field powder, but is being used much at the traps by tournament shooters. It is a quick powder, and when you get the best load for yourself and your gun, shot considered, you need nothing better. Get a booklet from the American Powder Mills, Boston, Mass., before ordering shells; it tells about proper loading for the best all round results.

Every angler knows how important it is to have his line dried properly when through fishing. And again, many anglers are afraid of patent line-dryers, because most of them are made of iron, and one spot of rust on a line kills it. The Universal line-dryer is made entirely of brass; cannot rust; is light; easily knocked down; very compact, goes in pouch 6 inches long by 1 inch in diameter. Can be set up anywhere—edge of table, shelf, door-jamb or tree. Holds 2,700 feet of line, and will last a lifetime. Buy direct from the manufacturer and return it in ten days if not pleased and get your money back. Address E. Vom Hofe, 85-87 Fulton Street, New York, and mention RECREATION.

With very slight alterations, the Savage Arms Company, Utica, N. Y., has converted the regular 1899 model rifle into a take-down, without in any way sacrificing strength or durability. It can be furnished in .25-35, .30-30, .32-40 or .38-55 calibres—22 or 26-inch barrels only. The advantage for cleaning and for transportation make it worth while to have a take-down.

Our out-of-town readers who may happen to be in town this summer (New York is getting to be very popular as a summer resort with out-of-town folks) should not forget to visit the new store of Von Lengerke & Detmold, on Fifth Avenue, opposite the Waldorf-Astoria.

It is doubtful if a more attractive sporting goods store exists, and the best part of it is the firm has sacrified none of its democracy to its aristocratic location. The feeling of cordiality which distinguished the old store 'way down town in what was once "Sporting Goods Row" is not lost on Fifth Avenue, and one finds pleasure in making purchases where smugness of clerks and high-water prices are not deemed attributes of elegant store fixtures and high-grade stock.

The new Ideal Hand Book, No. 17, of useful information for shooters, published by the Ideal Manufacturing Company, New Haven, Conn., is out, and our readers will find it contains many new pages. We can heartily recommend it to users of firearms, and will say that no user of a rifle or a revolver who does any appreciable amount of shooting should be without a copy. It will save money, and if the shooter is inclined to experiment with loads he cannot go astray if he follows the loading instructions therein. It is free to shooters who mention RECREATION.

Marble's safety folding saw, for sportsmen and campers, is constructed and folded the same as Marble's safety carver, which was described in these columns last month. On account of being so safe, light and easy to carry, this saw is invaluable to all who go into the woods, and especially so to the student of forestry and botany. It has an 8-inch blade and weighs only 4 ounces. Readers of RECREATION can get a free catalogue of Marble's tricks for sportsmen by addressing the Marble Safety Axe Company, Gladstone, Mich.

Persons who contemplate going to Maine cannot do better than first secure a copy of "Carleton's Pathfinder and Gazetteer," by L. T. Carleton, chairman of the Maine Fish and Game Commission. No better authority exists than Mr. Carleton, and his position enables him to give the facts. A copy (of the second edition) will cost but fifty cents, and it will prove worth the expense many times over, for it tells where to go to get results, if you want fish or game, and where not to go. Address L. T. Carleton, Augusta, Me., and mention RECREATION.

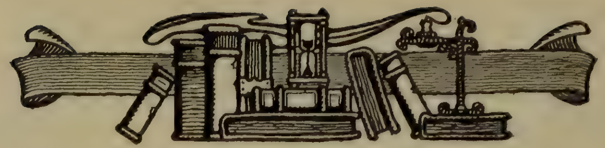
Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales write to us as follows: "Charles Daly hammerless shotguns are a high-grade hand-made gun and are made in our Suhl factory, where Daly guns *exclusively* have been made for the past thirty-five years. Sauer hammerless shotguns, Sauer-Mauser rifles, Charles Daly three-barrel hammer and hammerless guns and combined shot and rifle are all made in the factory of Messrs. J. P. Sauer & Son, Suhl, Germany. The Daly three-barrel shotgun and rifle has always been made by them under contract for Charles Daly, and in later years has borne the names of both concerns." If interested in good guns, you can get a free catalogue by writing the importers and mentioning RECREATION. Address Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 310 Broadway, New York City.

The name of L. C. Smith has long been synonymous of high art in shotguns, and the makers of the gun of that name, the Hunter Arms Company, Fulton, N. Y., have for years enjoyed a success commensurate with the high standard of their product. But the Hunter Brothers have not been content to rest on their oars, regardless of gold medals won by their famous L. C. Smiths. They are gun makers above all else, and having learned from much experimenting that their best gun could not be improved, they set about making an entirely new and different arm. This envolved into the now justly celebrated Hunter One-trigger, and so they had two "best" guns—each in its own way the finest weapon the best brains and workmanship of their establishment were capable of turning out. If you can appreciate a gun that has a good deal of the love of the gunsmith in its makeup, then get the booklet about these guns and read how they are made.

Half of the pleasure a sportsman gets out of life is the living over as a "shut-in" the bygone excursions. When the grate fire burns cheerful and the sleet taps cold on the window-pane, how pleasant to look over pictures taken months before! If you have no camera, get a No. 3 B Folding Hawk-Eye, made by the Blair Camera Company, Rochester, N. Y., put it in your pocket and take it with you on your trip. It loads by daylight and takes pictures 3¼ by 5½.

Stimulation without reaction. Borden's Malted Milk is delicious, concentrated nourishment, invaluable to the camper, made ready for use by adding water hot or cold.

The Boston and Maine Railroad's folder of resorts for the vacationist will be found usefully instructive, and any one who may be interested to take a trip 'way down East should get one and read up. Address D. J. Flanders, G. P. & T. A., Boston, Mass.



NEW BOOKS

"The Life of Animals," by Ernest Ingersoll, and published by The Macmillan Company, New York, is an important addition to the literature of popular natural history. It is a very comprehensive work, covering the entire world, and is illustrated profusely from colored plates, photographs from life and original drawings. The text being unburdened by technicalities or by such details as belong to a textbook, and having to do with the *life* of animals, not their anatomy, nor their imagined spiritual development, it is a worthy addition to the home library. And since it is up-to-date and written from the American point of view, it will be the more understood and appreciated by the American reading public.

"The Vagabond Book," by Frank Farrington, and published by the Oquaga Press, Deposit, N. Y., is meant, as the author explains, to be a call to get out of doors. The book is well printed, but the subject matter is patched together in a somewhat haphazard fashion. It is a collection of poems and short prose articles. Most of the titles are as old as the hills, but some of them have been given a pleasingly novel turn—for instance: "A Particular Walk," "Cross Lots," "Gypsying" and "There is a Place." One exceptionally good poem is in the lot, "The Hill Road." The others are trite. Though the book as a whole is rather superficial and commonplace, still it is worth reading—a good companion for an afternoon stroll in the country.

The series of annotated reprints of the books of travel between the years 1748 and 1846, edited by Reuben Gold Thwaite, LL.D., is a library in itself of real American history and achievement. The best thing that the publishers have done for years is the addition of an elaborate index to these volumes. All who have attempted to collect books of early American travel know how difficult it is to gather even a few volumes and how impossible it is for one with limited means to attempt to secure some of the rarest among these rare books. Hence it is with a feeling of gratitude that we welcome the advent of Thwaite's reprints, and the only regret is that the edition is limited. The Arthur H. Clark Company, publishers, Cleveland, Ohio.

"Camp Kits and Camp Life," by Charles Stedman Hanks, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, is by "Niblick," the author of "Hints to Golfers." Its photographic illustrations, and the bits of narrative that enliven its tracts of information, have enough of the flavor of wild life to arouse any wistful nature lover. Unfortunately, the tenderfoot will never dare to learn woodcraft by the book, nor could such a guide be properly taken as part of the camp kit. In the light of magazine articles and books upon similar themes, now published in such large numbers, its hints about camp building and kindred topics cannot claim to be original. Many of the chapters, also, are packed with a long list of facts to be remembered, which are seldom arranged in such a way as to aid the memory. Still, the author's range of information is wide and the headings of the chapters are clear, and there is a good index, so that the book may be used quickly. The chief value of "Camp Kits and Camp Life," however, will be to drive men into the wilds rather than to save them from annoyance and danger, after they have really dared the mysteries of the unknown. After all the only guides in woodcraft are experience and the scorn of the true woodsmen.

This is the age of the automobile story. It is impossible for the modern hero to go upon a quest or win the maiden of his desire, unless he be mounted on this fire-breathing dragon of recent invention. It may be questioned if this novel steed is not the trainer of heroes. For even the most pampered son of our effete civilization must become a man of sound common sense by the time he has mastered all the intricate machinery of this monster. Such is the effect, at least, upon the hero of Harrison Robertson's last novelette "The Pink Typhoon," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Judge Robert Macollister is a cautious bachelor who has reached the age when women marry a man for his money. Until he buys a red touring car his friends have thought him a hopelessly conventional member of society. But this new machine, which soon wins the name of the Pink Typhoon, transforms the Judge into a perfectly normal man. He develops a healthy love for two children, and then begins to take an amazing interest in the pretty young lady who seems content to serve as nurse-maid for the little friends of Mr. Bobs. The complications thus arising, and the anxiety which this apparently fatal romance causes to the old friends of the Judge, lead the story rapidly to a pleasing and happy termination. "The Pink Typhoon" is an attractive story in lighter vein.

MAKAROFF RUSSIAN CIGARETS

Jack London says:

"After my return to California I began to wonder what in the dickens had become of those cigarets. And now your letter and the cigarets arrive together. I have sampled them and they are fine. What I like about them is that they are not sickenly sweet and heavy. They're just right—the real thing. With best wishes,

(Signed) JACK LONDON."

Jack London has smoked cigarets the world over. He is in a position to make comparisons. He writes me in another letter that he first smoked real Russian cigarets during the Russo-Japanese War and that since that experience he has never found "the real thing in cigarets" until he tried Makaroffs.

MAKAROFF RUSSIAN CIGARETS

NOW LISTEN TO ME

My enthusiasm over these cigarets is due entirely to my *knowledge* of them and of cigarets in general. I admit I am a crank on the subject. I have been a crank on smoke for twenty years. When I talk about smoke I am talking from the *smoker's* standpoint—your standpoint and mine, as smoke cranks—and not as a manufacturer. I am a smoker first and a manufacturer afterward. I started the manufacture of these goods strictly because that was the only way to be *sure* that my friends and myself were going to be supplied with them *regularly*. If you know anything about the uncertainties of importing from Russia, you know I speak facts.

I am now extending the sale of Makaroff Russian Cigarets to my other friends—the ones I haven't seen, but who are my friends just the same, because they like the good things of life as I do.

Nearly every box of Makaroff Russian Cigarets discovers one of these friends for me. I seldom fail to get a hearty handshake by return mail. The friends I get, I keep. That's why I can afford to take all the risk of pleasing you, and *I do it*.

Makaroff Russian Cigarets are offered to connoisseurs (another name for cranks) on the basis of smoking quality alone. They have got to please you as a particular smoker, better than anything you ever smoked before, or I don't want a cent.

They are made of pure, clean, sweet tobacco, the finest and highest-priced Russian and Turkish growths, blended scientifically by our own Russian blenders. The Russians are the only *real artists* at cigaret blending—don't forget that.

These cigarets are blended, made and aged as old wines are—by men with traditions of quality to live up to—men who have spent their lives at it and who have generations of experience back of them.

Every cigaret is made by hand, by an artist. Every one is inspected before packing. I pass personally on the smoking quality of every lot of tobacco blended. We use the thinnest paper ever put on a cigaret.

Note this particularly—it's a big point. These cigarets will leave in your office or apartments no trace of the odor usually associated with cigarets. I defy anybody who approves the odor of any good smoke to object to the odor of these cigarets. (You know what the usual cigaret odor is like.)

Another thing—you can smoke these cigarets day in and day out without any of that nervousness or ill feeling which most smokers are familiar with as a result of ordinary cigaret smoking. This is straight talk and I mean it. These cigarets won't hurt you and you owe it to yourself to find it out for yourself.

The cigarets are packed in cedar boxes, one hundred to the box—done up like the finest cigars.

YOUR OWN MONOGRAM

in gold will be put on your cigarets just as soon as you have tried them out and want them regularly.

I will gladly send you full information about these cigarets, but talk is *deaf* and *dumb* as compared with actually smoking them. Smoke is the final test.

MY OFFER

Send me your order for a trial hundred of the size and value you prefer. Try the cigarets—smoke the full hundred, if you wish. If you don't like them, say so, and your money will be *instantly* returned. You need not trouble to return any of the cigarets. I will take my chances on your giving any you don't want to some one who *will* like them and who will order more.

I know that American connoisseurs would be quick to follow Europeans in recognizing the absolute superiority *in smoking quality* of Russian cigarets.

My sales last month were four times those of three months ago and *only one man would take his money back*.

If you wish to enjoy cigarets at their best, without injury to your health, to your own sense of refinement or to that of your friends, tear out my coupon now and get acquainted with me and with *real* cigaret quality.

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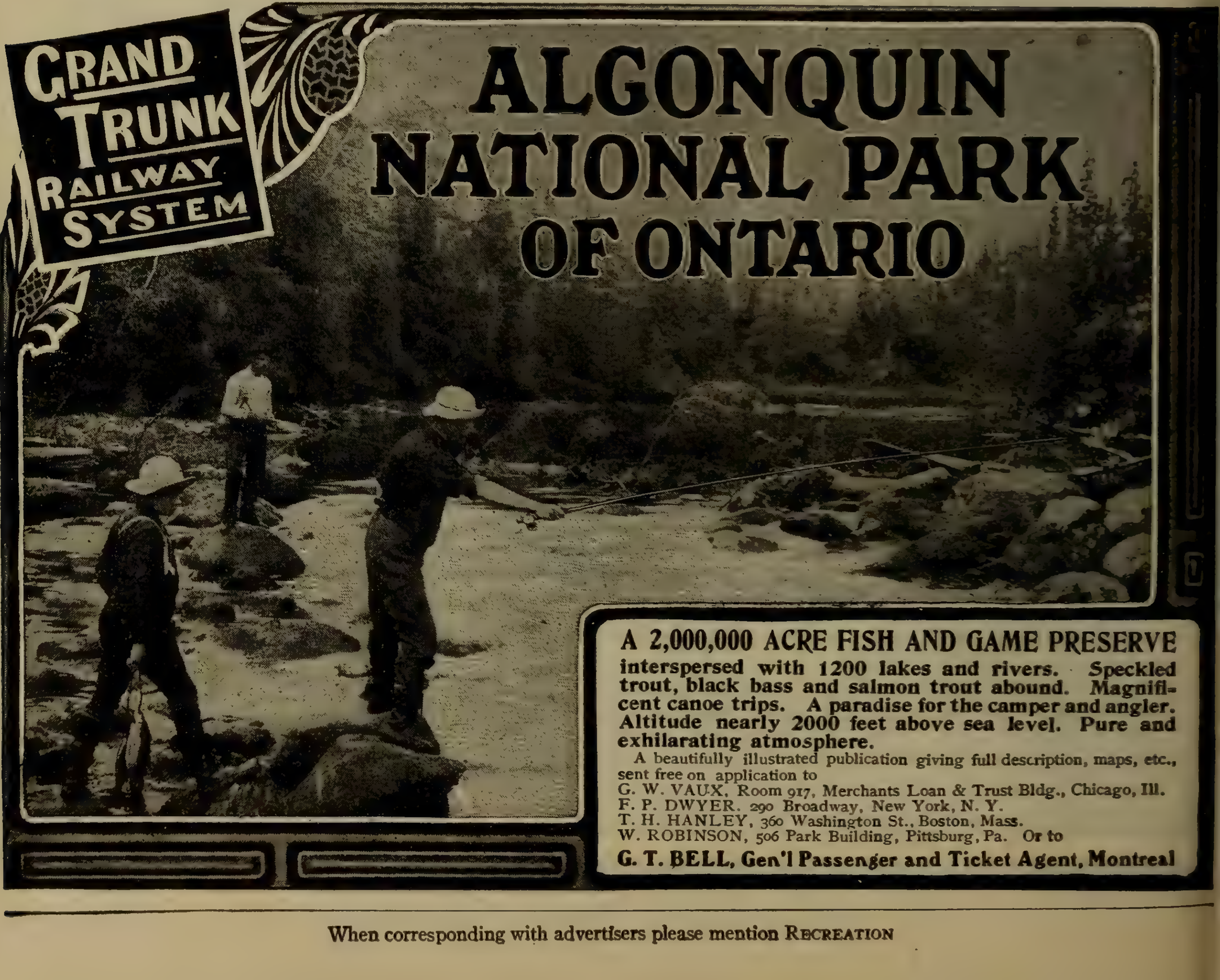

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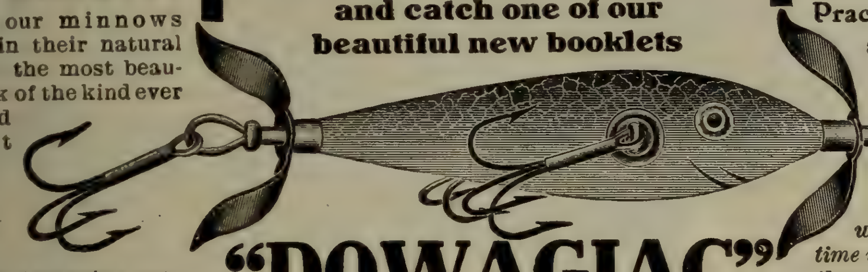

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if it fails you at a critical moment. Don't give it a chance to fail you—use "3-in-One" and it *never* will! This oil keeps the reel's sensitive mechanism in perfect order. "3-in-One" is the one sure and safe reel lubricant. Won't gum; won't dry out. Contains no acid. It absolutely *prevents* rust. Apply it to rod joints, they will come apart easily. Use on rod,—it's good for wood—promotes pliability. Rub on line, prevents rotting. Trial bottle sent FREE by G. W. COLE CO., 122 Washington Life Building, New York City.

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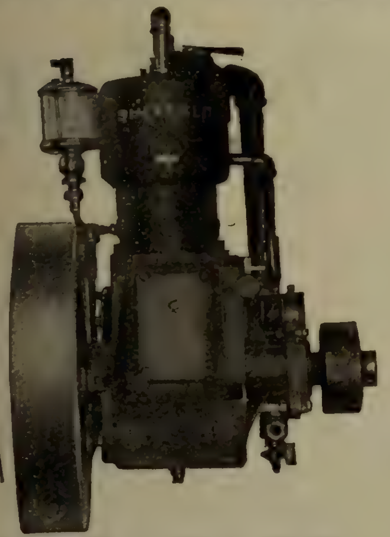

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⅔ Actual size—With side removed, showing fuse in position to light cigar, cigarette or pipe.

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Your dealer has (or can get) "The Matchless Cigar Lighter"—if he won't, we will mail you one postpaid with instructions for use and our two year guarantee—on receipt of price, 50 cents.

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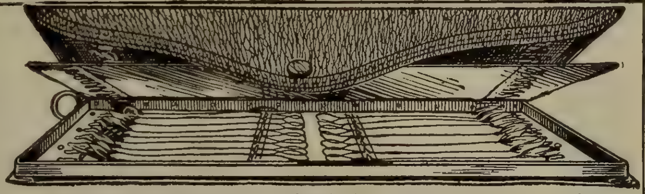

Service Fly Book and Soak Box combined is absolutely moth-proof and keeps loop and gut moist without dampening the flies.

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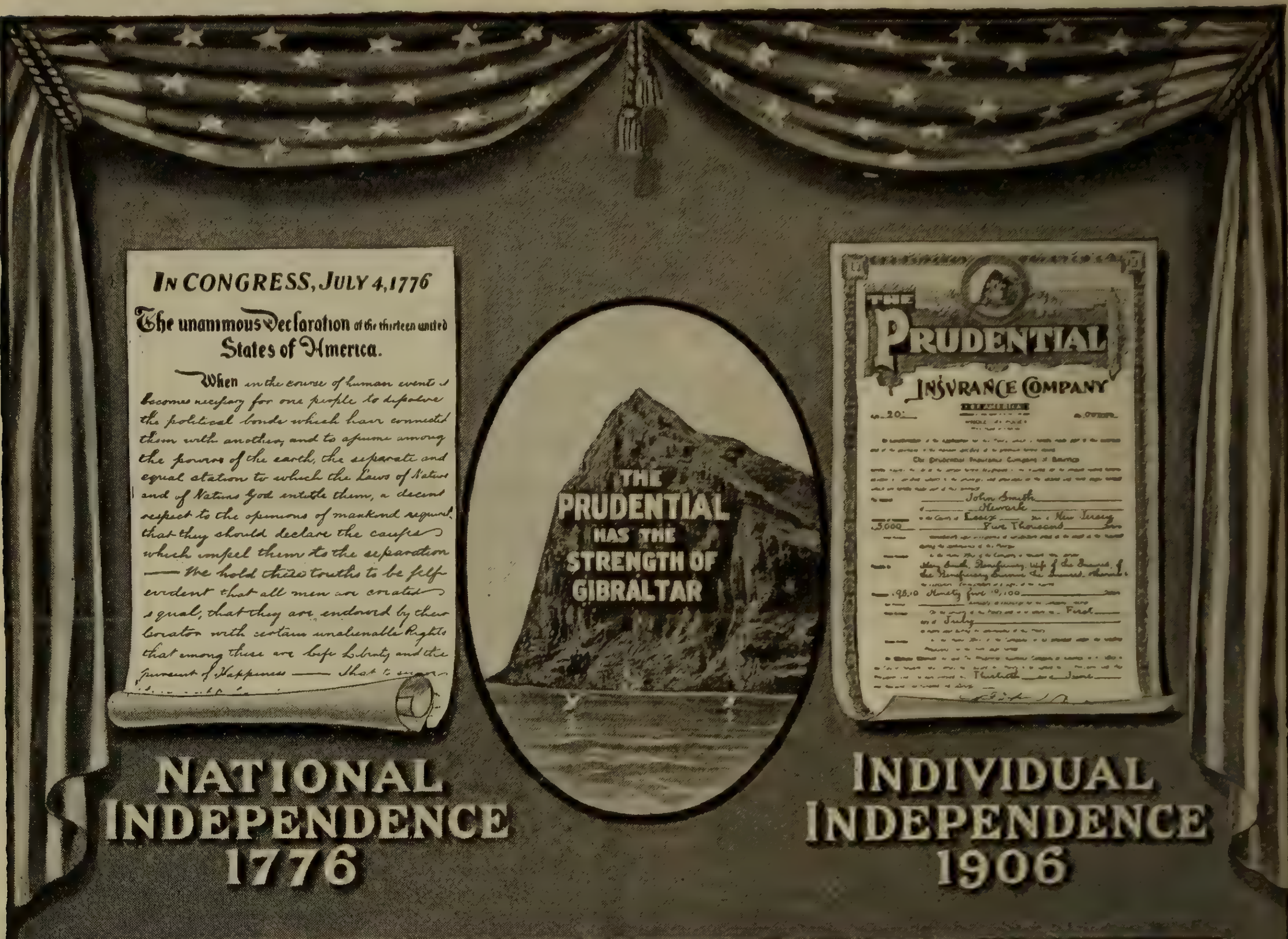
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THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
John Smith
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5,000
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When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation — We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights that among these are Life Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness — That to secure

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Policy Provides Family Independence for the future.
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By making this gun with a solid frame and a straight grip stock a number of parts have been eliminated. The result is a stronger, simpler, cleaner gun than any other repeating model, and a very much less costly one.

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It is a first-class quail gun. For woodcock, snipe, prairie chickens, sharp tail grouse or any other bird shooting it is unsurpassed.

Its records at the traps are wonderful.

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TYPE 15
30-34 H. P.
4-CYLINDER

"RIGS THAT RUN"

DON'T neglect to investigate the New Type Fifteen 30-34 H. P., Four Cylinder St. Louis Touring Car, if you contemplate purchasing an automobile. It has many superior features you should know about. The dependable car of the season—easy to operate, economical to maintain, noiseless, powerful and fast. Write for new catalog.

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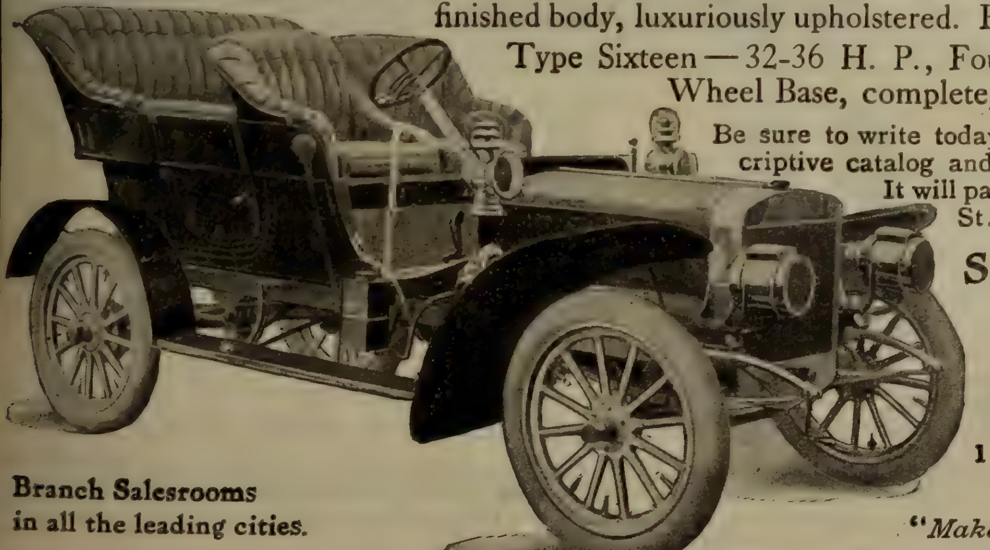

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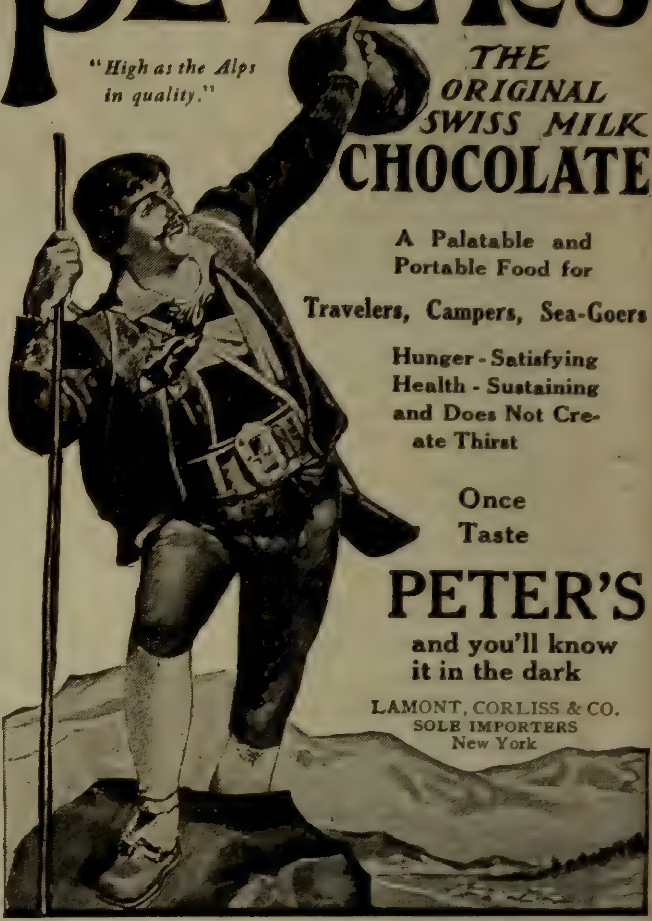

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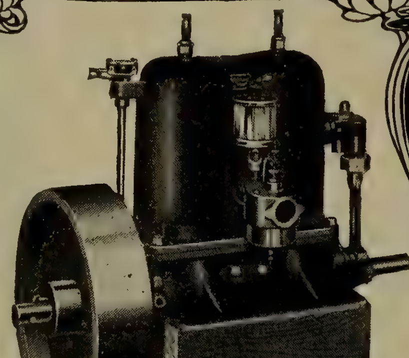

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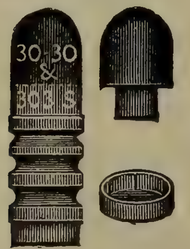

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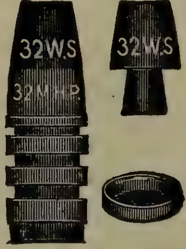

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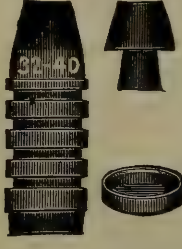

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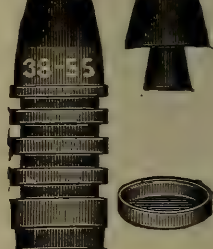

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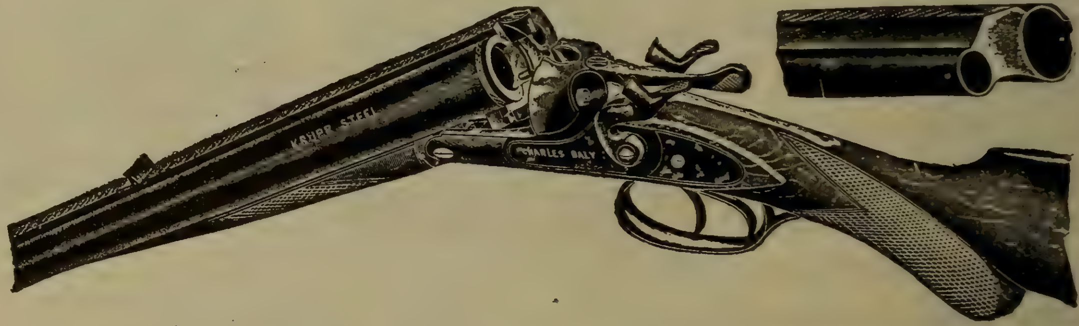

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12 and 16 Gauge, .30-30 and .38-55 Calibre

Best Gun of this kind on the market

Price, $50.00

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"Hammer the Hammer"

WITHOUT FEAR OF DISCHARGE, IF THE

Owl's Head trade-mark is on the stock, because the revolver hammer never touches the firing pin. This *safety principle,* found *only* in the Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver, is due to the fact that the lever which transmits the blow from the hammer to the firing pin is never in position to do so except *when the trigger is pulled all the way back.*

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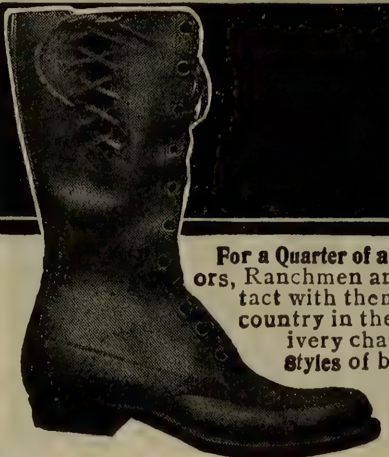
Go on like a glove *and* fit all over.



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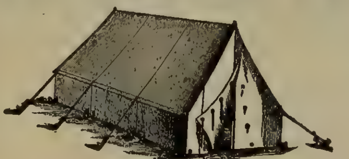

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8 oz. Duck complete with poles and pins.

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Reliability and correctness of construction guaranteed.

Our famous Atlantic Seagoing Dories and Atlantic Motor Skiffs for early delivery. We can deliver promptly our Atlantic and Merrimac Motors.

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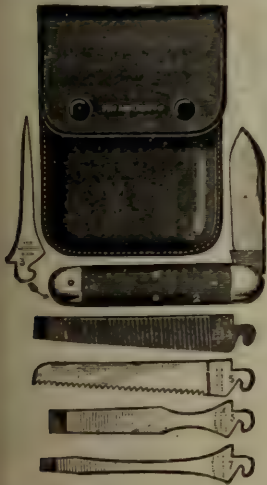

With more or less frequency almost everyone has use for a **Knife, Reamer, File, Saw, Chisel or Screw Driver**, and this outfit is practical, yet so small, being contained in a **Leather Pocket Book** 4¼x3¼ inches, that the owner, by carrying it in his pocket, always has it at hand for immediate use, whether **Camping, Boating, Teaming, Driving, in the Shop, Factory, Office, Store, Warehouse, Automobile, on the Farm, Bicycle, or around the Home.**

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The deepest toned and most penetrating air whistle made, equally as effective as the larger ones, can be plainly heard at 1½ miles. "Complete your Launch equipment! Buy a Caco!" Send for our "Caco" Launch catalogue.

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and you will see that, unlike all other Collar Buttons

The One-Piece

Krementz

is double thick, where double strength is needed—in the shank. Not a weak spot in it. Made of one piece only. Hammered into graceful shape that makes it easy to button and unbutton. 21 models for ladies and gentlemen. Gold, Silver, or Rolled Plate. Free booklet, **"The Story of a Collar Button,"** gives entertaining information. Want one?

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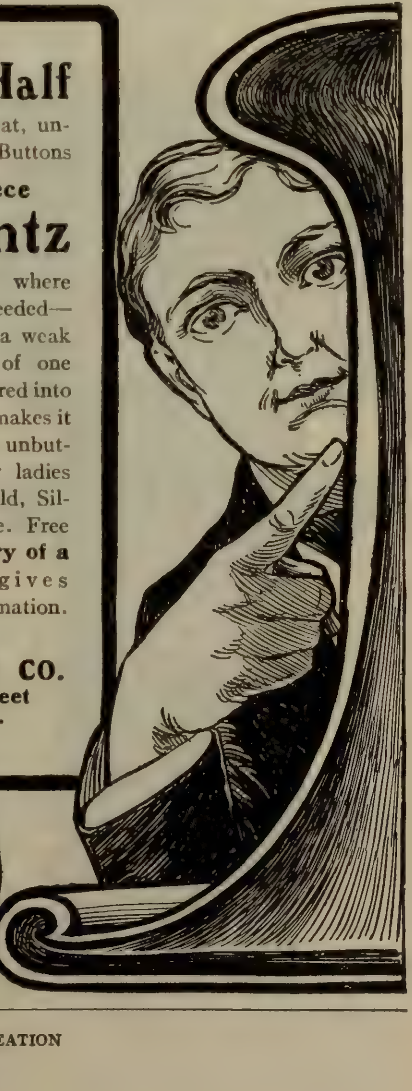


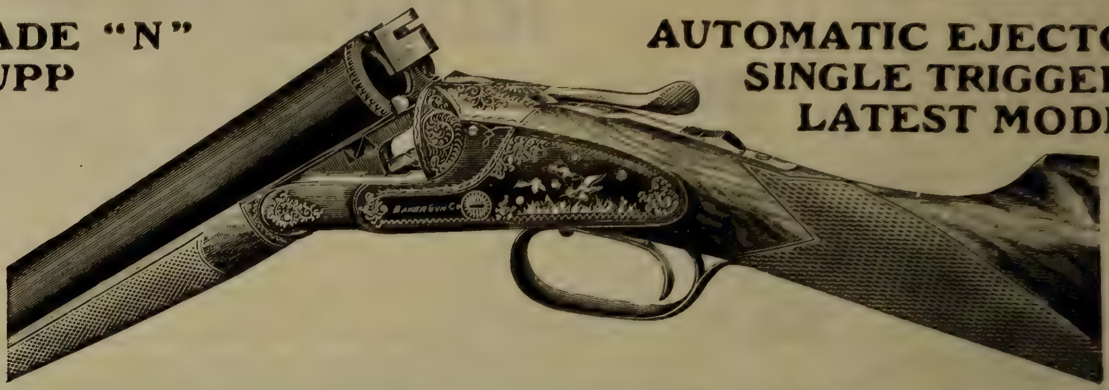
THE SPORTSMAN'S OK BAKER

BAKER GUNS

THE SPORTSMAN'S OK BAKER

GRADE "N"
KRUPP

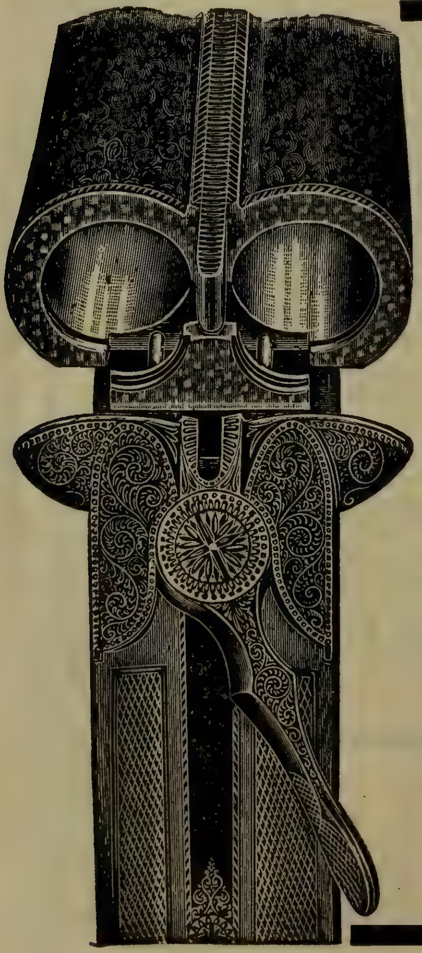
AUTOMATIC EJECTORS
SINGLE TRIGGER
LATEST MODELS



This is one of our TWELVE DIFFERENT GRADES comprising a complete line of both STEEL and DAMASCUS barrels. Among them there is one to suit YOUR REQUIREMENTS for QUALITY, SERVICE and PRICE. BAKER GUNS are non-dischargable except by actually pulling the triggers—thereby SAFE from any internal derangement of mechanism.

Send for free copy of the "Baker Gunner," fully descriptive and interesting to sportsmen.

Baker Gun and Forging Co., Batavia, N. Y., U. S. A.



ITHACA GUNS

THIS illustration shows the double thick nitro breech and narrow skeleton rib of an ITHACA No. 7 $300 list gun. ¶ This feature, together with the reinforced frame, reinforced stock and double bolt, makes the ITHACA the strongest and safest gun for Nitro powder. ¶ We build everything from a featherweight 5¾ pound 20 gauge gun to a 10½ pound 10 guage duck, fox and goose gun. ¶ Send for Art Catalogue describing 17 grades 10, 12, 16 and 20 gauge guns ranging in price from $17.75 to $300.

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FOR SHOTGUNS
AND RIFLES
DU PONT
POWDER

GEORGE A. WOLF, WILMINGTON, DEL.

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395 OUT OF A POSSIBLE 400

Long Continuous Run Breaking Without Miss, 213 (winning high average), **Territorial Tournament, Blackwell, Okla., May 2, 3.**

195 OUT OF A POSSIBLE 200

Tulsa, I. T., May 7, 1906.

Mr. Ed. O'Brien, making the above scores, Chose to Shoot

DEAD SHOT SMOKELESS

A New Bulk Powder for Shot Guns Only.

Clean shooting, makes a perfect pattern, high velocity, safe, is unaffected by climate.

Have your shells loaded with "Dead Shot Smokeless." Your dealer will gladly supply it. If you are in doubt write to us. Write to us anyway for booklet.

AMERICAN POWDER MILLS, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.
ST. LOUIS, MO, CHICAGO, ILL.

Mr. E. C. Griffith, at Boston Shooting Association, April 21st, 1906, Broke (30 being at 20 yards)

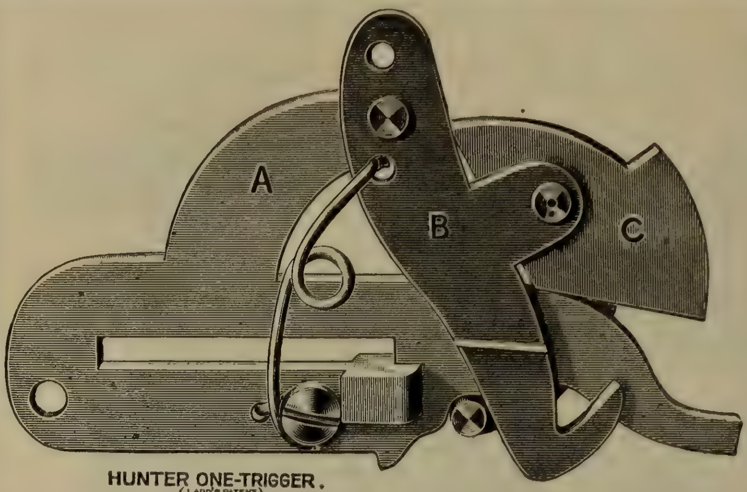
147 OUT OF A POSSIBLE 150

At Watertown, Mass., May 5, 1906, in a team match, he

Broke All His Birds, 100 STRAIGHT.

He Chose to Shoot DEAD SHOT SMOKELESS POWDER.

WHEN ORDERING SHELLS CHOOSE TO SHOOT WHAT THEY DID.



HUNTER ONE-TRIGGER.
(LARD'S PATENT)

The Hunter One-Trigger

All "One-Trigger" mechanism depends on friction to prevent both barrels discharging at the same time

EXCEPT THE HUNTER

THE above illustration will show at a glance that there is no surface friction about it. Consequently dirt and rust or a gummy condition does not prevent its working perfectly. **THE HUNTER** will not *"Balk"* or *"Double."* ¶ We also manufacture the famous **L. C. Smith Guns,** which, together with the **Hunter One-Trigger** won the Gold Medals at the LEWIS & CLARK EXPOSITION. ¶ Write for Catalogue.

Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N.Y.

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Sportsmen's Clothing

Sheds Water like a Duck's Back

Combines the advantage of perfect tailoring with protection against rain. Water-proofed by a patent process, permitting thorough ventilation, yet rain does not penetrate in any ordinary storm. Soft and pliable; sightly and durable; no rubber or paraffine. Fit, finish and waterproof qualities guaranteed.

Coat lined throughout the entire body with same rain-proof material as outside. Patent bellows under arms give extra ventilation and freedom of movement with paddle, rod or gun. Pockets for everything.

Trousers reinforced front and large double seat.

Give loose breast measure over garments to be worn with coat. Waist and leg measure for trousers.

Made in two colors, light tan and dead grass green.

Coat, $5; trousers, $3; hat, $1. Express prepaid.

FOR LADIES' WEAR

Neatly tailored coat and skirt. Gives absolute protection on any outing trip. Suitable for gunning, fishing, tramping, boating climbing. Coat, $5.00; skirt, $4.00. Express prepaid. Booklet, with samples of material and directions for self-measurement sent free. **Special discount to dealers.**

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Von Lengerke & Detmold
Sportsmen's Goods
349 Fifth Ave. (Cor. 34th St.) New York

You are assured of the best in **quality, style and price,** backed by an experience of **twenty-five years.**

An unexcelled stock of

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Rifles
Fishing Tackle
Cameras
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Baseball Goods
Football Goods
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Campers' Supplies

¶ We particularly cater to **discriminating sportsmen** and outdoor people and their individual ideas. Only **expert salesmen** to show goods. ¶ Large catalogue on request.

HAWKEYE Refrigerator BASKET

Exactly so—a **Basket Refrigerator!** Keeps luncheon delightfully cool for **Picnickers, Sportsmen, Travellers, Automobilists** and **Office-people.** Strong rattan body, hinged lid, non-rusting metal-lining, interlined with asbestos and hair felt. Removable ice compartment. Bottom dressed with mineral paint—proof against dampness. Special sizes for automobiles on request.

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Let us mail you Free illustrated booklet with endorsements from folks you know.

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If your hardware dealer does not have Hawkeye Refrigerator Baskets, send us his name and we will ship you a basket to try. Pay for it if it "makes good." Otherwise return it at our expense.

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We Can Fit You Out
All kinds of Tents, Camp Furniture and Supplies for Campers.

While manufacturing thousands of tents under Government contract and executing enormous contracts for railroad builders, we are enabled to make and sell tents direct to the public at prices, quality considered, which dealers or even smaller manufacturers cannot *approach.*

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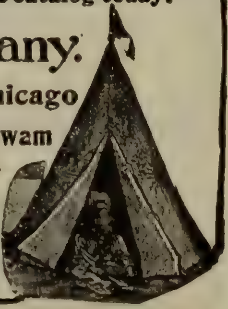
4 feet high, 5 feet in diameter, heavy sheeting, decorated in genuine Indian design. Suitable for yard and lawn. ***Just the thing for the children!*** **$1.50**

7½ foot Wigwams, heavy canvas, for large boys and adults, $4.00 and $5.00.



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Ask your dealer to explain, or send for description

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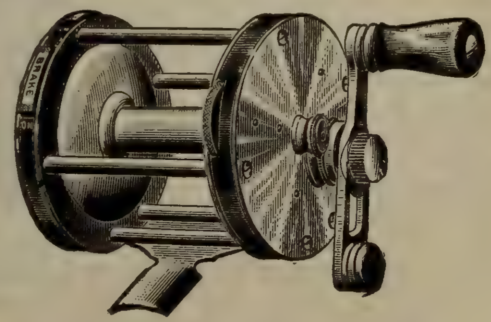

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Sylmar Olive Oil was awarded the Grand Prize (highest award) at the St. Louis World's Fair, in competition with all other olive oils. It is the natural oil of olives, to which nothing has been added, nor anything taken away; guaranteed pure. It will keep longer than any other oil without turning rancid. We own the ranch, the trees and the mill. We produce this oil under the most favorable conditions from the finest ripe olives grown.

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PURE CALIFORNIA
OLIVE OIL
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Natural Oil of Olives Perfected from "Blossom to Bottle" on the Largest Olive Ranch in the World.

Send post-office or express money order for $3.00 for three quart-size bottles, and we will deliver them to you express prepaid. Use one bottle; if at the end of thirty days you are not delighted with its efficacy, your money will be refunded.

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Two tablespoonfuls of Sylmar Olive Oil contributes more nourishment than a pound of meat, because it is wholly assimilated without taxing the digestive organs. The body is a machine which must be lubricated in order to run smoothly and be vigorous. Eat natural olive oil freely and pay the doctor less.

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OWENSBORO, MAY 24, 1906
Won by Mr. WOOLFOLK HENDERSON
98 x 100

ILLINOIS
BLOOMINGTON, MAY 24, 1906
Won by Mr. J. R. GRAHAM
94 x 100 from 19 yard mark

OHIO
DAYTON, OHIO, JUNE 7, 1906. WON BY E. W. HOLDING
Score: 48 out of 50

USING

PETERS FACTORY LOADED SHELLS

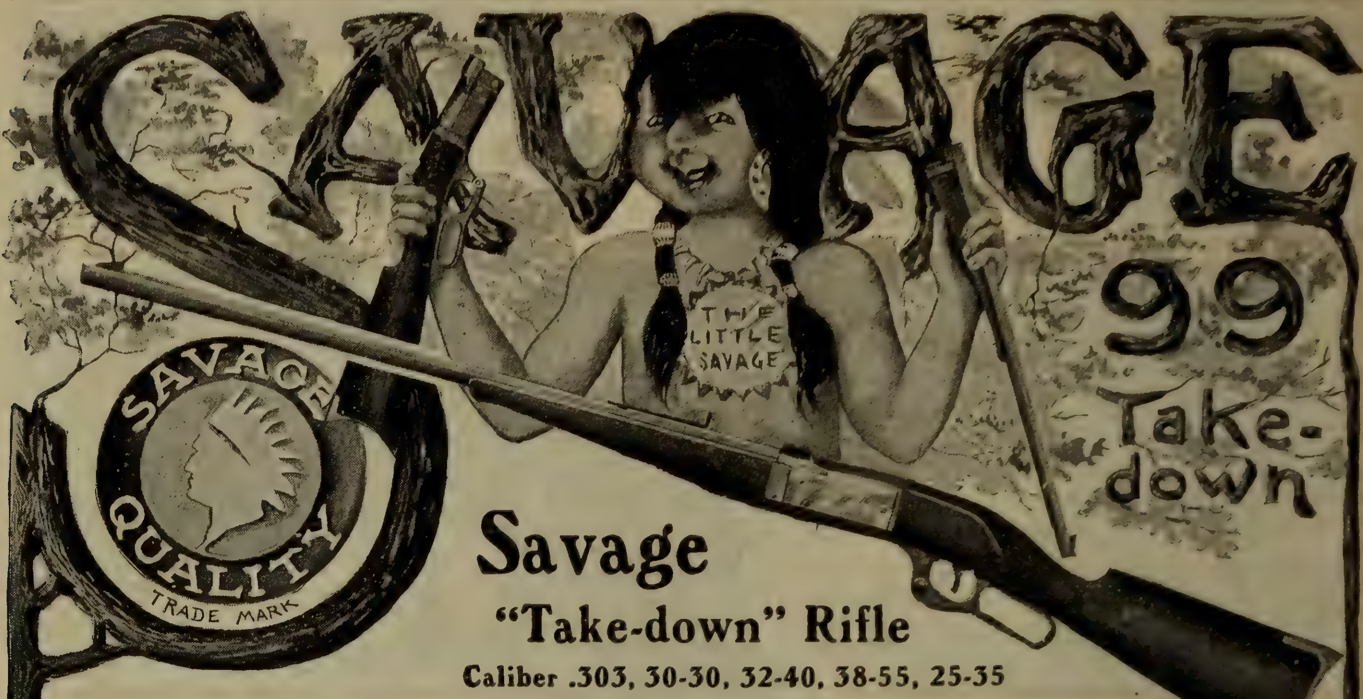
THE CONSOLATION HANDICAP—GRAND AMERICAN 1905

Won by Mr. James T. Atkinson—99 x 100 from 18 yard mark

In this event 2 scores of 98, 5 of 97, and 4 of 96. All using Peters Factory Loaded Shells

The Peters Cartridge Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

New York: 98 Chambers Street, T. H. Keller, Manager



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Caliber .303, 30-30, 32-40, 38-55, 25-35

Our new model can be quickly and easily taken apart and re-assembled without the assistance of a tool of any kind. The strength and accuracy of the rifle are in no way sacrificed to make this possible. 26 in. barrel, hammerless with cylindrical magazine. Weight, 7¾ pounds. Your dealer can furnish them after July 1st.

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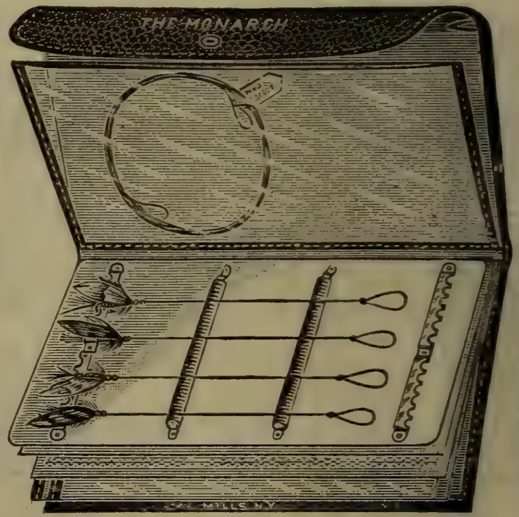

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Our Stock contains **Everything** for the Angler
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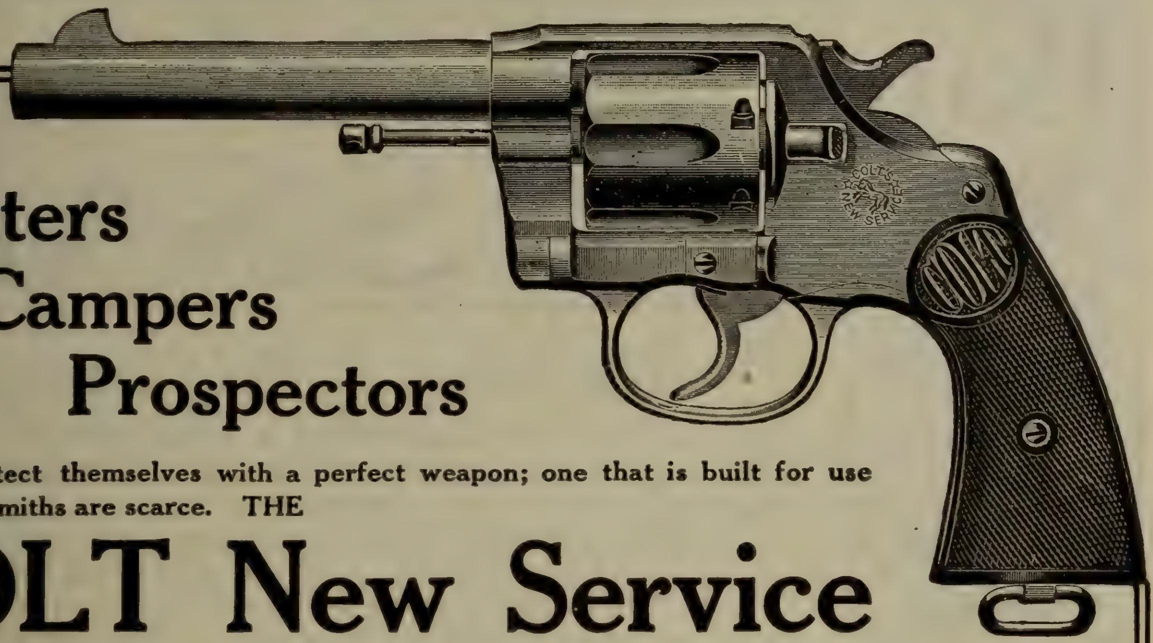

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should protect themselves with a perfect weapon; one that is built for use where gunsmiths are scarce. THE

COLT New Service

is the most powerful revolver ever produced (made in all the large calibres) and has been adopted by many Governments and Mounted Police. ¶ It has the COLT grip and COLT solid frame.

For Over Fifty Years the Standard of the Firearms World—COLT

Our Catalogue "Positive" describes this and other Colt models

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Where accuracy and sure firing qualities are desirable use none but the U. S.

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Bausch & Lomb-Zeiss TESSAR

The Lens of the Camera

is the most important feature. This year Kodaks, Premos, Hawkeyes, Centuries, Graflex and other cameras can be had fitted with the Tessar Lens, a lens that will make all kinds of pictures under all kinds of conditions. This lens requires only about half the light required by lenses usually furnished on cameras. It is therefore possible to use it for home portraiture, photographing the babies, as well as the most rapid outdoor pictures, with equally good results. No other lens has so wide a range of usefulness and is at the same time so compact and perfect optically.

Specify TESSAR when ordering your camera.

Send for Booklet "Aids to Artistic Aims."

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.,
Rochester, N. Y.

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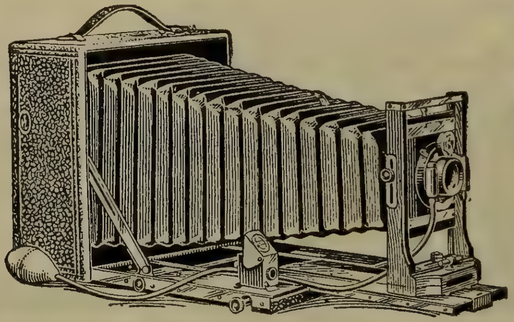

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Quality

Our line for 1906 is the result of over 22 years' experience in *doing one thing well*—making Cameras.

New Catalog, describing all the latest models, varying in price from **$10.50 to $150.00** can be obtained from your dealer free, or by writing

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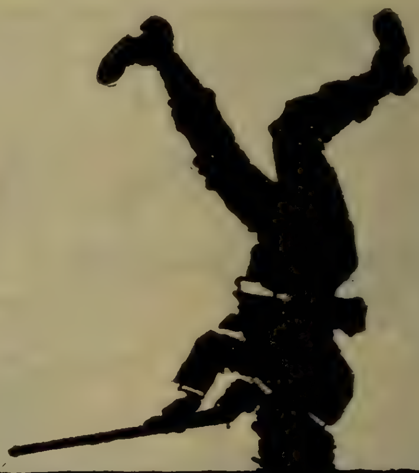

IF YOU HAD TO STAND ON YOUR HEAD TO SHOOT, YOU WOULDN'T BRING HOME MUCH GAME

For the same reason you can hunt photographically to better advantage by having an

Auto Graflex Camera

A Graflex shows the full-size picture at the very instant of exposure, and RIGHT SIDE UP. The ideal outfit for high-speed work. Send for Catalogue.

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Price (Nickel) $2.50

H. & R. Revolvers

will stand the closest scrutiny. Investigate them and you will buy no other.

The H. & R. Revolvers are known around the world for their safety, accuracy, durability, perfect design, and general superiority.

Only the most skilled mechanics and only the finest quality of material employed in their manufacture. Every piece is finished to the 1000th part of an inch and fits perfectly, *no rattle* in "H. & R." such as a quick shake reveals in other makes.

Every revolver that leaves the factory has passed the most rigid inspection and is guaranteed perfect.

Barrel and cylinder drilled from solid piece of finest forged steel, solid steel frame, handsome rubber stock, affording good grip.

Noted for smooth action, perfect accuracy and power. Don't experiment with an unreliable make because low price is offered as a tempting bait.

The H. & R. Model 1905 Double Action Revolver is medium in size, weight and price, but an effective weapon. 32 caliber, 5 shot C. F. S. & W. cartridge.

2½" barrel, nickel finish. price	**$2.50.**
4½" barrel, - - - - -	**$3.00.**
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For blue finish add 50c. to either size. Greatest value ever offered for the price.

Sold by all dealers in reliable sporting goods. If not sold in your town, we will ship direct prepaid on receipt of price.

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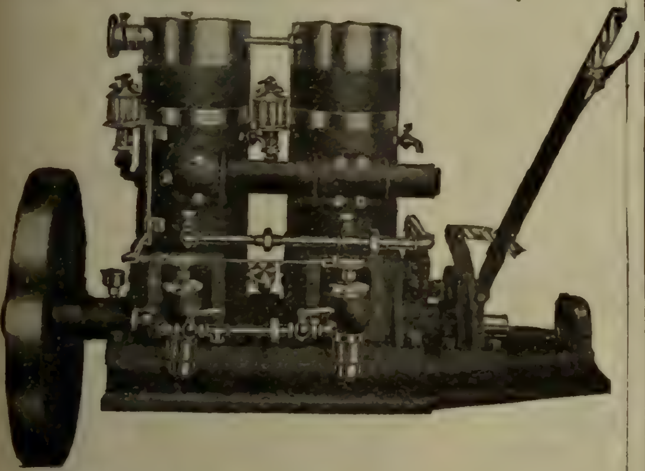
Send for catalog of our full line including our famous Safety Hammerless.

A Fay & Bowen Engine

Took One First and One Second Prize in the Palm Beach Races in February.



A FAY & BOWEN ENGINE came in first in the Chicago-Mackinaw Endurance run last summer, running the 39 hours without a single stop.

A Reliable Two-Cycle Machine started without a crank.

Our unique Make-and-Break Sparker is admitted to be the best.

Write for free catalogue of Motors and Fine Boats.

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We will send, if you mention its breed, **Polk Miller's Great Book on Dogs;** How to Take Care of Them; **Sen. Vest's Eloquent Tribute to a Dog,** and **A Yellow Dog's Love for a Nigger** (the famous poem) all for 10c, just to advertise **Sergeant's Famous Dog Remedies.** Address,

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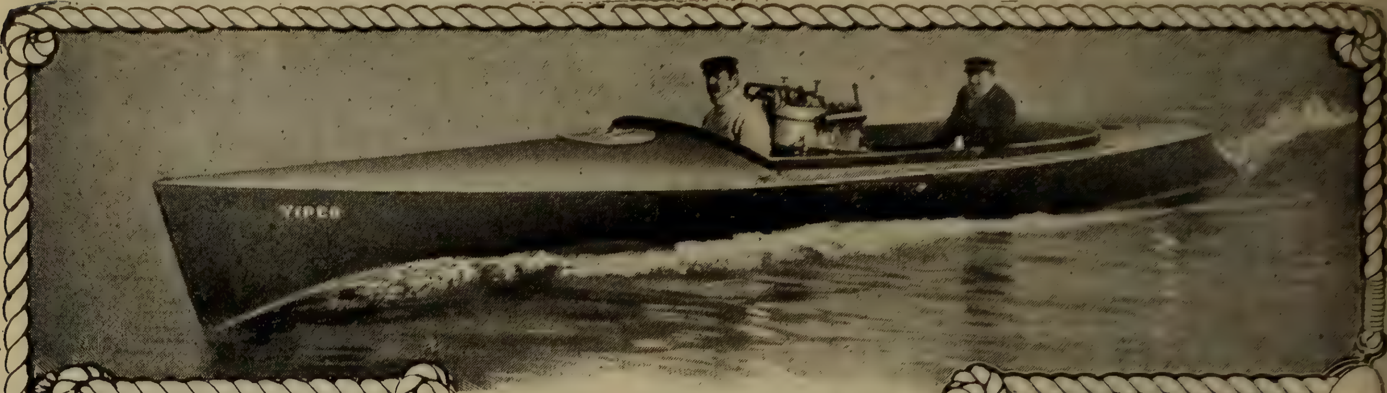
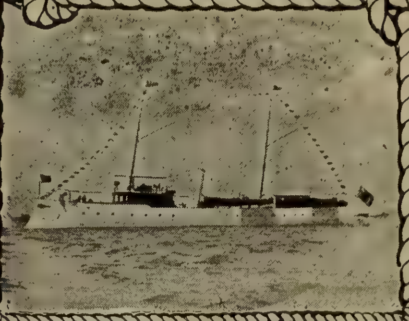
WE CARRY A FULL LINE OF BOATS READY TO SHIP.

MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT CO. 1395 JEFFERSON AVE DETROIT MICH





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is the Twentieth Century possibility with our system of One Lever Control. For the health-seeker there is nothing that will produce the desired results quicker than a comfortable and reliable boat. Ask your doctor and let us **show you.** For business, towing, freighting and all other purposes where hard and continuous service is required, Racine Boats will "make good" because they are fitted with heavy, powerful engines that have stood the test of years. Remember we offer you 22 years of successful experience.

A complete line of Racine Motor Boats, Auto Boats, Sail Boats, Row Boats, Hunting Boats, Dingheys, Canoes, Engines and Boat Supplies will be found at our different show rooms for inspection, trial and prompt delivery.

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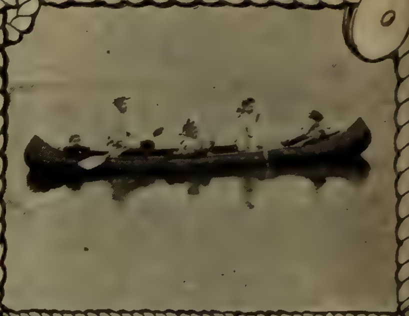

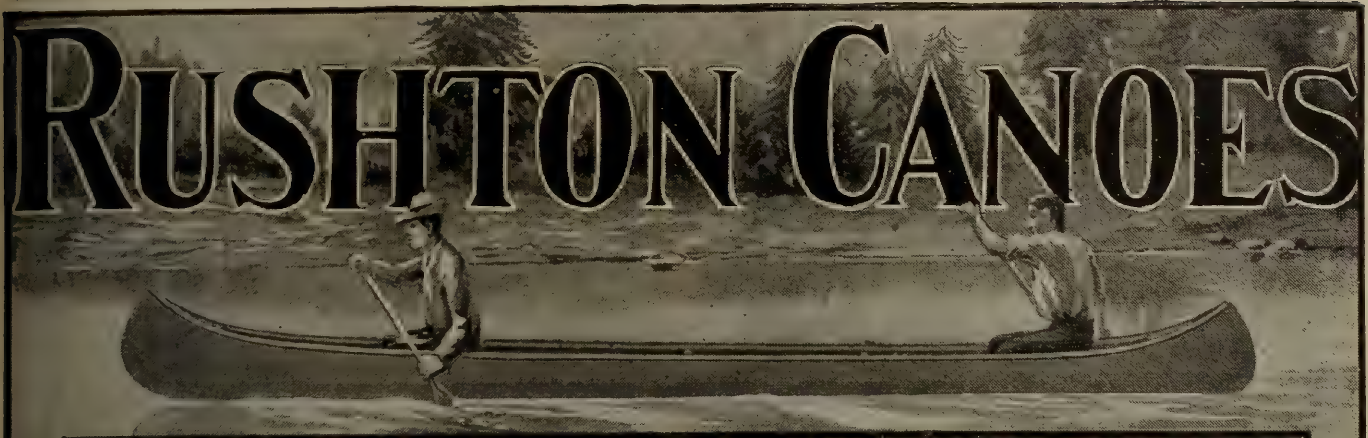

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They are built from the knowledge gained through 31 years of practical experience in canoe construction. As a result authorities on such matters recognize my canoes as the standard of perfection. From "stem to stern" there isn't a flaw. They combine lightness with strength and stability with speed—the four essentials of the ideal canoe. They will withstand the hardest kind of trips.

My "**Indian Girl**" model still holds its own as a favorite. Its frame is of selected Northern White Cedar and covered with a specially prepared canvas. This makes it staunch and light. Its lines are beautiful.

Lengths: 15, 16, 17 and 18 feet. Weight: 56 to 80 pounds
Net price, $32 to $44, f. o. b. cars at Canton, N. Y.

My illustrated catalog is free. Contains pointers, interesting information of cedar and canvas-covered canoes, sailing and cruising canoes, paddles, oars, sails, fittings, etc.

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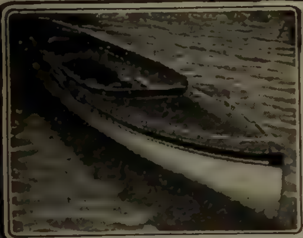

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Motor Boats, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats

built of steel with air chambers in each end like a life boat. Faster, more buoyant, practically indestructible, don't leak, dry out and are absolutely safe. **They can't sink.** No calking, no bailing, no trouble. Every boat is guaranteed. Highly endorsed by sportsmen. The ideal boat for pleasure, summer resorts, parks, etc.

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Your vacation, if near a body of water, will be incomplete without a launch. For hunting, fishing or pleasure, the Outing is superior to all boats of its class. Draws but 10 to 14 ins. of water, speedy, comfortable, 18 ft. long on water line, reversing engine. Regular launch construction with exclusive "Outing" features. We can ship immediately. Write for descriptive catalog.

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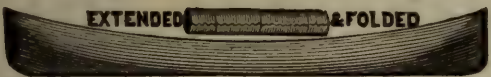

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Just $94.50 for this complete launch. This is not a small rowboat with an engine, but a full sized modern power boat. We are the largest manufacturers of power boats, canoes and dinghy's in the world.
Write to-day for catalog.

Just $94.50

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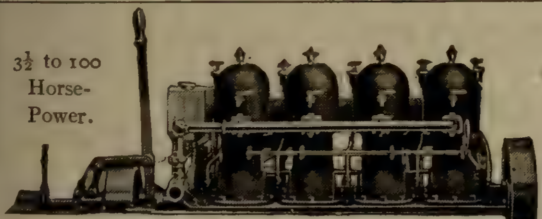
MEMBERS NATL ASSN. BOAT & ENG MFRS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has made the most marvelous records, figuring speed with horse-power; combine these with reliability and economy, and it merits your thorough investigation.

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Rochester Gas Engine Co., 711 Driving Park Ave., Rochester, N.Y.
T. P. Bushnell, 114 East 28th Street, New York,
Agent for New York, has full line of engines in stock.

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A REAL LAUNCH AT SMALL COST

Can be made from an ordinary Canoe or Row-boat by installing a

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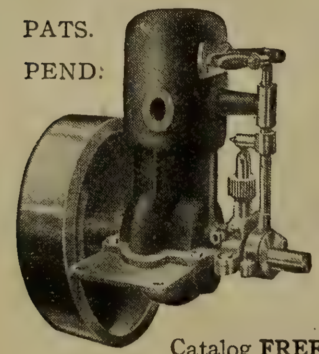

"LITTLE SKIPPER" MARINE ENGINE **2** Actual **H. P.** Bare Engine **$24.90**

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ENGINE WITH COMPLETE BOAT FITTINGS AND ACCESSORIES . . . $39

Catalog FREE

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Motor Boats, Rowboats, Hunting and Fishing Boats built of steel with air chambers in each end like a lifeboat. Faster, more buoyant, practically indestructible, don't leak, dry out and are absolutely safe. **They can't sink.** No calking, no bailing, no trouble. Every boat is guaranteed. Highly endorsed by sportsmen. The ideal boats for pleasure or sport. Catalogue describing our complete line of craft sent free on request.

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Hints for the Vacation

An attractive pamphlet, full of the temptation of river, field and mountain, is published by the **CENTRAL VERMONT RAILWAY** under the title, "Summer Homes in the Green Hills of Vermont, Islands and Shores of Lake Champlain, Adirondacks and Canada." It is filled with excellent pictures of summer-time scenes in places far from the press of city life. There are complete descriptions of the various resorts, convenient time-tables and lists of the special excursion rates of which the wise may take advantage.

Two Splendid New Day Trains with Dining-Car Service

See announcement in "Summer Homes." Those who have not yet settled the great question as to where the vacation shall be spent can hardly do better than consult this pamphlet, which may be obtained by sending six cents for postage to

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WITH the approach of the bass season your mind naturally turns to fishing tackle, and for the bass, which you know is a plucky little fighter, you naturally want a plucky little rod. There is no better bass rod made than the "Bristol" Steel Fishing Rod. It gives just enough, has strength to withstand the severe strains and is light. Different Bristols for different uses—all equally efficient. The "Bristol" is the best all around rod made. ¶ Your dealer sells "Bristol" rods, but for your protection see that you get the genuine. It has the name "Bristol" stamped on the reel-seat.

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The Horton Mfg. Co.
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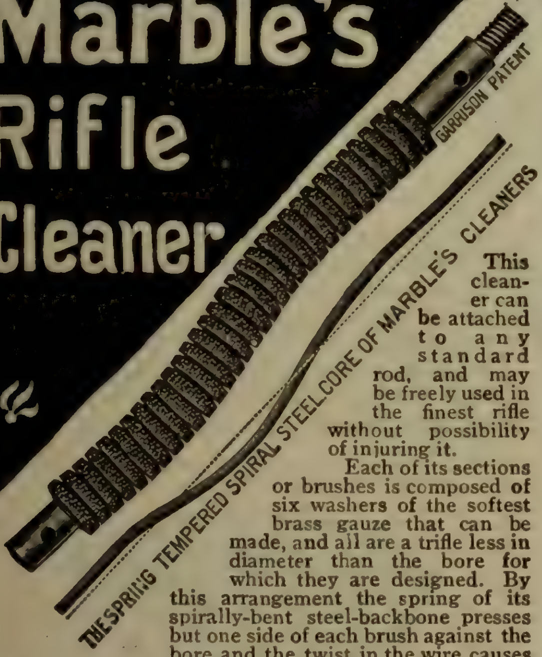
Marble's Rifle Cleaner


GARRISON PATENT
THE SPRING TEMPERED SPIRAL STEEL CORE OF MARBLE'S CLEANERS

This cleaner can be attached to any standard rod, and may be freely used in the finest rifle without possibility of injuring it.

Each of its sections or brushes is composed of six washers of the softest brass gauze that can be made, and all are a trifle less in diameter than the bore for which they are designed. By this arrangement the spring of its spirally-bent steel-backbone presses but one side of each brush against the bore and the twist in the wire causes the cleaner to follow the lines of the rifling, with the result that every atom at the bore is treated, and that all leading, copper, rust or caked powder is quickly removed.

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All prices f. o. b. Detroit. Lamps not included.

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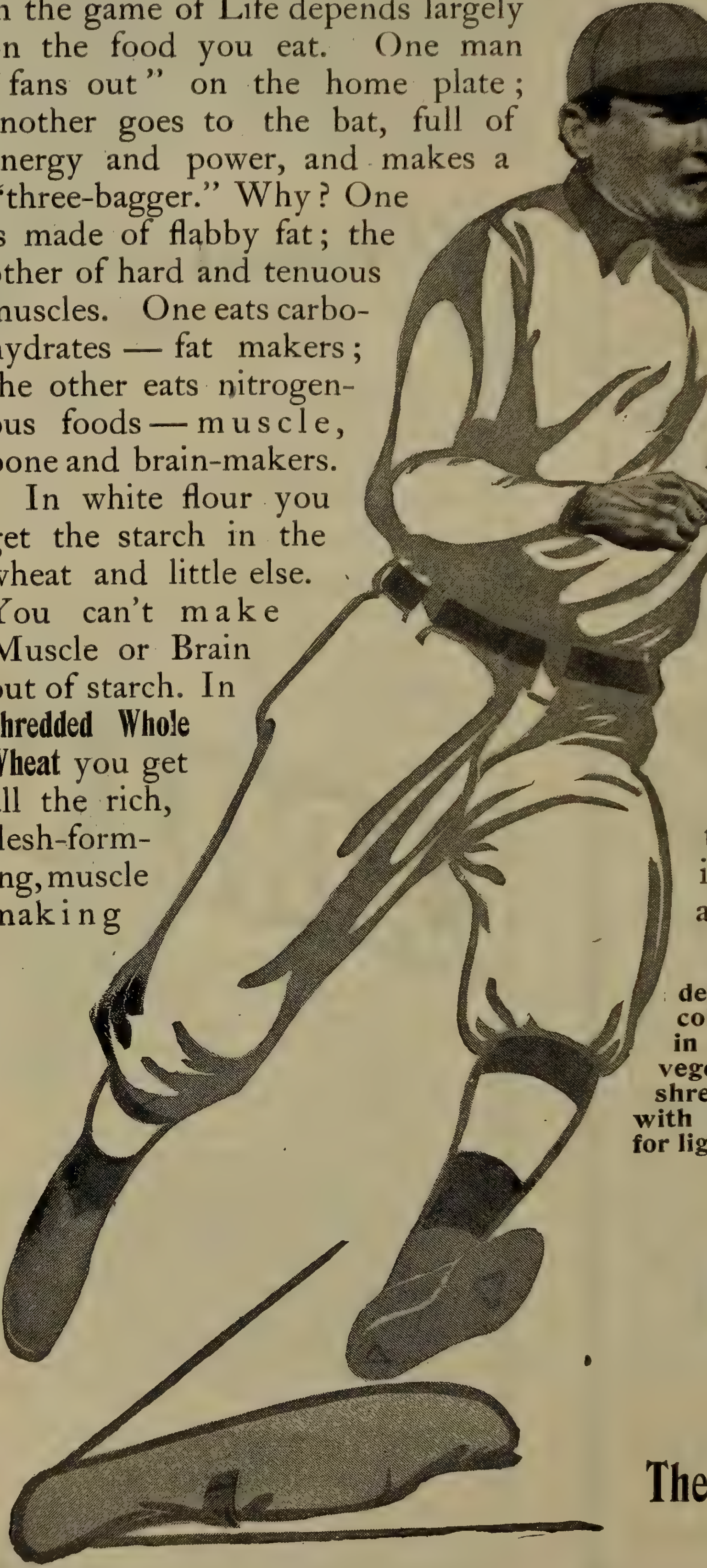
Whether you are left on second base or make

A Home Run



in the game of Life depends largely on the food you eat. One man "fans out" on the home plate; another goes to the bat, full of energy and power, and makes a "three-bagger." Why? One is made of flabby fat; the other of hard and tenuous muscles. One eats carbohydrates — fat makers; the other eats nitrogenous foods — muscle, bone and brain-makers.

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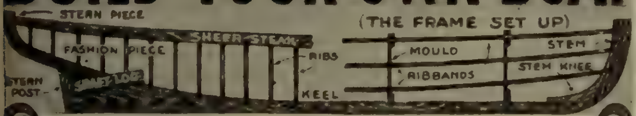

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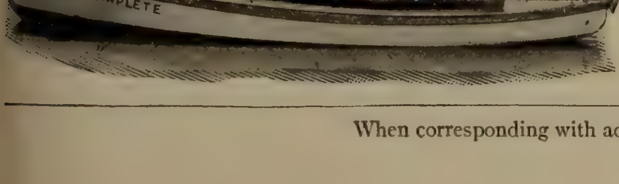

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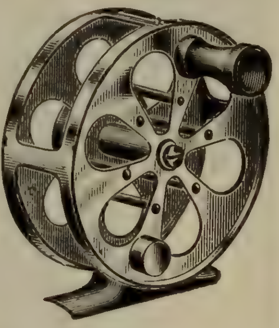

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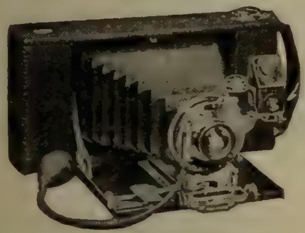

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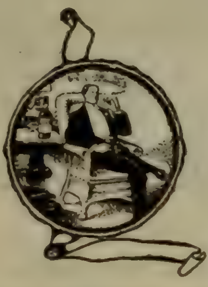

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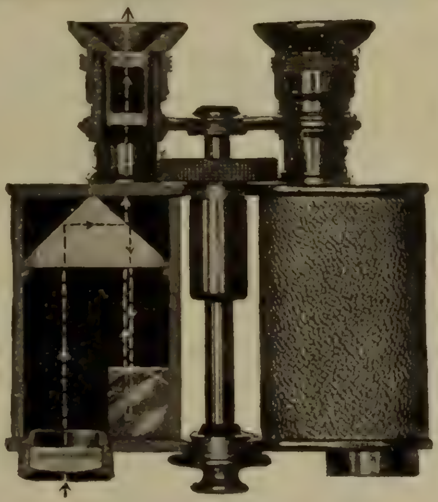

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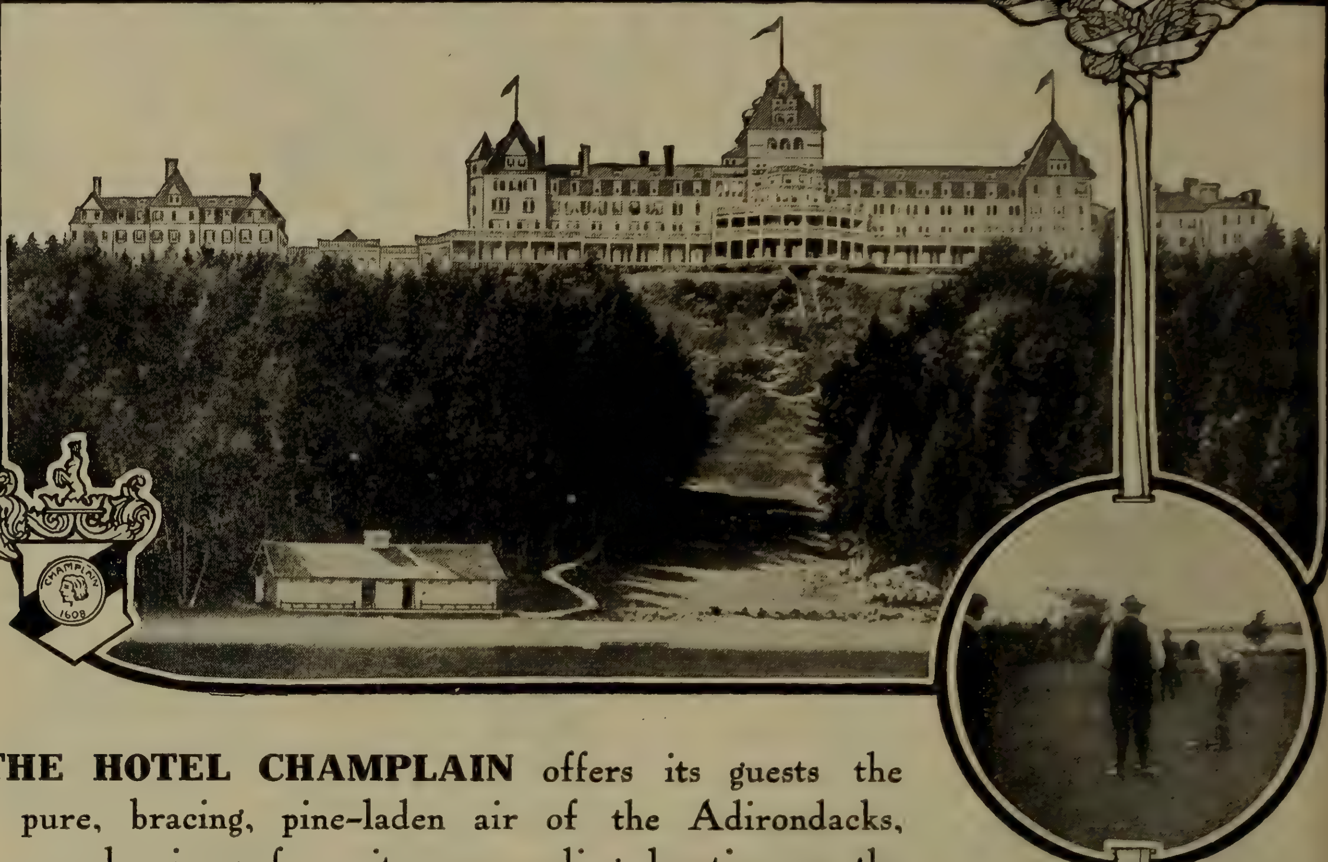

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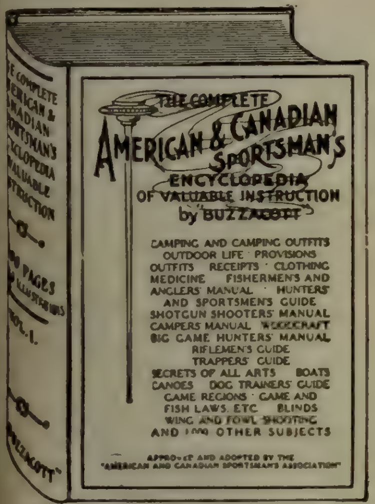
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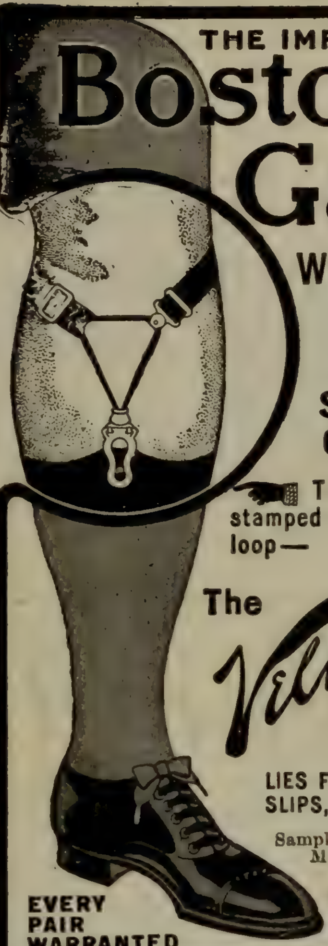

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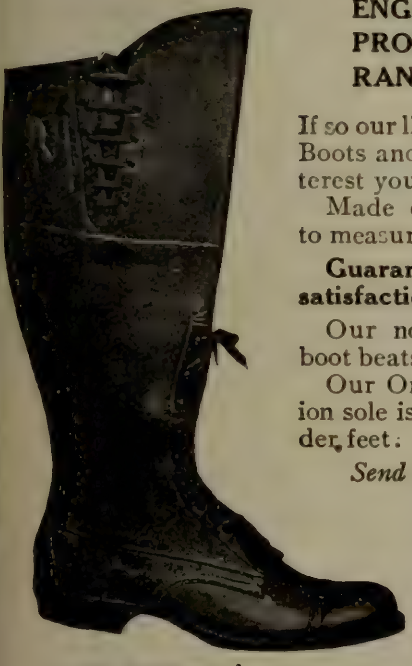

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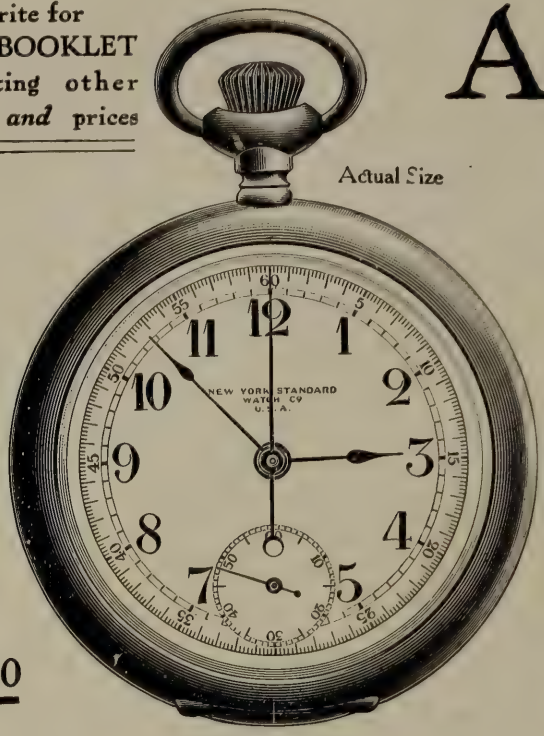

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OUR PRACTICAL ARTICLES

¶When we who do not live perpetually in the wilderness meet there a man who knows just how to do the right thing in the right way at the right time we watch respectfully his every move and are all attention when he has anything to say on the art of camping or woodcraft. We recognize his good, hard sense, and marvel at the simplicity of his methods. We make a mental note of his constant vigilance against any waste of energy, and if we but follow his trail a little while we find ourselves trying to imitate his example. It requires a very short space of time for us to realize, by comparison, that the right place to mix the dough is in the flour-bag, the proper place for the axe when not in use is in the chopping-block. And when we find one of these veterans of the trail and cruise who supplements his woodcraft with the ability to put his knowledge on paper concisely and lucidly, we recognize him as being a public benefactor.

Recreation's Platform

An uncompromising fight for the protection, preservation and propagation of all game; placing a sane limit on the bag that can be taken in a day or season; the prevention of the shipment or transportation of game, except in limited quantities, and then only when accompanied by the party who killed it; the prohibition of the sale of game. These are "Recreation's" slogans now and forever.

¶This brings us to the series of practical articles by Charles A. Bramble, on "The Art of Camping," commenced in the July number and now running in Recreation. Mr. Bramble has kept in mind that his readers wish to know how to do things the *right* way, and any further suggestions—of other ways of trying to do the same thing—tend only to confuse and provoke them.

¶Mr. Bramble has had more actual experience, more widely diversified experience, as a camper than any writer who has in recent years had published a treatise on the art of camping. He does not rely upon hearsay for his knowledge; he tells what he knows from experience and from observation.

¶And our readers will find it is our unswerving editorial policy to confine the informational, the usefully suggestive articles to telling the right way to do the right thing at the right time, and without any waste of words. The article by Mr. Wisby on swimming and that by Miss Moore on archery, in the present number, are further examples.

¶You can depend on it that "if it's in Recreation, it's practical."

OUR SEPTEMBER FEATURES

¶About the first of September the thoughts of every one who shoots a shotgun turn to upland bird-shooting. In no magazine in America for September will sportsmen find as much or as good reading on upland bird-shooting as the same month's issue of Recreation will contain. No writer in America is so popular with the quail-hunters as Edwyn Sandys, and his admirers will find he has done himself proud in his story for the September Recreation. Not less a favorite is Ernest McGaffey with hunters of the prairie hen. "McGaffey knows more about chickens and can write better stuff about hunting them than any man on earth," said Carter Harrison, the several times sportsman mayor of Chicago. Stories of bird-shooting by Edward Cave are always popular, and sportsmen who have followed his writings will expect something good from him concerning the "cock o' the woods."

¶It is a far cry, as the saying goes, from grouse-shooting in New England to fishing for white bass in the harbor of Avalon, at Santa Catalina Island, off the Pacific coast of California, but our angler readers will know what to expect from F. L. Harding, who is one of the very few popular contributors to the literature of oceanic angling. Mr. Harding is a member of the famous Santa Catalina Tuna Club, has fished all round the world, and is as clever with his pen as with his rod.

NOT ALL

¶There will be plenty of other articles and stories in the September number of Recreation—on squirrel shooting, deer-hunting, mountain climbing, seeing the county fair and other timely subjects, and an especially good illustrated article on Gypsies.

Among the Contributors to

RECREATION

for SEPTEMBER

will be

EDWYN SANDYS, on Quail-Shooting
ERNEST McGAFFEY, on Hunting Prairie Chickens
EDWARD CAVE, on Ruffed Grouse-Shooting
F. L. HARDING, on White Bass-Fishing
ROSCOE BRUMBAUGH, on the County Fair
D. W. and A. S. IDDINGS, on Cruising the Fjords of the North Pacific
CHARLES A. BRAMBLE, on the Art of Camping

These names mean something

¶ No other American periodical for September will offer sportsmen such a variety of *good* reading matter. To insure getting your copy promptly on September 1, send a dollar and a half for one year's subscription to

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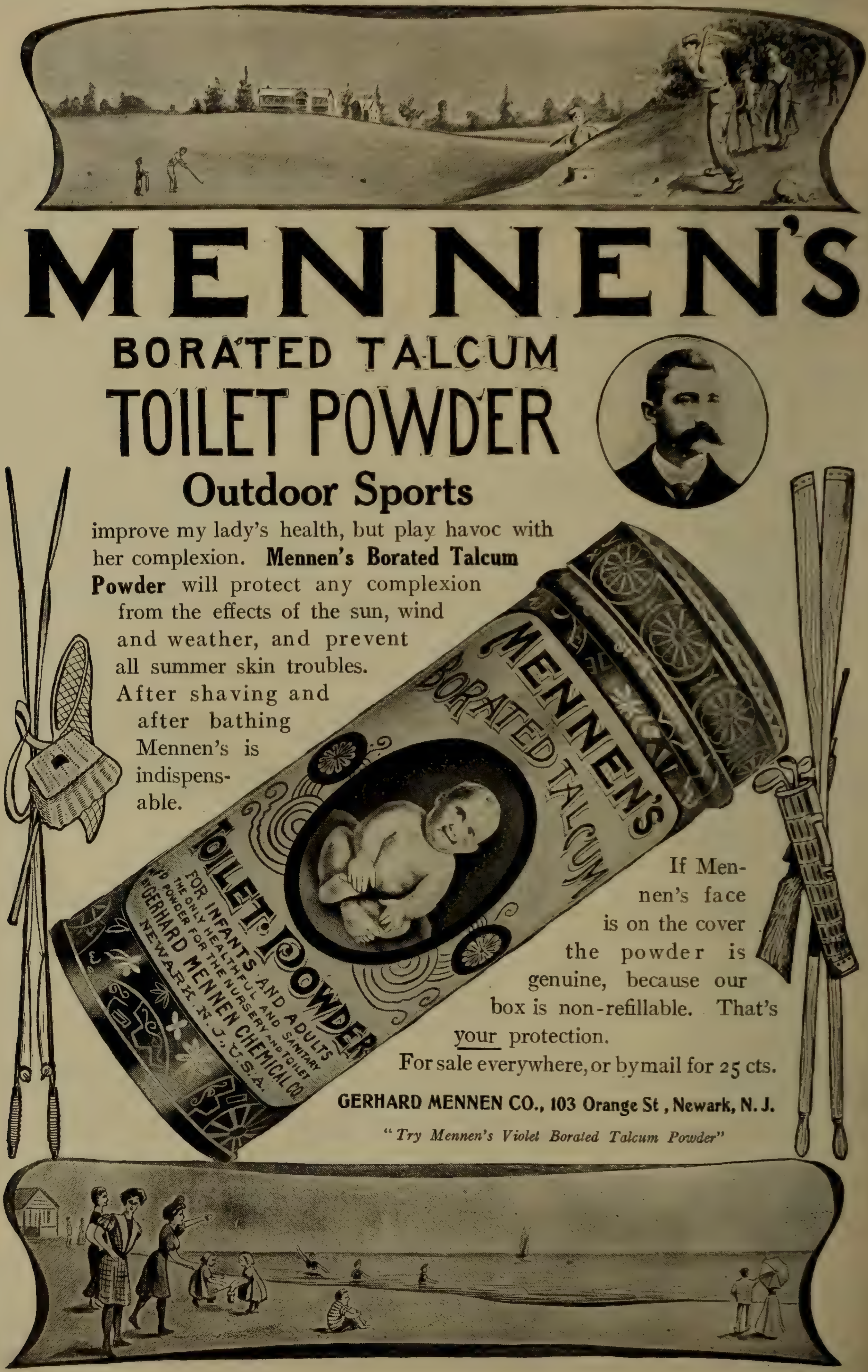
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RECREATION

Volume XXV AUGUST, 1906 *Number 2*

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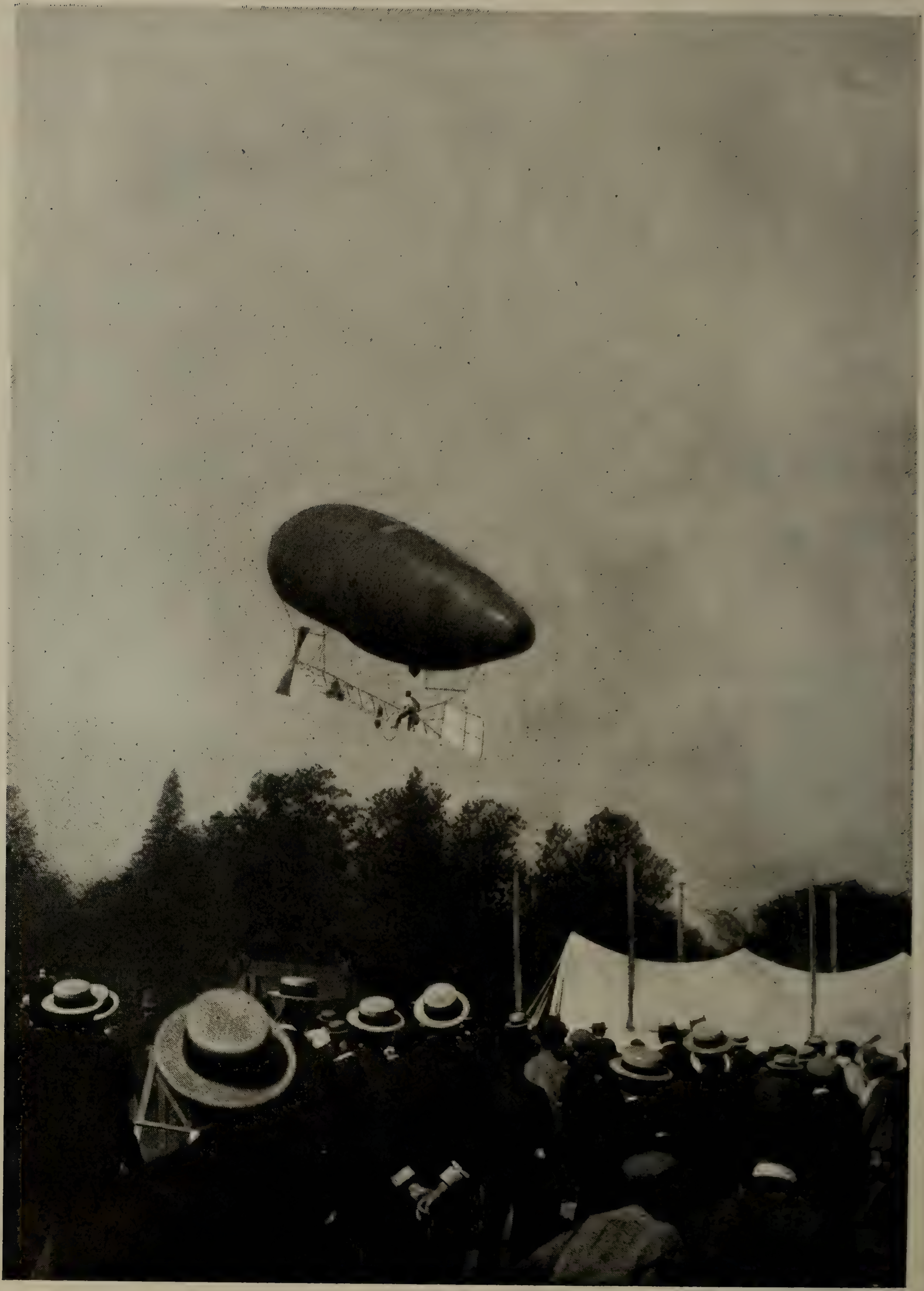
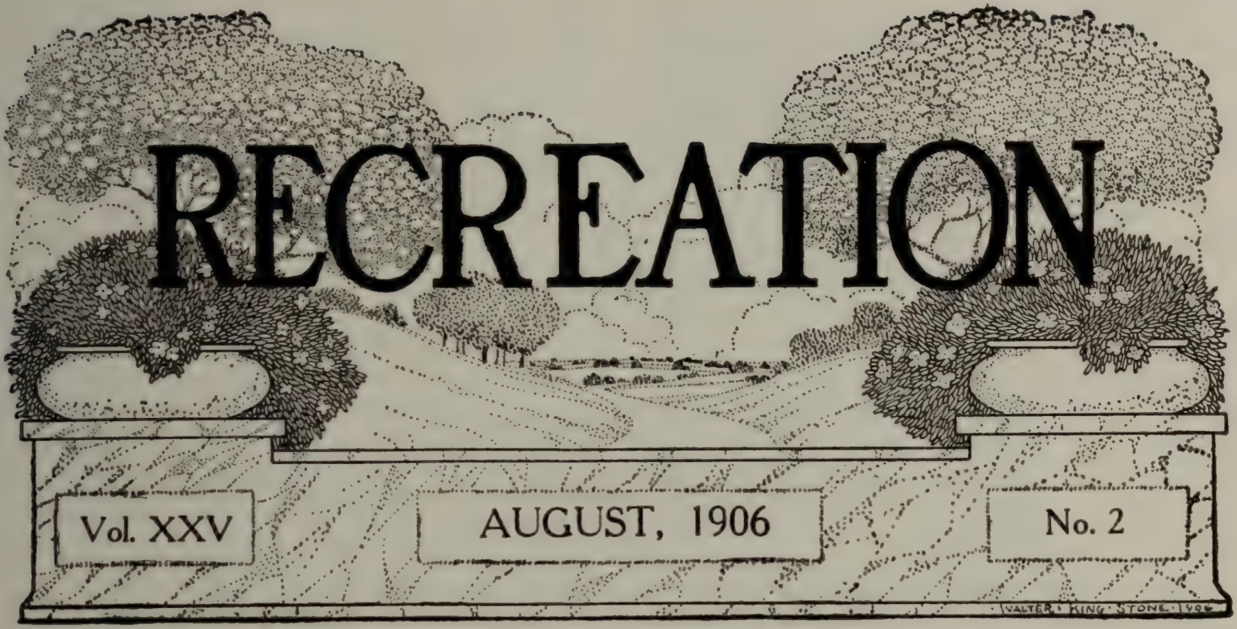


. . . *some of these days one of them will stumble upon the right principle*

Roy Knabenshue making his first ascension in Central Park, New York City, last summer. His successful flights above the metropolis gave a tremendous impetus to the interest in aeronautics in America.



RECREATION
Vol. XXV
AUGUST, 1906
No. 2

AERONAUTICS IN AMERICA

Its Slow but Sure Development, and Its Significance in the Realm of Amateur Sport

BY CAPT. HOMER W. HEDGE

Founder and President the Aero Club of America

A RATHER broad grin might have been seen enlivening the stolid features of Uncle Sam when, at the time Congress was in session, the public press told how Senators and Representatives "played hookey" to witness Roy Knabenshue in one of his airship tests. A quorum of either house could not have been counted for the half hour the balloon remained in the vicinity of the capitol buildings. The desire to forget railroad rate legislation and the famous First Epistle may have had something to do with this; yet the spectacle in itself was attractive enough to interest the most indifferent. Crude as it is, an airship is truly a marvelous machine.

Though it may be many years before we have realized the dream pictured in Kipling's "The Night Mail," progress in aerial travel has made wonderful strides during the last decade, and the keen interest displayed in all parts of the world at the present time augurs well for the future. The idea of navigating the air, like all great inventions, had an humble beginning. When in 1766 Cavendish discovered hydrogen gas, he found that it ascended in air as a cork ascends through water. A few years later soap bubbles filled with gas were sent up. These were probably the first balloons.

A few years later the Montgolfier brothers made hot-air balloons which rose to a height of a mile and a-half. Needless to say their efforts caused quite a stir. It is curious and instructive to note the endeavors which with an almost childish simplicity balloonists at first made to handle their unwieldy craft. Huge oars were used as paddles, and when these proved ineffectual in changing the balloon's horizontal course they were used in an attempt to work it upward or

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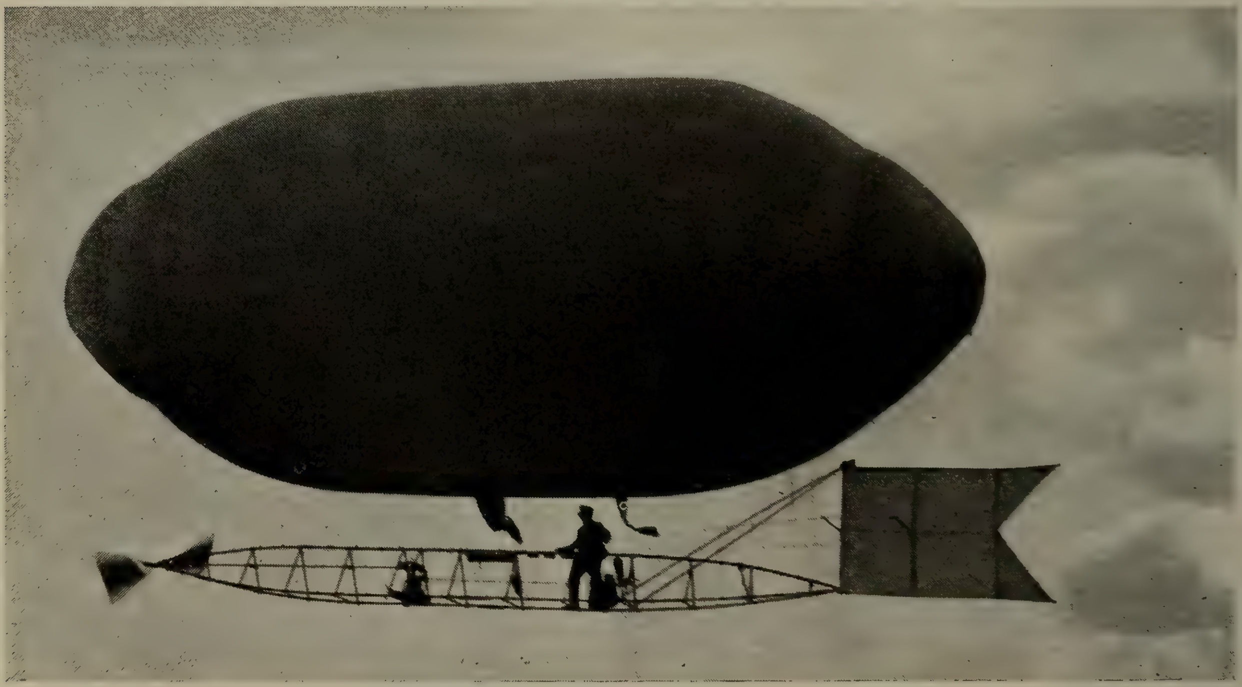
downward, with the idea of economizing gas and ballast. Later the balloonist added to his vessel a screw propeller, worked generally by some light form of motor.

There are two systems in aerial navigation, both having much the same goal in view, which have been tested in recent years. One system is that of aerostation, or the use of apparatus lighter than the air it displaces; the other aviation, or the use of apparatus heavier than the air it displaces. One school uses the balloon as a vehicle, and thus in the abstract takes pattern from the flying insects; the other uses the aeroplane, and so copies directly from the soaring birds.

Count Zeppelin probably made the first really crucial test of the dirigible balloon. He constructed an airship, cigar-shaped, of mammoth size, measuring upward of 400 feet in length, and subdivided into numerous compartments with the object of preventing the gas collecting at either of the ends. Steering apparatus was placed both fore and aft, and power was obtained from two motor engines driving propellers at a thousand revolutions a minute. In the first trial the huge vessel showed little capacity for battling with the wind, but on a day of comparative calm it remained aloft for a period of twenty minutes, during which time it proved perfectly manageable, making a graceful journey out and home, and returning close to its point of departure.

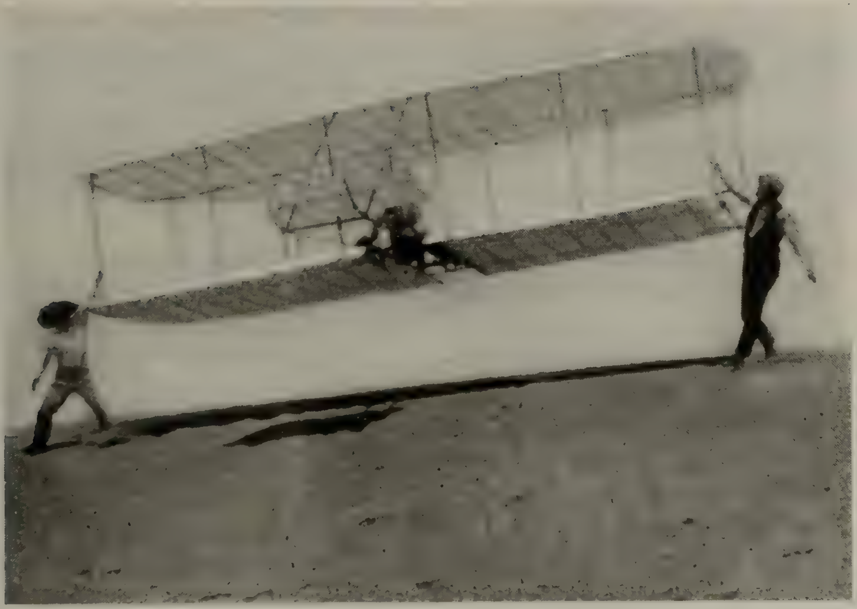
At the present time ballooning as a pastime is coming rapidly to be regarded as an exhilarating and fascinating sport. Owing largely to avoidable accidents this favor a few years ago would not have been deemed wise or even possible. But in reality ballooning is not as dangerous or hazardous as the world at large had been led to believe. Balloon clubs are a common thing in Europe now and the enthusiasm for the sport is fast spreading all over the world.

But to-day it is the aeroplane that has the call when it comes to considering the successful outcome of aerial navigation. The principle of the aeroplane has long been recognized as the most hopeful on which to construct a practical flying machine. Henson in 1842 made quite a furore by designing a large machine with outstretched wings to be propelled by two large screws driven by a steam engine. It came to nothing, however, and although



A CLOSE VIEW OF A DIRIGIBLE BALLOON IN FLIGHT

This is Captain Baldwin's "Angelus," with Knabenshue at the tiller; photograph made at the World's Fair in St. Louis, at the time of Knabenshue's début as America's most skillful navigator of the air.



WRIGHT BROTHERS' AEROPLANE

This is simply a soaring machine, but it has won much praise from persons high in aeronautics. The inventors, since Prof. Langley's death, take precedence in this country as having achieved success with the aeroplane.

subsequently a number of successful models were made and tried by various inventors, no full-sized apparatus was attempted until Maxim commenced his great machine in 1890. It has been pretty convincingly demonstrated that it is possible to perfect the airship and put it to use. Flying machines like Maxim's and Langley's have many important uses, and are the only aerial devices with which anything like high speed has as yet been secured. Machines for gliding flight like Lilienthal's, Pilcher's and Chanute's serve merely for sport.

The late Prof. Langley was the greatest exponent of the aeroplane, or the theory of aviation; Santos-Dumont the most successful experimenter with the dirigible balloon. Both men have produced machines which have actually flown and which could be directed while in flight. Santos-Dumont has had an advantage in that he has been able to fly with his machine, but he admits that aerostation is, after all, a means toward aviation, which is an end.

"In other words," says an expert, "a balloon is just now necessary because of its capacity for sustaining human beings in air, but during a forthcoming period of evolution the area of the balloon will be further and further reduced until finally little will be left but a self-sustaining aeroplane such as Prof. Langley strove to evolve."

Prof. Langley discovered that a plate weighing 200 pounds could be moved through the air as fast as an express train with an expenditure of less than one horse-power of energy. It became known as Langley's law that the faster an aeroplane travels through the air, the less is the energy required to drive it. Though Prof. Langley's model aeroplane proved a fine success, he found, when he came to construct one sufficiently strong to carry a man, that he was confronted with an apparently insurmountable law of mathematics, namely, that the weight of such a machine increases as the cube of its dimensions, whereas the wing surface increases as the square, and, as Prof. Simon Newcomb points out, it would seem that a flying machine made by a jeweler would be more efficient than one made by a blacksmith.

As it appears, Langley's investigation in this field was just the opposite of what almost every other experimenter in this field had tried to do. It was apparent to him at once that a flying machine, to be of any practical value whatever, would have to be powerful enough and heavy enough to drive straight against or across and in and out of the strongest winds. And it is claimed for him, with a good deal of reason too, that he came nearer to solving the problem of aero-dynamics than any other man.

And yet, while not wishing to controvert the findings of men higher in aeronautics, as shown in the foregoing, the present writer believes, with Capt. Baldwin, who is probably the greatest American aeronaut and who is certainly the pioneer of recent years in this country, that the dirigible balloon filled with hydrogen will answer every requirement for pleasure transportation.

There are hundreds of practical problems to be solved in the construction of a flying machine, a balloon, or an airship. The materials must be light enough and strong enough; the gas for a balloon must be of the right sort, easily handled and as cheap as may be; the form of the airship must approach that of least resistance; it must be stable and sufficiently rigid; its motors must be safe and of maximum efficiency; its propellers must be of the right shape and attached at the proper places; the rudders must be similarly planned. These are only a few of the essentials. The experiments of the last few years have solved a number of these problems and many are thought to be in a fair way of solution.

The past few years have been years of many aeronautic aspirants: Ader, in France; Kress, in Austria, who built a long boat with three pairs of outstretched wings to be propelled by screws; Hoffman, in Berlin, and Hargrave, in Australia, who is well known for his many interesting experiments. In this country Baldwin, of California; Knabenshue, of Ohio, and the Wright brothers, of Ohio, have all shown marked ability.

"The real joy of aerial navigation," says a veteran, "will never be found in mechanical speeding over predetermined courses. It is rather in the glorious uncertainty of the goal. The pleasure experienced is that which expands the soul in the presence of vast perspectives, and in the variety of the changing scenes, the exhilaration, the fun—and there is a wealth of it extracted from the mutual unexpectedness of the landings and the astonishment of all witnesses thereto."

Count de la Vaulx, of the Aero Club of France, and an honorary member of the Aero Club of America, who holds the world's record for distance and time and is considered the cleverest aeronaut alive, made several ascensions while on a recent visit to America, and his presence here gave a distinct impetus to the interest in the sport in this country. In all, some 100 balloons have been purchased here as a result of his visit. In fact, ballooning has enjoyed a considerable vogue, and many busy men of affairs, such as Col. John Jacob Astor, O. H. P. Belmont, Harry Payne Whitney, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Jefferson Seligman, Philip T. Dodge, and many others just as prominent, have become members of the Aero Club of America. Count de la Vaulx's famous balloon, the "Centaur," with which he made his world's record, was purchased by a syndicate of members of this club, and following ascensions of other members, in June Dr. Thomas in this big balloon made one of the most successful trips ever accomplished in this country. He traveled more than 200, perhaps 300, miles, being up all night, rising to a height of 8,000 feet and going through a thunderstorm in upper air. His time in the air was fourteen and one-half hours.

No one can prophesy what the next few years will see accomplished. The men who are spending their lives in trying to solve the problem of flight are groping in the dark, apparently; but some of these days one of them will stumble upon the right principle, the correct form, and then the whole world will marvel at the simplicity of it all.

BATTLING THE WILDERNESS

Being, in Epitome, a Refutation of the Muck-Rakers' Latest Lament*

BY ERNEST RUSSELL

THE development of new territory follows ever along certain evolutionary lines which in essentials vary little. First upon the scene is the explorer, restless, resolute, summoned by the charm of an uncharted country, stirred by the spirit of discovery and adventure. In the footsteps of the pathfinder follows the trapper, equally at home in the vast solitudes but led thither by the instinct of trade and the promise of riches. Last to appear is the settler, the home builder, seeking only liberty and a living, a betterment of his lot, in a new environment.

Of these three types of sturdy manhood, it is the settler who makes the strongest, the most direct appeal to our fancy. He has neither the egoism nor the caprice of the explorer, he is not gripped by the spirit of selfish gain that marks the trapper; he holds to simple ideals of home and personal independence, labors heroically for them both and cherishes always an exquisite patriotism.

Such in brief was the pioneer type that made possible the civilization we of the thickly peopled sections enjoy to-day. Such was the manner of man who gave us a history and a tradition that is of the deepest significance in the formation of a national character and national ideals.

In possession of such a heritage it is not strange that the chronicle of "the good old times" has perennial fascination for us all. We love to get back into the spirit that animated the pioneer, to live with him his life, primitive, adventurous and independent, to meet in picture or in story the unspoiled types of character who, toiling and glorying in their toil, wrought the beginnings of a nation. We may see the hardship of it all, in sympathy share the privations and disappointments, feel the thrill of the conflict and glory in the hard-won victory—but it must be through the haze and dim perspective of more than two hundred years.

It is not necessary, however, to put our imaginations to the test of this distant retrospect to witness every essential feature of the struggle of our forbears reenacted under the same insistent call of a nation's destiny.

"Across the line," in Canada, this stirring spectacle of man in conflict with the wilderness is to-day unfolding itself in all the quick transitions of a veritable motion-picture film. The setting of this drama of the wilds is not among those level prairies of the Northwest which beckon so alluringly to the wheat raiser and the stockman, but in the elevated table-land of "New Ontario," north of lakes Huron and Superior, west of the upper Ottawa River and south of Hudson Bay. Here in this vast province of Ontario, itself comprising an area larger than either France or Germany, a great tide of immigration is sweeping in upon the wilderness, dotting with the rough dwellings of the homesteader half a dozen widely separated districts and pressing ever onward to remoter regions, powerful, insistent, victorious.

The very names of these settlements carry with them the tang and flavor of the wild—Rainy River Valley, Wabigoon, Thunder Bay, Temiskaming. How close to the aboriginal, how adequate to our conception of "new land" they sound!

In the autumn of 1904 the writer decided to visit Canada and in the very theatre of colonizing activity secure a first-hand and intimate impression of its more salient features. In due time he found himself set down, in the cool, still night of Northern latitudes, on the steamboat pier at New Liskeard, on Lake Temiskaming.

---

*Conditions in America have suddenly changed. The continent has been subdued and peopled. There are no longer vast "unman-stifled places," offering homesteads to Young America. . . . The world's business is done in our great cities, and there lie the young man's hopes of success.—From an Article in the Public Prints.

Here is the essence of the frontier, a rough and unwashed community set upon the verge of a vast country of infinite possibilities, vitalized through commerce and the promise of the future with a hustling, optimistic cosmos of fifteen hundred souls. Ten years ago a solitary log cabin marked the spot, and six years later there were less than two hundred inhabitants; to-day a railroad enters the "back yard" of the town, two lines of steamers dock in the shallow bay it faces, churches and hotels have been built, a newspaper issues a weekly edition and a Chinese laundry flaunts its flaming sign before the visitor.

In a frontier settlement the place to study types is before the inevitable hotel "bar," and, as New Liskeard was no exception to the rule, I braved the reek and heavy exhalations of the "sample room" to mingle with the throng. If any index were needed to summarize the industries that evolve from the conquest of new territory it lay before me—and though dress and outward appearance were rough and unkempt in all alike, facial characters differentiated the various callings of these men as clearly as did their conversation. Kersey-coated, slouch-hatted, belarriganed, shaggy of hair and beard they all were, moving in little knots of three and four to and from the wet and shiny magnet where the glasses slid back and forth while the blue haze of "MacDonald's Plug" eddied around them. Lumbermen, trappers, prospectors, surveyors, construction hands from the railroad and settlers formed the different groups—but it was plain the settlers had the call.

RAPIDS ON THE BLANCHE

This congress, as it were, of frontier workers, sordid and low as its local surroundings may perhaps appear, was not without its picturesque quality, its humor and its type value as a phase of frontier life.

There was no drunkenness and no disorder—rough and primitive as it was it still had the savor and the spirit of a mart of public opinion, the natural resort of rough and primitive men in council.

Though interest in this scene brought me late to bed I was up betimes and went groping through the morning mist to board the little "Geisha." A few miles of rough water brought us to where the Blanche, in a heavy coffee-colored flood which belies its name, came to its union with the Ottawa. Here we were on the southeastern verge of "The Great Clay Belt" which stretches away to the north and west across the districts of Nipissing, Algoma and Thunder Bay almost to the Manitoban boundary.

For thirty miles we worked our way upstream between the green walls of spruce which line the narrow Blanche, then rounding a bend the little steamer ran her nose into the clay bank, saluted with discordant whistle a group of nondescript buildings, and we were at Tomstown, head of navigation and the outpost of civilization.

Picture a-half dozen rude dwellings in frontier disorder, a saloon masquerading as a hotel, a general store and a saw-mill perched upon the summit of a huge clay bluff, and you have Tomstown on the Blanche.

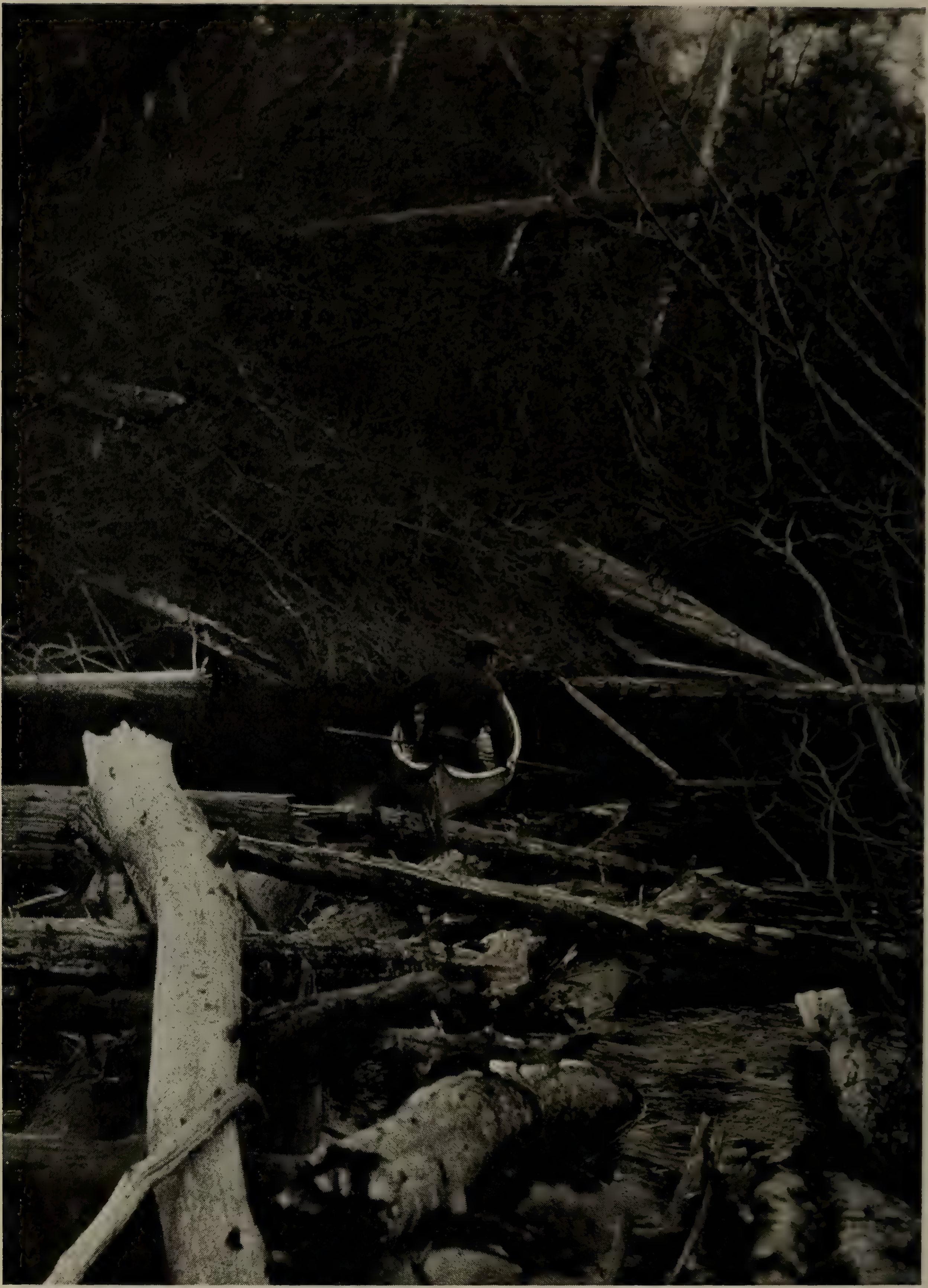
The thrill of anticipation harbored so naturally on my arrival received a decided check when I found that my destination, the settler's cabin of Tom Gregory, was at Long Lake, thirty miles away, and not an Indian nor a white man was available to take the hard trip up-river by canoe. In this extremity I appealed to the trader and keeper of the general store of Tomstown and in an hour we were pulling out over the government road in a springless wagon drawn by two sturdy horses and driven by Colin Fraser.

We ended the overland journey (sixteen miles in eighteen hours, and Colin spared neither the horses nor our own wearied bodies in its achievement) at Hewey's settlement, whose five log houses occupied a small clearing carved from the forest on the bank of the southwest branch of the Blanche. Here I chanced upon a young Englishman setting forth on the return journey to his claim up-river and bargained for a chance to work my passage to my destination.

It was early dusk when we reached a lonely little log house in a clearing by the river and I was left by my pilot at the end of my journey. A trio of bare-headed children scuttled for cover like rabbits at my approach. Tom Gregory and his wife, a dark-haired, sweet-faced woman of thirty, bade me welcome and I was soon at leisure to look about me and see for myself the terms upon which life is offered to these hardy soldiers of the army of immigration.

There were but two rooms in this primitive dwelling, the one in which we were gathered having served as bedroom and parlor, dining-room and kitchen for the entire family till time and means had been found for an addition of equal size. It was low studded, roofed with bark, and the log walls were tightly chinked with clay; the floor of poles roughly squared by the adze was cleanliness itself and a cooking-stove gave out the welcome heat of a wood fire. Through two small windows one caught the gleam of the waters of the Blanche and the silhouette of the forest beyond. A few home-made chairs, a bench and a table of plain boards, a pile of furs in a corner, a gun or two and traps upon the walls—and this was all.

TOM GREGORY, PIONEER



ON THE HIGHWAY OF THE PIONEER

Communication by the river is natural and easy, but floodwood jams on occasion take a hand to further obstruct progress

Tom Gregory is of the true settler type, young, strong, and intelligent; a hunter, trapper and woodsman by birth and training, he was led to the struggle with the wilderness by the same insistent call which brought his sturdy Scotch parents over seas to battle for a homestead in the wilds of Algoma. In the calm gaze of his blue eyes is mirrored the courage and resourcefulness, the intelligent optimism which makes him and his kind the hope and mainstay of a new country.

He came alone to the upper Blanche in the fall of 1900, secured his grant of 160 acres and built his hut of logs under the specifications of the Homestead Law. Before spring had opened with its tumultuous rush of waters he had brought his wife and three children from the frontier and set himself to those "improvements" which the law exacts and which form his protection from preemption. "I had no spare time in those days," he told me in one of our conversations, "to wonder whether I had made a wise move or not. It was just a plain case of necessity to keep the wife and children well fed and warm, clear the land and get my little crop started between the stumps and harvest it before the freeze-up came. I hunted only for fresh meat and didn't have far to go at that, and had a short line of traps to tend that yielded well in the time I gave to it—but I never got far from my clearing that first year." Other settlers began to come in, however, and though Gregory's cabin continued to be the farthest limit of human habitation, he had neighbors, as he called them. At the time of my coming the nearest of these was some fifteen miles distant, but there was frequent intercourse between them. The long, lone winter of the North makes distance a slender barrier to an interchange of hospitalities, and in the other seasons the river, that highway of the pioneer, renders communication natural and easy.

During my brief stay with this interesting family little emphasis was put upon the hardships they had endured and I saw no evidences of dissatisfaction with their lot. There was plenty of plain, wholesome food, the children were healthy and normal, contentment reigned under the roof of bark and between the rough walls of logs; the future held no shadows. To be sure there was little of what we call comfort in their lives: I saw no beds, no closets and little other furniture; there were few books, few pictures, few toys or the many conveniences of ordinary life. The children were wrapped up in a huge moosehide upon the floor at night as cozy as mice in their nest, the baby slept with its parents on a couch of furs in the corner, while the visitor crept into his sleeping bag on the floor of the room adjoining. But it was all their own: there was no harrowing concern of rents, of bills payable or the thousand and one penalties which convention exacts from the city dweller.

We were talking of these and kindred subjects one morning when Mrs. Gregory, with a fine color rising in her cheeks, said, "Why, I wouldn't exchange this free life of ours for anything they could offer me out at the front"—and she meant what she said. Yet this woman—and she had much of a certain refinement and sensitiveness in her make-up—had passed through experiences that would equal in heroism and hardship many of those which figure in the history of our own forbears.

The previous November she had left the cabin on the Blanche and with her husband and three children made the journey by canoe to New Liskeard, sixty miles distant. To better understand what this meant to a woman approaching confinement it should be stated that there are perhaps twenty difficult portages on the trip varying in length from 200 yards to half a mile, each demanding the laborious transport of canoe, tent, bedding, provisions and the children through ravines and over ridges slippery with recent rain. The trip down-river occupied four days and the weather was unusually cold and stormy. The following January, with a month-old infant in her arms, this brave woman made the return journey on snowshoes, her stalwart husband dragging the children and camp outfit before her on the toboggan. The last dozen miles were made in the worst snowstorm of the season and the little party did not reach the log hut on the Blanche until two in the morning.

Not long after this, while Tom was away upon his line of traps, Mrs. Gregory had occasion to go to the water-hole in the river fifty yards or so from the cabin. It was early morning and stars were still bright in the heavens. As she reached the river bank, set her pail down in the snow and prepared to cut the ice which had formed during the night, a pack of timber wolves, perhaps seven or eight in number, broke from the forest across the river and swept like huge gray ghosts down the white expanse before her. I asked her if she was long in getting to cover. She looked at me in frank surprise. "Do you think I would run from those brutes when I'd an axe in my hands?" she rejoined, and then added, "They had easier game afoot I fancy—a moose most likely—for they never even noticed me, and they came pretty close, too."

Many were the tales the Gregorys told me of kindred happenings in their little world. One in particular which interested me was of an English woman and her three robust daughters who had gone to their little claim in the next township in the dead of winter on snowshoes, dragging their household goods behind them on improvised sledges.

Here two of the girls had done all the work of clearing the two acres necessary for a foothold, while the other, with all a hunter's skill, had supplied the table. They were now proud of one of the most valuable grants in the region.

After a brief stay in this settler's household the increasing cold warned me I must escape before the relentless winter of the North gripped the waters that now would bear me swiftly homeward.

Amid the slowly falling flakes of an early snowstorm Tom and I paddled southward toward the frontier. A backward glance at the cabin in the clearing gave an unforgetable picture of hearty, vigorous children shouting in a frolic in the snow, a proud mother standing by and a pale blue shaft of smoke rising above the home of a settler's hope and faith.

I left the Blanche with reluctance; for I had seen men and women who are good to know, whose lives and ambitions are tonic examples. I had seen sufficient to bring home the proud conviction that there is still enough of pioneer vigor and enterprise in the race, enough of courage and good, wholesome, primitive impulses, to offset those decadent tendencies for which we are arraigned. And I am optimistic enough to believe that, just as long as there remains on this great continent of ours a habitable wilderness to conquer, there will be evolved from out the nation the good red blood, the firm and steadfast will and the aggressive force with which to conquer it.

GREGORY'S CABIN ON THE BLANCHE

Note the large Canada lynx hanging from the left-hand corner of the roof—moose-skin drying to the right

GEN. ZEBULON PIKE, EXPLORER

Who Had More to Do with the Opening to Settlement of the West Than Is Popularly Accorded Him

BY EUGENE PARSONS

THE Pikes Peak celebration, to be held in Colorado Springs during the last week of September, will serve to recall what men suffered and endured in the early days of the Republic, when the West was but a waste wilderness, the home of savages and buffaloes.

Zebulon Montgomery Pike one might almost say was a born explorer. He was a resourceful man, undaunted by perils. He was ambitious to serve his country and ready for any daring enterprise, however arduous, that would afford him an opportunity to be useful. In the performance of his duty he was a strict disciplinarian, and yet he was like a father to the soldiers under his command. He shared dangers and privations with those who accompanied him on his expeditions.

Perhaps the most striking quality of the man was goaheaditiveness. Says Dr. Coues, the learned editor of Pike's journals:

"Pike had to the last degree the first qualification of a traveler—go; people who lack plenty of that should stay at home. That he was a prudent or judicious traveler can hardly be said; he must have been a terrible fellow to push, merciless on his men and especially on himself. He took all the chances *per aspera*, when some of the roughest things might have been smoothed or avoided had his foresight been as good as his hindsight. He blew up things with gunpowder once, and it is a wonder he was not blown up on the 4th of January, 1806, when the tents caught fire in the night, instead of being only burnt out. He missed very few of the accidents that the spirits of fire, air, earth and water could conspire to throw in his way. . . . However, he got through all right, and got his men through, too."

When in his teens Pike entered the army. From lieutenant he rose to be brigadier-general. Great hopes were entertained for his future as a commander when his life was suddenly cut short by the explosion of a powder magazine at York, Canada, in 1813. Dying at the age of thirty-four, he had achieved an everlasting renown.

Lieutenant Pike was only twenty-six years old when he was chosen to head the expedition to the sources of the Mississippi. It was a military enterprise and he was accompanied by twenty soldiers. This is the first entry in his journal (edited by Coues):

"Sailed from my encampment near St. Louis, at 4 P.M., on Friday, the 9th of August, 1805, with one sergeant, two corporals and seventeen privates in a keel-boat seventy feet long provisioned for four months."

Day by day they sailed some twenty miles, more or less, when not detained by accidents or by councils with Indians. The boat often stuck fast on logs or sandbars. "Embarked early and made fine way," he writes August 19, "but at nine o'clock, in turning the point of a sandbar, our boat struck a sawyer. At the moment we did not know it had injured her, but in a short time after discovered her to be sinking; however, by thrusting oakum into the leak and bailing we got her to the shore on a bar where, after entirely unloading, we with great difficulty keeled her sufficiently to cut out the plank and put in a new one. This at the time I conceived to be a great misfortune, but upon examination we discovered that the injury resulting from it was greater than we were at first induced to believe, for upon inspection we found our provisions and clothing considerably damaged."

This was but one of many mishaps and misfortunes. They often found navigation difficult and bad weather frequently delayed them. On September 16 the voyagers ran their boats into Lake Pepin for shelter from a gale. Pike's entry for September 17 is suggestive:

"Although there was every appearance of a very severe storm we embarked at half-past six o'clock, the wind fair; before we had hoisted all sail those in front had struck theirs. The wind came hard ahead. The sky became inflamed and the lightning seemed to roll down the sides of the hills, which bordered the shore of the lake. The storm in all its grandeur, majesty and horror burst upon us in the Traverse, while making for Point De Sable, and it required no moderate exertion to weather the point and get to the windward side of it. Distance three miles."

On September 21 the party reached the present site of St. Paul, where Pike had a big conference with the Sioux, who made a grant of 100,000 acres for a military post. In return they were given presents valued at $200.

Above the Falls of St. Anthony the party found it hard traveling, being obliged to carry the boats over portages, force them off shoals and drag them through rapids.

Wild game was plentiful and they had a good deal of sport hunting. "Killed three geese and two swans," he writes October 2. They often shot wild ducks, grouse and prairie chickens. Big game, too, was abundant—deer, elk, bear and buffalo.

Winter was now upon them—zero weather and snow in October. A number of the men were sick and Pike decided to build a stockade for winter quarters. They had now proceeded about 111 miles above the Falls of St. Anthony, and he abandoned all hope of returning to St. Louis before spring. The men who were able were busy hunting, building a blockhouse and making canoes. Sergeant Kennerman was left in charge of the fort, while Pike, with twelve men, started (December 10) on the journey to Leech Lake. Of this fearful winter trip he gives a characteristic account in a letter to General Wilkinson:

"I marched with eleven soldiers and my interpreter 700 miles, to the source of the Mississippi, through (I may without vanity say) as many hardships as almost any party of Americans ever experienced, by cold and hunger. I was on the communication of Red River and the Mississippi, the former being a water of Hudson's Bay. The British flag, which was expanded on some very respectable positions, has given place to that of the United States wherever we passed; likewise, we have the faith and honor of the N. W. Company for about $13,000 duties this year, and by the voyage peace is established between the Sioux and Sauteurs (Chippewa). These objects I have been happy enough to accomplish without the loss of one man, although once fired on. . . .

"I presume, General, that my voyage will be productive of much new, useful and interesting information for our Government, although detailed in the unpolished diction of a soldier of fortune."

As soon as the ice had broken up in the river, the exploring party left the stockade (on April 7) and descended the Mississippi, reaching St. Louis April 30, having been absent eight months and twenty-two days. The journey down stream was made in half the time it took to sail up the river to St. Paul.

While Lieutenant Pike did not discover the real source of the Mississippi, the results of the voyage so pleased his superior officer that he was chosen to lead another expedition. His second journey took him up the Missouri and Osage rivers, and thence to the Pawnee village on the Republican River (near the present Nebraska-Kansas boundary) July 15—September 30. 1806; from here he went southward to the Arkansas River and then to the vicinity of Pikes Peak (October 1—November 30); in the Rocky Mountains he journeyed to the headwaters of the Arkansas and the Rio Grande Rivers (December 1, 1806—February 26, 1807); southward he marched, a prisoner in the hands of the Spaniards, to Santa Fé (March 3), to El Paso, of Texas (March 21), to Chihuahua in Old Mexico (April 2), to the Presidio Rio Grande (May 31) and through Texas to Natchitoches in Louisiana (July 1).

Space is lacking for an adequate summary of this long itinerary, occupying nearly a year. Pike begins his journal (July 15, 1806) as follows:

"We sailed from the landing at Belle Fontaine about three o'clock P.M. in two boats. Our party consisted of two lieutenants, one surgeon, one sergeant, two corporals, sixteen privates and one interpreter. We had also under our charge chiefs of the Osage and Pawnee, who with a number of women and children had been to Washington. These Indians had been redeemed from captivity among the Potowatomies, and were now to be returned to their friends at the Osage towns. The whole number of Indians amounted to fifty-one."

Of the twenty soldiers in the party fifteen had been with Pike on his Mississippi voyage. A few days after they started one private deserted. Later, October 28, Lieut. Wilkinson with five soldiers left the party to descend the Arkansas (or Arkansaw, as Pike spelled it). With the fifteen remaining men Pike started up the river, traveling by land south of the stream.

One part of Pike's mission was to make treaties of peace with the various Indian nations. He encountered several large bands of Pawnee, and it is surprising that there was no bloodshed. One day he met an unsuccessful war party on their return home. He put on a bold front, but was obliged sorely against his will to submit to their insolence. His narration of the affair shows the danger the whites were in:

"Made for the woods and unloaded our horses, when the two partisans endeavored to arrange the party; it was with great difficulty that they got them tranquil, and not until there had been a bow or two bent on the occasion. When in some order we found them to be sixty warriors, half armed with firearms and half with bows, arrows and lances. Our party was sixteen total. In a short time they were arranged in a ring and I took my seat between the two partisans; our colors were placed opposite each other; the utensils for smoking were paraded on a small seat before us; thus far all was well. I then ordered half a carrot of tobacco, one dozen knives, sixty fire steels and sixty flints to be presented them. They demanded ammunition, corn, blankets, kettles, etc., all of which they were refused, notwithstanding the pressing instances of my interpreter to accord to some of their points. The pipes yet lay unmoved, as if they were undetermined whether to treat us as friends or enemies, but after some time we were presented with a kettle of water, drank, smoked and ate together. During this time Dr. Robinson was standing up to observe their actions, in order that we might be ready to commence hostilities as soon as they. They now took their presents and commenced distributing them, but some malcontents threw them away, by way of contempt.

GEN. ZEBULON PIKE
From a Painting in Independence Hall, Philadelphia

"We began to load our horses, when they encircled us and commenced stealing everything they could. Finding it was difficult to preserve my pistols I mounted my horse, when I found myself frequently surrounded, during which some were endeavoring to steal the pistols. The doctor was equally engaged in another quarter and all the soldiers in their positions in taking things from them. One having stolen my tomahawk I informed the chief, but he paid no respect, except to reply that 'they were pitiful.' Finding this, I determined to protect ourselves as far as was in my power, and the affair began to take a serious aspect.

PIKES PEAK, SEEN FROM THE NATURAL GATEWAY TO THE GARDEN OF THE GODS, COLORADO

I ordered my men to take their arms and separate themselves from the savages, at the same time declaring to them that I would kill the first man who touched our baggage, on which they commenced filing off immediately. We marched about the same time and found they had made out to steal one sword, tomahawk, broadaxe, five canteens and sundry other small articles."

On November 23 they arrived at the river forks on the present site of Pueblo. Here they built a breastwork of logs for defense. Then Pike started with three men to make a side-trip to the mountain that has for more than half a century borne his name. A week earlier on their Arkansas route he had seen the Grand Peak when it was more than a hundred miles distant. Its snowy crest had lured him on and now he was determined to try to ascend to the top. But he was wofully deceived as to the distance. He expected to be back in a day or two but was gone more than five days. He little dreamed of the obstacles in his way. He and his men were ill-clad, having only light summer clothes, and they greatly suffered from the cold. They also endured the pangs of hunger and the tortures of thirst, going forty-eight hours without eating. On the third day (November 27) they gained the summit of an intervening peak, Cheyenne Mountain. "Here we found the snow middle deep," Pike writes, "no sign of beast or bird inhabiting this region. The thermometer, which stood at 9° above zero at the foot of the mountain, fell to 4° below zero. The summit of the Grand Peak, which was entirely bare of vegetation and covered with snow, now appeared at the distance of fifteen or sixteen miles from us. It was as high again as what we had ascended, and it would have taken a whole day's march to arrive at its base, when I believe no human being could have ascended to its pinnacle." A few days later he attempted to measure the altitude of the north mountain (Pikes Peak), estimating its elevation to be 18,581 feet. Scientists of our day have taken more accurate observations and found the height to be from 14,108 to 14,147 feet, or nearly three miles above sea level.

It was now the first of December and it would have been the part of prudence to remain in the Pueblo camp until spring. Cæsar, in his campaigns in ancient Gaul and Britain, always interrupted military operations for three months or more in winter. Captain Pike was not so sensible as Cæsar, or else there was a special reason for exposing himself and his men to the rigors of a winter march in the Rockies. Coues believes that he was acting in accordance with verbal instructions given by Wilkinson, who is supposed to have been involved in Burr's conspiracy to found an empire in the Southwest; if so, then Pike's course is accounted for. His "impatience to be moving would not permit his lying still" in camp. So on they went, up the Arkansas to the present site of Cañon City, and thence into South Park. They reached the headwaters of the South Platte and the Arkansas, then returned to their camp near Cañon City (January 5). It was a terrible march for man and beast, and their journey through the mountains into the Wet Mountain Valley and across the Sangre de Cristo Range recalls the dreadful experiences in the retreat of the ten thousand as related in Xenophon's "Anabasis." Frozen and half-starved, the little band of explorers were often in desperate plight. In the latter part of February they found themselves in Spanish territory, on the Rio Grande del Norte, which Pike supposed (as he claimed) to be Red River. He was brought to book by General Allencaster for invading New Spain with an armed force. This was precisely what he wanted to happen, according to Dr. Coues. Be this as it may, he made the most of his opportunity to get information as to the geography and people of the Spanish provinces through which the party traversed.

Pike's diary of his Mexican tour forms a chapter of thrilling interest in the annals of exploration. His book, "Exploratory Travels through the Western Territories of North America," published in 1810, was read with avidity, for Americans then knew little of the Louisiana Purchase and of the Spanish dominions to the southwest.

THE REVIVAL OF ARCHERY

How to Become a Good Bowman

BY CORA MOORE

TO MOST of us here in America archery suggests nothing more tangible nor less primitive than the tales of Rob Roy and of the Indians whose stinging arrows welcomed the Pilgrims to our shores; nor anything more practical than the excuse for an attractive scene on a theater stage. We know it in a halo of romance, as a pastime for royalty or bold yeomen, sung by poets and praised by historians, rather than as a sport adapted to our own times and customs. And yet, not so long ago, twenty years to be exact, archery held a high rank in the realm of sports in this country, even as it always has in England, and when manufacturers found it impossible to meet the demand for paraphernalia. It must be remembered that, at that time, the health and beauty cults had not begun to absorb the popular mind to the extent that holds to-day and that outdoor sports as their promoters had been little more than suggested. Furthermore, and what had unquestionably still greater bearing on the situation, women had not then entered the lists on equal terms with men, and it is only when women take up a project and lend to it their enthusiasm and impetus that it becomes a craze. Therefore, it is not to be wondered at that, like golf, tennis and other sports, archery should rise and fall and rise again.

Now there are unmistakable signs of returning interest. In the West, with her National Archery Association as promulgator, clubs are springing up here and there and a surprising amount of individual enthusiasm is being shown. Here in the East its progress is slower, but the signs are none the less gratifying. Most of the fashionable hotels have added archery outfits to their lists of summer attractions, and it is safe to predict that ere many moons have waned archery will have come again into its own.

No pastime offers more exhilarating, fascinating sport, and none is more conducive to all the good effects of open-air exercise. All of the movements necessary in the use of the bow and arrow are such as are best adapted to the development of health, strength and grace. Is not Diana with drawn bow regarded by artists as the personification of grace; and the very rules of the sport demand that it prove an education in accuracy, self-control and quickened perception.

"It is an exercise (by proof) we see," says an old poet devotee of archery,

"Where practice doth with nature best
agree;
Obstructions of the liver it prevents
And to the nerves and art'ries gives extents.
It is a foe profest
To all consumptions."

An archery outfit does not necessarily consist of merely a bow and arrow. Besides them, there may be the target and target stand, of course; gloves, quiver belts, finger tips, arm guards and bow cases, as well as various other accessories, most of which are seldom found except in the kits of professionals.

The target is a circular pad, measuring from eighteen to forty-eight inches in diameter, usually made of straw with a canvas covering, upon which is painted a central disk of yellow surrounded by bands of red, blue, black and the outer one, white. It is made to rest on a tripod or standard so that when in place the central disk is at a distance of four feet from the ground. A target costs anywhere from a dollar and a-half to ten dollars, according to size; the standards, two and a-half or three dollars.

The finger stalls are open thimbles of soft, fine, but always strong, leather, and fit snugly over the first, second and third fingers of the right hand to prevent blistering. These tips or stalls cost a dollar a set, three pieces.

The arm guard, or bracer, as it is sometimes called, consists of a piece of hard leather with two straps attached by which to fasten it to the left arm just above the wrist, where otherwise the bow-string might cause injury.

All of the accoutrements come in separate designs for ladies and gentlemen, and a complete outfit, irrespective of bow and arrows, for which almost any price may be

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No pastime . . . is more conducive to all the good effects of open-air exercise

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WINDING A SPLICED BOW
Like some anglers, many veteran archers make their own weapons

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FEATHERING AN ARROW
And the love they put into their work is of the old, old vintage of Boydom

tion and the English woods being so infinitely better adapted that it has seemed useless to try to compete with them. At any rate, the making of both bows and arrows requires the utmost skill and accuracy. Snakewood, lancewood and lemonwood are all used in making bows, but the best of all is the yew and the best and most expensive of all bows is the self-yew bow, or one made of a single stick of yew; and when it is known that it not infrequently happens that only one or two bows can be made from an entire yew log it is not to be wondered at that a good self-yew bow paid, will cost from seven or eight dollars upward.

To the uninitiated it would seem the easiest matter in the world to purchase a bow and arrows, while any small boy knows that it is "just no trick at all to make a set of them."

Nevertheless, it is doubtful whether the most expert among American wood workers or the most skilled of the Indians or Gypsies could ever turn out weapons at all comparable with English ones. Very few even of the toy bows and arrows sold in the department stores and toy shops are made in this country, the English makers having brought the art so near to perfecsometimes costs as high as a hundred dollars. The reason for this is found in the fact that in making a yew bow or, in fact, in making any of the best bows the wood must not be carved nor sawed out, but split, and the shape of the bow must follow the grain of the wood and be finished accordingly; even though there are knots, these must be polished and allowed to remain. Backed bows, or those made of two pieces, are much less expensive, and of course not as desirable, although beefwood backed with lancewood or hickory makes a reliable weapon. But, undoubtedly, the best all-round bow is a self-lancewood or lemonwood made of perfectly seasoned material.

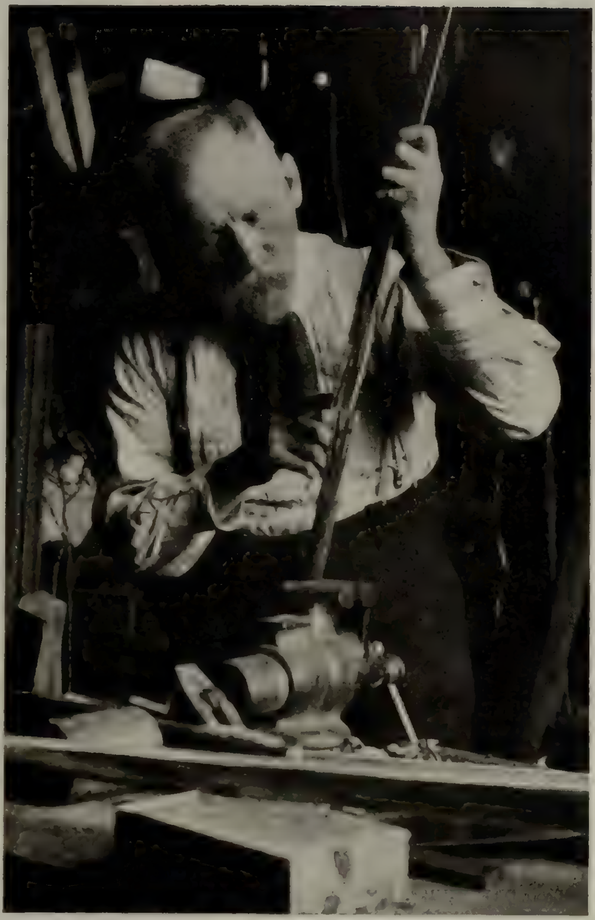
In selecting a bow the qualities most desirable are elasticity, lasting power and evenness of action, and it requires a connoisseur to know how to determine their presence. The length of the bow should equal the height of the archer. The strength is expressed in pounds, according to its power of resistance, the average for a ladies' bow being from twenty to forty pounds and for a man's from thirty-five to sixty.

Its shape (that of the perfect bow) is full in the center, tapering gradually to the ends, which are tipped with horn, and pliable without bending unevenly.

Important as the bow is and delicate a matter as it is to make it, the arrows require even more nicety in construction. They have three parts, the body, the head and the feather, the two former technically called the stele and the pile, or point. Very stiff wood, preferably red deal of straight grain or perfectly seasoned pine, is used for the shaft, and for the feathering peacock feathers are considered best. They are arranged practically parallel to the shaft, which position gives the fleetest possible rotary motion.

Arrows, like the bows, may be made of one wood or of two kinds dovetailed together, the former called selfs, the latter footed, but unlike the bows those of two pieces are the better.

The accepted rules regulating the sport of archery in the United States are those adopted by the National Archery Association, as governing the "York Round." The "York Round" consists of seventy-two arrows at one hundred yards, forty-eight arrows at eighty yards and twenty-four arrows at sixty yards.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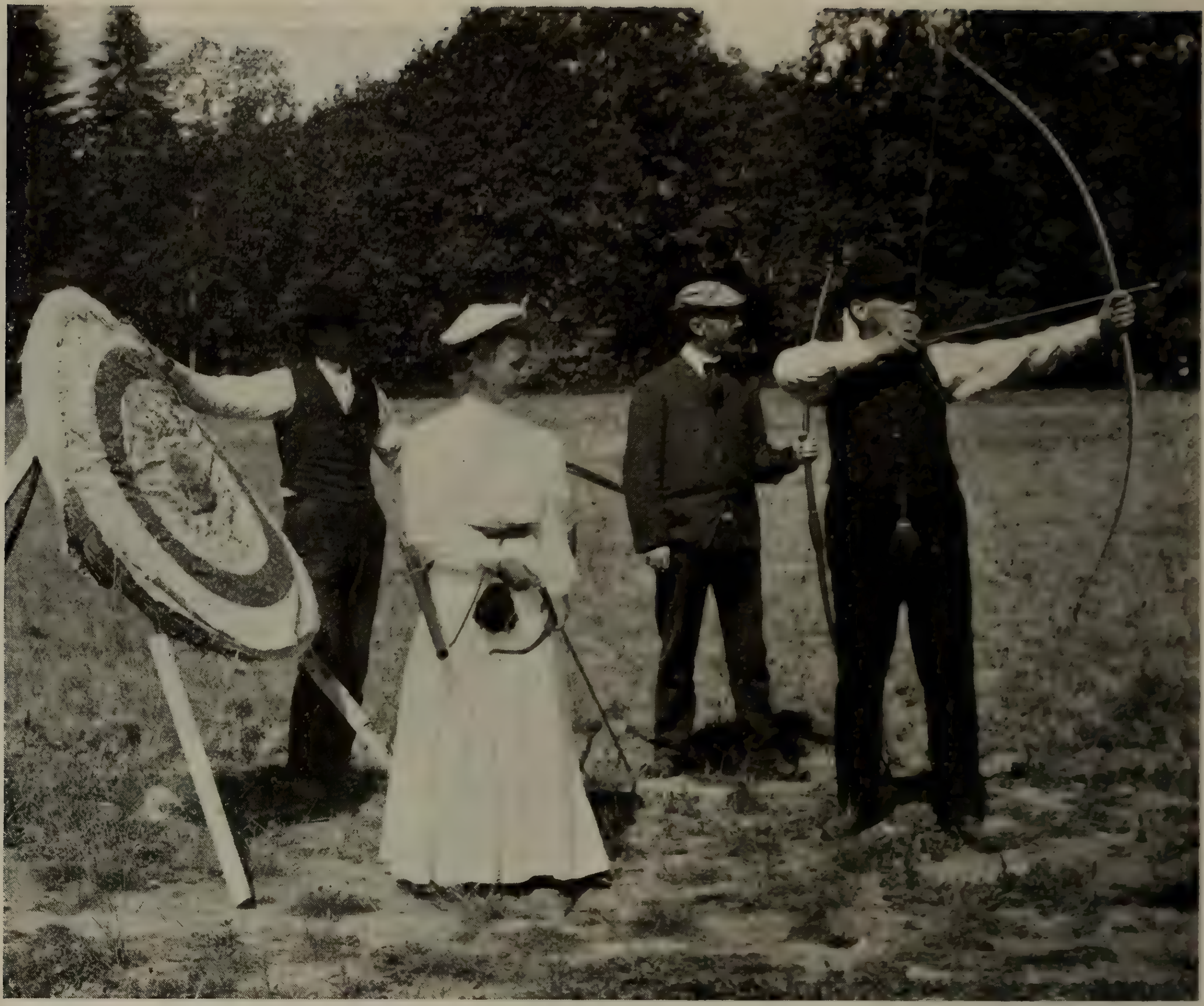
THE SPLICE

But it is no boy's trick to make it

An enumeration of some of the terms used will give an insight into the method of play: Bow-arm: the left arm; elevation: the height of the bow-hand in aiming; allowance: the distance of change in aiming to compensate for the wind; end: the number of arrows shot before walking to the opposite target, three arrows to an archer being allowed; He! He!: the word of call used by archers in hailing each other; home: drawn to the pile; hornspoon: hitting the outer edge of the target beyond the white; length: the distance between the archer and the target; fast: a command to stop; cut the gold: an arrow is said to cut the gold when, in falling short, it appears to drop across the gold; pair: three arrows; snake: an arrow snakes when it slips under the grass; tab: a flat piece of leather used in place of finger-tip; under-bowed: having too weak a bow; wide: an arrow is wide when it flies to one



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. . . *an education in accuracy, self-control and quickened perception*

side or the other of the target; over-bowed: too strong a bow; nock: the notch of a bow or arrow; limb: the upper and lower limbs of a bow are the parts above and below the handle.

Having now all the paraphernalia and a technical knowledge of archery, the next thing is the actual play. The correct position, as agreed upon by all of the best shots, is as follows: Feet flat upon the ground, with the weight equally distributed, heels about six inches apart and toes turned outward at an angle of ninety degrees—eighty, if the archer be a woman. The left side should be nearest the target and the face turned squarely toward it, so that the bow when drawn brings the elbow and outstretched arm in a perfectly straight line. To nock the arrow is the next step. To do this, take the bow by the handle with the left hand, holding it horizontally across the body, with the upper limb to the right. With the right hand draw the arrow from the quiver, pass it across the bow until the steel pile projects ten inches beyond the handle, when the left forefinger should be placed over the arrow to hold it onto its place, while the right hand is changed to the nock; with the thumb and first finger of the right hand grasping the nock, slide the arrow forward until the nock reaches the string, when the arrow should be turned until the cock feather comes uppermost and the nock placed upon the string. The left forefinger should now be lifted from the arrow, which will rest between the bow and the knuckle of the first finger. Draw steadily, aim, not at the central point in the gold disk, but at what is called the "point of aim," the spot just above or below the central point which by experiment the archer has learned will allow his arrow to drop into the gold.

It is necessary in order to get a good shot to draw the bow directly back from its center, for upon the accuracy of the aim depends almost wholly the accuracy of the shot. Mr. W. H. Thompson, one of the best archers in the country, gives the following as probable errors into which a beginner will fall: holding the bow too nearly vertical, which gives the arrow a tendency to fall away from the upper limb; drawing the string awry by keeping the right hand too far out from the right side of the chin; hesitation at the point of loosing, or letting the arrow fly, which will destroy the alignment of a shot, or else, on the contrary, using too rapid a movement.

In closing this article, which it is hoped may at least be the means of adding some impetus to the revival of this fascinating, healthful sport, it may be of most service to the would-be archer to quote Mr. Thompson's words of advice given before a recently organized club of Western young men and women:

"See to your arrow feathers very carefully before each shot, for the least damage will seriously endanger both line and length.

"Do not attempt more than two dozen arrows a day at first; to overwork the muscles tends to destroy them.

"Draw the arrow full up to the pile at every trial and take all possible pains with every shot.

"Try and cure every fault as soon as you discover it.

"Stand exactly in position, nock carefully, draw carefully, hold carefully, aim carefully and loose carefully with each arrow.

"Observe closely everything connected with the flight, trajectory and drift of each shot, and profit by your observations.

"Keep these three rules fastened in your memory: the necessary elevation of your bow arm, the exact length of draw and the right method of loosing. Keep a book in which to record all scores, good, bad or indifferent, with, also, a weather score.

"Never use a battered arrow.

"Take the strictest care of your bow; for a change of bows brings a temporary falling off of the archer's score. He must accustom himself to a new one.

"Use a shooting cap. With any other headgear the brim is likely to touch the string.

"Above everything, do not lose your temper. Remain calm under all circumstances.

"An excited, uncontrolled shot never hits the mark."

CLOUD SHADOWS

DID you ever watch the cloud shadows,
Like mystic elfs at their play,
Drop down from the fleecy clouds above
To romp o'er the fields away?
Over the hollow, over the hill,
And up the long lane they go,
Then down past the old thatched farmhouse,
Into the meadow below.

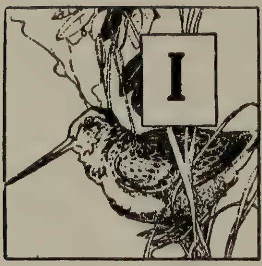
They loiter across the placid pond
And, leaving it for the land,
Then chase each other through daisy fields,
Or lovingly, hand in hand,
They come to the foot of the mountain,
And, climbing its rugged side,
Play tag awhile through the tall green pines
And over the mountain hide.

—*David P. Sommers.*

PROSPECTING FOR WOODCOCK

A Day in Massachusetts in Advance of the Open Season

BY DR. GEORGE McALEER



IN upland game bird-shooting the golden plover—the earliest migrant, the erratic Wilson's snipe, the swift-flying quail and the wary ruffed grouse have each their admirers who have not been slow to sing the praise of their favorite; but it goes without saying that for all that contributes fascination and charm to a day afield, no bird of them is such a general favorite—all things being equal—as the woodcock—that sprite-like lover of bog and brake, of fern lands in birch and alder growths beside running brooks, and of the marge and ooze of swampy places.

Another year has grown apace, and the tempered sun tells that summer is on the wane. Sportsman and bird dog anxiously await the opening day of the gunning season, September 1; but a vigorous manhood and love for shooting on the wing and attendant pleasures make the day seem long distant and prompt an observation run to old and familiar haunts to note the prospects for the season's shooting. An old friend of many adventures in upland and sea-fowl shooting and after big game in Maine and the Maritime Provinces dropped into my sanctum to while away a reminiscent evening and to plan for the future. A day was soon settled on for this purpose when we were to take a run into the foothills of old Wachusett, some dozen or more miles away—the highest elevation in Massachusetts east of the Connecticut River, and dignified by the name of "mountain."

Here bubbling springs on the hillsides, and their offspring, purling brooks, and attendant conditions, make an ideal place for woodcock breeding, and good resting-place in flight time—and here many a time and oft have the sportsmen put in most delightful and successful days with dog and gun.

As an entertainer and purveyor of valuable information, which is such a pleasurable concomitant of a trip, my companion has an enviable reputation, and whether deserved of not may be best judged by the following brief summary of his pronouncement *en route*, during a delightful morning's drive:

"Down through all the years that have witnessed the building up of a broader, more tolerant and more genuine Christianity upon the ruins of the blindness, bigotry and unseemly prejudices of the past, in Massachusetts, the State has ever commanded for better or for worse her full share of attention from her sister States of the Union, in her struggle for better and nobler things.

"These waves of advancement and retrogression, of elevation and depression, these uplifts to the pure air of the sunlit hills and anon the backward swing of the pendulum to the noisome bogs and fens of the intolerant, turbulent, oppressive and repellant, well typify the broken, rolling, inharmonious topography of the State. Here is the intolerant and repulsive marsh—the slough of despond in the landscape—that refuses entrance to human footsteps; there its antithesis, the clear and placid lake that truthfully mirrors the passing cloud as well as the clear blue sky above, as if to testify that 'truth crushed to earth will rise again'; and beyond lies the obstinate, stony and sterile soil that can be subdued and rendered fairly fruitful only by seemingly endless patience, sacrifice and perseverance.

"Again, here is the abandoned farm that mutely tells the tale of other times and other days, of unrewarded endeavor, of deprivations and hardships too great to be endured and possibly points to the want of Christian charity, kindly sympathy and neighborly kindness; there the gently sloping land, shorn of its beauty by the intolerant axe of the greedy lumberman, and beyond is the summit of the hill in calm repose and indifference, and seeming to look down in disgust as if to say to all below, 'I am holier than thou.'

"But the sportsman, like the poet and the philosopher and the people who, by keeping abreast of the times, have left behind the narrowness and injustice of early days, finds

"'Books in running brooks, sermons in stones,
And good in everything.'

"In his outings he finds near the summit of the barren hilltop the birthplace of sparkling springs and"——

But the team was now in the dooryard of our farmer friend, and his cheery "Good-morning and welcome" put a stop to further comparison and comment.

Being told the object of our mission and asked how the birds had wintered and what the prospect was for the opening day of the season, the farmer said:

"Wa-al, there be no quail left. That ar last snow in March fixed 'em. Seems as ef 'em fellers as buys quails to put out hev more money than brains. P'raps they think quails roost in trees an' live on buds same as patridges does, but they don't. An' one good snow that lasts a week cleans 'em all out, ev'ry time. But patridges have been drummin' lots aroun' here all summer—an' by goll I never see so many timber doodles about here afore in forty years, since I moved on this place.

"Bro't yer old dorg with you, eh? I never seed a dorg as knows so much—hanged if I did!"

Being told that his report on the birds was most reassuring, and that his remarks on stocking the coverts with quail had a good deal of horse-sense to recommend them, my red Irish setter dog was asked to speak his own thanks for the farmer's words of appreciation and praise, which he promptly did by loud barking.

The horse was now in a stall in the stable and we took our departure down the lane and across the pasture to the "sag," so-called, a hollow depression of an acre or more on a sunny hillside, not far from a birch and alder run, with occasional small pines, fir, balsam and other coniferous and deciduous trees. This extensive basin, or sag, as it is called, is doubtless a vast spring-hole, as a trickling stream meanders through the sandy marl of the pasture and unites with a brook a little lower down. The wash from the surface of the hill for unnumbered centuries has enriched the soil and given it great fertility. White-birch saplings grow high into the air until a grapevine or wild clematis reach out and embrace them and pull them over in graceful ellipse to the earth, or until they find lodgment in the tops of other shrubbery. Rank-growing ferns, rhododendrons, laurel and other shrubbery grow in riotous profusion and make an ideal breeding and rearing-place for Mr. and Mrs. Woodcock and their interesting family.

Skirting along the upper side and for a distance beyond a stone wall separates the pasture from a large field of corn, now well tasseled out and completely shading the ground.

Approaching the sag from the pasture side, my friend climbed to the top of an immense boulder, some six or seven feet high, near the edge of the undergrowth, and which commanded a view over nearly its whole extent.

Keeping Rex in close, I pushed my way through five or six feet of dense undergrowth, when he turned suddenly toward my friend and made a staunch point within a yard of where I stood. Going as noiselessly as I might, it was impossible for me to hear the querulous twitter of the mother bird when she rose, but my friend's voice broke the silence with a command to stand perfectly still. This was followed by another to back out by the very tracks by which I had entered, not deviating a foot to the right or left, and to bring Rex with me. Accomplishing this as best I could, Rex persisting in holding his point, I was soon again in the opening.

"There!" said he. "I have seen woodcock do many strange things in my day, but this is the most erratic of all. You see the black alder bush with the red berries beside which you stood? Well, the instant you stepped beside it, a great big woodcock jumped up, sputtering all the protest he or she could command and just clearing the top of the same bush, dropped down again on this side within a yard, I should think, of where it got up."

And this was within a rod of where we then stood. I called out to Rex to "Go on," and he advanced, when up went five woodcock, uttering their peculiar, querulous whistle, in protest at being disturbed. They made only a short flight and dropped down on the other side of the sag or in the edge of the corn-field, it being impossible to tell which from our location.

Ordering Rex to heel and going very quietly around to the opposite side to avoid the dense and tangled undergrowth, and crossing the stone wall, we carefully scrutinized the ground at the edge of the growing corn and were soon rewarded with a striking and beautiful sight. A full-grown and well-fed woodcock came strutting out to the edge of the corn, head up and tail-feathers spread out like a fan and almost touching the back of his head; he was a picture of pride and independence, indeed. His right to reign "King of the Sag" we then did not dispute, but promised to call another day, when we hoped we would find him at home.

We quietly retraced our steps and took our departure to Woodcock Rock, a mile or more away. Here is another and larger sag, with woodcock conditions accentuated. Here such riotous undergrowth abounds that it is impossible to get a shot when following the dog, but a kindly Providence has located a huge boulder near the center, from the top of which a fine view is afforded overlooking the surrounding shrubbery and overhanging grape-vines. Standing upon this rock during the last season, with a friend to beat the cover with the dog and to give notice when he pointed, it was my rare good fortune with three shots to kill four woodcock as they rose above the tops of the bushes—the only time in my somewhat lengthened shooting career that I ever killed two woodcock at one shot.

Here we put a small bell on Rex's neck and sent him into the cover at random. In a few moments the tinkle of the bell ceased and again we knew that Woodcock Rock was true to its tradition. Promising to again revisit it on opening day we retraced our steps to the farmhouse where we had agreed to sample some of our friend's cider, whipped up with fresh eggs, upon which a little nutmeg was to be grated—funny-guggle water he called it—with our midday lunch. Here a lengthy after-dinner hour was spent in living over old experiences and telling the tales of other days.

Being asked if he had ever seen woodcock carrying their young, the farmer answered affirmatively in the most positive manner.

"Why," said he, "it was only las' spring when me an' the boys was plantin' the corn we seed 'em do it. Ol' Tige got a woodchuck in the wall and he made such a tarnation fuss about it, yelpin' and barkin' and diggin' that I suppose the ol' mother got afraid to stay thar. 'Tany rate, Jake seed her first and sung out to rest on us to look, and we all seed ol' mother woodcock, claspin' her young un to her bosom like any mother would, flyin' off down to the big sag—Woodcock Rock, you call it."

And in relation to the homing instinct of birds he was not less prompt and positive.

"Well, yes, you know ol' Cripple Jack, I told you on las' year? Wa'al, he's here agin this year, he is, an' I don't b'lieve he is such a fool as to try and stay in these parts all winter. I swan I don't. If he'd tried it, he'd been a dead woodcock, sure."

Old Cripple Jack is a woodcock with one eye destroyed and a broken leg that it would take a pile of evidence bigger than Wachusett Mountain to make our farmer friend believe is not the same identical woodcock that he has now seen two years in succession, and that after his winter's sojourn in the sunny South he returned to his old mountain home in New England.

The sun was now well aslant in the heavens and, after a day pleasantly passed amid old scenes and old haunts that cheer the heart of the sportsman, we took our departure for a leisurely drive homeward, with a compact made and entered into, with all the binding force of signed, sealed and delivered, to be again on the sloping hillsides and in the sags of old Wachusett in the early dawn of September 1, with dog and gun.

ON ST. PATRICKS MARSHES

A Tale of Caribou-Hunting in Newfoundland

BY SID HOWARD

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

WE WERE camped on the middle lead, Patrick's Pond, where the falls stop the salmon for awhile ere they gather force of will and strength of tail to jump to the level above. Old John, the Labrador fisherman, seal hunter and Methodist deacon in the harbor of Chimney Tickle, was for the nonce head guide, and Billy was cook.

"We'll take a kettle and a piece o' meat, some of us," said old John, "and cruise away over to St. George's Mountain today."

"Some of us," meant Sam, of course. That was a foregone conclusion. The rest of us meant Billy and me.

John paused to sniff the frost in the air and take a long look at the mist of dawn in the sky. Then he crossed to the fire and helped himself to a piece of caribou meat with his fork, carefully pouring a little puddle of grease from the frying-pan into the center of the steak. Another pan filled with the red steaks of salmon was there if he chose to take advantage of it, but John never did so. There was only one fish in all the waters of the earth for John, and that was cod. Salmon was salmon, but cod was "fish," and so it is for all the natives of that fog-bound isle.

"We'll take our glasses," continued old John, seating himself on the cook's bakeboard, namely, the side of a soap box. "My eyes ain't what they used to be."

Considering the fact that John could see spikehorns at a mile and a-half, and them in the velvet, one might have thought his sight still fairly well preserved.

"Will we take the rifle?" asked Sam.

"If you think you can carry it," suggested Old John.

"Carry it, you old cod-fish! If you think we'll see anything I'll show you whether I can carry it or not."

"We'll see caribou to-day, sure," affirmed Old John, with his mouth full.

So after breakfast they started blithely forth, leaving the cook and me to our own cheerful devices.

A big, curly-headed fellow was Billy, with an apparently perpetual cold in his head and an equally perpetual pipe in his mouth. He helped me to a leisurely breakfast.

"Billy," said I, "what's the matter with you and me going out and rounding up a caribou?"

"All right, sir," said Billy, not at all surprised. In great calm he proceeded to wash the dishes, puffing at his pipe the while and snuffling at metric intervals. It was a chilly, foggy morning and I kept him company by the fire until he washed the breakfast things up and baked a batch of biscuits. By that time the mist had cleared off the barren and presently, about 10 o'clock, Billy and I ventured out of our "droke" onto the bog.

The great wet prairie of the middle lead, yellow with sunlight, lay before us bounded by a distinct fringe of timber. We headed diagonally across the marsh, keeping the breeze, what there was of it, on our right cheek. A mile from the camp we came on a fresh trail of hoofs in the moss.

"It's a cow and a stag," said Billy, solemnly, taking the pipe from his mouth. "They have started."

"Started where," asked I.

"Started to come," said Billy.

We stared over the glistening bog, flat

as the sky and as devoid of any living thing.

"I've seen this place in the winter with a herd of over 100 deer* scattered over it," said Billy. "Let's get up on a hill somewhere and have a look around."

We crossed the bog, wading over the moss with deliberate, heavy-footed tread, as though tramping in the snow, picking our way precariously at times on tufts of sod where the "mish" was soft and a misstep meant a knee-deep flounder in the ooze. At the farther side we came to a well-defined opening in the wall of spruce tangle where the caribou had worn an ancient avenue. Following the trail, as plain as any old cow-path in a pasture, and rising gradually to higher and more open ground, we crossed the belt of timber and came out on the farther hillside where a point ran out like a cape and broke off in a bluff of boulders. Below stretched an open plain clear to the horizon on the north and south, bounded only by a line of woods half a mile across to westward.

We sat down on the topmost boulder and cooled off, for walking on the Newfoundland mish is a toilsome business to those who live habitually where solid ground gives a fair spring for the toe. Then we took the field glasses and searched the country. Distant blue hills marked the valley of some big lake or river beyond the immediate horizon of timber, away still farther to the westward. The boggy prairie swelled in a gentle raise to the skyline on the north. To the south a great, park-like plain, dotted with ponds and little islands of woods, stretched to the haze of distance. All these added details the magnifying power of the binoculars made large and clear, but they didn't show deer in the immediate foreground like I had fondly half-hoped.

"Here's where we come in the winter time," narrated Billy. "St. Patrick's lookout," we call it. We make straight in

THE CAMP ON THE MIDDLE LEAD

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*Caribou, there are no deer on the island.

BILLY, THE COOK, TAKES A FAREWELL LOOK THROUGH THE GLASS

across country on the crust with the dogs, and get on either this or St. George's lookout, where the Old Man and Sam went. Then, when we see where the deer are, we leave the sledge and go for 'em on snowshoes. Sometimes they be right close by, sometimes we see a herd two or three miles away, just gray specks on the snow, scattered out like crumbs. I've counted over 150. I've seen the snow scraped off whole square acres clean down to the moss out there, like as it had been shoveled."

Billy spoke in a grave, reverent tone, as though we sat now in the presence of a stupendous past.

"If the deer pass down this lead from the north now," said I, looking for flaws in the evidence, "why do they come back in the winter?"

"They don't," explained Billy. "These September deer goes down south. The ones that stay here don't come till November. They're the last to get here, and they winter here. I've killed three with one dose of slugs from my old Snider sealin' gun right from where we are sitting now."

It had begun to grow chilly sitting still and I got up on my feet to get my blood moving.

"Billy," said I, "do you see that white boulder away up there to the north, just at the corner of the trees."

"Yes," admitted Billy.

"Watch it for a minute and you'll see it move," said I.

"By Christopher! it's a stag—see, there's another—a whole company of deer," cried Billy. We sat there staring till the tears came into our eyes, before we remembered to put the glasses on them.

"Five," said I. "No, seven and three more—little ones—fawns, I guess. One, two, three, four, five more—that's fifteen. Here, take a look, Billy, and try if you can see horns."

The band had just come over the horizon, where the gentle slope met the skyline two miles or so to the north. They were walking in fits and starts, browsing on the moss for short intervals, heads down like sheep, then hurrying forward again, at a rapid walk, single file for the most part, but spread out irregularly at the rear of the line.

"Yes, sir," Billy, announced, "there's a stag there; I can see his horns rocking like a ship when he walks. Yes, sir—a good head—a good head he is, too."

"Here, let me have a look through those glasses," said I.

They were coming rapidly down the lead, near enough now for me to distinguish them as brown instead of the neutral, nondescript gray which most living things appear at a distance. The stag proudly bringing up the rear wore a neck and

. . . they gather force of will and strength of tail to leap to the level above

shoulders of snowy white, and high in the air as he marched swayed a pair of great antlers, which, flashing now into view as the light caught them, miraculously disappeared again as a different angle changed the reflections to shadows.

Half a mile from the lookout, however, to our utter dismay the band turned aside at the little bay-like inlet from the lead and, entering the scrubby woods of the hill, on a knob of which we were watching, disappeared one by one from view. The stag was last, pausing for one final poise in the open, standing in profile as if to give me a long range shot at that gleaming white shoulder of his, an inference which I, absorbed in gazing at him artificially through the binoculars, entirely overlooked until he, too, stepped into the bushes, and was lost to sight.

"Of all the fools"—— I began.

"What's the matter?" inquired Billy.

"Why in the name of all the prophets didn't you tell me to shoot?" demanded I. "Why didn't you kick me? Why in the deuce don't you do it now?"

"Did you want one of 'em?" asked Billy, innocently.

"You muttonhead! That stag is the only thing I want on the island of Newfoundland," I sadly declared.

"Come on, then," said Billy, catching up the glasses. "Run!"

He was off, back by the path we had come, through the scrub spruce and the birch. I, taking heart again, followed with the rifle. When we reached the edge of the open plain on the other side we stopped breathless, to look. In spite of our perspiring, heart-pumping rush, the caribou were ahead of us, away out on the bog.

"How far," panted I, screwing vigorously at the back sight of the rifle.

"Don't shoot," said Billy.

"Why not take a chance?" I demanded.

"The noise might scare 'em," and he grinned to show there was no hard feeling. "You know you couldn't hit anything, sir, at that distance—you puffin' like that and them movin'."

"Well, come on, then," I persisted, "we'll close up on them."

"You'd have the devil's own time," said Billy, "right abaft the stern of 'em. No, sir, we'll sit right down where we are, and if they don't stop when they come to the tracks of the wake we made coming across here this morning, I don't ever want to scaffle a seal again."

Our trail stretched across the barren anglewise in the direction of the camp straight from where we stood. The deer were approaching it in a quartering slant, pretty well out in the center of the lead.

"They won't cross our trail," reiterated Billy, "you see if they do. Like as not it will turn 'em over this way, then you'll get that head, sir, sure as your gun."

"The gun's all right," I reassured him, gripping the stock to keep my nerves from slackening.

"I always use a muzzle-loader, myself," continued Billy. "I put in a hatful of powder and a small measure o' slugs. Then I sit down and aim right in the middle of the herd. If I be's anyway handy I bring down a couple or three deer at a time."

"Don't you ever hurt yourself?" asked I.

"Sometimes," admitted Billy, "I paralyze my shoulder, and sometimes I hurt my face, but I always shut my eyes, and generally the one shot gives me all the meat I want, so it ain't so bad. Look—look—that deer in front has stopped! See her put her nose down—see that? Now the others have all stopped to look at each other. See that—what did I tell you?"

The caribou had halted in an irresolute group at the trail we had made an hour or so before on our journey out from camp. Several of them, the calves in the number, lay down.

"They have travelled a long way this morning," said Billy. "The little fellows are tired."

"I wish they'd travel this way a bit," I muttered, clenching my teeth. Standing still in suspense had made me cold and shivery again.

"Wait a minute now," said Billy. "That deer is thinking—see how still she is. She's looking this way. Lucky the wind is right, what little there is of it, or she'd smell us. Here they come! Yes, sir, they're coming back to the other lead again."

My good old stag had modestly dropped into the rear guard once more. Straight for us they came, intending, evidently, to cross through the droke back to the big bog down which they were traveling when we first had seen them.

"Funny about deer," reflected Billy. "Some parts of the season you can't scare 'em. They cross the railroad track without a whimper, yet here to-day a whole flock stop short at the first smell of our trail."

"Must be something wrong with us," said I, with a facetiousness I was far from feeling. I took the "safety" off, and resting the rifle with my elbows on my knees as I sat in the moss, sighted through the peep. The deer in the lead was now no more than eighty yards from us, when suddenly she changed her course and bore off to her right, broadside on, walking swiftly as before. This manœuver put her at right angles to the rest of the line and headed her north, the direction opposite to which they had originally traveled.

"A plumb drawn circle," whispered Billy. "She was getting near our tracks again, so she shied off to the other drung they came across by before. She knows that's clear anyhow."

The rest of the deer had now turned their brown flanks to us, imitating their leader's action a second or so later than she, and wheeling on their own ground. Thus the stag in the rear of the file was now but 150 yards from us. He darkened up the peep-hole of the back sight with little room to spare. Finally I got the bead on the middle of the white patch on his fore shoulder. I filled my chest and pulled.

At the report, instead of the stampede I expected, every beast halted short in its tracks and stood immovable as if stunned. The stag, untouched, held his head out and slightly down, and his horns stood straight up, high in air above his shoulders.

"Away too high," grunted Billy. "I seen the bullet plough up the moss three or four hundred yards past him."

I had forgotten to put down the sights from 600 yards, but I did not think it necessary to mention it.

"Shoot! shoot!" hissed Billy. "Aim low and shoot again."

I had already fixed the ivory bead on the stag, and almost as he spoke the gun roared out again.

"You've got him," remarked Billy, in a strangely natural voice after the long, tense huskiness. "Got him right in the middle of the shoulder."

He sprang to his feet, and at sight of him the herd took flight, heads back, white flags up. The stag alone stood his ground, his feet spread out and his great head lowered.

"Shoot again," urged Billy. "Shoot again for luck."

"No," said I, "he's done."

As I spoke the poor brute sank, shoulder foremost in the moss. Strange how cold and repentant a man feels after the excitement is over.

That night Old John and Sam didn't get into camp till after dark. They were full of talk about the tracks they had seen and the adventures they had come through alive and unscathed. Billy and I said never a word.

"Say," cried Sam, "if we don't get our limit of three heads apiece in this country we're sucker shots. I've seen one hundred and fifteen thousand tracks if I've seen one —ain't we, John?"

"Just as you say, sir," said Old John, cheerfully.

"How many did you get?" said I.

"How many what?" demanded Sam. "Tracks?"

"Caribou, of course," returned I.

"How many did you?" said Sam, countering.

"Just the one," said I, and I pointed to the head in the shadow of the tent, and to the hide stretched on poles by the fire.

"Holy Gingerarum. These fellows have a stag here!"

"So I see," said John. "Not so big as yours, though, sir."

"What! Did you get one, too?" cried I.

"Two of them," answered Sam, grinning like a boy. "Left the heads and hides at Scaffle Droke when it got dark. Got any tea, Billy?"

"Gallons of it," declared Billy. Then, with a tone of proved conviction, he added, "I *thought* I heard shots to-day over handy to St. George's."

Awful liar, that cook of ours, I think. But camp cooks, bless them, generally are.

HOW TO LEARN TO SWIM

Practical Instructions for the Beginner, and Some Useful Hints for the Experienced

BY HROLF WISBY

(Member U. S. Life-Saving Service)

THERE are any number of good swimmers in this country but mighty few good teachers of swimming. The noble sport is either "picked up" and learned laboriously by the devotee, or taught by unskilled "professors." The result is that our good swimmers show a surprising lack of form in comparison to Europe's best. They get there—but how? We are quite particular with the stroke of an oarsman, but we have no standard by which to judge the stroke of a swimmer.

The lesson I propose to give here on paper is founded not only on American "get-there" ideas of efficiency, but also on European standards of good form, which is synonymous with the very best permanent result.

You can learn to swim in a day. If you are particularly well adapted for the sport you may learn it in a single lesson. Take no advice from the self-styled "masters" of swimming at so-much per lesson, who infest the summer resorts and the seashore. Most of them know how to swim themselves, after a fashion, but it is a hard task to find a man who really knows how to teach swimming properly. And those who *do* know claim it does not pay, since there is more money in teaching a beginner the roundabout, laborious way than in putting him through his strokes with the proper despatch and the most satisfactory results.

Now, then, let's forget all about mercenary teachers and go right in for a swim. I am your self-appointed teacher, and as my pupil you must now do as I say and do nothing else. Don't look down into the water. Look ahead and out; that removes timidity. The depth is now well above your waist, which means that there's plenty of water to float your body. Some people think a few inches of water over the breech will float them! Now, straighten your body. That's it. Throw your head well back. Keep it there, while I put you in the floating position. This is done. You are floating now—why? Because every part of your body, head, arms, feet and trunk, is partly submerged and thus supported by the water. To show you what this means we will make an experiment. Just try to look at your toes and down you'll go. You come spluttering to the surface again. There, now, that's a practical object lesson. Your head weighs in the neighborhood of twenty-five pounds; it is nearly all bone and to float at all it must be submerged to the ears. As soon as you looked for your toes you took your head out of water; that is, you removed twenty-five pounds from the water's support and shifted that extra weight to the rest of your body. Hence, you went down.

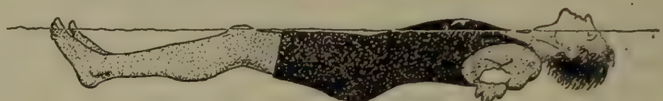
Assume the floating posture once more, with your head to the shore. Keep the head back, remember, and the chin high up. Now, sweep your arms out, with the palms toward the bottom. Sweeping them in and out thus, parallel with the surface, will aid you in floating. You only have to turn your palms from bottomward to a pressure against the water and you will swim. Don't struggle. Do it easily, softly, smoothly, like a well-oiled piece of machinery. Your stroke is damnably bad and ragged, but this is a point where you need encouragement rather than criticism, so just keep on and try to better yourself gradually. Now stop. Throw your arms behind your head, put up your chin and your chest, and float as before. You are resting now.

The leg movements are next in order.

As soon as you draw up your knees you will go under, and as soon as your legs have delivered their stroke your head will again come up. Don't mind that. Hold your breath after each leg-stroke and you won't ship any water. After practicing the stroke a while your head will stay on top. Here's the stroke: Draw the knees up to your chest, only be sure they are as *wide* apart as possible or the stroke won't carry. When the knees are well back, give a kick or, rather, a shove, not with the tips of your toes but with the palms of your feet. If you will only remember to "kick with your heels" your foot-stroke will assume correct form of itself. To get the right leg-action always spread the knees *wide* when drawing them back for a stroke. Practice the complete leg-stroke for a while with your arms crossed behind your head, folded on your chest, or at the sides, and you will notice that the legs propel much better than the arms. Most beginners rely too much on their arms, though they are little good except for steering and as an auxiliary to the leg-stroke, which is the real motive power of the body. The finishing touch to the leg-stroke consists in bringing both legs together forcefully after the stroke. In delivering the stroke, the knees, being wide apart, force the feet still wider apart as the stroke is made, and after the kick the legs are like a half-opened pair of scissors. Close the "scissors" and you have the finishing touch of the leg-stroke. This little trick, by displacing quite a body of water between the legs, adds greatly to the momentum of the leg-kick and, properly performed, it increases the speed of swimming considerably.

I have taught you to float first to give you confidence, to show you that the water will and can support you if you only give it a chance to do so. I have taught you to swim first with your arms, then with your legs, while floating, since this is the least tiresome and most all-around useful stroke, and from which you can learn the other strokes with better results. The "swimming instructors" generally teach the breast-stroke first, which is most discouraging to the pupil and most profitable to the teacher.

To swim on the back, using both arms and legs, simply sweep the arms through the water simultaneously with delivering the leg-kick, remembering all that has been said about arm and leg position. Even if you did not know any other but the back-stroke, which any one properly taught can learn in a lesson or two, you would have more benefit from it than from any other stroke. Floating will keep you above water for hours, and the back-stroke itself is swifter than the breast-stroke. You have fair speed and can swim against the heaviest sea with minimum effort. You can save another from drowning by seizing him behind the back at the armpits and throwing yourself back into the floating position, with his back against your stomach and chest. To gain the shore, simply employ the leg-stroke. Husband your strength and take long, smooth strokes. See that your man is straightened out full length and that his head, like yours, is submerged to the ears.

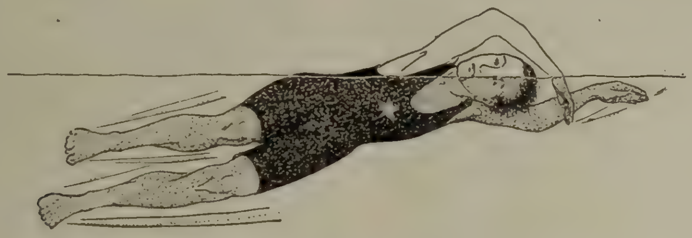


THE FLOATING POSITION

Back well straightened, head back and chin up, arms out at sides with palms down. This is the first thing to learn, that the water will float you.

THE SIDE STROKE

From the position of floating fling yourself over so that your left side faces the bottom. Dig in with your right hand as far as you can reach in a straight line with your body. Move up this "oar" hand into position, with the palm toward your body and close enough to almost touch it. From your elbow to your finger-tips the right arm is submerged during this stroke, which covers generally two-thirds the length of the body, starting right below the nose and finishing almost over the knee. While the right hand goes forward to make the stroke, the left hand is just reaching forward, with the palm pointing to the bottom. This "reaching" of the left arm must be correctly done, as all the "floating in motion" falls on the palm at that moment. On account of the palm being put forward at arm's length it covers almost water enough for floating the whole body above the waist; and this is important, as the head must be continually above water during a properly executed side-stroke. The leg-action is practically the same as when swimming on the back, only more attention must be paid to the "jack-knife" trick to get a good action. In getting ready to strike, the knees should be brought well forward rather than outward. As your right hand is about to go back with its stroke, the right knee ought to almost touch the elbow.

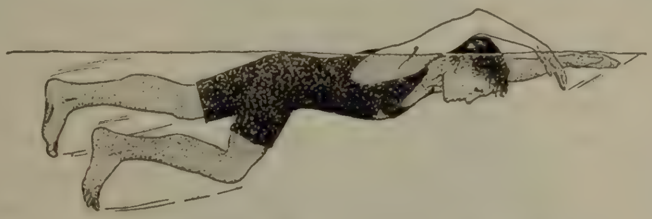


ENGLISH OVERARM STROKE

An elaboration of the side stroke, and faster. The swimmer's face appears above the water to breathe only just as the elbow of the "oar" arm passes over it. One should master the side stroke before attempting this.

ENGLISH OVERARM STROKE

This is the speediest long-distance stroke in the world. Many regard it the most perfect stroke altogether. Practically, it is nothing but a side stroke, with the arms lifted clear out of the water. The motion makes the difference. The side stroke is a sweep from chin almost to knee; the overarm stroke starts an arm's length in front of the head and sweeps down the body as far as the hand can reach. As the right or "oar" hand is thrown in, the head is given a lurch forward so that it submerges completely, the left side facing the bottom. This lurch means that the weight of the head is thrown into the momentum of the stroke, accelerating it considerably. While the head submerges the arm reaches as far out in a line with the body as possible, and as the stroke is made the head pops up just as the elbow passes over it. Of course, only the right side of the face appears, hence a full breath must be taken quickly, or rather snatched with wide-open mouth. Breathing through the nose is insufficient for this high-pressure stroke. No sooner is the stroke completed than the hand reaches forward again and the head is once more thrown into the momentum of the stroke. The head only appears for the swimmer to breathe as the elbow passes over it in the propelling stroke. A long, regular stroke, timed to suit the swimmer's normal breathing, is the ideal for long-distance. The arm, in swinging into the stroke, must not be brought over stiff, like an oar, which simply leads to splashing—and splashing, in swimming, as in rowing, means faulty action and misapplied power. The movement of the arm over the water should be leisurely, lax



THE TRUDGEON, INDIAN OR RACING STROKE

The hardest stroke to learn and the fastest in the world. Both arms are reached forward out of the water, and the swimmer snatches a breath of air only as his right elbow passes his face in the propelling stroke. The leg action is the same as in the side stroke.

and easy, the elbow up and the finger-tips just trailing the surface. As the hand takes purchase on the water to deliver the stroke, power is applied. The idea is to save power where it is not needed. I have not mentioned the leg-action and the left arm stroke, since these are the same as in the side stroke. Of course, both the side and the overarm stroke may be swum alternately, with right and left hand acting as "oar"; I have confined myself to the right-hand position, which comes natural to most, so as not to confuse by overmuch direction.

THE TRUDGEON STROKE

This, the very swiftest of racing strokes, was originally imported from South America by Lieutenant Trudgeon, of the British Navy, and, of course, was named after him. He saw a certain tribe of Indians using a stroke which made them go as if urged by propellers through the water. Trudgeon studied the stroke and adapted it for home consumption. It is known popularly as the Indian stroke, and here it is usually swum with much splashing and quick strokes, though this is entirely contrary to both Lieut. Trudgeon and the Indians, who insist on long, tugging strokes without splashing. This is true Trudgeon: Instead of floating on your back, bury your nose in the water and try to float face downward. The head must be well submerged. Reach forward in a straight line with your body with your right hand. Don't change the position of your body. Reach out over the water as far as you can, then dig in with your palm and sweep back as far as you can. As the elbow swings over your head, turn it deftly, so that the right side comes up, giving you a chance to snatch a deep breath. Simultaneously with this right hand stroke a double stroke is delivered by the legs. The knees are drawn up under the abdomen and a kick is made backward and outward, followed by the "jack-knife" trick, already described. When this right hand stroke and double leg-kick is completed, the left arm should be reaching forward, ready for action. The left arm stroke should be performed exactly like the right, only it is not assisted by leg-action, and is of chief value merely to prevent the swimmer from rolling over, and steering a straight course. The points to keep in mind are as follows: The head must be submerged all the time, except when breathing under the right elbow. Thus posed, the head will enable the rest of the body to skim over the surface, just well enough submerged for the feet to take purchase on the water in kicking. The arms are flung forward alternately from the shoulders, not stiff, but with a slight and easy bend. Each palm must dig in without a splash and must be whipped out of the water, after the stroke, with a sort of wallop. True Trudgeon sounds faintly like somebody pulling a foot out of sticky clay.

It is the most rapid of all strokes but also the most fatiguing and it takes years of practice to master it.

THE BREAST STROKE

The head should be kept well above water. Hence, this stroke appeals to beginners, who somehow afterward experience difficulty in learning the more advantageous strokes. Gather the knees under the abdomen. Gather the hands on the chest; the palms must touch the chest. You will sink unless somebody holds your chin up. Reach forward with both hands and kick backward with both legs at the same time. The palms must face the bottom. The kick must be with the heels and well outward and backward. Now, draw the knees up under the stomach for a new kick. As this is done the arms, which are extended palms downward, should be swept through the water with the palms turned vertical. Both arms must be kept perfectly straight and the sweep continues in a semicircle until the hands reach a position well back of the shoulder. Then use the elbow as a hinge on which to swing the right and left lower arm to the chest, so that the palms touch as before. Summary: Arms reach forward as legs kick back and outward. Palms down, so far. Arm stroke with palms vertical, as legs draw up to renew kick.

The breast stroke is the most convenient for facing a very high sea and for continued swimming against it. It is not very fast but it does not tax one's strength heavily, and you are at all times able to see where you are going.

INDIANS AS GUIDES

Some of Their Peculiarities, and Some Facts to Bear in Mind in Dealing with Them

BY JOHN BOYD

THE North American Indian has always been a conundrum. He is a stoic of the most pronounced type—a man unmoved by joy or grief—who takes all things as they come, and as a matter of course. He is not communicative to strangers, but loquacious enough among his fellows.

As these peculiarities affect many sportsmen who must perforce employ Indians as guides or carriers, I purpose relating some experiences that deal with these peculiar people.

In the first place, to be successful with Indians, one must possess a large stock of patience. It is also essential to have the knack of gaining their confidence, for if you lack either of these two necessary qualifications there is little use trying to get anything out of them; for these sons of the forest can be silent as death when it suits them and seldom utter more than a word or two in reply to the most comprehensive question.

ONE OF THE OLD TYPE OF OJIBWA

A good Indian is a worker, not a talker; while a shiftless, lazy one is generally possessed of a larger proportion of speech.

When on a trip, the hunter or fisherman generally has to have a guide, and in many parts of the country an Indian is often the only one who possesses the necessary knowledge. He cannot be picked out by his employer as one would under ordinary conditions select his help, but is usually recommended by some one who knows him. He comes to us, therefore, as a stranger, and each have to find out the peculiarities of the other.

As we meet we salute him with an extended hand and a "How do?" His hand greets ours without a word in return and—we do the shaking. If during this preliminary exchange of first courtesies his face is lighted up in a pleasant way, we may know that he has come in contact with his white brother a good deal, but if it retains its sphinx-like stolidity we can feel assured that he is one of the old type.

The next move is ours. We inquire about the hunting—is it good this year around here?

"O-yes," is the answer, uttered in a one-syllable grunt.

"Can you take

us where there are any deer or moose?"

"O-yes."

"How far will we have to go for them?"

"There," and his arm sweeps a lengthy section of the horizon in front of us.

"Oh, yes, we suppose so, but how many miles is it?"

"Not far."

"But don't you know how many miles we will have to go to get to where those deer and moose are?"

"Oh, four—five—ten miles," is the indefinite yet exhaustive reply. He appears to have made a superhuman effort to answer our question, in that he had to speak four words too many.

We then resolve to try a different line of questioning in our search for information, and so smile our pleasure at his last answer.

"How long will it take us to get there?"

"Not long."

"Well, how many hours?"

For answer to this he smiles in an ignorant way, as if he did not understand; so we pull out our watch, and say, "What time will we get there?"

"To-morrow!"

We now realize that he plans to keep us here all night, so that instead of pitching our camp to-day near the hunting grounds we will not make it until near a day later; and our guide is chuckling to himself that he will have another half day to rest, and full pay for it besides.

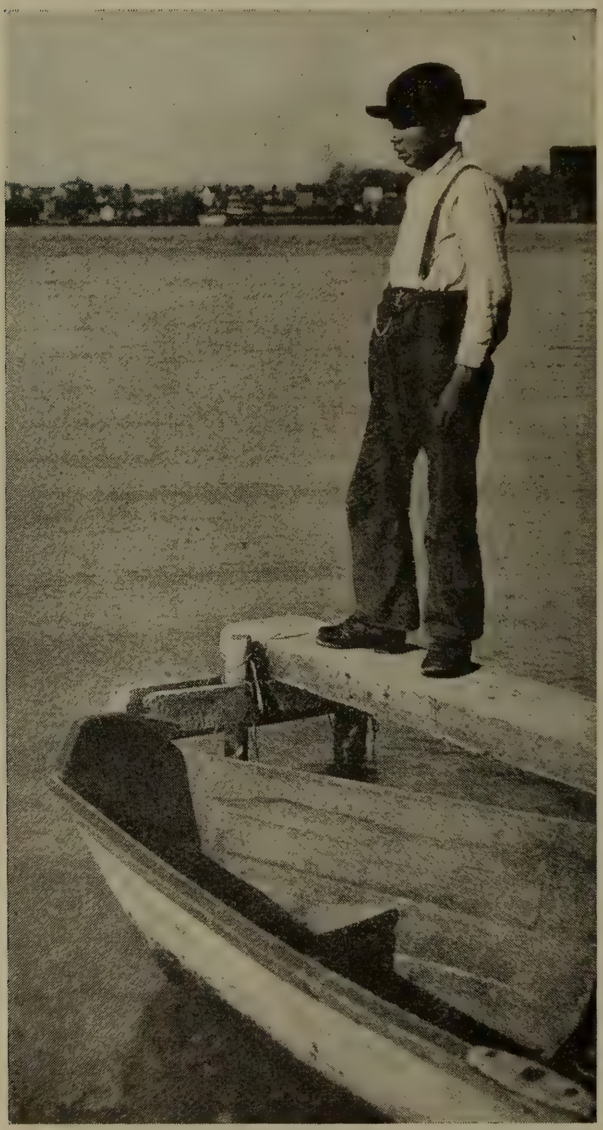
But we must submit peacefully, for there is no use to complain against the Indian's procrastination, who believes to-morrow is just as good as to-day. And, after all, may he not be right? And what does he think of us and our hurry?

We are at last in the virgin forest. Michel, our Indian, leads the way. His noiseless tread is no mythical saying, for no matter whether he is walking on dead twigs or moss, his steps make no noise. His eyes are alternately switching from the ground in front to the never-ending maze of trees ahead. Now and then he picks up a leaf, or presses his fingers into an apparently invisible track of the game ahead. As these indications increase, our interest becomes greater. Our caution inadvertantly is relaxed and a twig snaps beneath our feet. The noise to us is slight, but the look we get from the pathfinder convinces us that we had better be more careful.

Michel's hunting faculties are aroused. His nose is sniffing the air like a well-bred setter's while his eyes indicate that they are taking in everything in their range.

Now he stops—his hand is lifted as a caution to stand still. It seems like an hour, but perhaps it is not more than a minute until he turns on us, muttering something like, "Take that off!"

A glance shows us that we are too conspicuous, for our hunting-coat is one of the reversible kind, and we have overlooked the fact that it was turned earlier in the morning to shield us from a passing shower.



A ST. CLAIR RIVER OJIBWA—HE KNOWS HIS WHITE BROTHER PRETTY WELL

The coat is taken off and reversed, then we want to know what he has seen.

For answer, he shakes his head in that peculiar, uncertain way so suggestive, and which to an Indian is better than words.

"Was it a deer?" we ask.

"Per'aps."

"I thought you were tracking a moose?" is our way of seeking a more satisfactory reply.

"Mebbe," and off he starts.

Soon he points to where a number of small twigs have been nipped off, and mutters, "Moose!"

We catch his arm and whisper, "Fresh—done to-day?"

"Some day!" and we feel that it would be some satisfaction if these short answers would stick crosswise in his throat.

Along a few steps farther Michel picks up some moose droppings, holds a handful to feel their warmth, smells them to detect their freshness, and pitches the lot over his shoulder—we suppose for luck. We are now ascending a hill, which he examines closely. He is giving more attention to the signs on the ground, turning over leaves not yet dried out by the sun, pressing his fingers into almost invisible indentations in the soil, his eyes nevertheless patrolling the forest in all directions.

Then he drops on his knees before another pile of droppings. He examines part of it, and we gather up the remainder. It is warm to the touch and has a fresh smell.

OJIBWA, OR CHIPPEWA, INDIANS OF ONTARIO SKINNING A MOOSE

"Half an hour ago, eh, Michel?" we whisper.

"Mebbe!" is all we can get for an opinion.

"Do you think he is far ahead?"

"Don't know."

Then it may so chance that, of a sudden, the Indian's face broadens to the heartiest smile we have ever seen it assume, and following his extended arm we behold it pointing to a cow and a bull moose, grazing 150 yards away. These he had undoubtedly been watching during the time he had exchanged the preceding questions and answers with us.

What was his object in giving these evasive answers? What did he hope to gain by them?

We can only assume that he thought it better to keep the facts from us until he had the objects of the chase before us. In this way he had shielded himself against possible failure in finding the game, and likewise kept the hunter ignorant of his whereabouts until it was time to shoot. Let us hope the white man's aim does credit to such skilful guiding.

An Indian's craftiness is generally admitted, but I never gave him credit to the extent that one displayed when he exercised it on a hunting party with whom I went into the woods last fall.

AN OJIBWA OF THE ALGOMA DISTRICT, ONTARIO —ONE OF THE SILENT SORT

Some correspondence with a resident in the deer country resulted in our getting the name of an Indian guide who could take us into a good section for game, and find it for us if necessary. A letter addressed to this particular guide was answered in the short sentence style that is characteristic of the tribe, and which told us he would be at our service for the open season. A further letter was sent him containing specific instructions. In it we said we wanted his services from November 1, and to get another Indian to help him, as we would go into camp at Lake Kahweamekong on October 31. The letter was worded so as not to leave any doubt about the time and place, and we started out full of hopes that we could begin our hunt as soon as the season opened.

We arrived at the prearranged camping place on the last day of October, but no Indians met us. We thought that perhaps something unavoidable had happened, that they would be along the next morning. November 1—still no Indians. Evening found us watching and waiting for their arrival. Neither did the second morning bring any word or sign of their coming, but along about 4 o'clock in the afternoon they leisurely pulled into camp.

We asked for explanations. Why did they not get here for the first of November?

The head guide produced our letter, wherein we said, "We want your services from November 1, etc., etc." They had left home that day, and had taken the two days to reach us. We pointed out that the Indian Reserve was not twenty miles from where we were camped; that one day was ample to cover the distance; and notwithstanding all this, they should have been on hand two days earlier. At this they apparently became offended and said they were going home.

We did not want to be without guides, so said we would overlook the delay and would take them from now until the end of our hunt.

"Don't think we go with you," was the first one's answer.

"We can hunt here—make more money," continued the other.

Whether this was an idle threat, or an actual conclusion they had come to, we did not then know, but it set us thinking hard.

So our spokesman said:

"We want you with us. You agreed to

act as our guides and we purpose making you stick to your bargain."

This was said in a very determined way. Both Indians looked from one to the other and smiled. Then the elder spoke up:

"You not make us. You say we break bargain. All right. That settled. We come from now on at three dollars a day. You pay for two days we comin'. You not agree, we go huntin' here."

This was a poser. They had evidently broken the agreement purposely, so that they might make a new one at fifty cents a day more than they first asked. They also wanted full pay for the two days they were behind, and which we lost, and if we did not agree to give them all they asked they would hunt over the same ground as we had arranged to cover.

There were only two things open for us to do—accept their terms or find another hunting ground. The former was distasteful, and the latter meant that our trip would be spoiled.

We discussed the matter, pro and con, amongourselves, and finally, but reluctantly, agreed to meet their demands. At the same time we felt that we should not get much game. In the end we were pleasantly surprised, for the Indians worked well indeed and we got all the deer and moose we wanted, and could have had as many more had not our sporting ethics bid us call a halt.

This narrative shows how unreliable Indian guides can be at times, and while my experience with the brown guides has proven that they are fairly honorable, it has also shown me that some of them can be as crooked as a spiral spring when it suits them to be so. The best way, and the only safe one, is to know your man. This you cannot do at first off. But once you form an acquaintance with a fairly good guide, stick to him. You will find he improves as he comes to know you as a friend. Then, too, shall you find him more companionable and given to favoring you in little modest ways that will endear him to you for all time.

THE ART OF CAMPING

From the Utilitarian Standpoint

BY CHARLES A. BRAMBLE

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II.—Tents, Tepees and Other Shelters

VERY often the best tent is none at all. Napoleon found that his troops were more healthy bivouacking under the stars than when he forced them to sleep in crowded tents. If you have plenty of wood, and your journey is through a forest-covered country, you need not worry much about a tent, but in the open and where fuel is scarce a wind-proof shelter of some kind is necessary to comfort, and even existence in winter time.

Some years ago, when I was taking my first lessons in woodcraft, I was told not to take a closed tent into the woods in winter, or I should suffer severely. This seemed strange advice, but as my informant was evidently in earnest, and, moreover, a most experienced man, I left my little tent behind, though not without some misgivings, and plunged into the snow-smothered forest. The temperature often fell to far below zero, yet I had no cause for complaint, and under the same conditions should not now dream of packing a tent, be it ever so light.

In the first place, we had nothing but our blankets, provisions and a few axes and kettles to carry on our toboggans, a matter of moment when you have to haul all your outfit on small toboggans in the track made by your snowshoes. Hardened trappers and very muscular men can at a pinch haul a load of 200 pounds for several miles, but even such much prefer a load of half that weight, and the average young athlete—gymnasium trained—will find seventy-five pounds quite enough for fun. In cold weather the toboggan does not do the gliding act, except when you are descending a steep hill and would rather it did not: generally the snow is as gritty as sand, and as I write I seem to hear the crunching and the creaking of the straining sled, and almost find my breath coming in pants because of the exertion of the hour. These are the moments when the woods wanderer realizes the comfort that is to be got out of some things—if you have only not brought them.

So let us agree, that in a forest-covered country where there is an abundance of fuel one can get along quite comfortably in winter without a tent, or at most with a couple of strips of light drill, high enough to make a wind-break. The winter camp in the North is made thus: The snow is shoveled aside with the snowshoes, and banked up at the rear and sides of the encampment; some poles are cut and stuck into the snow leaning toward the place the fire is to occupy, brush laid against them as a thatch, and then a fire is made that would roast an ox whole. Once the fire is well lit, the face of the wilderness undergoes a great and inspiring change. Where all was white and desolate now is glowing and homelike. You spread a few boughs, fir for choice, beneath your lean-to, and then, wrapping yourself in your tattered old gray or blue blankets, sleep far more soundly than you might back home. What matter if the mercury in the bulb be frozen, and the trees crack like pistol shots with the frost? You have but to rise every two or three hours and roll another dry pine log on the embers and Jack Frost will have no further terrors for you, that night at least. The foregoing applies to rough and ready camping. When conditions are not quite so arduous it is better to carry two or more canvas lean-tos, made as follows: For a party of four, five or six, take sufficient drilling to make two half tents, nine feet long by five feet high, with the ends closed in by triangular pieces. These should be pitched facing one another, with the fire between. For a very luxurious winter camp it is better to carry a third strip twelve feet long and five feet high, to stretch along the windward side of the fire. So, if the wind is blowing from the west, as it generally does in cold weather, the two half tents are pitched facing north and south respectively, and the wind-break stretched from north to south and to windward of the fire.

Such open camps presuppose, however, that there is an abundance of wood at hand and that the axe is swung vigorously.

The Indian loveth not to exert himself, hence he invented the tepee. For its own particular purpose, and especially in a prairie country where ponies are available for packing, the tepee is simply ideal. Every one who has attended the circus in his youth—and who has not?—must remember the tepee. It is often, in fact usually, pitched in the side show and is the resort for purposes of rest and refreshment of the fat lady, the wild man from Borneo, and the gentleman with the rubber skin. So it will not, I am sure, be necessary for me to describe minutely the outside appearance of the tepee. Beyond saying that it resembles the old-fashioned extinguisher that was used with tallow candles when I was a boy, and is undoubtedly so used yet in certain benighted countries, I shall pass on to its construction.

The true tepee of the plains is made by cutting long willow or cottonwood poles and leaning them together in the form of a ring, the butts being spread sufficiently to enclose a circle of some sixteen feet. This frame was covered with buffalo or deer skins to within a few feet of the apex, where an opening was left to serve as a chimney. A cowl, of tanned hide, could be affixed to windward of the opening, and a door formed by a slit in one of the walls permitted ingress and egress to this dwelling of the nomad. Inside a little fire of dried buffalo chips would keep the braves, their squaws and pappooses from freezing, though the everlasting smoke generally gave them bleared and watery eyes. It is quite possible to make a tepee that will not trouble its occupants with smoke, but the Indian objected so little to the discomfort of the smoke that he rarely took sufficient pains to ensure a good draft. By making the covering in two tiers and letting the upper overlap the lower, leaving an air passage between, the smoke can escape and the ventilation of the tepee is much improved, but the warmth is not quite so great.

The tepee has crept east, and is used to-day by the Indians living north of Lake Superior and even as far east as Quebec—but only where they can travel for long distances without too many portages; and the covering is in these cases made of canvas or drill but never of hides. Such tepees are far inferior to the tepee of the Sioux or the Blackfoot.

For my own use I have come to the plain "A" tent, just a wedge of drilling with square ends and no ropes or complications of any kind. The size I take when traveling with Indians is six feet long, five feet wide and six feet high. My men always have their separate shelter, which is usually of the most primitive description, as they rarely bother to pitch a tent in fine summer weather. Men who have slept out in the open night after night in January are quite ready to accept whatever a summer night may have to offer in the way of chill.

This little tent if pitched carefully will shed the heaviest rain that I have encountered. Once on the height of land south of Hudson Bay I was kept in by a twenty-four-hour downfall that raised the rivers almost to spring level and yet the tent did not leak. Only you must be very careful not to touch it; should you do so a leak will be established which will continue to increase and be an annoyance to you until the tent is thoroughly dry once more. I have used a tent of this description in the forest and on the plains of the Northwest, as well as far up the slopes of the Rockies, and it has never yet failed to give satisfaction.

One point I look upon as important, and yet it might escape the attention of a novice. To stretch the tent as it should be stretched you must have a good ridge pole; so I have round openings at either end of the tent just below the ridge, through which I pass a stout young tree-trunk altogether out of proportion to the size of the habitation it is to support. This will not sag. The tent poles may be either inside or out; I generally prefer them long enough to cross one another, thus making a fork in which the ends of the ridge pole rest. Of course, in this case, the tent poles must be four in number and placed outside the tent. This method also gives more room inside. I do not care for a rope support, though such a method of hanging a tent does well enough for a night or so, should neither rain nor wind intervene between dusk and dawn.

At the foot of each seam in the drilling I sew a stout whipcord loop, about six inches long. Through these I drive improvised tent pegs—if the tent needs a bracer, I tie one of the tump lines, or pack ropes, to the ridge pole and also to some near-by tree or bush.

The weight of these one-man tents is just three and a-half pounds, and the cost may vary from $2.50 to $4, according to where you have it made. The life of such a shelter is about six months' steady wear, day after day, and with frequent puttings up and takings down—at least that is the average with mine, but I do not recollect one that died a natural death, if I may be permitted the expression. They all came to grief either by fire or water, or by woods or deer mice. I lost one nearly new one by wrapping up some bacon in it and going off for the night to visit a surveyor's camp some two miles across the prairie. The man I sent next morning to fetch it said he killed sixty deer mice in it, but by the look of the remnant some five hundred odd must have escaped his boot heel.

A tent of drilling that will hold four men comfortably should not weigh more than ten pounds. I would not take a canvas tent on a long, difficult trip, as such tents weigh too much, but for a stationary encampment they are, perhaps, to be preferred to those of less substantial material. Even so, a tent of drilling with a fly will weigh less than one of heavy canvas and keep out more cold or heat.

The tent is peculiarly the habitation of the wandering Anglo-Saxon, and many other races have excellent substitutes for it. In the East Indies I have slept under a shelter made of the leaves of the talipot palm, that shed heavy tropical rain better, or at least as well, as a slate roof. When a lot of natives are traveling each one carries a large single leaf of this palm. At night six poles with forks are cut and driven into the ground, three at each end of the proposed shelter, the two center ones being the longest to serve as supports for the ridge pole. Three long, straight poles are laid on these six crotches and the talipot leaves used as a thatch. Roaring fires are built opposite each side and end to keep away wild beasts, and a more comfortable encampment no man need ask for. But such a shelter would not do for a Canadian winter camp, as the fire would be too far away and there is nothing to break the force of the wind.

When one has decided to remain in any one locality for a few weeks it is often best to build a rough log cabin. Four men will build a good one in a day, and then you may bid defiance to every storm that blows. But do not copy the absurd cabins seen in various works purporting to instruct the tyro in the art of woodcraft. There is absolutely no need to have the walls as high as those of a small house, and such a camp takes far too long to build and is, moreover, difficult to heat. For a double log camp, make the walls four feet high at the sides, with the twin ridge poles not over six feet in the clear. Have your door at one end and your open fireplace in the center, with bunks just far enough from it to allow the cook fair play, but not so far that you cannot enjoy the grateful heat as you lie smoking the evening pipe and yarning with your companions. A sheathing of birchbark adds greatly to the warmth of such a camp, but bark will not peel well after July, so that it is not always possible to so finish a camp.

A single log camp to hold two, or three men at most is made as follows: A straight wall of logs some six feet high is built, the other three sides being composed of log walls not more than three feet in height. The door is cut out of one side, and poles laid from the back to the front at a fairly steep slant. The roof and ends above the low log walls are made of birch or spruce bark, weighted with logs and stones. A fireplace and chimney are built of cedar splits with a coating of clay, if such be procurable, though if not one can get along without; but in that case be very sure to keep a bucket of water handy to quench your cedar chimney whenever it catches. You will want a door, which is soon made out of riven cedar shakes, hung on home-made pintles. In such a camp I have slept when the mercury was out of business in the bulb and yet been so warm that I preferred being in my shirt sleeves. These camps must, however, be built while bark will peel, as it is the great reflecting power of clean birch bark that makes them so warm.

On the prairie the prevailing style of architecture is the dugout. This is older than the Gothic or even the Grecian, but is not so beautiful as either the one or the other. The dugout is, however, practical and simple. You choose a steep bank and then burrow. If the soil is sandy and the weather nice and dry, you get along quite comfortably, but a clay bank after a long spell of heavy rain is not a suitable habitation for a person of fastidious tastes.

The art of making oneself comfortable comes easily to some men; others never seem to acquire it. I have known hunters who had grown grizzled in the bush who could not make a decent camp, while others seemed to do so by instinct. But of all the hundreds of men I have camped with in various climes, two stand out preeminently. Strangely enough both these men came from the same province—New Brunswick. I do not recollect just now to whom I would award the credit of being the very worst camp maker of my acquaintance, but a young cockney who once acted as my "packer" in the Rockies must, at any rate, be very near the bottom of the list. This unfortunate always seemed to pick upon the most boulder strewn gulley in which to pitch the one miserable, tattered, mildewed tent he had supplied for the party. I am certain I did not average seven hours' sleep a week while out with him.

Indians are sometimes very good hands at camping, but their ideas and ours do not coincide until they have had a season or two with the palefaces. An Indian is so splendidly "hard" that he can stand an amount of discomfort that would tell on a white man without being aware that he is inconvenienced. Even in cold weather they will not get up to put logs on the fire, sleeping peacefully, with limbs uncovered, in an atmosphere many degrees below the freezing point. They like to sit up and get up late, and when traveling in parties rarely seek slumber before midnight, and often do not break camp until nine o'clock in the morning. But when they *do* start they make up for lost time. You may always tell an Indian canoe by the rapid swing of the paddles, which average many more strokes per minute than those wielded by white men. Personally, I like to get off early, and never, if I can help it, let dark overtake me with my camp half made. It is misery intensified when one is creeping and crawling through the brush, looking for dry wood, or stumbling from the creek with a kettle of water in either hand.

(*To be continued.*)

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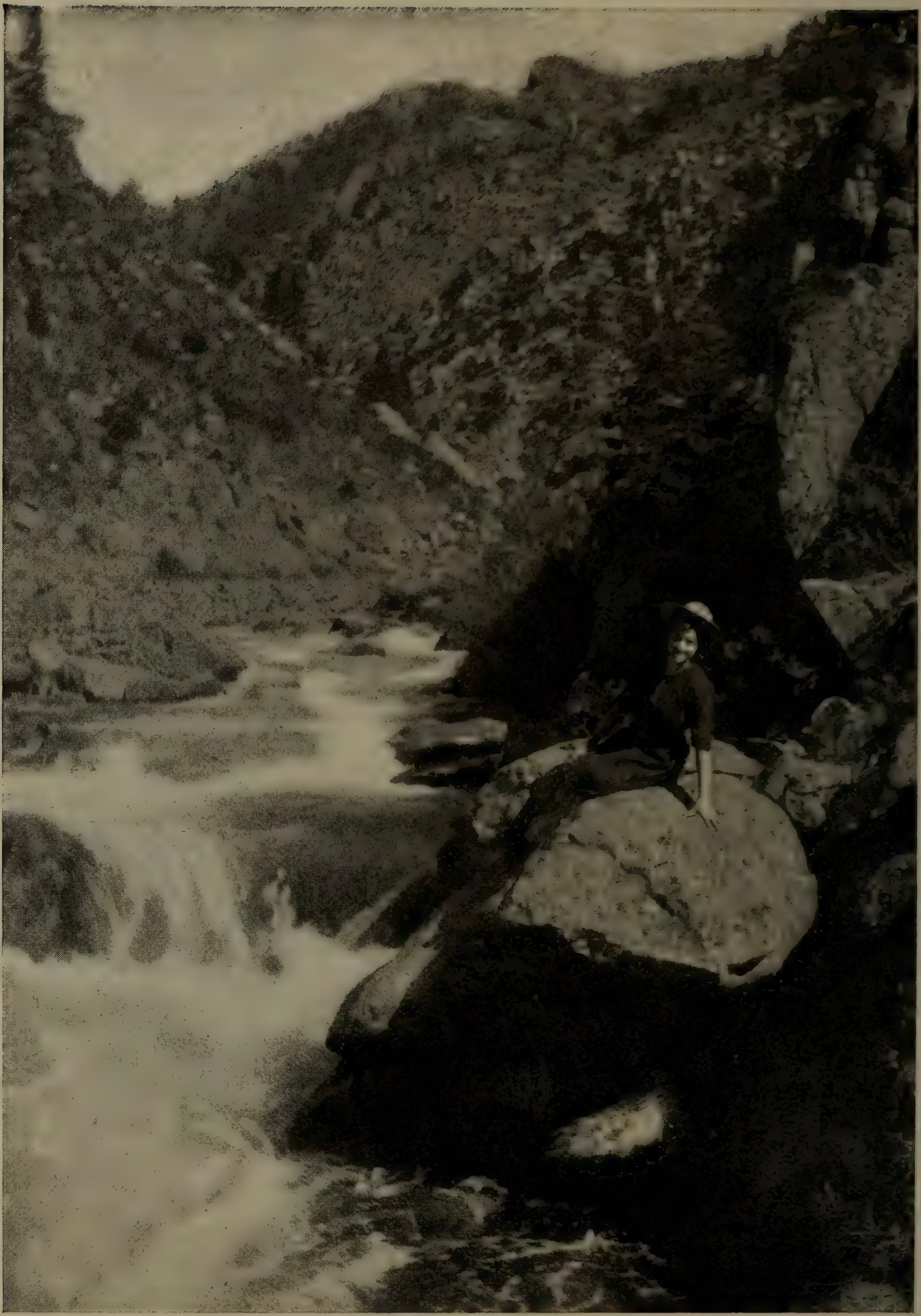


ETHEL DID NOT FISH, BUT SHE PUT ON A PAIR OF HER BROTHER'S RUBBER BOOTS AND WENT ALONG TO WATCH

A VACATION IN A WAGON

Or an Inexpensive Way of Seeing Colorado

BY MARY K. MAULE

THE days of the summer vacation season were over, and already the tan of camp and seashore was beginning to give place to the city bleach, when two men met on Broadway with a mutual expression of pleasure and a hearty grip of the hand.

"How fit you look, old man," exclaimed one. "Where have you been and what have you been doing to get yourself in such trim?"

"Been off to the wilds, Tom," replied his friend, "back to the simple life. No more bandbox life in a seashore summer cottage for mine. I've had the vacation of my life at about one-third of the cost of our usual outings."

Tom looked interested.

"Say, look here, Billy, if you've found any kind of a summer vacation that don't cost a man all he's saved up for a year back I want the receipt."

"All right, old man, and welcome. Been to lunch? No? Come on, then; the fact is, I'm dying to tell you all about it."

In a cool corner of the club, over a substantial luncheon, to which Tom noticed that Billy did full justice, the latter burst forth enthusiastically:

"I tell you, Tom, there's nothing like it. I am a new man, mentally, morally and physically, and my wife and the kids are similarly rejuvenated."

"Oh, did you have your family with you?"

"Sure. That's all the fun. You see, it was like this. Phil and Ethel have been in college this year, both working pretty hard, and my wife thought when vacation time came they ought to have a good rest. Summer hotels and seashore cottages did not seem to appeal to us, for, as Carrie said, if we went to either one it would be nothing but dress and dance and flirt for the kids and no rest for any of us. I wanted them to live an out-of-door life this summer and have a good time—and at the same time not cost me a fortune—and so I did a lot of quiet thinking. You know I came from the West, and somehow or other the Rockies had been calling me for quite a while, so as soon as Phil and Ethel got home I proposed that we take our vacation in Colorado. That seemed to please them all right, and as a special treat to Phil I suggested that Ned Armstrong, Phil's chum and a fine boy, of whom we are all fond, should be a member of the party.

"All the time I had my little plan up my sleeve, but said nothing about it until we got to Denver. When I sprung it you just should have heard those kids shout! A trip to Europe wouldn't have been in it for a moment with my suggestion. I've got the jolliest family in the world, anyhow. Carrie is the very best of good companions, Ethel is a happy, whole-souled, outdoors kind of a girl, and Phil—well, Phil is a chip off the old block when it comes to the outdoor life."

"You bet he is, Billy. But drive on. I'm anxious to hear this great plan of yours."

Billy grinned.

"My own scheme," he said, proudly. "Camping party, seeing the country and traveling hotel all in one. Hold on, I'll explain. You see, I was a cattleman once, and I thought then there never was such fun as traveling with the round-up. That gave me the idea. I thought why not travel through the mountains of Colorado by wagon? Well, when the folks all approved of my scheme we set to work at once. After a good deal of dickering around we succeeded in finding a good, strong, reliable team of horses, accustomed to mountain travel, and a light, strong wagon, which I had sent up to the back yard of our boarding place immediately.

"That night Phil and I set to work. Along each side of the wagon-box we built a long box, running the whole length of the wagon, about one foot high and fourteen inches wide. The box on one side we divided into small compartments for different kinds of provisions. That on the other side we divided into two parts, one for clothing, extra shoes, etc.; the other for bedding. We made a strong, substantial lid for each box, fitted with catches and hinges, upholstered them with curled hair and old comforters and covered them over on the outside with gay colored chintz, making along each side of the wagon a long, comfortable seat. In the front of the wagon we put up a shelf which held a lantern, a looking-glass, places for toilet articles and a row of brackets in which we fastened an axe, a hatchet, a wrench, a screw-driver, a saw and a cotton bag filled with assorted nails and screws. At the back of the wagon-bed we fitted up a rack for water-pails, feed and halters, and underneath the wagon constructed a sort of a shallow cupboard for cooking utensils. A small tent and a sheet-iron camp stove fitted neatly and compactly under the driver's seat; a pick and a shovel, two camp chairs, a tin wash-basin and a kit of enameled dishes packed neatly under the shelf in the front of the wagon. We put a light waterproof cover with side curtains over the top, and there we were, all complete—a traveling summer hotel on wheels.

"While Phil and I were busy with the wagon my wife and Ethel—both of whom are born campers—were no less busy at other things. Carrie had undertaken the commissary arrangements for the expedition, and experience proved to us that she was pretty good at the job. She was wise enough to select such provisions as contained the most nourishment and the least weight and waste. Sweet things are not much use in a camping party, and these she avoided, depending on the wild berries that grow so abundantly in the mountains and on oranges, dried fruits, nuts and raisins, for deserts. Of cereals, particularly oatmeal, she laid in a good supply, for the active outdoor life necessitates a strong cereal diet. Potatoes, flour, crackers, chocolate, a side of bacon, a large boiled ham, large quantities of rice, a big supply of canned soups,

. . . *loafing about the camp and enjoying the quiet*

. . . *we passed through country that day such as I had never dreamed of*

canned tomatoes, corn and peas, some dried onions, a large sack of beans and the wherewithal to cook them palatably, salt, sugar, coffee and tea, plenty of the best brands of condensed cream and milk, a big jar of butter solidly packed in wet cloths and salt and a few cans of jam and preserved fruits for hasty lunches, comprised the greater part of our provisions. For fresh milk, eggs and vegetables we depended on the country through which we were to travel, and for fresh meat and fish on the ranchers and our fish-lines. We took ten loaves of bread as a starter, but very soon had to depend on biscuit, gems and "duff," for towns were few and far between and bread impossible to obtain.

"We packed our provisions in the lockers, filled up the boxes along the side with plenty of bedding and blankets and the few clothes we were to take with us, stowed a couple of wire cots between the seats, slung the tent poles by leather straps along the side of the wagon and there we were, all ready to start.

"We left Denver early in the morning, and I shall never forget that first day out. We rode all day through fertile meadows and green, rolling plains, and by night had reached the mountains and took our way up a fragrant, fern-lined cañon, where, beside the roaring mountain stream, we made our first camp. Phil and I pitched the tent while Ned and Ethel gathered up firewood, and Carrie fixed up the stove and prepared to start the dinner. You see we had arranged that each member of the party should take his or her share of the work. By the time the tent was up, the horses fed, watered and turned out to graze, the camp stove in place and the fire started, we were a mighty hungry party. I went down to the stream and caught a nice mess of trout; Carrie made some of her fine biscuits, Ethel made the coffee and we had a dinner out there on the grass of that Colorado cañon that beat any I have ever eaten elsewhere.

"It was a bright moonlight night and after dinner Ned built up a big camp-fire, Ethel brought out her mandolin and Carrie her guitar, and we sat around the camp-fire singing and talking until near midnight.

"We were up early the next morning, however, and after a good breakfast packed up and started on up the cañon. Talk about scenery! I tell you that is the only way to see the Rocky Mountains. I thought I knew Colorado scenery pretty well, but we passed through country that day such as I had never dreamed of, and such, I honestly believe, as is not to be equaled anywhere else in the world.

"When we came to any particularly fine bit of scenery we would draw the team to the side of the road, get out and sit on the grass, wander about, explore a bit, take pictures and enjoy the place to our fill before we moved on. Carrie had arranged her provisions so that no cooking should be done at noon: a special basket was packed after the morning meal, containing a cold lunch that could be eaten as we drove along in the wagon or as we lay on the grass under the trees, or be carried to some particularly attractive spot along the way.

"When we got tired of riding in the wagon we left one of the party to drive, while the rest of us walked; many a day I fished for miles along the stream while my wife drove. Ned and Phil fished and sometimes Ethel tramped along with them or lay on the beds in the wagon and read or slept.

"Sometimes we remained for three or four days at a time at the one camp, fishing, hunting, exploring the surrounding country, climbing among the mountains or merely loafing about the camp and enjoying the quiet and the sigh and scent of the pines.

"If we felt like driving on we did, if we felt like stopping we stopped. We had no set destination, no set time or plans. Life was to us one long, idle dream, in which we did just as we liked, went just where we pleased and when we pleased.

"Our portable hotel proved to be the most comfortable kind of a shelter in inclement weather; with everything packed away snug and shipshape in its own compartment we could jog along without fear of anything getting wet. Some of the jolliest times were spent in the camp-wagon, singing songs and telling stories while the rain beat a merry tattoo on our cozy shelter.

"As we got farther up into the mountains the country about us grew grander and wilder and more picturesque with every mile. But though the grades were pretty steep it was a singular and noticeable fact that the roads were always hard, smooth and in the most excellent condition. Still, in some place it was pretty stiff pulling for one team and to save the horses we made our journeys shorter and our stops longer. That was no sacrifice to us, however, for the fishing grew better and better, and the boys and I kept the camp supplied with trout. In this way we traveled through the whole Front Range, loafing along, resting and traveling when we pleased.

"We were out four weeks, and I just tell you, Tom, I never had as much fun in any four weeks of my life. We all came back as well and happy and husky and brown as a bunch of Gypsies. We had had the time of our lives, seen some of the grandest scenery that lies out of doors, traveled something over three hundred miles in a wagon, and what do you think it had cost us?"

"Five hundred dollars?"

"Not on your life. Less than two hundred and fifty, and most of that for the railroad ride that was the least enjoyable part of the trip. We had secured the use of the team and wagon from a ranchman for $2 a day, and he was glad enough to get a check for $50 on the spot. Our provisions cost us about $30, grain and hay for the horses about $20, and, aside from our fare to and from Denver, our only other expenses were for little luxuries that we bought at the few towns we passed through on our way. We had no servants' wages to pay that month, no gas bills, laundry bills, water tax, carfare or incidentals, and had spent no money for clothes. The five of us had lived for four weeks on a little over a hundred dollars, we had had an outing that none of us will ever forget, and that had put us all in fighting trim for another year.

"Next year we mean to repeat the experiment nearer home, which will make the trip cost much less, and already we are laying our plans and looking for an outfit to make the driving trip through the Adirondacks. Better join us next year, Tom; you can't beat it for a summer vacation."

* * *

HUNTING THE PRONGHORN

Shooting Antelope at Long Range on the Plains of South Saskatchewan

BY EVERETT DUFOUR

IN THE great ranching country along the South Saskatchewan, and particularly in the immediate vicinity of Pony Butte, may be seen, even at this day, hundreds of the fleetest of fleet game, the prong-horned antelope. Here the sportsman whose experience has been wide may find that he has quite a bit to learn of rifle shooting.

On my trip in that country after antelope, two bronchos to a four-seated spring wagon, three saddle-horses and four rifles constituted our outfit as we left the ranch and started out over the rolling plain. As far as the eye could reach in every direction there was not a bush, much less a tree, in sight, and the light brown billowy hills of buffalo grass rolled away to the horizon.

We had driven possibly seven miles in the direction of Pony Butte, when suddenly we sighted a band of seven or eight antelope, standing on a hillside watching us. They were about 800 yards distant, and the best we could do was to make them run while we fired, until they disappeared from view over the hill.

I then mounted my horse, as did two of the cowboys, while the other, my friend Elmer, remained with the wagon, and we rode carefully among the hills. The antelope were very wild and it was not easy to get closer than 700 or 800 yards, which, with the wind blowing hard most of the time, made a successful shot very difficult. During the day we saw at least 300 of the fleet little fellows; each of us had a number of long shots, but without success.

The sun was getting low, so after feeding our horses, and incidentally ourselves, we started back to the shanty, which now looked like a speck on the plain. The saddle-horses were tied behind the wagon and we all piled in. As we drove along near the crest of a ridge I stood up to look over it, and to my great surprise I caught sight of a band of thirty or forty antelope feeding quietly beside a lake. We jumped out quickly, two of the cowboys going around the side of the hill so as to get a good shot as the band ran by, and Elmer and I went to the other end of the hill, about 300 yards distant from the quarry, and opened fire. At my first shot, which missed, the band wheeled into line and started around the edge of the lake in the direction of the other hunters. They were now running in an old buffalo trail, one behind the other, and Elmer took what he thought to be very careful aim at the leader. When the rifle cracked the third one in the line fell out and two or three following fell over the dead one. As the antelope passed between the cowboys and the lake, they emptied their rifles at them, killing but one. Of course they all killed this one, although it was struck by but one shot.

During this first day's hunt I had tried every way to get near enough to the quarry with my horse; had tried walking along on the far side of the pony, or at times had tried to head the antelope off when they would attempt to run by me, by riding at full speed until I saw they were going past, and then stopping short, jumping to the ground and firing. I arrived at the conclusion that the best way was on foot, for if a band once saw you it was almost impossible to get close enough to shoot with any chance of hitting.

The two antelope we killed created quite a stir at the ranch; the cowboys had been hunting for five days prior to my arrival, though without success. Every one who had a gun or could borrow one resolved to join us on the morrow. One of the crowd, Tom Bolton, told me he had been ranching three winters, during which time he had shot at least 300 times, but had yet to taste a piece of antelope.

Daylight next morning found us well out in the antelope country, where we hunted until dark, and although we had a number of long-range shots, not a single antelope was killed. This discouraged some of the boys, and the following day just Tom Bolton and myself started out, I promising to get him a successful shot. We rode out to the buttes and picketed our horses, and then went on foot, looking carefully over each hill in turn, until finally I saw a very large band feeding out on a flat. I crawled up behind a badger's den and counted 137 animals. They were fully 1,500 yards off, and as there was no possibility of getting nearer, Tom fired two or three shots at them. They separated and went in three different directions. We followed the band that went in the direction nearest the ranch, but stood no chance of getting close to them until they got in among the buttes.

After a time we saw a lone antelope feeding on a hillside, but it took us quite a little while to get within range. Bolton was so sure of him that he missed, but as the antelope dashed down the hill a second shot broke both his hind legs. It was really pitiful to hear him bleat when we went up to kill him, but the cowboy declared he had paid well for the privilege.

It was getting late, so after cleaning our quarry and skinning the head, which I carried in my hand, we started back to the horses, now at least five miles distant. By the time we reached them it was too dark to return for the antelope, so we headed for the shanty, with the lights in its window, yet ten miles distant, for our guide.

Bolton and I took out the wagon the next morning to bring in the antelope. A lone coyote had visited the carcass during the night and had contented himself with devouring the entrails and taking only a bite or two out of the neck.

I now told my companion that I would go on ahead, on foot. I instructed him to give me at least two hours' start and then, keeping the horses and wagon well out of sight behind the hills, to follow, and at the same time I handed him my field-glass. On I went for several miles, yet I saw nothing.

It was now after ten o'clock and although I had only three shells left, having killed a jack-rabbit and fired several ineffectual shots at a wolf, I went on toward the buttes. In about an hour I saw a band of twenty-five or thirty antelope feeding across a long level, and I stopped on the hillside and watched them for over two hours.

It was simply useless to attempt to get closer to that band, so I determined to wait for them to move on into the hills. Instead of going on into the buttes they lay down on the first hill, in plain view, yet too far for a shot. So I had to remain in my original position until they arose and went out of sight over the hill.

I ran as fast as possible to the hill and crawled to the top, only to find them strung out at least 500 yards farther on, and as the wind was blowing very hard I was afraid to risk a shot. They were feeding toward a ravine, so I concluded to wait again, hoping that they would go into it and thus enable me to get a good shot.

When the last antelope disappeared, I immediately ran as fast as I could toward a washed place in one of the buttes. It was my aim to reach the crest of the hill and wait until the game came feeding by. I was obliged to cross a large slough that had dried up and in which the grass was as high as my shoulders, and while running through this I glanced in the direction of the antelope. There they all stood, in the edge of the ravine, not over one hundred yards away. The instant I caught sight of them I dropped in the grass and ran back on my tracks to the top of the hill to the side of them.

As I peeped over the brow of the hill the antelope were all standing in a bunch, looking at me. By reason of the gentle slope I was obliged to lie as close to the ground as possible, and when the rifle was raised I found I was not quite near enough to the top to get a good sight. I wriggled along a few feet farther, while the band trotted uneasily up and down, never for one moment taking their eyes off of the very small part of me that appeared over the hill—just the top of my head, my cap being in my pocket. Singling out the one with apparently the best horns, I fired. I saw none fall and the band instantly whirled into line and started off. Holding well in front of a fine buck, I fired again; he fell and arose immediately, running seemingly as fast as ever. Another shot brought him down a second time, but again he arose, this time only to walk off along the hillside and lie down.

My rifle was now empty and as I arose and started over the hill to the wounded antelope, much to my surprise I saw that the first shot had killed a fine buck. It had fallen almost in its tracks, but by reason of the other animals jumping in front of it when the shot was fired I did not see it fall. As I started toward my game I saw the band that had disappeared over the hill come dashing back. They could not understand why the wounded one did not follow them, and ran back and forth, at times not more than fifty yards from me. I was glad that I had no more cartridges, but I longed for a camera. Looking around for Bolton with the team, I saw him on the sky-line, about a mile distant, waving me toward the east, in the direction of the wounded antelope, that was still lying over the hill. He had not seen the other one fall, and, thinking I did not see the wounded one, was endeavoring to put me in a position to kill it. I signaled with my coat and he came with the horses.

To say that my cowboy friend was surprised and delighted when he drove up would be putting it mildly. After we had cleaned the dead antelope, I mounted my horse and started after the wounded one, which led me a chase of over a mile before I caught it. I threw it on the horse and went back to the wagon. One shot had cut the animal across the chest almost to the bone and the other had passed entirely through the intestines, leaving them hanging out several inches on the side where the bullet passed out.

It was now nearly sundown and we wound our way through the hills and ravines in the direction of the shanty. Upon our arrival the boys went to work on the animals with a will, skinning them and cleaning the meat, while inside the shanty antelope heart and liver sizzled over the fire—a most agreeable change from salt bacon.

The next day found several cowboys added to the hunting party again. We hunted carefully and diligently from before sunrise until late in the afternoon without seeing any antelope within a reasonable distance, when suddenly we came upon a band of seven, feeding quietly across a long level. Making a circuit of about a mile we reached the top of a hill possibly 500 yards distant, and, after singling out the best specimen with the aid of the glass, the boys fired while I held the horses. The antelope fell, but arose immediately and followed the band over the hill, notwithstanding several more shots were fired at him. He was pretty badly wounded, so we mounted our horses and rode after the quarry, but he disappeared from view, and although we made every effort to find him we could not do so. Darkness settled over the plains, so we gave him up and started back to the shack.

I made up my mind to find that antelope, so on the morrow got an early start, taking along with me the ever enthusiastic Elmer and the spring wagon, with my horse tied behind. When we reached the neighborhood in which we had hunted on the preceding day I mounted and rode back and forth through the hills in seemingly every direction, but not a single antelope did I see. Elmer likewise hunted with the wagon, but with no success, so about three o'clock we started back. I rode through the buttes, the wagon following me by about a quarter of a mile.

As we crossed a ridge I caught sight of an antelope coming out of a ravine and in another moment a coyote appeared in full chase. They were fully a mile distant, but I could plainly see it was the wounded animal and also that the wolf was gaining on him at every leap. I called the attention of Elmer to the chase and rode quickly to the top of the hill, from which vantage, with the glass, I saw the wolf catch the antelope and both go down together. I signaled to the wagon to stop and rode quickly down through a big ravine until about opposite the wolf and his prey. Here I left my horse and went on foot—running, walking, crawling and squirming through the buffalo grass until within about 75 yards of the quarry. I would have tried a shot at the wolf before this, but he and his kill were in a low place and I could not see them well from any distance and the wind was blowing too hard to attempt an offhand shot with any chance of success. As I raised on my elbows to fire, the wolf saw me and looked up. The bullet struck him in the shoulder and ranged the entire length of his body, dropping him on the antelope's neck.

The morrow was the last day I was to spend with the cowboys, so they resolved to give me the best time possible. Three of them, Bolton, Elmer and Charley Findlay, and myself, with the little team, started about daylight, and after following the trail toward the river for about three miles we struck off across the country. After going but a short distance a coyote looked up over a little rise in the ground. Elmer pulled up the horses and I leveled the rifle between him and Findlay, on the front seat, and fired. The horses jumped and started off at a dead run. Away we went at a terrific rate, the boys laughing and shouting and telling me at the same time to look out for the wolf and not lose him. After a run of half a mile or so Elmer succeeded in stopping the team and we went back and got the quarry. The little runaway had been merely a good joke.

The shooting we had all done during the past few days had driven the antelope back toward the Elbow, and we consequently now saw very few and those at a great distance.

Stopping beside a lake to feed the horses, Elmer, Findlay and I went on ahead on foot, instructing Bolton to follow us with the team toward the "burn" in an hour's time. The wind was blowing very hard, so we kept around in the sheltered places and proceeded very carefully. Finally I walked out from behind a hill and surprised two antelope—a doe and a very handsome buck. They both made one bound and stopped just as I threw up my rifle. I took a quick shot at the buck and the bullet passed entirely through his body, just behind the heart. He made a furious dash down the hill, running in a semi-circle, and dropped dead. This was the largest one killed during the hunt, weighing nearly 200 pounds. The wagon came up just before dark and we were not far toward home before the silvery moon looked down upon us to light the way.

The day of the cowboy is fast drawing to a close, but the few who remain are still the same whole-souled, kind-hearted men whose devoted and unselfish attention makes one's trip to the great ranching country of the Northwest an event to be long and well remembered.

DADDY IS PUT TO THE TEST AS BEING A CAMP COOK OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE

BACHING IN THE BAD LANDS

"Unman-Stifled" South Dakota, from the Viewpoint of the Lonely Shackman

BY S. B. McMANUS

LIKE the man of facetious tradition, who was born at "Cape Cod and all along the shore," so Indian Creek of South Dakota has a comprehensive and rather indefinite borning place. Somewhere not far distant from the north end of the Bad Lands it is first seen—a collective company of unpretentious little pools, whose apparent main object seems to be to attract as little observation as possible. It, or they, more properly speaking, sneak and skulk and hide as if trembling with fear of the terrible vicinity in which they find themselves. Now and then a monster silvertip, fairly making the ground shake as he walks, slouches down from the fastness of a cavern lair in the cliffs and leaves deep sunk footprints on the margin of the pools where he has deigned to slake his thirst. He comes from whence everything is large and awful; where calamity abounds and tragedy holds carnival. The terrible Bad Lands! A veritable hell of rock and gorge and sky.

After a few miles of seemingly aimless wandering, the frightened pools come together, take hold of each other's hands, as it were, and thereafter indulge in a dubiously joyous journey across country, where, after a rather picturesque and vagabondish wandering of perhaps twenty very long miles, the stream at last crawls and sidles into Bad River, to be swallowed up and wholly obliterated in this not altogether pleasant stream, and appears to be glad of it.

So much for its beginning and its end. It has had its little excitements and diversions and humiliations and may be reasonably supposed to be content. It has crept by the shacks of the tenderfoot homesteaders and been eyewitness to their varied experiences, their elations and discomfitures, their modest uprisings and successes and their too frequent downfallings. Shack life can interest anything or any one capable of a sensation. Wagner's "Simple Life" is "not in it." His are only kindergarten theories, not extraordinarily well worked up either, compared to the real thing. Even clever people have their limitations. There is a pathetic grotesqueness about this prairie shack life that makes an appeal even to the most obtuse.

Then Indian Creek has sauntered along the great trails, hobnobbed with skinful arteries that carry the red blood of the congested East to the anemic West and make miners and ranchmen and cowboys and more or less hardy pioneers out of clerks, school teachers, lawyers, preachers and the like and in the main do a splendidly pious and sensible thing by the performance. It crosses the famous Black Hills Trail, the great overland highway to the nebulous, vague West on which for hours in the day and months in the year the wagons and prairie schooners of westward-bound men and women are in hailing distance of one another. Onward, westward forever! And yet there is no West in the geography of the people. Fifty miles to the sunrise of the Black Hills, we are "East" with a capital E. It is appalling what this gold and land madness will make people venture and endure. Heroism is not anywhere near dead, nor foolhardiness extinct.

And again, our little, muddy creek crosses Spotted Tail Trail and attempts a diminutive effort at sentiment in the way of a feeble, throaty gurgle in memory of the chief after whom the somewhat devious way was named. It has hearkened to the red men's yells and whoops and seen them slaying and slain, conquerors and conquered, captive laden and captive led. No wonder it is a coward and shrinks from sight on its perilous itinerary. It has heard the laugh and merry song of cowboys and been trampled into a mire by the thousands of hoofs of cattle. There are many bad and tragic sights to witness on the plains, but a herd of half-wild cattle stampeding is among the most thrilling and appalling ones. At the base of a cliff in the Bad Lands that makes a sheer drop of nearly a quarter of a mile, to-day lie the decaying bodies of nearly 5,000 head of cattle that plunged over it in one awful night. Calamity and disaster, like fortunes and favors, occur in large measures out here. The little tame things go away to happen.

This Indian Creek comes in hailing distance of the more-than-century-old British America and the Santa Fé Trail, on which the thrifty fur traders from the North made their benevolent way, laden to the ground with priceless glass beads and nickel-a-piece looking-glasses and other valuable trinkets, to barter in a fair, open way with the wily Indians, exchanging their far-fetched wares for mere beaver and bear and buffalo hides, *et cetera*—a sort of charity dicker as it were. And the euchred and cheated Indians, when their addled heads had subsided from excessive drink of kill-on-sight whisky and their keen enough wits recovered, followed, on this same trail, the traders returning, fairly well satisfied with making ninety-five per cent. on a dollar profit, to their respective homes in the North, and scalped them as they bivouacked with their fortress and fortunes of furs about them. About this time there was a hue and cry in provincial papers regarding such performances. Justice in the West was sometimes a trifle severe, but as a rule salutary.

Once the old Jesuit Fathers passed down this trail, singing chants in a not always melodious voice, and planted the Calvary Cross on the gray buttes, paving and marking the way to a possible civilization. Indian Creek is yet eyewitness to many tragic and pathetic things. The great buffalo wolves have followed its banks, and even as I write I can hear their dismal howling, for the caverns and washouts along the creek banks are still, as of old, the haunt and home of this animal. Only the other day eleven were killed in one den, two mothers and nine puppies, and many packs more remain to slaughter the young wild calves and hamstring the new foaled colts of the wild horses. There are, at this writing, fifteen in one pack and nine in another in the vicinity of Indian Creek, and neither strychnine nor gun has thus far availed in thinning their numbers.

It is still a wild country through which this little stream ventures on its almost foolhardy way. And so much country! The eye, unaided, takes in fifty miles of distance at one lonesome, fatiguing look. Lonesome? Without stopping to calculate and reason, one is inclined to believe that there is but one man and one shack in the world. But, of course, this is a mistake.

The little creek passes over innumerable beaver dams where the water runs so deep and sluggish that it puts one to imagining that there may be dead men at the bottom, clutching guns and covered with ooze. And the beavers are quietly plying their trade, utterly unconscious that there is any particular stir in the world. Such wonders do they accomplish! And never once pose to be admired and eulogized. Such feats of hydraulic engineering as they do! They are university bred without knowing it. And such woodsmen! Trees eighteen inches in diameter go crashing cross Indian Creek, felled with a fine accuracy as to where they should fall by these chisel-teethed, industrious, silent workers. One large dam is in sight of my shack and I often sit on the high bank above it, pipe in mouth, and wonder and ponder and admire. There is no question that man is not irredeemably a fool, nor any more does he represent all wisdom. The beaver knows a lot of things that might be of practical value to him if it chose to impart its knowledge. The State of South Dakota makes an effort to protect this little animal, and in a measure it succeeds, but not altogether. This year some trappers made a laborious excavation in search of them, but as good luck would have it, their operations were directed to the wrong bank of the dam and their job proved a bootless one, or, rather, a beaverless one. I could have told them different and what a mistake they were making, but did not feel called upon to do so.

Then there are the coyotes—the miching sheep dogs of the plains—not greatly to be feared, and yet not the least to be liked. They make nights gruesome with their hair-uplifting sounds and Indian Creek provides shelters and dens for them in her washouts and shaly clay banks. They are the unclean, the leprosy of the otherwise wholesome and healthful land. They yelp and snarl and threaten the belated hunter and follow close in the track of the lost shackman, but instead of attacking him they hie them away, after they have played their bluff, and kill a weak-legged, tottering new-born calf whose mother is browsing at a safe distance. Pariahs of the plains, they seem to understand that they are regarded as odious and revenge themselves by doing odious acts.

There is a fine showing of humanity in these Indian Creek coyotes, after all. The shack of the writer is in an isolated district, hitherto undisturbed by man, and they resented the intrusion in a demonstrative and almost bold way. They yelped at my very door and held indignation meetings in plain sight. The light of the shack window disturbed them and they bayed at it, as a dog bays at the moon. Now and then I meet one in my walks in broad daylight and there is an exchange of courtesies that does honor to us both. He is a master of billingsgate and calls me a liar and odious names before I have fairly caught sight of him. Then I return the compliment, but he has the upper "hold," and I never feel that I have gotten quite even with him, and pretty soon he disappears over the divide and I go on my way wondering what a person would be justified in doing under the circumstances.

Lynxes, or "bob-cats," abound. They live in the deep washouts and house-high flood trash that the great floods have deposited along Indian Creek. This débris makes rare hiding and breeding places for these animals and they have grown bold in taking possession of them. They make a feint of bravery, but as a rule only reach the height of courage of stealing a round of beef swung on a pole over the door from the roof of a shack. One can hear their stealthy tread around the cabin at night, in search of an easily accomplished snack. There is something "creepy" about them —a feeling as of a snake pulling itself silently upon one—a sensation that something is going to happen. Their scream puts a ripple, a shudder on the usually calm and unresponsive surface of the creek, and when one has once heard it, it is not likely to be forgotten. And of a dark night, alone on the plains, a bob-cat is far from a pleasant companion.

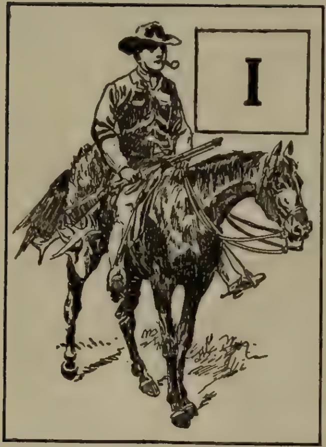
There was a time, not very remote, that larger game made comrades of the stream. Only yesterday I found the head of a monster buffalo glued to a bank and standing out in relief over the water like a butcher's sign. There was a whole pathetic history in it. It fell to pieces as I drew it out, all but one massive horn, and I shied this at a blinkless, staring-eyed rattlesnake that had pulled itself up near to me to see what was going on.

Indian Creek looks commonplace to the observer who does not observe. But it is not. It is full of vivid, fascinating interest. It simply does not talk much, but it is a good listener; it knows a lot and is content and minds its own business.

HUNTING WESTERN CARIBOU

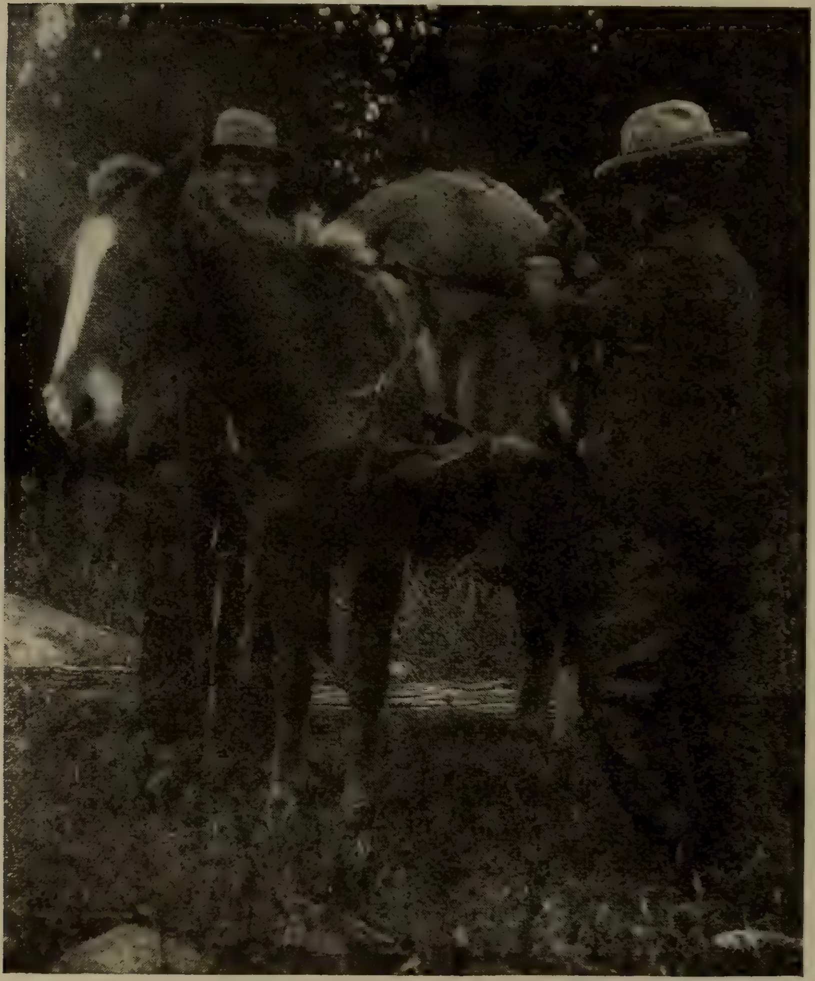
On the Harris Creek Plateau

BY R. E. GODFREY



I HAVE often wondered why so many sportsmen living in the Middle States go to Newfoundland and New Brunswick to hunt caribou, and have reached the conclusion that it is because Newfoundland has had the advantage of better advertising in the way of stories and articles on caribou hunting. If they would but bear in mind that in British Columbia, on the one trip, they can be as certain of getting as good a caribou head, with the advantage of a chance for a good deer, a grizzly or a black bear, a big-horn sheep and a white goat, we would see more of them up here.

As this article has to do with caribou hunting I will confine myself to relating a trip I made last year, in company with some of my fellow British Columbians, and I believe our experience should convince any one that, for a satisfactory hunt, every way, the country in which we live cannot be surpassed.



The buck was soon loaded up

Three of us, William Thomas, George Smith and the writer, determined on a trip to the Harris Creek Plateau. We left Vernon, our home, with four pack-horses, on the afternoon of October 14, and made camp at Viddlers Creek at sundown on the day following, having stopped the previous night in a hotel at Lumby.

Breakfast over the next morning we packed up and started for the summit. On the way we saw several fine bunches of deer, but we did not bother them, as we knew we could get one when we made camp. But we were not so merciful toward the blue grouse, of which we shot nine, which sufficed for two or three days.

We arrived at the summit of the plateau without a mishap, and met Dell and Guy Thomas just returning with a party of hunters, who seemed to be well pleased with their trip. They had one particularly fine head, with thirty-two points. We made camp here for the night.

In the morning we found it had snowed during the night, so decided to stay for one day before moving on to Bald Butte. We took our rifles and struck out for a reconnoissance and returned to camp without game, but well satisfied that there were caribou and deer in abundance in this locality.

Bald Butte is fifteen miles back from the summit, and on our way thither the following day we saw all kinds of game tracks and caribou sign. We made the Bog Lake Meadows in time to make camp before dark and fix things up in shipshape for a week's stay.

Thomas Norris and Guy Thomas, of Lumby, were expected up in a few days, so we just knocked around and spent the time fishing in the various lakes in the vicinity and hunting rabbits and grouse, till the 24th. Then we moved back to Fish Hawk Lake, getting our first deer on the way. We were going along nicely when Bill, who was ahead, held up his hands, meaning a halt. Of course we knew he had sighted game and kept mum. "Crack!" went the .25-35, and a fine buck jumped out of a patch of bushes. Bill shot again and we had deer meat. The buck was soon loaded up and we were once more under way, arriving at Fish Hawk Lake in good time to enjoy a trout supper by daylight.

The following morning was fine and clear, so George and I took a stroll around for exercise, when who should we spy but our friends Norris and Thomas coming up. We all made back for camp and packed up and moved to Caribou Meadow near Eight Mile Creek. Then the next morning, Tom, Guy and George went for a hunt, while Bill and I stayed to cut out a trail, so as to get to Eight Mile Creek cabin. We cut out the trail and got back to camp and I had supper under way when the boys came in, carrying a fine caribou head, which Norris had shot.

After supper we sat around and smoked, and as sleep was out of the question, Norris proposed a barbecue. We fell upon a deer we had hanging up, cutting off the choice parts and soon had them over the fire—Tom took a roast of ribs, Bill and George each a dish of steaks and I tackled a tenderloin. Guy was long since in the land of Nod, so was ignorant of the impromptu feast until the morning, when he wanted to know what had happened to one of our deer.

Getting the horses together we once more packed up and started for the cabin at Eight Mile Creek. On our arrival we fixed up the camp in good shape and then we went fishing, in a lake near at hand, and caught enough trout for a fine supper.

THE AUTHOR AND HIS SHARE OF THE CARIBOU

The morning of our first real hunting-day broke fine, so, breakfast over, each of the boys took his rifle and struck out, I alone staying at camp, cutting wood and stowing it under a lean-to at the cabin. The hunters returned to camp in good time, bringing in a nice deer to add to our larder.

Our next move was to a place called Blue Knob, where we camped for two days, hunting for caribou. We saw lots of fresh sign, but could not run onto the game, as they would scent us and make for the timber before we knew of their presence. So we decided to move to our most lucky camp, at Rainy River Gulch, where we were positive of success. Arrived at this camping place, we immediately saw there were caribou about and plenty of them. We made camp and struck off hunting. Guy and I went together, the others taking a different direction.

By and by we struck very fresh caribou tracks and came to the conclusion that the animals were not far off. The trail led us up over a hill overlooking a large meadow. Here we sat down to reconnoitre.

"Say!" suddenly exclaimed my companion, "can you make out if that thing is moving down there under that clump of trees? By Jove, it is! Look over beyond and see the rest coming out of the brush into the meadow!"

We got the direction of the wind, so as to get on the right side of the caribou, and started down after them, through the timber. Very quietly we went, as they are sharp animals and quick to scent an enemy. We got down to the edge of the meadow and, still in the timber, we stopped to look for the game.

We could see the horns of one, just over a knoll, so we had to do some fine stalking to get near them. We crawled on our hands and knees, keeping the knoll between us and them, and managed to crawl right on top of the knoll. We looked down on a herd of fifteen fine caribou, not more than a hundred yards away, without their scenting or seeing us. Imagine our position, lying face down in the light snow, almost afraid to breathe, for fear they should see us, and no camera on hand, for I had left mine at camp, as I had a heavy pack without it. We had been then only a few seconds, although it seemed longer, when up went one head, scenting the air. The animal gave a snort, which put them all on the jump in a jiffy. Away they went, but knowing their habits we were sure they would stop and look around before they made off for good. We got ready, so as to have a bead when they stopped.

"You take the one in the middle and I'll take the one on the left," said my partner, when they slowed up. The words were no sooner out of his mouth when "Crack! crack!" went the rifles and down came two fine young bulls.

After looking over our prizes we started for camp, with the intention of rubbing it into the others. But we did not have this pleasure, for they had been quite lucky also, securing four out of a band of twelve. We made supper and talked the thing over, and decided to make for home next day with our game.

We packed the caribou on the horses whole, as they would set and ride better. Then we bid good-by to the gulch and pulled out for home, arriving there in good shape on November 13.

The five of us got six bull caribou and every head a good one. When one considers the leisurely manner in which we hunted, we not being pushed for time and having no guides' wages to pay, and not to mention the three deer and the fact that we had all the grouse and trout we could eat, this looks like a pretty satisfactory trip. And yet, when I told Guy I was going to write it up he said, "You'd better wait till you've got something to tell."

* * *

SOMETHING ABOUT GREBES

Learned at a Summer Camp in Wyoming

BY LOTTIE J. CARROLL

WE WERE camped by the shore of a large alkaline lake in one of the wildest parts of Wyoming and, seemingly, one of the loneliest, yet we soon found we had plenty of company; for the first night after we pitched our tent we got but little sleep for the noise of the different waterfowl that were nesting in the rushes.

We soon, however, became accustomed to their wild music, and learned to distinguish the cries of different species. Sometimes it would be the hollow booming of the bittern or "mud-pump," as the hunters called it, because the note is like the words "Mud-pump, mud-pump." At other times the quack of a mallard, or the note of a teal or of a yellow-leg sandpiper. But mixed with these occasional cries, there was one, incessant day and night—a shrill note, or rather chorus of cries, as from many throats, of "Coy-eet! coy-eet! coy-eeto!" At first we could not make out from which of the many inhabitants of the lake these strange sounds came, till one day, carefully scanning the surface, we saw little heads and necks bobbing up in every direction; nothing but heads and necks, the bodies seeming to be quite under water, and from these little heads came the mysterious cries. We recognized in the little duck the grebe, whose soft, white breasts so often (more's the pity) adorn the hats of the gentler sex. I became much interested in these little swimmers and would often steal up and lie at full length on the bank watching them. One day I surprised a band of them right below the bank. At sight of me they instantly dived, and in the clear water I could see their forms, like fish, swimming rapidly amongst the stems of the water-weed, using their short wings as a fish does its fins, and also propelling themselves by their webbed feet.

The hunters one day made a good-sized flat-bottomed boat out of some boards lying around camp, calked the cracks between the boards with rags and tacked tin sheets from melted meat cans on the knot-holes, whilst I painted a name on the stern. They carried the result with great glee to the lake and launched it. It floated! After exploring every nook and cranny of the lake, the men made a raid upon the rushes by the side of the water, where a colony of grebes had built their nests. The result was that in the evening when they returned to camp they brought back a pail full of grebe eggs, and some were immediately cooked for supper. The grebe's egg is colored a very pale greenish white and is about an inch and a-half long. The yolk is a dark orange and of a rich, delicate flavor.

One lovely, calm morning, I took the "boat" and paddled out onto the lake, with the help of a long-handled shovel! The water was clear as crystal and I could look down to the bottom and see the water-weeds growing up from below like bamboos or horsetail rushes. As I neared the center, there was a grand splashing from the hundreds of frightened grebes. As their short wings only allow of a very low flight, they scud over the surface like a ricochetting cannon-ball, playing dick-duck-drake.

On nearing the spot they had left, a pretty sight presented itself. These prudent little fowl, after the late raid made on their eggs by the hunters, perceiving that their castles among the reeds were no longer safe, had forsaken their nests in the rushes near the shore, "put out to sea," and built some fifty or sixty little floating homes on the smooth surface of the middle of the lake, anchoring them by strands of eel-grass to the stems of the water weeds growing on the bottom. So there lay before me some fifty little cushions of soft water grass floating on the unruffled surface, each freighted with two or three little greenish-white eggs. The colony of nests covered about an acre of water.

As, by their cries, the grebes seemed anxious to return to their nests, I lay still at the bottom of the boat, close to one of the nests, to watch proceedings. The nest beside me was a soft, round cushion of bright green water grass, with a slight depression in the center, holding a couple of eggs. There was about six feet of water below, full of the long stems of the water-weed, and through the stems of their "watery woodland" we could see large fresh water lizards about a foot long, called axolotls, or "siredons," gliding to and fro.

After waiting a while the birds summoned up courage to cautiously return in pairs. One of them would swim around a nest, stop suddenly as if to steady itself, then with a spring alight on the unstable cushion, arrange the nest with her bill and settle down on the eggs. I noticed that on arriving at the nest the old bird seemed to have quite a a little to do with her bill in arranging or removing something before she settled. On carefully observing some of the other unoccupied nests, I found the eggs were hidden with grass and that when the birds left of their own free will to take a swim or "go fishing," they covered up their eggs with eel grass, as a mother would cover up her baby with bedclothes after putting it to sleep. We saw the birds, upon their return, carefully remove this blanket and laying it aside to sit on the eggs. This covering was to keep the eggs warm. In that hot climate the water was warm and the saturated nest also. All that was needed was to shield the eggs from the cool breeze by the mother's clever device.

But alas for the wisdom and cleverness of these clever little fowl. One day there came a terrible wind-storm over the lake and the usually calm water rose in angry waves. Above the uproar came the shrill cries of the grebes; for every little nest broke from its moorings and was wrecked and tossed ashore. And we saw no more of the grebes or their nests that summer.

THE LONELY ANGLER

WHERE the stately, sweeping currents hurry, ripple, dance and leap,
And their myriad, mystic voices rise and blend
With the mellow diapason of the deep-toned rocks they sweep,
Ere the rippling, booming, tuneful anthems end;

Where the rhythmic babble merges, in a deep, dark, shady nook,
And the salmon and the sea-trout laze and play,
'Tis there a favored angler, with his rod and pipe and book,
Dreams and dreams the whole long golden summer day.

All the forest voices blending, Peace and Love their sweet refrain;
And the visions of his day-dreams, real and true;
Beside the teeming waters, undisputed in his reign:
I do, really, lonely angler, envy you.

—*W. J. Carroll.*

THE BEST OF BAIT-FISHING

BY S. L. KILMER

IT IS, generally speaking, a simpler matter, especially for the novice, to catch fish by feeding them something that they like, and after they have swallowed the bait hook and all, to pull them out of the water, than to deceive them with artificial lures. But the satisfaction of inducing the fish to "take something," and then hooking him after he takes it and before he has time to throw it out of his mouth when he discovers the deception, and the consequent knowledge of one's ability in this respect, is vastly greater to the true fisherman than that which attends the catch made by the use of bait that the fish likes for food.

When using artificial baits one does not need to rebait one's hook after every catch, but at once proceeds to make another cast. And one has no occasion to feel like a great, inhuman monster because of the unnecessary and unjust agony one inflicts upon the helpless live bait by impaling it upon the hook. Nor does the user of artificial bait have to waste time or spend money every time he goes fishing to procure bait, as he has an assortment of baits in his tackle-box ready at all times and which will last him not only one year, but with proper care a number of years. Neither is he bothered with a bait pail and its attending labor of changing the water every little while to keep his minnows from dying. And he strikes the moment he feels the fish touch his hook, and makes either a quick, clean catch or a clear miss, most frequently a clean catch if his own strike has been made quickly enough, and the hook is generally found so located as to be removed with much less difficulty than when live bait is used.

The numerous artificial minnows now made are so artistic and so attractive that no bass or other game fish inhabiting the same waters will refrain from dashing at one if cast deftly and withdrawn aptly within the range of his vision. The painted imitations of minnows are of various kinds and colors and made just the right weight for easy casting. In my personal experience generally the bright red or carmine colors have been the most attractive for bass, and the green colors for pickerel, but in some lakes the reverse has been the case, so it is best to have something of an assortment and make such changes as the conditions appear to require. Then there are artificial frogs so natural and lifelike in appearance that when properly handled they deceive the wisest bass. A large number of other lures, insects, etc., which game fish are fond of, are also cleverly counterfeited, and a very good bait in many waters, especially in the evening and night, and on dark days, is the spoon and bucktail, some of the best catches being made with it. Also the spoon with a piece of white pork or pork-rind, or the white, glistening tendon of the neck of a calf; either of them, trimmed and shaped so as to resemble to some extent a minnow or a frog, makes an excellent lure, and some of the most successful fishermen prefer this bait to any other.

In short, so numerous and so excellent are the artificial baits that there is very little excuse for the use of any other in the catching of game fish; by an occasional change of bait one is almost sure to find one that will attract attention in that particular lake at that particular time. Rock bass, straw bass and perch also take these baits well, and even the bluegill is frequently so attracted by them as to yield to his curiosity and impale himself upon them.

When one considers the fact that the waters are full of live minnows and much other live food which the fish can easily procure for themselves at any time, and reflects upon the probability that fish as well as animals and man like an occasional change of diet, one is not surprised to know that they frequently take the artificial baits, when properly handled, with greater avidity than they do the live food with which they are surrounded by nature.

To learn the art of bait-casting requires some practice, more by some than by others. Begin by making short casts, and gradually extend them, always touching the line spooled on the reel lightly with the *tip* of the thumb to prevent it from running out faster than the line is carried out by the bait and making snarls, or backlashes, which are troublesome and consume time in removing. By the use of the ball of the thumb the surface pressure is too great and the reel is stopped too soon, and the length of the cast is thus greatly diminished. As the bait begins to drop and approach the water the pressure should be slightly increased, to reduce its momentum and thus have it fall more lightly upon the water, and the moment it strikes the water the pressure should be increased sufficiently to stop the reel instantly, again for the purpose of preventing overrunning and back lashing. The line should be immediately retrieved, first by raising the tip of the rod enough to keep the bait in motion until the handle of the reel is secured and the process of reeling-in the line has begun. The reeling-in should not be too fast, just fast enough to keep the spinners in motion, if any are used, and if no spinners are used, then just fast enough to keep the bait in motion to make it look as if it were alive, carefully spooling the line evenly back and forth over the reel with the thumb and finger of the left hand as it is reeled in so that it will be in proper condition for the next cast.

It is best to cast over-head, as in this way one can cast more accurately than in the underhanded cast. A slight "twirling" motion, as in cracking a whip, adds to the ease of the cast, but this should not be attempted at first. It is well, of course, to be able to cast under-handed, so that in case of overhanging bushes interfering, one is still able to get out his bait.

Have the reel on top of the rod with the handle to the right. Be sure to *practice* and *learn* casting while sitting, as after thus learning it will be easy to cast standing. Not much force is necessary. The cast should be made entirely with the arm, principally with the forearm and most of all by the action of the hand from the wrist.

Casts of fifty to seventy-five feet properly made are much more successful in catching fish than longer ones badly made, although, of course, at times it is beneficial to make long casts, and it is at all times gratifying to be able to make long casts accurately and deftly.

A suitable rod is indispensable for easy and effective casting. The rod which is becoming more popular every year is about equal in length to the height of the angler, pretty flexible and springy and strong enough to stand a good, hard strain, which means that it should be of good quality; it may be of bamboo, wood or steel. All kinds have their advocates. It should have three medium large guides and an agate top, and be preferably in two pieces.

The reel should be a good one, not necessarily a high-priced one, and a quadruple multiplier is advisable in fishing; not for the purpose of bringing in the fish more speedily, but to bring him in more *surely* by taking up the line more rapidly, and thus preventing the fish from getting slack line and shaking the hook out of his mouth in case it has only caught slightly.

A light, firmly *braided* silk line, the usual No. 5, gives me the greatest satisfaction in casting; but all lines require pretty careful attention, as they have a tendency to become weak unexpectedly and cause the loss of a big fish, or a bait, or both at the same time.

Let us now suppose that you have learned the rudiments of casting and have procured a satisfactory outfit, and are justified in going out and trying your luck in actual fishing. When you cast, try to attain accuracy by always aiming at some particular object, such as a bunch of rushes or weeds, or a lily pad or splatter dock, or a leaf floating upon the water, or, in the absence of all these, a particular wave upon the water, as thus you gradually increase your efficiency in placing your bait just where you want it. Be attentive to your business when casting, to avoid failing to respond instantly when you have a strike, as it takes but an instant for the fish to discover the deception and the next second you may be too late to get him.

When you have hooked your fish, do not fail to keep a taut line upon him, and let him have all the play he wants before you try to reel him in close to the boat, as then you will not be so likely to lose him because of a hard rush.

Never catch fish when they are on their spawning beds, even if it is in the open season; to do so is as bad as to kill a hatching bird on its nest or when it is protecting its young.

Do not try to catch all the fish in the lake, but be satisfied with a decent catch, leaving some of them for your next trip.

THE TEST OF CRUISING POWER BOATS

BY E. L. FERGUSON

THE annual Marblehead-New York motor boat race, held under the auspices of the Knickerbocker Yacht Club, of New York, has become a famous event, and one, too, that is looked forward to each year with a great deal of interest. It is not, above all else, a mere test of speed, but rather one of endurance. The boats entering are built for cruising purposes, and are not especially designed for speed alone. They are, indeed, just the sort of boat that is suitable for the summer cruise of the man of moderate means. Yet even under adverse conditions they prove themselves worthy to be called speedy craft.

The race, which was this year run from Marblehead, Mass., to College Point, New York, is for cruising power boats of not less than 30 feet water-line length, not exceeding in greatest length forty feet, and with a water-line breadth of not less than one-fifth of the water-line length. The engine or engines must be operated either by gasoline or kerosene. The boats must also be provided with solid propellers. The crew must not be changed during the race and must consist of not more than four persons, one of whom may be a paid hand. The rules regarding fuel, stops, etc., are sufficiently strict to give a fair and square test.

Though the race has many spectacular features, the chief interest lies in the opportunities afforded to show the real efficiency of a boat under rough going. At different points in the course the rips are nasty. They simply play with a small boat even in fair weather; but let a northeaster blow and they actually become menacing and dangerous. The run is a hard one under any circumstances for so small a boat, and so is, in reality, an excellent endurance test.

But the best thing about this motor-boating classic so far and from the viewpoint of the man of moderate means is that both last year's race and the race which was finished on June 30 of this year were won by the smallest boat entered. Last year's race was from College Point, on Long Island Sound, to Marblehead, and so adverse were the weather conditions that only one of the little cruisers completed the journey—the "Talisman," equipped with an 8-horse-power engine and with a time allowance of 16 hours, 44 minutes and 19 seconds, which went the distance in 45 hours, 35 minutes and 56 seconds, actual time. The racers were better favored by the weather man this year, and nine of the starters finished the race. The start was made at 6.30 on June 28, from Marblehead, and the first boat home was the "Unome," which arrived at College Point at 4.15.40 on the morning of June 30, her actual time for the 280-mile trip being 33 hours, 45 minutes and 15 seconds. The race being a handicap, however, the "Susie," rated at 9 horse-power, and which did not arrive until 9.25.29 on the morning of the 30th, was declared the winner, her corrected time being 26.01.07—more than

THE "SUSIE," IMMEDIATELY AFTER FINISHING HER VICTORIOUS RUN FROM MARBLEHEAD TO NEW YORK two hours faster than her nearest competitor, under the time allowance.

The "Susie's" skipper, Mr. Ernest Schmelzel, a son of the boat's owner, Mr. J. B. Schmelzel, said concerning the experience of himself and his three companions on the cruise:

"We had fresh breezes across Massachusetts Bay, and we cut in close by the whistling buoy on the Peaked Hill Bars and ran down the neck of the cape with a comparatively smooth sea. But after passing Pollock Rip Lightship it was a constant jump into a head sea all the way to Cuttyhunk. We kept driving through these head seas all the way around Vineyard Sound, with strong gusts of wind and rain dead against us for fifty miles or more. But we did not put in at Vineyard Haven for fuel, as most of our competitors did. We plugged right through, and you can imagine we didn't get any sleep that night; it was impossible. The motion of the boat was so quick that, lying on the floor of the cabin forward, the floor came up and hit you before your body stopped dropping from the previous plunge of the boat.

"The run by daylight on the 29th, and the last night nearing home, things were better, and we managed to get some rest. I was particularly fortunate in having with me Mr. Russell Ross, who knows every mile of the sea-road we had to cover.

"When it is remembered that we had to make the long open run down past the Nauset Beacons to Pollock Rip Slue, and across the shoals to past Monomoy before we had the protection of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, and another long stretch of open sea from Gay Head to Block Island, and taking into consideration the nasty sou'wester of the first night, I think our trip shows remarkably well for the seaworthiness of the modern cruising motor boat of small horse-power, of which I consider the "Susie" nothing more than a good, representative type."

The cruising motor boat is coming into great vogue, because of its comfort and convenience for cruising on inland waters and also on account of its moderate cost. It is also often used to haul a cheaply constructed but commodious houseboat. The following description of a certain make will afford some idea of how the boats are arranged:

In the forward end of the cabin is situated a saloon nine feet in length, having two berths, and a chiffonier with a locker on each side. Entrance can be made through a hatch in the roof or through a swinging door from the engine-room, which is situated directly aft. On the starboard side of the engine-room is a large, roomy locker and a comfortable berth. On the port side is a toilet-room, in which there is a yacht closet and folding wash basin. Directly aft of the toilet-room is the stove compartment and ice-box. The cockpit gives room for six comfortable wicker chairs and at the after end a stationary seat with cushion.

THE SEASON IN AMATEUR ATHLETICS

BY MILTON E. TOWNE

THE season just ended—of track and field athletics—has been a highly successful one—artistically and otherwise. Certain it is that at no time has this branch of sport enjoyed greater vogue than during the past season, as evinced by the unusually large attendance at the games. In a measure this may be ascribed to the brilliant success of the American athletes at Athens, and the widespread interest it evoked. Apart from this, however, there has been a distinct impetus from some source, with the result that the college track meet now attracts nearly as large an audience as its hitherto more popular football game. This is almost as it should be.

The 1906 season—although replete with performances of high order—was not remarkable for the establishment of new records. Nor did it bring forth a Kraenzlein or a Duffey. But a wealth of promising material was uncovered, of which big things may be expected next year. A salient feature was the irreverent manner in which the minor colleges cut in on the point totals. This occurred time and again during the season, upsetting calculations amazingly. At Cambridge, for instance, four of them, Syracuse, Colgate, Amherst and Swarthmore, amassed a total of 30 points alone.

Cornell won the championship at Cambridge with a total of 38 points, to the utter surprise of the knowing ones, for in the early stages the Ithacans were apparently out of the running. Subsequent events proved, however, that in running they were "strictly in it" and it was the distance men who saved the day for Cornell. Their work in this department was nothing short of wonderful and, safe to say, has never been equaled in the annals of "intercollegiates." No one will now dispute the statement that Moakley, Cornell's trainer, is the "last word" in the development of distance runners. This makes it two straight for Cornell, she having earned the title last year.

In the West some remarkable work was done in the conference meet at Evanston, Ill. Michigan, who won the championship title on that occasion, overwhelmed her competitors with 62½ points. A new pole vault record was established, Samse, of Indiana, clearing 12 feet 4⅞ inches.

The only occasion on which a Western team (by no means representative) has been seen in competition with men of the East was that of the Pennsylvania Relay Carnival at Philadelphia early in the spring. Michigan's crack quartette showed their heels to Yale and Pennsylvania, breaking the record and duplicating their performance of the year before. Throughout the meet the Westerners held their own and showed conclusively their ability to cope with the picked men of the East. In spite of this and other more than ample evidence of the need of an intersectional meet, the prospect of its consummation is as dim as ever.

Apropos of records, it has been remarked that we have not been setting up new marks with the regularity and easy nonchalance of former years. And still further, the question has been raised as to whether existing records are not in the vicinity of the unassailable. Of course, there *is* a limit to all things. But any attempt to reduce the proposition to a parallel with the "North Pole idea," for example, and "farthest North," is not only illogical but out of keeping with these progressive times. An application of Nietzsche's philosophy of eternal development dispels the notion in a twinkling.

We have all witnessed the recent advent of the two-minute harness horse, and some of us hark back to the days of Goldsmith Maid, when "two-thirty" was "going some." That hard-won half-minute was years in gaining. Following this line of thought, it is not unreasonable to expect, for instance, that we will one day develop a runner who will negotiate a mile in four minutes flat and the "hundred" in nine seconds. What matters it if the day be off in the distant future—the spirit is the vital thing.

Baseball

The banner emblematic of intercollegiate baseball championship flies from the Princeton staff this year. The Tigers played a good, consistent game all through the season and earned the title more decisively than any team in recent years. With Byram and Heyniger in great form, a lightning infield and a team of hard hitters, they maintained an unbroken front in their games in the "Big Six" barring a defeat by Pennsylvania late in the season. Yale, Harvard and Cornell, the principal contenders for championship honors, were each defeated two straight. The Tigers put up a Garrison finish in the last Yale game, winning in the ninth, with two out and two strikes on the batsman. The end of the season presents the usual jumbled-up aspect. On her showing with Princeton and victory over Yale, Brown should be entitled to second place, with Cornell third. Cornell, who started out brilliantly, was beaten by Yale. But her season's record is far cleaner than that of the Elis. Yale and Harvard were big disappointments this year, especially the former, who looked very strong, on paper, at the season's start.

In the Middle West, Michigan won the Conference championship after a nip-and-tuck strugggle with Illinois, who finished second, with Chicago third.

Rowing

Cornell still reigns supreme in the collegiate rowing world. By capturing both 'Varsity races at the Poughkeepsie regatta, Coach Courtney's men established their claim to premier honors for another year.

The event of the day, the 'Varsity four-mile race for eight-oared shells, was an exciting struggle. Syracuse closely pressed the Ithacans throughout the long journey, only to suffer the penalty of their exhausting effort in losing second honors to Pennsylvania, who came up with a magnificent spurt in the last few rods. Wisconsin, Columbia and Georgetown fought it out in a little race of their own for second division honors, and finished in the order named.

The 'Varsity four-oar event was won by Cornell by five lengths in hollow fashion, with Syracuse second and Columbia third. Wisconsin was represented in the race for the first time, but failed to show to advantage. Syracuse sprung a surprise by nipping the freshman race. This event, the outcome of which is always uncertain at the best, had been conceded to the Cornellians, who ruled favorite in the betting.

After being twice defeated in the freshman and four-oared races, Harvard's lucky crew vanquished Yale in the 'Varsity race at the New London regatta, adding another to her slim list of victories. The freshman and 'Varsity races were well-contested affairs, but the four-oared race was easy for Yale, who won by over a quarter of a minute.

EDITORIAL

The Warden and the Editor

We have often observed that a game warden is not without honor, save in his own newspaper. If he does his duty as well as he can under the always adverse conditions, he gets rapped over the head by the local newspaper for an excess of zeal, and if, on the other hand, he chances to be one of the weaker spirits who succumb to "public indignation," he is jeered at for being afraid of his own shadow. And more's the pity, there is no happy medium that will satisfy the editor and his own sense of honor. What is more, for the warden to remonstrate with the newspaper for publishing an ill-advised article bearing on the enforcement of the fish or game law is to call down upon his luckless head the whole editorial gall pot.

As an instance of the manner in which many newspapers obstruct the work of the game wardens, we will quote an extract from the La Crosse (Wis.) *Chronicle* of April 19:

"Organized violations of the game law prohibiting spring shooting of ducks is the unusual condition which confronts game wardens in La Crosse. . . .

"With this firm determination on the part of the hunters of the district, the strict enforcement of the law against spring shooting is impossible here. There is no demand for the enforcement of the law, for the ducks will be shot elsewhere if not here. As long as there is shooting in the lakes around La Crosse there will be gunning. And just now the shooting's fine—better far than it ever is in the open season."

Comment on the subject discussed by this newspaper is unnecessary in these columns, since every enlightened sportsman must certainly be opposed to the spring shooting of wildfowl and in hearty sympathy with the work of the game wardens. What we wish to impress upon the reader is that he owes it to the game warden in his district to see that none but rational articles relating to the fish and game laws appear in the local newspaper. The reader can readily appreciate what a blow the above-quoted article must have been to the warden in La Crosse.

If an influential sportsman in any country town or small city will undertake to educate the editor of the town's representative newspaper in fish and game law matters, it can be done—provided, of course, that it is needed. If several such sportsmen in such a place will call upon the editor of a newspaper that does not properly support the cause of fish and game protection, they can bring about a change for the better. If the real sportsmen of any community that supports a newspaper that is hostile to the game laws will refuse to patronize such newspaper and will denounce its editorial policy as being harmful to the best interests of all sportsmen, they can put a stop to the evil. We urge our readers to act on this suggestion wherever there is missionary work to do and if a subscription to RECREATION will avail with the local editor, to send us his name.

But for a mere game warden to "sass" the editor of his local newspaper, no matter how obscure the paper, would be as foolhardy as for an ordinary citizen of the lightweight class to remonstrate with a drunken policeman.

The Warden and His Murderers

It not infrequently happens that the hostile attitude of the public press toward a hard-working game warden swiftly deprives him of his position. Where politics cuts a figure in the fish and game commission, it is almost sure to get a good warden out of office as soon as he shows his hand.

And then, again, there are other ways. As an example, let us take the case of I. Seeley Houk, who was until about April 15 last the Deputy Fish and Game Warden at New Castle, Pa.

Some railroad men, passing along the bank of the Mahoning River, near Hilltown station, found the lifeless body of Houk lying at the bottom of a steep stone embankment, in water about two feet deep, where the river formed an eddy. The body lay face downward, with the arms extended. A long raincoat worn by the warden had been doubled up over his head, and upon this three heavy stones, each weighing fifty pounds or more, had been placed to keep the body from rising to the surface. Stones were piled on the feet and legs also.

The coroner's post-mortem examination revealed frightful wounds about the dead warden's breast and head, caused by a load of slugs fired from a shotgun. Apparently the body had been in the water for about two weeks. In the pockets of the dead man's clothes were found a gold watch, pair of binoculars that he always carried on his trips, a pair of eyeglasses, a memorandum book, containing letters besmeared and blotted by the water, a pair of handcuffs, a bunch of keys and two hundred and eight dollars and eighty-five cents in money. His revolver was gone.

Houk was too good a warden.

When the reader reflects that there are just as desperate men in almost every community as the murderer or murderers of poor Houk, he must surely feel it his duty to discourage any criticism of the local game warden or his work. If the warden neglects his duty or if, on the other hand, he exceeds his authority so as to make himself obnoxious even to good sportsmen, there is a way of having him removed that is more sane, more humane, than the holding of him up to public scorn in the daily newspapers, and thus inciting the more brutal of his enemies to take his life.

Why kill the game warden?

To Sportsmen of Oklahoma

It is but sixteen years since white men, other than an occasional trapper, have had opportunity to shoot game in Oklahoma, and their advent in any considerable numbers to the Indian Territory is still more recent. Even so late as five years ago prominent sportsmen of the East, returning, declared the Twin Territories "God's country," and vowed if they were young men they'd go there to settle down. Some of them went there to live, anyway, and since all sportsmen are not too old to emigrate, they found they had company. Company and visitors—that's the story. The voices of the shotgun and the rifle were heard in the land, louder and more insistent than that of the mule whip, and it has now come to pass that the fruit growers of Oklahoma are asking for protection of the insectivorous birds of the Territory.

As fruit growers are commonly dull persons who set up scarecrows and take pot-shots at the robins, it would seem that there has been an awakening in the country just east of the Texas Pan Handle, an awakening not unlike that which the past winter brought to Texas, and Tennessee, and Alabama and Georgia. Too many crates of live bob-white quail being shipped East "for scientific purposes," too many Saratoga trunks and like innocent receptacles packed with the dead birds being expressed to St. Louis and Chicago. The fruit-growers and the sportsmen, and everybody else but the hirelings of the thieving commission houses, have suddenly come to realize the economic value of the bobwhite, and are one and all individually deploring the lack of public sentiment for the enforcement of the game laws.

Game is still fairly abundant in the Twin Territories—soon to be the State of Oklahoma, if you please—and if the people of the sister commonwealths will act now that they are awake, they can save their shooting—from themselves and from their friends who come *via* the Pullman route. Every sportsman in Oklahoma or the Indian Territory has in himself a good, healthy chunk of public sentiment, and it but requires that enough get together—instead of continuing to individually deplore— and make a pool of their chunks, demanding the enforcement of the game laws in the statutes of the respective Territories, to insure for themselves good shooting for a long time to come.

There is nothing in the deploring business, if conducted on a small scale. The way to stop illegal shooting and trapping of quail is to *stop* it. We would respectfully suggest to the sportsmen of Oklahoma that they turn in and organize a game protective association, the first intent of which shall be to arouse public sentiment against the illegal shooting and trapping of the Territories' vanishing supply of quail. We believe that Gen. J. C. Jamison, of Guthrie, formerly Adjutant-General of Missouri, could successfully launch such an organization, and we call upon him and urge the sportsmen of Oklahoma to write to him in the matter.

The Eternal Wilderness

Yes, that is true. We still have our "unmanstifled" places. And there shall come to us a wilderness here and another there, where now there is none. For everything moves in circles—which is not at all a new discovery—and the man who to-day laments a dearth of the wilderness may live long enough to find himself one day wielding an axe as dull as the pen he now bewails with—and forty miles from a grindstone.

We shall not remonstrate with the writers who are picturing us going to eternal smash for want of tall timber. Their work is not without its good effect in staying the denudation of our near-by recreation grounds, and we are content to watch the wily old wilderness creeping up in the rear of the advancing army of invasion, reaching out with sure, silent fingers and reclaiming her own, building anew her razed stockades and unfurling to the winds her defiant bannerets.

THE GAME FIELD

Save Your Quail

In the public parks of Edinburgh, Scotland, in place of the conventional "Keep Off the Grass" signs, there are displayed sign-boards bearing the legend, "Citizens, Protect Your Property." Not so bad for the Land of the Thistle, and it suggests big possibilities, when applied to the protection of fish and game.

In this country, in the Northern States, we have already been "carrying coals to Newcastle," as regards our quail-shooting, and the crisis now approaching is that there will be no more coal to carry. In spite of the Lacey law, there has been carried on an astounding trafficking in live quail, the States of the South and Southwest being annually robbed to stock depleted coverts in the North. And even the game commissions of certain Northern States have not hesitated to buy live quail in the South "for scientific purposes."

Where quail are so scarce as they have been in these instances, would it not be more honest—in view of the law forbidding the exportation of live quail from other States, *except for scientific purposes*—would it not be more sportsmanlike to stop shooting the home supply and let them do their own restocking?

At any rate, whether we wish to be fair or not, the citizens of the States and Territories that have been so long systematically robbed—in the name of science!—are aroused. Texas sportsmen have been hot after the quail-netters during the past winter, and the people of Alabama declare they are going to have an efficient game commission and stop the stealing of their quail.

It is, indeed, the height of asinine "game propagation" for game commissioners and game associations of Northern States, where quail are practically extinct, to buy Southern quail in the winter and turn them down in the spring to mate and multiply and then let them all be killed off in the fall. In Massachusetts, where the native stock of quail has not survived the recent severe winters nor the excessive shooting, and where different sportsmen's associations have been systematically importing quail, regardless of the Lacey law, the open season for quail continues throughout the month of November. In Pennsylvania—whose Game Commission has only the past spring planted several hundred dozens of quail that were brought from the South—the open season is from November 1 to December 1. And the State Game Commissioner openly confesses that there would not be one single quail in the Keystone State to-day were it not for those which have been imported from time to time. In New Hampshire, the open season extends for two months and a-half, and in Vermont, for four months—despite the fact that quail are almost as rare in those States as snowballs are in July.

These are just a few examples which show that the shooters want quail-shooting, regardless of where the quail come from or how long they last. But when it is stated that the game commission of the once great quail state of Illinois has found it necessary to disregard the Lacey law during the past spring, to brace up the quail supply, it should not strain the perception of the average quail-shooter—North or South—to figure out how long the sport will last in his vicinity, unless conditions change.

We are shooting too many quail. We have cleaned them out of the older States of the North, and we of the North now go South to shoot off the supply down there, and, failing to accomplish this in our allotted time, and with only one pair of legs each, we have a supply trapped and sent up home, to be turned out to breed and afford us shooting on our own grounds the next fall. A man living in New York City can shoot quail from November 1 to New Year's Day, and then he can go down to Mississippi and keep banging away till the first of May—a six months' quail season! And there are men who do it; and, furthermore, there are some who claim residence in more than one State. We happen to know positively of only one, who claims both New York State and Mississippi as his place of residence, he owning a home in each State, and so gets out of paying a non-resident license fee.

When we remember that there are over 300,000 (Government estimate) shooters in this country who hunt quail every year, and that a good percentage of these hunt both in the North and in the South, it is only reasonable to predict that, if conditions remain as they now are, the bob-white quail will soon, very soon, become one of our most rare, instead of our most common, game birds.

The shooting season is once more drawing near, and in the absence of better protection by law, RECREATION appeals to the quail-shooters of the land to save the quail. Do not depend upon legislation and the game warden. Do not depend upon some other State to supply more when you have killed all there are in your State that the hawks and the owls and the weasels and Jack Frost have not taken. Leave some for seed. It is not supposed that a sportsman will kill the last quail of a flock, but even some very well-taught sportsmen have a little way of forgetting their training when birds are scarce. We appeal to the quail-shooters of the land, wherever they may be, to each of them spare two or three quail this year. Think of what this would mean! If fifty quail-shooters in any county in any State, where it has been necessary to import quail, will each spare two birds this fall, it will mean that 100 quail, many of them, no doubt, native-born, will be left in that county to breed another year. Let the members of sportsmen's associations pledge themselves to such action, and it will not be necessary to try to get live quail from the South next winter. We say *try*, because another year will bring great changes in the attitude of the Southern people toward the quail-thieves. There will certainly be a strong shotgun quarantine against quail-netters in Texas, and the commission merchant who can deliver live Alabama quail will be a wonder.

In conclusion, let us recommend for Northern quail-shooters the action of the Game Commission of the good State of Illinois. Prairie chickens, once so plentiful in the Sucker State, have long since dwindled in numbers to a pitifully small supply; wild turkeys are no more, and bob-white quail are becoming almost as precious as the pinnated grouse. So the State Game Commission has started, seriously, to raising these birds on farms, bought for the purpose, and from the stock there raised in immunity from hunters and cared for through the rigors of winter will be trapped at times birds for stocking the depleted coverts of the State. Illinois intends hereafter to respect the Lacey law and raise her own game birds. The sooner other States where game has become scarce follow her example, the surer will the game supply of the country hold out. But as can readily be understood, all legislation must be futile, all the good work of State game commissions come to naught, unless the sportsmen of the country are sincere in their wish to have the game protected. If quail-shooting becomes a thing of the past, no one will be to blame but the quail-shooters.

Propagating Wild Rice

RECREATION is constantly in receipt of requests for information on the subject of planting wild rice as a means to feeding wildfowl, and as the harvest season is now approaching we will quote the best authority we know, *i.e.*, the Bureau of Plant Industry, United States Department of Agriculture.

In Bulletin No. 90, Part 1, issued on September 7 of last year, Mr. J. W. T. Duvel, of the seed laboratory, says in part:

> The many failures in the propagation of wild rice from seed have been due to the use of seed that had become dry before sowing, or to the fact that the seed when sown fresh in the autumn had been eaten by ducks or other animals or was carried away by heavy floods before germination took place.
>
> It is now very generally known that the seed of wild rice, if once allowed to become dry, will not germinate, save possibly an occasional grain. In its natural habitat the seed, as soon as mature, falls into the water and sinks into the mud beneath, where it remains during the winter months, germinating the following spring if conditions are favorable.
>
> Heretofore the plan generally followed, and the one usually recommended by those who have given some attention to the propagation of wild rice, was practically that of natural seeding; that is, to gather the seed in the autumn, as soon as thoroughly mature, and while still fresh to sow it in one to three feet of water.
>
> It must be remembered that the bulk of the seed remains dormant during the winter, germinating first the spring after maturing; consequently, with but few exceptions, fall seeding is unsatisfactory and unreliable. Fall seeding is likely to prove a failure for three reasons: (1) Wild ducks and other animals of various kinds eat or destroy the seed in considerable quantity before it has had time to germinate the following spring; (2) much of the seed is frequently covered so deeply with mud that washes in from the shore during the winter that the young plants die of suffocation and starvation before they reach the surface; (3) in some cases a large quantity of the seed is carried away from the place where sown by the high waters and floating ice prevalent during the latter part of the winter and early spring.
>
> In exceptional cases these difficulties can be overcome; under which circumstances autumn sowing may be preferable to spring sowing. In the majority of cases, however, much better results will be obtained if the seed is properly stored and sown in the early spring, as soon as the danger of heavy floods is passed and the water level approaches normal.
>
> In sowing the seed considerable care must be exercised in selecting a suitable place, securing the proper depth of water, etc. Good results can be expected if the seed is sown in from 1 to 3 feet of water which is not too stagnant or too swiftly moving, with a thick layer of soft mud underneath. It is useless to sow wild rice seed on a gravelly

bottom or in water where the seed will be constantly disturbed by strong currents.

Previous to this time, save in a few reported cases, the seed which was allowed to dry during the winter and was sown the following spring gave only negative results. It is now definitely known that wild rice, if properly handled, can be stored during the winter without impairing the quality of germination to any appreciable degree, and that it can be sown the following spring or summer with good success.

The vitality of wild rice seed is preserved almost perfectly if kept wet in cold storage—nature's method of preservation. This method of storage implies that the seed has been properly harvested and cared for up to the time of storage. The seed should be gathered as soon as mature, put loosely into sacks (preferably burlap) and sent at once to the cold-storage rooms. If the wild rice fields are some distance from the cold-storage plant the sacks of seed should be sent by express, and unless prompt delivery can be guaranteed, it is not advisable to send by freight even for comparatively short distances. It is very important that the period between the time of harvesting and the time when the seed is put into cold storage be as short as possible. If this time is prolonged to such an extent as to admit of much fermentation or to allow the seed near the outside of the bags to become dry during transit, its vitality will be greatly lowered.

It is not practicable to give any definite length of time which may elapse between harvesting and storing, inasmuch as the temperature, humidity and general weather conditions, as well as the methods of handling the seed, must be taken into consideration. Let it suffice to say, however, that the vitality of the seed will be the stronger the sooner it is put into cold storage after harvesting.

As soon as the seed is received at the cold-storage plant, while it is still fresh and before fermentation has taken place, it should be put into buckets, open barrels or vats, covered with fresh water and placed at once in cold storage. If there is present a considerable quantity of light immature seed or straw, broken sticks, etc., it will be profitable to separate this from the good seed by floating in water preparatory to storing. The storage room should be maintained at a temperature just above freezing—what the storage men usually designate as the "chill room."

When taken from cold storage in the spring the seed must not be allowed to dry out before planting, as a few days' drying will destroy every embryo.

Seed which was stored under the foregoing conditions (temperature 32–34° F.) from October 19, 1903, to November 15, 1904, 393 days, germinated from 80 to 88 per cent. Another lot of seed, which was stored on October 6, 1904, and tested for vitality on April 17, 1905, germinated 79.8 per cent.

From the foregoing it will be seen that none but the best of freshly harvested seed should be bought for planting purposes, and that it should be hurried immediately to a cold-storage house. Do not, therefore, buy seed from any one advertising to have it "in stock" but rather arrange with some one in the wild rice country to have as many bags as are desired gathered and expressed straight from the marsh to the storage house. It can be shipped or stored for a short time in small burlap bags, packed in slatted boxes with dampened excelsior or sphagnum moss. But care must be taken that the box is not packed too tight. There must be some slight circulation of air or fermentation will immediately set in. So packed, the seed may be four or five days in transportation and come through safely.

We do not know any one who could be relied upon to gather and ship the rice properly, but in all probability Mr. E. P. Jaques, Aitkin, Minn., could arrange with the Indians for a supply, if parties interested would write him. If he could be prevailed upon to do the job himself it would be well, but it is quite certain that both he and his son Lee will be in search of better sport about the time the rice is ripe.

Drift of Bullets

A correspondent has asked for an explanation of the causes of drift. This somewhat obscure phenomenon is the lateral motion of the bullet, caused by the spin imparted to it by the rifling and the resistance of the air. A bullet fired from a smooth bore does not drift, neither would a bullet if it were fired in vacuo.

With bullets having rounded heads, such as the usual service bullets of the great military nations, the drift is to the left with left-hand rifling, and to the right with right-hand rifling; other things remaining unchanged, the greater the twist the greater the drift. At short ranges, where the trajectory is nearly flat, the drift is nearly imperceptible; but at extreme ranges, owing to the greater curvature of the trajectory and to the fact that the bullet has lost but little of its spin, though its forward velocity is greatly diminished, the drift always increases rapidly.

The most reasonable explanation of the way in which the spin of the bullet and the resistance of the air produce drift is here given; but no definite proof exists as to its correctness. It is stated here, not as an established law, but to let the reader know what the probable cause is thought to be. It is known as the "rolling theory." When the rifle is fired at a distant object on the same level, the axis of the barrel is directed above the object at the instant the bullet leaves the muzzle, consequently, the axis of the bullet starts in this line, but when the bullet arrives at the object, it is found to be pointing slightly downward, practically parallel to the trajectory. This change of direction of

By Carlos C. Holly

THE TABLES TURNED

The man from the city finds he doesn't know everything, after all, and that a chickaree is not a squirrel, from a sportsman's viewpoint

the bullet is recognized by the fact that the bullet-marks in canvas or wooden targets are as nearly as possible circular, and is due to the action of the resistance of the air upon the bullet.

This turning action of the air upon the bullet does not come into play when the axis of the bullet is truly tangential to the trajectory, therefore it is only when the bullet has got its nose above the trajectory that the turning effect begins to take place. It is probable that the turning effect never quite keeps pace with the flight of the bullet along the trajectory, so that the nose of the bullet on the average keeps slightly above the trajectory. The air would then be highly compressed in front of the bullet and underneath it. Now suppose the bullet is spinning with a left-hand twist, there would be greater friction between the underside of the bullet and the compressed air than between the top side of the bullet and the uncompressed air; therefore, the bullet would roll to the left. Again, the spin of the bullet would tend to drive the compressed air from under the bullet to the right; consequently, there would be greater air pressure on the right side of the bullet than to the left; therefore, the bullet would be edged off to the left. As the range increases the velocity of the bullet and the resistance of the air decrease, but the spin of the bullet remains nearly the same, and the curvature of the trajectory increases; therefore, under these conditions the nose of the bullet would tend to keep higher above the trajectory and the cushion of compressed air below the bullet would be greater than the amount of drift at long ranges. Another explanation of drift ascribes it to what is known as gyroscopic action. This somewhat difficult theory is not so probable as that just given, to our mind, as owing to the small diameter of a modern bullet in proportion to its length the gyroscopic action should not be pronounced enough to cause the drift, which we know actually occurs.

On Grouse Shooting

The best of upland bird-shooting in the Eastern States is afforded by the ruffed grouse, and for the benefit of those who are not "old hands," we will quote the late Sylvester D. Judd, of the Biological Survey, as to their preference of ranging places:

In Virginia and Maryland, near the city of Washington, the species is, or was until recently, not uncommon along the rocky palisades of the Potomac and in deep gorges lined with laurel thickets. In Essex County, N. J., it frequents* the crest of a wooded basaltic dike known as the Orange Mountains, where the picturesque, rocky woods, with a good stand of deciduous trees and an undergrowth of blueberry, second growth white oak, wild grape and bittersweet vines and beds of partridgeberry furnish a congenial home. That ruffed grouse prefer deciduous to evergreen growths was particularly noticed by the writer in 1892 and 1898 at Chocorna, N. H., a hamlet between Lake Winnepesaukee and the White Mountains. On his tramps through heavy spruce forests remote from houses or clearings he seldom came across grouse. He frequently met them, however, in woodland near farms or in clearings, and particularly along wood roads. . . . During October, birds were often found in hemlock woods, with an undergrowth of Bermuda ferns or other vegetation.

In flight it is one of the swiftest of upland game birds, and considerable skill, a quick eye and a steady hand are needed to shoot it on the wing. Most shots must be made in cover, and the bird's habit of putting a tree between itself and the sportsman as it flies away adds to the difficulty. As a rule, it does not lie nearly so close to a dog as a bobwhite, but before a well-trained, cautious animal it lies fairly well.

A reasonable limit to the day's bag should be set by law. Kansas, Maine and Wisconsin restrict the number to fifteen; Montana and Oregon to ten, and Ohio to six. Vermont, Pennsylvania and Connecticut have a limit of five grouse per day to a gun, and in the latter State, as well as in New York, no more than thirty-six can be taken in a year.

New York Deer Season Shortened

The Legislature of 1906 amended Section 2 of the State game law by making the close season for deer from November 16 to September 30, inclusive. Section 4 was amended by providing that wild deer or venison shall not be possessed or sold from November 25 to September 30 inclusive; that possession from midnight of the 15th of November to the 24th of November shall be presumptive evidence that it was unlawfully taken. Also, that deer or venison killed in this State shall not be accepted by a common carrier for transportation from November 19 to September 30 inclusive, but if possession is obtained for transportation after September 30 and before midnight of November 18 it may, when accompanied by the owner, lawfully remain in the possession of a common carrier the additional time necessary to deliver it to its destination.

Fine Big Horn Trophies

While in Tacoma, Wash., on his way to Alaska with the expedition to climb Mt. McKinley, Mr. Belmore Browne, RECREATION'S special correspondent, took measurements of the horns of three freshly killed Rocky Mountain sheep heads owned by W. F. Sheard, the collector. Writing from Seward, Alaska, he gives the measurements as follows:

NO. I.

RIGHT HORN	Inches	LEFT HORN	Inches
Outside length....	43	Outside length.....	43$\frac{3}{4}$
Base circum.......	17$\frac{3}{8}$	Base circum.......	17$\frac{1}{4}$
12 in. from base...	17$\frac{1}{8}$	12 in. from base....	17$\frac{3}{8}$
18 " " " ...	16$\frac{5}{8}$	18 " " "	16$\frac{11}{16}$
22 " " " ...	16	22 " " "	16
38 " " " ...	9$\frac{1}{2}$	38 " " "	9

This head would have measured 6 inches more in length if it had not been broken.

NO. II.

RIGHT HORN	Inches	LEFT HORN	Inches
Outside length....	38$\frac{1}{2}$	Outside length.....	35
Base circum......	17$\frac{1}{2}$	Base circum.......	17$\frac{5}{8}$
12 in. from base...	15$\frac{3}{8}$	12 in. from base....	15$\frac{3}{4}$
18 " " " ...	12$\frac{3}{4}$	18 " " "	13$\frac{1}{8}$
22 " " " ...	10$\frac{3}{16}$	22 " " "	10$\frac{5}{8}$

NO. III.

RIGHT HORN	Inches	LEFT HORN	Inches
Outside length....	34$\frac{3}{8}$	Outside length.....	35
Base circum......	17$\frac{1}{2}$	Base circum.......	17$\frac{5}{8}$
12 in. from base...	15$\frac{3}{8}$	12 in. from base....	15$\frac{3}{4}$
18 " " " ...	12$\frac{3}{4}$	18 " " "	13$\frac{1}{8}$
22 " " " ...	10$\frac{3}{16}$	22 " " "	10$\frac{5}{8}$

Deer Plenty in Michigan

State Game and Fish Warden C. H. Chapman, of Michigan, predicts that the coming season will be the best for deer hunters in several years.

"The mild winter was a good thing for the deer," writes Mr. Chapman. "The weather was not as cold as usual and the snow was not deep. Consequently the animals should be in good condition. The wolves are very thick, according to reports from various sections of the upper peninsula, notwithstanding the State and county bounties, and in some places they did considerable damage."

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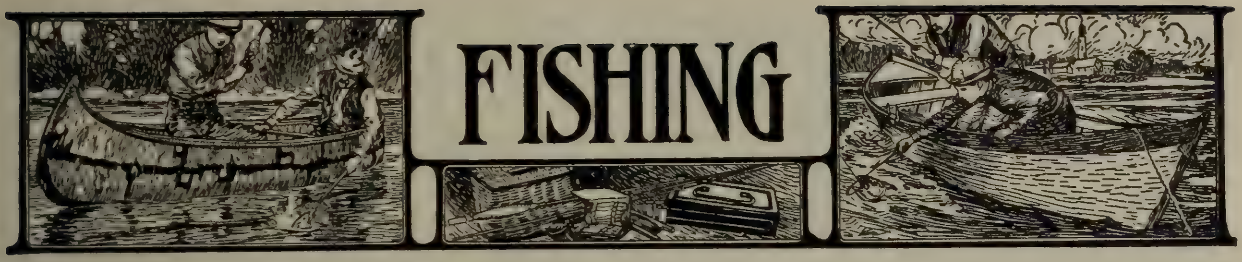
*Not very frequent.—Ed.



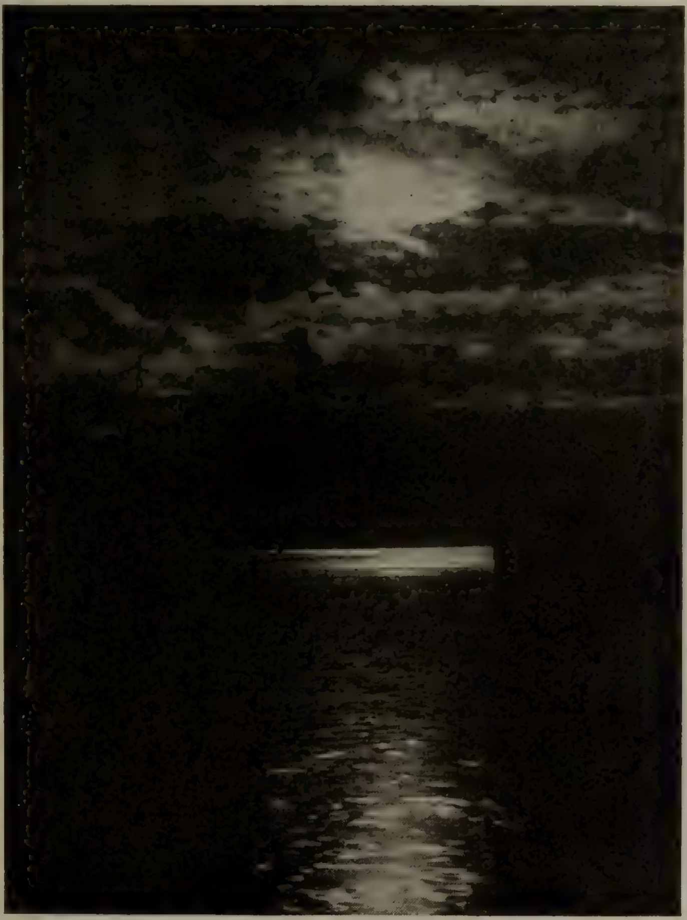
FISHING

Salmon Fishing on Commencement Bay

BY ELLA LILLIES

Lovers of real fishing who have never visited this part of the country have missed half their lives. Tacoma, Wash., is situated on the finest harbor in the world, at the head of ocean navigation on Puget Sound. I am only one woman out of many who enjoy fishing, and eagerly look forward to the time when the trout season opens, that I may cast for the fine fish that bounce like a rubber ball, so firm they are, when taken from the ice-cold streams that empty into the bay.

Now, to catch one of those spotted, gamy tyhee salmon: First, you want a linen line, of good size and about 100 feet long. On the end of this place a swivel and fasten a good linen line twelve or fifteen feet long and smaller than the other with a sixteen or twenty-ounce sinker; in this smaller, or leader line, place one or two swivels, as they keep the line from kinking; then on the end of this leader line put another swivel, with a snap fastener. Now take a swivel and to it fasten a wire leader three feet long and with a swivel on the other end, and to this last swivel fasten your salmon hook. Several of these wire leaders may be fixed and baited, as it saves so much time while trolling, for when a tyhee strikes your bait and you do not hook him, you have to put out a fresh herring, as they will not strike at a ragged herring. By having several hooks baited, you can unsnap and put on a baited hook in only a few seconds.



A SUNSET EFFECT ON PUGET SOUND

During the herring run these are the only bait a tyhee will take, and with a herring rake you can secure herring by the hundred, and the salmon feed right where the herring are the thickest.

Now, to bait your hook: Take a wire needle six or seven inches long, insert at the vent of the herring and out of its mouth, and in the hook of this needle catch the ring of the swivel on your wire leader and pull it through the herring. Snap on your hook so that the bend is next to the herring's tail. Then with a thread sew the herring's mouth up neatly and securely; this makes him appear like a live one in the water. Now your leader is baited, so snap it on your line, see that rod and reel are all right and you are ready. Be sure your gaff hook and salmon club are in your boat.

Pull out past the sea weeds, throw out your herring and pull along until you have let out about sixty or seventy feet of line. Row on slowly and when anything jerks that line it's sure a salmon. When it does, slide in your oars, give a little jerk to the rod, and from the end of your boat you can play your fish. Never give him slack line or he's gone, and don't hurry, for he may come up to the side of your boat and quicker than you can think he is gone again and takes every inch of your line, then stops and jerks four or five times until you imagine your line will surely break. Then up again he comes and you reel in line as fast as possible. When he turns on his side, then's your time to gaff him, for he rests for a second, and is gone again, with more fight than ever. I shall never forget the first big one I landed when alone in my boat. He looked like a small-sized whale and seven times he took out my line and jerked and towed me around in fine shape, and I am not yet just sure how I got him in the boat. They accused me of actually standing on the seat of the boat in my excitement, and I do know I never got such a shower bath in my life as that fish gave me.

Recreation Lodge, my fishing place, is on the beach in what is called the Narrows, through which the waters of Puget Sound must pass to fill the endless bays in the upper sound. The waters of the Narrows are necessarily deep and tremendously swift, forming eddies and pools near the shore. And in these the tyhee run in great numbers from about the 10th of May until November 1. From May till August the herring run is fine, but from then I use a peculiarly shaped brass spoon, called the darting spoon, and this is the only one a tyhee is known to take when the herring are gone.

About 100 families camp along the beach near Recreation Lodge, and it is a beautiful sight to see from twenty to forty rowboats trolling up and down, each one eager to catch and land a larger salmon than his neighbor. About two hours on each tide this fun lasts, and it is worth all the other fishing combined. Come, catch and land one, sit down and have it served to you, and be convinced.

The Fish of Fish

BY CHARLES A. BRAMBLE

From early June until mid-August the salmon fisherman thinks of but one thing—his favorite sport. Even "Jim" Hill, railway magnate and busy man of affairs, lets all drop in June and August and gives himself over to the enjoyment of a sport that is the peer of any. Just now, as I write, his magnificent steam yacht "Wacouta" is lying restless at her moorings, like the beautiful, almost living thing she is, awaiting her master. In a few days he will be far down the stern shores of the St. Lawrence, battling with fish that, pound for pound, are not to be matched in the world.

And the said Jim Hill has a long head; he is very likely to get the best of all that is going. In fact, he is a safe man to follow, whether in the stock market or by the salmon stream—if he gives you the tip—and those looking for exciting sport during the first part of August should try the north shore of the St. Lawrence. Of course, many a good fisherman is without a steam yacht to transport himself and his tackle to his chosen water, but as there are other means of reaching it, this is not an insurmountable obstacle. A very decent steamship runs every ten days, and another equally as good every fortnight, from Quebec as far as Esquimaux Point, passing on the way streams that are famous in song and story (or at least should be). A cabin passage to the extreme point costs but $15. With a view to helping the readers of RECREATION to get their share of excellent salmon-fishing, I shall give a few particulars of the rivers of the Mingañ Seigniery, which are fishable by arrangement with the proprietors, and at a very small cost—taking all things into consideration.

The first stream of any importance reached by the steamers is the Birch River. It is 340 miles east of Quebec, and is generally made in less than thirty-six hours. One or two rods, early in the season, can find all the fishing in this river for salmon and trout that they desire, while the big "sea trout" just crowd the stream, until, as Pat said, the "water bees stiff wid 'em."

The Manitou is a large river, fifteen miles east of Birch River; easy of access, and convenient, being a stream in which no wading is necessary, all the casts being fishable from a canoe.

The Sheldrake, eight miles east of the Manitou, is a medium-sized stream that offers particularly favorable conditions for salmon-fishing early in the season, as the trout do not run until late. Trout are not beloved by the salmon fisherman, pure and simple, as they rise so determinedly and so quickly that they do not give the more stately salmon a fair chance at the fly. After you have hooked and played a few four-pound trout in a pool you may not rise a salmon for several hours, and if the trout are running, you will find the pool swarming with them once more. Sir Rose Price, the lessee of the Jupiter River, Anticosti Island, some years ago, was driven from his river by the sea trout.

Thunder River is the name of the next stream. It is six miles east of the Sheldrake and, though it yields a few salmon, is more of a trout river. There is an admirable harbor for a small yacht near the mouth of the river.

A large river, known as the Magpie, is the next "open" stream met on the eastward way. It is a very large river, and a very savage one, there being no settlements along its shores. The salmon only run for the first quarter of a mile, as some high falls bar their access to the upper waters. In days to come fish ladders will remedy this state of affairs, and then the Magpie will be one of the best streams of the North Shore.

The Mingan is a river that is known wherever salmon fishermen congregate. It has been fished by wandering anglers for a generation or two, and the salmon taken on the rod have numbered into the tens of thousands. But the fishing is as good as ever, and needs just as long a purse as ever, which puts it out of the reach of the average man. Fish up to thirty-eight pounds have been taken, and the average of all is more than fourteen pounds. There are but few trout.

By M. Butler

AN EARLY BREAKFAST, AND THEN FOR THE BASS !

It is to the smaller rivers that the comparatively poor man must look for his sport. The men of money have taken possession of the big, first-class rivers. For pure sport give me, however, a small river, where the pools may be waded and where a big following of hangers-on is neither necessary nor desirable.

The Bear River, thirty-five miles east of Mingan, is an attractive stream. It is small, well stocked with fish and not netted. There is a safe harbor at the entrance, and the anchorage is but half a mile from the first pool, so tha camping out is not necessary, if you have a yacht or coasting craft at your disposal. Thi is an advantage in fly time, as on the water one does not suffer from those active, indefatigable mosquitoes, black flies and midgets whose attentions are directed especially to the nice, tender, juicy man from the city.

The Corneille is but three miles from Bear River. It is a good salmon stream, easy of access, with a good harbor, protected by a chain of islands. The Corneille is a late river, and more renowned for its grilse and trout-fishing than for its salmon, though numbers of the latter have been taken on the rod. The grilse, it may be remarked, is the young salmon returning for the first time to its native river from the sea. It runs during the first weeks of July, whereas the adult salmon begin to run in June.

The Pishteebee comes next on the list. It is a first-class little river, and one that should give better sport than has yet been the case, if fished by a party not in too great a hurry to leave. Sometimes the early fishing is disappointing, but, sooner or later, there is always a heavy run of fish, and the rod that is ready will reap the reward.

Three miles east of the last-named river is the Minacougan. The fishing waters extend for but half a mile, but in that distance there are at least five good pools. Fishing is either from a canoe or from the shore. A good harbor exists near the mouth.

The Little Watischon, eight miles farther east, is large enough for two or three rods. But the best sport is over by the end of July, though there are great quantities of trout in the river all through the summer.

A stretch of twenty miles extends between the little Watischon and the Mapissipi. This stream has been little fished, but is netted, and yields sometimes 500 salmon, so there should be some fishing. The salmon run to a good size, occasionally up to thirty pounds. There is no harbor, but fine camping grounds are near the pools.

The Agwanis is the last river on my list. It is eight miles from the Mapissipi. It is practically unknown except in its lower reaches, but must be capable of a great yield, as the nets account for at least 600 salmon a season, and some years many more.

Fishermen going to this coast should understand that, except at Mingan (leased), there are no accommodations whatever. All must either camp out or live aboard. Wages are very low, the best men asking but $1.50 a day. It is usual to take canoemen from the Saguenay, as well as canoes. There are telegraph and post offices at nearly all the rivers, as the Dominion maintains a telegraph line running to Belle Isle, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence. There are three mails a month along the coast.

There is, of course, most excellent wildfowl-shooting all along this shore later in the season, but this does not come under the heading I have chosen for this article. Perhaps, if the editor gives his sanction, I may in some future issue give a few hints as to the best places for duck and other shooting.

For Casting Clubs

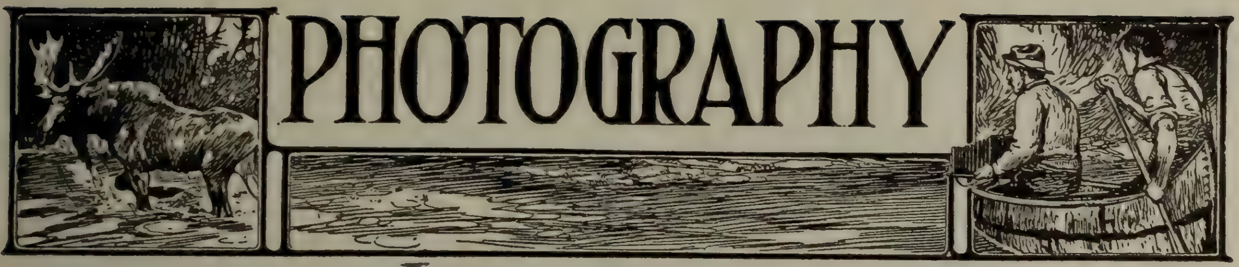
In view of the continually increasing interest in fly and bait casting tournament or contest work the Chicago Fly Casting Club will be glad to send, free of charge, to any one interested in this delightful adjunct to the sport of angling, a copy of its "Constitution, Rules and Events," on application to George A. Davis, secretary and treasurer, 24 Sherman Street, Chicago.

This book is the result of fourteen years' experience and careful compilation and revision. It is believed these rules represent the best modern methods in the events enumerated, and that the events conform, as far as possible, to the most largely practiced methods of scientific angling in America, This offer is made solely to promote the very enjoyable sport of tournament or contest work and a more widespread knowledge of prevailing methods, and it is sincerely hoped there will be a good response. Send a stamp to cover postage.

The Kalamazoo Tournament

The biggest thing of its kind ever held in this country will be the World's Tournament of Bait and Fly Casting, at Kalamazoo, Mich., on August 3 and 4, under the auspices of the Kalamazoo Bait and Fly Casting Club. At this writing eight events are booked and there is promise of a very successful tournament, every way.

ON A MICHIGAN TROUT STREAM



PHOTOGRAPHY

The Selection of Apparatus

When an amateur buys an article it is his right to demand, and the seller's obligation to see, that the article purchased shall be fully equal to the claims made for it. When one buys a camera, lens or shutter bearing the name of a reputable maker he can be assured that back of his purchase is a sufficient guarantee to make good any defect, without argument or unnecessary delay. All reputable makes of photographic apparatus are of such a high standard of excellence that it is impossible to discriminate in favor of or against any of them. So uniform are the various grades of the reputable makers' goods, that a jury of experts cannot detect in the finished work which make of camera, lens or shutter is used, and the selection of any of these can safely be a matter of individual choice, the purchaser feeling assured that he is receiving as good value for the amount expended as can be obtained.

Our advice to the amateur is, "Get acquainted, either personally or by letter, with the nearest reputable dealer." He wants your trade and will do more to retain it, will treat you better and give greater value in return for your patronage than any of the far-away mail-order concerns who put so much stress on their cheapness and not infrequently have the stock of some defunct concern which never existed, a lot of inferior stuff, to unload upon the uninformed amateur. It is against this class only that we discriminate, and having personally tested some of the goods, we warn our friends to let them alone. This is without prejudice to those reputable dealers who take in exchange for other goods cameras, lenses and other apparatus, and then sell them for what they are, second-hand. If a dealer carrying the line of goods desired is not available, order from the manufacturer direct.

For general amateur use, especially for instantaneous work, one of the standard hand cameras, so-called, is recommended. It may be of any size, from the smallest to 5 x 7 inclusive. Regardless of the size, when larger pictures are desired very satisfactory enlargements can be made from any good negative. As good work can be done with a film as with a plate camera, and while the use of the former will be more convenient (loading, unloading and developing can be done anywhere without a dark-room) the plate camera will be less expensive to operate. For commercial work there is no better all round size than 6½ x 8½, although larger sizes can be used; but they are not recommended as they are too cumbersome and only in exceptional cases will they prove as profitable. The camera should have a sliding front and a double swing back; if it has a long draw, both front and back focusing movements, it will do for a copying camera, an enlarging camera and on many occasions be serviceable when a camera of different construction would not.

In the consideration of lenses, especially for cameras of this type, we come in conflict with a variety of opinions. There are some who would have nothing but a wide angle, others who would not use one unless they could not do the work without it. There are some pictorial workers who prefer a good single lens. And there are others who are satisfied only with a modern anastigmat. With all these conflicting opinions, how shall the inexperienced amateur decide? There is no lens that will meet all requirements. The purchaser must be governed in his selection by the classes of work he intends to do. For general commercial work, which includes architectural subjects, and when but one lens can be afforded at the beginning, we advise that a wide angle be selected. For pictorial work, choose a lens with a focal length equal at least to the diagonal measurement of the plate; it may be a rectilinear, an anastigmat, or, for landscape work only, a single lens. The same rectilinears and anastigmats are recommended for home portraiture and for groups. For copying, select a rectilinear or an anastigmat of not more than a six-inch focal length. But let the amateur who cannot afford so many lenses be not discouraged. Some rectilinears and most of the anastigmats, when moderately stopped down, will cut much larger plates than the sizes for which they are listed, and a lens of six- or seven-inch focus, no matter what its construction may be, is a medium wide angle if it covers a 6½ x 8½ plate. We know of an instance where an amateur used a rectilinear of about six-inch focus on a camera two sizes larger than the plate for which the lens was listed to cover. His methods were to use the lens with both combinations in place for copying and commerical work, and the back lens alone, which had a focal length of about twelve inches, for landscape and general pictorial purposes. When using alone either combination of a double lens, the length of focus of the single combination is greater than when both combinations are used together; with the rapid rectilinear and most anastigmats, the focus of the single is twice the focal length of the double combination. And with the triple convertible lens, the focal length of the back lens is a little less, of the front lens a little more, than twice the focal length of the double. The above methods of working are not the best. They are recommended to the amateur who can afford but one lens, so he can get the most out of his investment.

While we, personally, prefer the hand camera for instantaneous work, we can offer no reasonable objection to the regular view camera being used for the same purpose. The short focus lens will not now be as satisfactory. The single combination may be too slow. A rectilinear or an anastigmat is recommended, and if it is at least one size larger than the lens listed to cover the plate used it will be the more satisfactory, as it usually is necessary to place the camera where it will be a considerable distance from the subjects, and by having a larger and longer focus lens, the image of the subjects will be larger on the plate.

For general work with a view camera, we prefer a behind-the-lens shutter, with tubing and bulb attachment, as it will be sufficient for any number of lenses that there may be occasion to use. If we were to do instantaneous work with a camera of this type, we would prefer a focal plane shutter fitted to an extra back, which can be put aside when its use is not required.

A good tripod is also essential. Even though the hand camera is used exclusively, there are occasions when a tripod is needed. It should not be a featherweight affair but sufficiently heavy and rigid to support the camera in a stiff breeze without trembling.

Gaslight Printing Dodges

Papers like velox, cyco and others, which can be printed by electric, gas and lamp light and developed without fogging three feet from the flame of a half-inch oil-wick, are very popular with the amateur. These papers can be obtained in two grades: one for contrasty, the other for soft negatives. They are of various surfaces: rough, smooth, matte, semi-gloss and glossy; and with proper treatment they will yield prints that few others can equal. It is not our purpose to pad our limited space by repeating the ample instructions which are enclosed with every package of these papers, but rather to suggest how troubles arising from

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"I'M FROM PETOSKEY, MICH. WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?"

By Arthur Inkersley

"YOUTH AT THE HELM"

their use can be remedied, and the best results secured.

Stains may be caused by forcing the development of underexposures; by a contaminated developer, or one that has become muddy; by insufficient rinsing between development and fixing, or by too high a temperature of the solutions. The amateur may resort to every remedy which the causes of his trouble suggest, and still have stains of the most obstinate kind, which seem to baffle every effort to suppress them. There may be a longer exposure and a shorter development; a new developer may be prepared; the solutions may be made ice-cold, yet there may be stains. Their cause must be sought elsewhere. Examine your developing tray. If the bottom and sides are coated with a deposit which has accumulated with continued use, there will be stains until that deposit is removed. Ordinary washing will not affect it, but if a solution of citric acid be poured into the tray and allowed to remain a-half hour or longer, the stain-producing deposit will become so loosened that it can be easily washed away Citric acid, though slower in its action than some of the more corrosive acids, is recommended because of its harmlessness and its having none of the poisonous fumes of the stronger acids.

If blisters appear it will usually be in the wash water, after fixing. They can often be prevented by transferring the prints, one by one, into two or three changes of water to remove the surplus hypo, and then immersing them for about one minute in a saturated solution of alum. The washing can then be continued as usual.

Abrasion marks, which are very common with the glossy papers, and appear occasionally on some of the others, can be removed by rubbing the print with a tuft of cotton previously moistened with alcohol. There will be little danger of injuring the print, as the alcohol has a toughening effect on the gelatine surface.

There are some who argue that, "regardless of the quality of the negative used, the exposures ought always to be made at the same distance from the light." But by experience we have learned that with a thin, weak negative a better print can be made by a longer exposure at three feet than by a very brief exposure at six inches from the same light. Also, that with a dense, harsh negative the better print is made by working close to the light. When one side of the negative prints very dark, the other very light, the print will be improved if the exposure is made with the dense part of the negative nearer the light, and, if necessary, the thinner part of the negative should be shielded with a card or other opaque material, which should be kept moving slightly to prevent a sharp line in the print, while a prolonged exposure is given the stronger part. Or, by cutting a small opening in a cardboard and holding the card so the light shall pass through the opening and onto any figure or other parts of the negative, such parts can be given all the extra exposure they require to secure for them the best effect in the print.

With the metol-hydrochinon in which these papers are usually developed, the development will continue even after the print is in the rinsing water and if the print is a little overexposed it will become too dark before the action of the developer is stopped. But with a little citric acid dissolved in the rinsing water, all alkalinity carried by the print from the developer will be rapidly neutralized and this extra development more quickly arrested.

Should the print be a little dark, it can be transferred from the hypo to a very weak solution of red prussiate of potassium; or this solution can be applied to the print with a tuft of cotton, and when the print is lightened sufficiently, it should be rinsed in water to stop the action of the reducer. High lights can be worked on the prints with a fine camel's hair brush lightly charged with the red prussiate solution. The general, or the local, reduction of prints is not a remedy for overexposure, nor will the prints so treated be equal in quality to prints which have been correctly timed, but by this method many prints can be improved so that they may be saved from the waste.

Bromide and Gaslight Prints in Colors

Several years ago, the uranium toning process had a brief period of popularity as one of the first methods for obtaining sepia tones on bromide papers; and as there appears to be a revival of interest in this process among some workers, a brief description of it is here given, with such directions for the after treatment of the toned prints as shall make possible the production of pleasing effects in a variety of shades. As this is an intensifying process, light prints are more suitable for it, those which have been fully timed and a little underdeveloped being preferred; and they should have been washed until every trace of hypo is removed.

From among the several toning formulæ, all giving practically the same results, the following is selected. Dissolve separately:

Nitrate of uranium	36 grains
Water	8 ounces
Red prussiate of potassium	36 grains
Water	8 ounces

Combine these solutions, and then add 5½ drams of glacial acetic acid. In this bath the prints will gradually change from the black to various shades of brown and red; the longer the toning action, the redder will be the tones. The toning can be stopped at any stage by rinsing the prints in a tray of clean water. The prints should be washed until all yellowness is removed from the whites, but no longer, as prolonged washing will weaken the tones, and if continued long enough will destroy them.

A wide range of blue and green effects can be produced by immersing the toned prints in a weak solution of perchloride of iron, and by using this in various strengths, from a fraction of a grain to ten grains of the iron salts to one ounce of water. By toning in the uranium bath to several stages and by using the iron solution of various strengths, it is possible to obtain the colors in a variety of shades. By carefully applying the iron solution with a water-color brush to those parts where it is desired to alter the tones, a number of color effects can be executed.

Should the toning be unsatisfactory, it can be removed by immersing the print in the following solution: carbonate of soda, 1 ounce; water, 24 ounces, and then washing the print until the alkali is completely removed, when the toning can be repeated.

Uses of the Supplementary Portrait Lens

Not only for portraits but for any other purpose, when, with a camera having a bellows extension very little longer than the focal length of the lens, or even with a box camera and a fixed focus lens, it is desired to work closer to the subject than the construction of the camera permits, will the portrait attachment prove a valuable accessory. With a folding camera, which ordinarily one can work no closer than six feet from his subject, the portrait attachment permits working within less than two and one-half feet. And with a box camera and fixed focus lens, where one must work at least seven feet from his subject, with the portrait attachment he can lessen the distance by one-half. When working so close with a wide open lens, there is no depth of focus, but by stopping a rectilinear to 32, and by using the smallest stop in a single lens, there will usually be sufficient depth to render the subject clear and sharp.

DOWN-EAST HARVESTERS

The portrait attachment is a supplementary lens, which fits in front of a box camera in the place of the plug and over the lens of a folding camera like a cap. Its use in no way impairs the working qualities of the principal lens. The portrait attachment costs only half a dollar, but it increases the working value of an outfit many times that amount, and, for the outlay, is one of the best investments an amateur photographer can make.

One amateur of our acquaintance was engaged to do botanical photographic work along lines requiring much effort in the open field; in woods, in ravines, in swamps and on the hills. His only available cameras were a bulky 10 x 12 for plates, and a No. 4 cartridge kodak, the former being of too great weight, the latter with too short a draw to be of service. But, by experiments with the portrait lens attached to the lens on the kodak, it was learned that the shortest possible working distance between the lens and the subject could be reduced from six feet without the portrait attachment to two feet and four inches with it, and that with this combination the ray filter could be used very satisfactorily, even when as large a diaphragm as 16 was used, but when possible, it was better to use the smaller stop so as to get more depth of focus. The use of the portrait attachment is not restricted to kodaks; it can be used with all hand cameras, with plates as well as film. With the kodak, there being no ground glass, the scale was used exclusively for focusing. With the portrait lens attached, the indicator set at six feet, the camera placed so that the distance from the front lens to the subject was exactly twenty-eight inches and stop 32 used, it was found, by experiments, that objects from twenty-six to thirty-two inches were sharply defined, and that the depth of focus was increased by using smaller stops.

Later, the portrait attachment in connection with the kodak was used to photograph young birds, on their nests and about to leave the nests. The focus was set for six feet—a working distance of twenty-eight inches; stop 4 was used, and the shortest possible bulb exposure made. The results were excellent.

THE HUNTING DOG

Conditioning the Dog

Few of us realize the great endurance of the dog. We take him out for a day's rough shooting and return comfortably tired after a ten or fifteen miles' tramp. Yet how far has our dog traveled? He must at the very least have run four times as far as we ourselves walked and often we must acknowledge, after a little reflection, that he went ten yards to our one, and that at a pace we could not have kept up for five minutes had our lives depended upon the result.

A WELL-KEPT ENGLISH SETTER

Owned by A. D. Burhans, Lincoln, Neb.

Hence, we should be careful not to ask our dogs to take the field without due preparation. It is simply cruelty to take a young or soft dog out early in the season and expect him to hunt all day. Perhaps he may pull through on pluck alone, but he will feel the effects next day and possibly go all to pieces.

There is a professional freighter in the Yukon who understands dogs and their management, and last winter he made, perhaps, the most remarkable journey on record. He left Dawson on January 26 with two dog teams, the one of four and the other of three dogs, with a passenger and supplies for the trip. This man, whose name is E. Higgins, has been handling dog teams for some years and is a highly experienced man, otherwise he would not have been able to accomplish the wonderful feat he did; for even the best dogs will play out unless properly handled. From Dawson he went to

Fairbanks, taking twelve and a-half days on the trail. The next stage was to Fort Gibbon, 230 miles. After a brief halt they went on to Nulato, 225 miles, and then found they could not get out over that trail, so returned to Fairbanks, making 500 miles useless travel, and then hit the Valdez trail. In eleven and a-half days' actual traveling the outfit reached Valdez, just in time to catch a steamer that was sailing for Juneau. The Valdez trail was in very bad condition, which made the journey by that the more wonderful.

From Juneau Higgins took ship to Skagway, boarded the train for White Horse and then struck the trail again for home. In six days he covered the long run between White Horse and Dawson. At Circle City one of the dogs played out and two were bought to replace it. With this exception the seven dogs that started returned safe and sound to their starting point, after a midwinter journey of 2,500 miles. The best day's run was seventy-two miles and the worst ten miles. Higgins has the reputation of being kind to his dogs—feeding them well, but always keeping them in hard condition.

Now, the dog that is to be used steadily for sport during the shooting season should be treated pretty much as Higgins treats his team. Lots of good, solid food and, above all, sufficient preparatory exercise, will make any dog able to hunt day after day for several days at a stretch. One often hears that such a dog is "only good occasionally," and that it cannot keep the field for more than half a day, but it is more probable that its master does not understand the art of keeping it in hard condition. It is, however, true that many of the most fashionable strains of to-day are so inbred as to have lost much of the stamina for which their ancestors were noted. For an all-around, everyday dog it is important to choose one that is strong enough to bear hard work and thrive on it.

There is quite a strong leaning toward a

SOME THRIFTY LOOKING COLLIES

Owned by A. D. Burhans, Lincoln, Neb.

lightly built dog on the part of many old sportsmen. They are, perhaps, right in this, taking the general run of dogs, because if a dog is heavy and at the same time deficient in muscle, he certainly cannot stand hard work. But given sufficient exercise and the right kind of food from puppyhood, and the strongly built dog will be more likely to come up day after day than his lighter rival.

Exercise is especially important as regards the feet. A dog can only last as long as his soles. When these are thin and tender he will play out after a day's work. A thick, horny pad will, on the other hand, permit a dog to do many days' work without suffering. This dense growth of pad may be best produced by giving him a daily run behind a bicycle or automobile over a hard road. I consider the bicycle best, because the rider's own sense of fatigue will prevent him from giving his dumb friend too much to do. An auto skips over the ground so easily and so fast that it is very easy to give a high-couraged animal more exercise than is good for him.

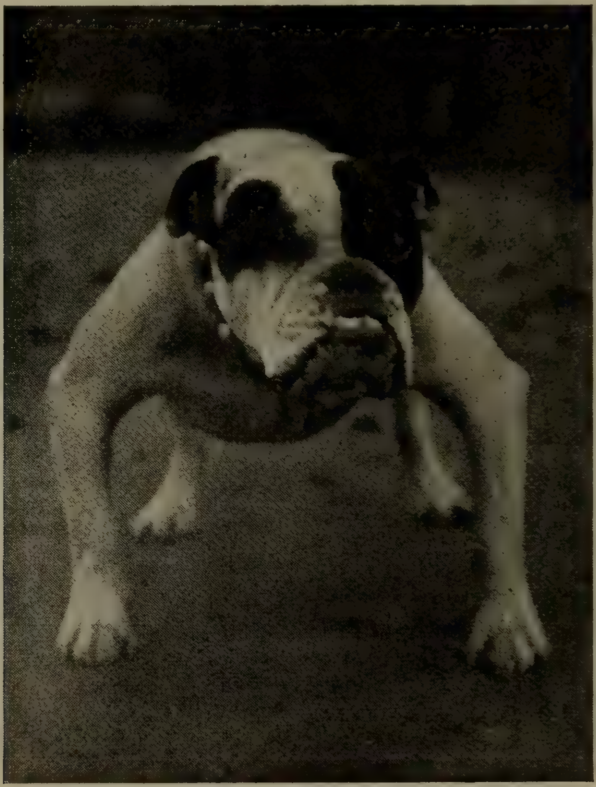
Only a few days ago a fine automobile swept past me, going at least fifteen miles an hour, and several minutes afterward a poor, plucky little fox terrier came panting along, with lolling tongue and bloodshot eye, and I could not help muttering a very uncomplimentary word as I thought of his thoughtless master, who by this time was a full mile ahead. Had the biped been on a bicycle on that warm morning I do not think the little doggie would have been quite so hard pressed to keep him in view, for I noticed that the man in the automobile was by no means built after the pattern of Pharaoh's lean kine.

Those readers of RECREATION who are going afield in September should, if they have not already done so, begin the preparation of their favorites for the work that lies before them. Follow the excellent example set by the huntsmen of foxhound packs. They begin systematic road work early; in fact, it is never quite dropped throughout the year.

A dog in light exercise can get along with little meat, but one that is in hard work requires plenty of it. I think we make a grave mistake when we try to feed the dog upon soft foods to the exclusion of his natural one, which we must all agree to have been meat.

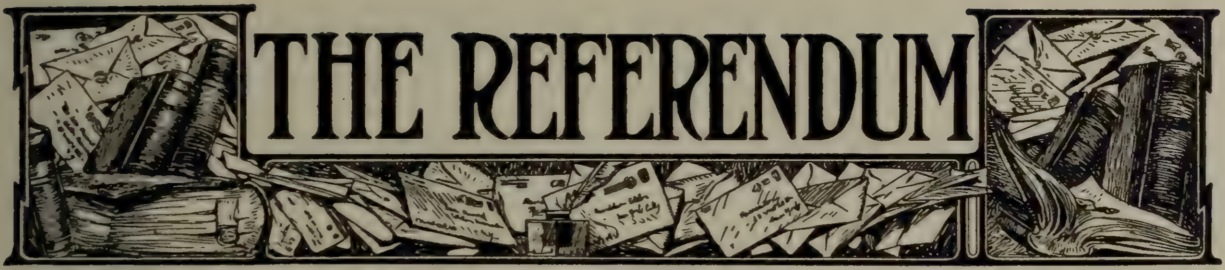
Young dogs should never be worked too hard during their first season, but an adult dog is all the better for plenty of it, provided he is not asked to do too much when out of condition.

Although rarely necessary, it is well to remember that a strong solution of alum will toughen the pad, if the dog's feet are soaked in it morning and evening. When the pads are raw the best thing is complete rest and then be careful not to overfeed. The dog's tongue will heal raw spots sooner than any ointment invented by man.



CHESTER MONARCH

A good representative of the old Ch. King Orry strain of English bulldogs—Owned by H. S. Hera, Germantown, Pa.



THE REFERENDUM

Trials of a Tyro Trap-Shooter

When a man has been a reasonably good shot in the field, and, eventually, takes to trap-shooting, he has, like the little bear, all his troubles before him. The shooting itself is by no means as easy as it looks, and the man who can kill a dozen snipe straight will find it infinitely harder to break ten targets without skipping one. The mark is about the size of an English sparrow, and the tyro, at least, will hardly catch it ere forty or perhaps forty-five yards have intervened between the gun and the object. Now, at forty yards it requires a pretty good gun to make a pattern that will not allow one out of five of those thin, elusive, saucer-shaped things to slip between the pellets, escaping the fate that should have been theirs—for the time being, at least.

Then there is the dislocation of the nervous system, a malady akin to buck fever, from which the beginner is sure to suffer when he stands out before his fellows and finds that he is the "cynosure" of all eyes. After due deliberation, he cries "Pull," in a voice filled with emotion, and, at once, a tiny platter speeds on its way with the rapidity of a blue-winged teal going down wind, and unless he is a remarkably promising tyro, his shot is just a trifle too slow for good work.

But trap-shooting is, after all, somewhat mechanical, and there can be no doubt that many men excel at it who would not be phenomenally successful in the field. A combination of trap-shooting in the spring and summer with steady doses of field shooting in the autumn should, however, bring out all the latent skill a man may possess.

Eyesight counts for more in trap-shooting than in most other diversions. The target leaves the trap so swiftly and emerges from behind the screen in such a tremendous hurry that a slow eye is badly handicapped. All good shots get their eye on the target at the earliest possible moment, and follow it until it begins to slacken, then they cut loose, taking care not to slacken their swing in the least while pressing the trigger. Even so, unless the gun be pointing well ahead when the shot leaves the muzzle, a miss must result in quartering shots. These require a lead of at least six feet and sometimes half as much again. This means at forty yards a muzzle swing ahead of at least two inches. All of which is very easy to figure out, but the bearing of such observations lies in their application.

The tyro learns as soon as he takes to trap-shooting that there is a vast difference in guns, and a much greater difference in loads. He realizes, as he never realized before, that the shot should be strictly proportionate to the size of the object at which he is shooting; that the powder must be wisely chosen and accurately weighed, and that there is wadding and wadding. He becomes suspicious of "cheap" shells, and absolutely hates the good old cylinder that so often made up for his erratic aim by scattering the shot all over the middle distance. Nothing but a full choke is of value when a man faces the fast-flying target, and this means close holding, as the killing circle is not much over twenty-six inches. One finds a certain divergence of opinion even among the trap shots "whose names are household words"; yet on many points there is unanimity. For instance, all seem to use No. 7½ shot of some 350 pellets to the ounce; few choose shells shorter than 2¾ in.; the lowest charge of powder is 3 drams, or its equivalent, while many use 3¼ to 3½. A good ⅝-inch of wadding is inserted between the powder and shot, though the wad combinations are endless. These loads with modern shells and guns do very regular shooting—and yet, sad to say, all this may be rendered null and void by some such trifle as a welsh rabbit after the theater on the previous evening, or a too heavy luncheon just before going to the mark.

We have had a lot of letters from revolver cranks, and now I hope RECREATION will be favored with some trap-shooters. As for myself, I don't go in much for homicide, though I think there are plenty of people who should commit har-kri (spelling not guaranteed), while I do take a lively interest in the shotgun and think trap-shooting worthy of encouragement. At any rate, trap-shooting promises to do away with the ancient and horrible chestnut —g-g-grandfather's old muzzle-loader that could put more shot into any given object than the best breech-loader. "Yes, sir! and if you doubt it I can show you the ramrod."

THOS. M. WILSON.

Syracuse, N. Y.

How to Use Balls in a Shotgun

I enclose a letter from Mr. W. H. Wright, of Selma, O. I think it would interest your readers.

C. L. SNYDER.

Winnsboro, La.

"Yours of April 5 to hand. If you are thinking of buying a pair of moulds, there are none made except 'plain round.' I don't know whether the Ideal Manufacturing Company, of New Haven, Conn., make the oblong moulds or not. You might write them.

"I use the plain round ball cast as outlined in the December number of RECREATION, and when cast in the form given it renders most excellent results up to and including 100 yards; and best results of all come from a goodly practice at target.

"I use a Winchester Repeater, full choked, and buy loaded, smokeless powder shells, with one ⅜-inch felt wad over the powder, and one ring wad on the top of the felt wad. (The ring wad is made by cutting out the center of a wad, with a wad-cutter, several sizes smaller than the wad you use.) This centers your ball in the cartridge, and is very essential to good shooting with a choked barrel. With a plain or cylinder barrel it is not necessary, as the ball is the full size of the cartridge. I also use a ring wad on top of ball, and then a card wad, and crimp very lightly, or you will swell the shell. In using black powder you will have to use less wadding, as you haven't the space. If you only want to use a ball occasionally you can buy them at little cost, but they being solid drop very rapidly and require more elevation at the muzzle at firing time.

"The sold ball for 12-gauge is No. 12 ball (for a cylinder barrel), and its weight is 1¼ ozs.—600 grs. In casting my balls I reduce the weight to 450 grs., by casting them as outlined in the issue of December.

"For a 16-gauge, cylinder-bored, buy balls No. 16. They weigh one ounce, and give good results with a heavy gun. Be careful about using solid balls and smokeless powder in anything except a first-class gun. In a 16-gauge I would reduce the weight of ball to 400 grs.; in a 20-gauge to 300 grs.

"The small-gauge gun gives the better results with ball, and in the hands of a shooter in practice is superior to any rifle at snap or hurried shooting, especially in timber and brush, such as you have in Louisiana and the swamp lands of Arkansas and Mississippi. In hunting with a repeater, I keep two ball cartridges in the magazine when in a big game district and using small shot, and so have a chance at large game. I simply throw out the small shot cartridges; this makes the repeater a favorite with many.

"Now, in regard to shooting ball from a double barrel, it must be remembered that the balls will cross each other's path at about 45 yards, and in shooting at greater distances allowance must be made for this.

"Whatever kind of gun you use, be sure the ball you use will pass lightly through the muzzle, and work each loaded shell through the gun before going hunting.

"I have tried to answer all your questions. If I haven't, 'come again.' In hunting in the South I have known many good rifles spoiled on a single trip. After a few days it is impossible to keep them clear, and when once rough, that is the end; so we have abandoned all rifles and have no reason to complain of results with big game. In last fall's hunt, Glen Smith, of Dayton, O., broke both hind legs of a bull moose, at Camp No. 8 on Moosehead Lake, Me., with one No. 16 ball, all other vital spots being covered with timber or brush. Harry Cutter, of East Liverpool, O., dropped as large a buck as I ever saw by putting a No. 12 ball through the small intestines. Deer thus shot with a large rifle have been known to run a mile. I could tell of many such instances."

Experience Teaches

In the interest of those who may be having trouble through the splitting of shells in guns of the .25-35 class—bottle-neck shells—my experience may be of some value. I have a single-shot Winchester, .25-35 caliber, weight about 10½ pounds, single set trigger. I naturally began to reload my shells, with the customary breaking and splitting after about the fourth shot. I mentioned this fact in a former letter to RECREATION in answer to R. McLaury, and later received a letter from Mr. E. C. Barnes, of Troy, who "put me next" to a new primer, and through him I obtained some. These are No. 9 U. M. C. copper. I had great difficulty in getting any information whatever about them here. I was assured I had made a mistake, and that no such primer was catalogued, which was a fact. However, I obtained some of them, my experience duplicating that of Mr. Barnes, and making it worth while to spread the news among those who are interested in the study of high-power ammunition.

Using 19 grains of Lightning, a jacketed bullet and the new No. 9 primer, I have repeatedly reloaded the .25-35 shells 15 and 20 times each without a sign of breaking. How can an ammunition salesman say that the primer has nothing whatever to do with the breaking of shells, insisting that the extreme pressure is the cause? I have had my gun two years and have been experimenting all the time, but until lately have regularly been splitting shells after the fourth or fifth shot. This the No. 9 copper primer has stopped.

The statement commonly advanced that reloading high-power ammunition cannot be done satisfactorily by the average rifleman is not just correct. The reloading of high-power ammunition may have its limitations, but my experience has been more than satisfactory—

RALPH TRIMBLE, EXPERT TRAP SHOT OF THE CINCINNATI GUN CLUB, AND AN ENTHUSIASTIC ADVOCATE OF TRAP-SHOOTING AS A RECREATION regularity, accuracy and expense considered. I found immediately that the "toe-in" crimp on my .25-35 shells soon made the muzzle of the shell ragged, and have made a die to resize the muzzle only, holding the bullet friction tight. This may not be sufficient for tubular magazine guns, where the recoil might crowd the bullet back, but in a single shot it is all right. This idea, together with the use of the No. 9 primer, will keep your shells in as good shape as any black-powder gun you ever saw, bottle-neck or straight. Then, too, I do not resize the whole shell except after about 7 to 8 reloads, my belief being that the less compression and expansion the shell undergoes the better for the shell. When the shell begins to stick the least bit it is time enough to resize.

Mr. Pinkerton, of Dixon, Ill., states in January RECREATION that the .25-35's are all good guns, but have an undesirable trick. As these columns are for comment, I think he should state what the "trick" is. My personal experience is that I could only criticise the breaking of shells, and the No. 9 primer mentioned stops that.

For woodchuck shooting I cannot see why any one should want a .38-55 high-power gun, unless because the big bullet makes a miss less likely—they certainly are no surer to kill than the .25-35, which any one will admit after seeing the .25-35 do business. The flat trajectory is of great value in woodchuck shooting, and makes very little allowance for variable ranges necessary.

With my gun, the diameter of the No. 3 Lyman bead gives sufficient elevation or depression for all ordinary ranges, and until I used the gun some time I was inclined to allow too much for the longer ranges. I have sighted with full sight, 100 yards point blank, which will cover most shots at woodchuck.

For those who have this gun in the repeater, and want a hot medium range load, use the .25-20-86 metal patch bullet with 12 to 18 grains of Lightning. Mr. Newton, of Buffalo, has written me about some fine work with this bullet, up to 500 yards, and while I have not shot it at that distance, I have shot it at 200 and 300 yards successfully.

If any want to experiment with short-range loads, try Dr. Hudson's alloy (10-10-80) and Marksman powder. This is fine. In short, before condemning the .25-35, or even questioning their suitability for all average shooting, get one and thrash it out.

Syracuse, N. Y. H. B. JOHNSON.

Some Shotgun Sense

For several months I have been interested in reading what different writers have had to say regarding their ideal rifle, shotgun or revolver. Some letters have been instructive, and other amusing. Nevertheless, if they consider the subject for fifty years, I don't believe they will decide on one universally acceptable make of shotgun, rifle or revolver.

I don't believe there ever will be a time when we shall have one uniform caliber for rifles and revolvers, or one gauge for shotguns. Neither will there ever be a uniform load that will suffice for all occasions or conditions. To be sure, there are many happy mediums and fair averages, but what is satisfactory in one locality will not do in another.

The armies of the whole world have rifles almost alike, but there are differences. The State laws of our Union are almost alike, but they differ slightly one from another. Our shotguns and shotgun ammunition are similar, but are not exactly alike. Thus we see that these differences, small as they seem, distinguish these objects and conditions. As long as men are not exactly alike, they will not be able to agree on any one thing.

That is the reason we have so many makes of high-class guns and ammunition. Really, if you come right to the point, there is little to choose between two first-class, standard shotguns of equal value. I have known men to use L. C. Smiths, then switch to Parkers. They claimed they saw a difference, but their records did not show it. I am speaking now of standard guns of same gauge, weight, length of barrel and choke. To me the difference seems to be as much in the ammunition as in the gun.

Also, a man wants to stick long enough to one gun to master it. I have seen hunters make good bags with an old gun that I could not use at all. Then, again, I cannot shoot as well with any other gun as with my own. That is no reason, though, why my gun is better than any other, because other hunters have failed miserably in using mine.

We know that what is one man's meat is another man's poison. We have all heard of that old muzzle-loading rifle that grandpa used, with which he could kill tree squirrels or chipmunks farther than we can with our rifles to-day. We have all, perhaps, seen the oldest, rustiest, scrawniest gun in a hunting party of high-priced guns do the best execution, judged by the size of the bag.

We must admit that the old shotguns and rifles in the hands of our pioneers were a great argument for good or evil, as the case happened to be, yet I am not willing, in addition, to admit that the weapons of their day were superior to ours. The difference lies in the fact that every man knew his gun thoroughly, and how to manage it; knew just how much powder to use, and how hard to ram the load home.

Guns, like women, must be managed and mastered through careful study and association to know their little eccentricities and failings, and know also their faithfulness and reliability.

Whenever I am asked for my opinion regarding a good, trustworthy shotgun, I mention the Winchester repeater. I have one of the first slide-action repeaters made, not the very first, as its number is 443, but I bought it soon after they were put on sale, now almost twelve years ago. I have tried it on many kinds of game, and in many kinds of weather. I have fired as many cartridges out of it as most of the amateur sportsmen would who do not belong to clubs. Thus far I have been to the expense of replacing one wornout extractor, costing, I think, twenty-five cents. Not a very large repair item, is it?

At first I could do nothing with it. The stock was so straight I invariably shot high. By faithful perseverance, I am more than satisfied. It does not always shoot the same, but I lay that to the ammunition. The weather must have something to do with it also. I have made thirty-five and forty-yard killings of ducks with it, while using No. 9 shot. I have crippled ducks at that distance with larger shot; which does not necessarily prove my statement above that as much is at stake in the ammunition as in the guns, other conditions being equal.

In choosing a gun I would advise the beginner to try a good repeater and a good double-barrel. Some men will not use a double-barrel, while others will use nothing else. There are several standard makes of either kind. When the party decides on either a single- or a double-barrel, he should get one that fits, that comes up readily and is well balanced. The gun that fits you may not fit one in ten; when you buy shoes you buy them to fit you, whether Brother Tom wears them or not. So get a good fit when you choose your gun.

Then, by testing different loads of different powders, decide on one or two loads that give the best pattern and penetration. Having settled these points, stick to your gun. Practice, practice, practice. No one can even play a piano without practice. Perseverance will accomplish wonders. Shooting is an art, and he who would succeed must study and practice. Then, when you have mastered the ins and outs of your gun, that make will be the only kind for you.

I believe that the man behind the gun has as much as anything to do with the way that particular gun behaves. The man behind the un has been vividly exemplified in our war with Spain, and between Russia and Japan. The efficiency of the successful man behind the gun was gained by practice. Spain and Russia had their men behind their guns, but they were not well disciplined in the manipulating of them.

Therefore, let me suggest again—to become successful in shooting—practice, and the gun you use will be the ideal gun for you.

L. M. PACKARD.

Los Angeles, Cal.

No Use for a Small Bore

In regard to the letter from W. F. S., I will say that he might just as well tell me that an 800-pound horse can pull the same load as one weighing 1,600 pounds as to say that a 16-gauge gun will kill a duck as far as a 10-gauge will. What would be the use of the United States Government going to the expense of building and mounting large, clumsy guns that shoot tons of ammunition when a common squirrel rifle would sink a gunboat just as well? The more shot in a charge the more chances. I can take a No. 10, properly bored, and kill a duck which he would not think of shooting at with his little popgun.

Let W. F. S. take his little sixteen and select an object about 150 yards distant from him on the water, hold right on the object and shoot, and he will see his shot hit the water about two-thirds short. Then take a No. 10 with a proper load and he will see the shot splash all round the target and even some distance beyond.

Do not understand me to say that a No. 10 will kill a duck at 150 yards. I am merely illustrating the superiority with which a No. 10 throws its charge.

The velocity of a charge of shot from a 10-gauge is very many feet greater than from a 12 or a 16-gauge.

W. F. S. says after all the big guns get done shooting then he gets his birds. When I hunted with a 10-gauge I used to kill ducks a great deal farther than I do now with a 12-gauge and I have got as good a 12-gauge as ever burned powder—a Baker hammerless, with 30-inch barrels—yet I would trade it for an Ithaca 10-gauge, 30-inch barrel. That shows how much I think of a 10-gauge.

J. M. KING.

Lockwood, Mo.

[Greener gives some figures that may be of interest to our correspondent, as they are the result of numerous experiments:

A 16-bore gun, loaded with 2½ drams of black powder and 1 ounce No. 6 English shot (270 pellets to the ounce), gave an average velocity of 780 feet. A 12-bore with 3½ drams and 1⅛ No. 6 gave 842 feet. A 10-bore with 4½ drams and 1½ ounces No. 6 gave 890 feet.

The velocities with nitro powder are much higher, but the proportion remains nearly the same.

The same author also says: "With a first-class 12-bore it is possible to get patterns of 255 in a 30-inch circle at 40 yards, and with the same charge a 10-bore will not often do better." He considers a pattern of 275 an excellent one for a 10-bore with its proper load. He adds, however, "When shooting large shot the 10-bores show a marked superiority over the 12-bore." The 10-bore, fully choked and weighing at least 8½ pounds, will make a pattern of 270 at 40 yards, with shot running 270 to the ounce, the charge being 4 drams of powder and 1⅜ ounces of shot. The 10-bore shows to greatest advantage when shooting shot ranging from No. 1 to No. 5 inclusive.—Ed.]

Old-Fashioned But Loyal

I trust the readers of Recreation's Gun and Ammunition Department will not mind an old subscriber and one who has had a *little* experience (having commenced burning powder back yonder in the times when the old '73 model, .44 calibre Winchester first came into use—and a good one it is yet, smokeless powder and high velocity, notwithstanding) coming into their discussions.

Now, I do not intend to find fault or make light of any one's views or notions in regard to their favorite arm. We all have our pet theories and like to ride our hobbies. I do not wish to say one word that would have a tendency to defeat the purpose of the brother who wants to get his New Model .38 S. & W. Special, single action swingout, six pistol. But, on the other hand, will the brother agree to not advocate the retirement of my old favorite, *viz.*: the Colt's .45 calibre as now manufactured?

I wish to say that I fully agree with Walter Kenly, Cripple Creek, Colo. I know there never was, and I do not believe there ever will be, a better weapon made for offense and defence than the Colt's .44 and .45 caliber pistols. I have one, a .45 caliber with 5½-inch barrel for belt use, that I would not lay down for any thing I ever saw; for I know it will knock a mad bull down and keep him down, just as quick as it will a man. What odds if it is a little over weight, as some one has said, there is the added satisfaction of knowing it is there with the goods and will deliver them in a manner that leaves no room for argument. Speaking for myself, for a belt gun, give me the Colt's .45 with its heavy frame, plain sights, multitude of clicks, wide sweep of hammer and all. If I am ever called upon to use it in self-defence and fail to disable my antagonist with the first six shots and don't happen to have an extra gun in my clothes, I'll sure take to the brush—and that's what you, my brother, with your modern .38 caliber s. a. s. o. had better do under the same circumstances.

Perhaps you will laugh when I say that at close quarters I can "fan" six shots out of a pistol quicker and with greater accuracy than can possibly be pulled out of a double action, but I know hundreds of the old-time Western men who will back my statement.

To M. H. Cale I will say the Remington derringer is a powerful and accurate arm, although a little slow and awkward in raising the hammer. By extending the index finger along the barrel and using as if pointing at some object, the pistol can be fired with accuracy without paying attention to the sights at all. I have one of them, and for a pocket pistol for self-defence I am well pleased with it, as it is light in weight and takes up but little room in the pocket.

Coming to rifles, I have at the present writing three of them, and I like them all. They are a '92 model .22 calibre Marlin; a '93 model .22 calibre Winchester, and a '92 model .25-20 calibre Winchester. I do but little shooting now, a very little at small game. Still, I believe, were I to go after large game, I would pin my faith to the old black powder rifles. I don't want any of your light-weight rifles in mine, and none of your drilling machines that will send a lead pencil bullet through a deer and kill or cripple a man in the next county, while the poor animal runs away and hides in some thicket and dies a lingering death. To my mind there never was and never will be a better all-round big game rifle built than the '86 model .45-70 or .45-90 Winchester rifle. Of course it takes a man to tote one of these rifles and do the best work with it that it is capable of doing. For deer alone, or small game of that kind, the .44-40 Winchester or Marlin is plenty large enough, and the .32-20 suits me better. The main point is to know where you want to place your bullet to make a killing shot, and then when the time for action comes to put your bullet there. And most any old bullet will do the work, and it don't need to have a metal jacket and be backed by smokeless powder, either.

Another thing that surprises me is the willingness of so many to purchase foreign-made arms. There are no better shooting or finer looking arms, and none that will stand hard and exacting service longer than those made right here in the United States to-day.

I use a 16-gauge shotgun, but, as I said before, I hunt but seldom. My gun is a No. 3 Remington hammer gun, 32 inch barrels, both full choke; and for squirrels in heavy timber I don't believe it could be beaten. It is chambered for 2¾ inch shells and weighs 7½ pounds. "Rather heavy for a 16-gauge, and such long barrels, too," I hear some one say. But it was built to suit my old-fashioned ideas, gets the game, and I am well pleased with it.

I will bring this already too long letter to a close by asking the reader to bear with an old man and his old-fashioned notions, and by all means to patronize the home product. American arms can't be beaten, a fact which is being demonstrated every day at the target and in the hunting field. W. R. Cline.

Alexandria, Va.

Has Bought a S. A. .45

Having read all the articles in Recreation on the ideal belt gun, I was curious to see what would be brought out, but the manufacturers seem to be very slow in putting one on the market. So I decided to purchase one of the old reliable S. A. Colt's .45's, which I duly received.

I am well pleased with it, but was surprised when I fired the first shot with the full charge of 40 grs., having had one of the same revolvers a few years ago, with 7½ inch barrel, and using the 28-gr. cartridge. I was astonished at the recoil of the full charge, never having used it before. If I intended to use the full charge right along I should prefer the extra two inches of barrel, as my new one is 5½. The 5½-inch is, however, nearly as effective at the distance used in revolver shooting as the 7½-inch, and is much handier to draw. I have an Ideal reloader for same.

I should be pleased to hear from Recreation readers who use the .45 Colt, as to its handling, and also of the different loads used successfully.

How do the cartridge companies load the 28-grain charge? Do they put anything between the powder and bullet or leave the powder loose in the shell? I have loaded a few with 28 grains, leaving the powder loose in shell and crimping the bullet, the same as with the full charge, but have not had a chance to try them yet.

I should be pleased to see something about revolver shooting in Recreation occasionally. Some of the Western people could give us a few hints, I think. There should be more about revolver shooting in all the magazines.

I also use a S. & W. target pistol, .22 caliber, six-inch barrel, always carrying it with me when taking short tramps through the woods. It makes a very pleasant companion and shoots nearly as well as a rifle of the same caliber.

Norwich, Conn. A. W. H.

Correspondence Solicited

I have taken a good deal of interest in the letters on guns and ammunition in Recreation. We have a lot of duck and goose shooting in this part of the country.

I use a 12-gauge Ithaca hammerless shotgun, and load my own shells most of the time, as I save about one-third on my ammunition bill.

For ducks I use 3¼ drs. of any good smokeless powder and 1⅛ oz. No. 5 chilled, and for geese I use 3½ drs. of powder and 1½ oz. No. 2 chilled shot. I think the Ithaca about as good a gun as any one can get for the money.

I should like to hear from some of the readers of Recreation who have used the new self-loader rifle on big game. I should also like to correspond with some who have hunted in different parts of Canada. Adolf Gyes.

Anamoose, N. Dak.

.25-35 versus .25-20

In your magazine for April "25-20," of Elyria, Ohio, wants the Savage company to make their rifle in the .25-20.

If this gentleman is familiar with reloading, he will find that the present .25-35 Savage will answer in every way that a rifle chambered only for the .25-20 will and is always fit for large game up to 200 yards with its full load.

With the 46-gr. bullet and 2 grs. of Marksman powder in the .25-35 shell, you have a load for sparrows, bullfrogs or squirrels. With the 67-gr. bullet and 3 grs. Marksman you have a strong, accurate load up to 100 yards. With the regular 86-gr. bullet and 5 grs. Marksman you have a slick load up to 200 yards for general purposes, such as the .25-20 is used for, and with 19 grs. of Lightning and the 117-gr. M. P. bullet you are in line with a high-power gun.

Why should one want a .25-caliber rifle chambered only for the .25-20 shell?

Troy, N. Y. E. C. Barnes.

The Reason Why

In Recreation for April you give O. A. R. some "information" that does not "inform"—in fact, it is wrong. He wants to know why the .32 Special should be preferred to the .32–40 Marlin or Winchester cartridge, and you proceed to tell him "that with the smokeless load you obtain 300 foot seconds higher velocity and

300 foot pounds more energy at 50 feet than are possessed by the .32-40 H. P."

I have before me a Marlin catalogue and that makes the following statements in regard to the two cartridges: .32-40 Ballard & Marlin High Power Smokeless:

100 yards trajectory—height at 50 yards...... 1.23 inches
200 " " " " 100 " ...... 5.47 "
300 " " " " 150 " ...... 16.00 "
Penetration, 38 pine boards ⅞ inch in thickness.

.32 Special High Power Smokeless:

100 yards trajectory—height at 50 yards...... 1.23 inches
200 " " " " 100 " ...... 5.92 "
300 " " " " 150 " ...... 16.38 "
Muzzle velocity, 2,000 feet per second.
The .32-40 *over* 2,000 feet per second.

As will be seen by the above, the difference is not great, but it is in favor of the .32-40, and then it is a stronger shell than the bottle-necked .32 Special. T. K. T.

Winnipeg, Man.

[T. K. T. is evidently one of our good friends, and thinking he has caught us napping, he writes more in sorrow than in anger to point out the narrow trail of eternal truth—or something to that effect. But, T. K. T., does it not strike you that there are different authorities? You took the Marlin catalogue and we happened to consult the Winchester, which says:

Rifle	Weight of bullet grains	Velocity at 50 ft. ft. sec.	Energy at 50 ft. ft. lbs.	Penetration of bullets in ⅞-in. pine board, 15 ft. from muzzle	
				S. P.	F. P.
.32-40 W.H.V.....	165	1,700	1,058	10	30
.32W.S.Smokeless	170	2,050	1,585	12	45

Rifle	Trajectory of bullets Inches			Free Recoil in ft. lbs.	
	100 yds. Height at 50 yds.	200 yds. Height at 100 yds.	300 yds. Height at 150 yds.	Smokeless	Black
.32-40 W.H.V.....	1.70	8.23	22.08	5.45	..
.32W.S.Smokeless	1.17	5.60	15.26	7.66	..

If we owned an electric chronograph and a few other things, costing, let us say, $5,000, as the big cartridge companies do, we would try these things, but not having them, we are quite willing to accept the statements of any of our large manufacturers, whether Marlin or Winchester, ascribing slightly different results to unimportant variations in the conditions. We fancy that it would make but little difference to a moose or deer whether he had a .32-40 H. V. bullet in his body or one from a .32 Special.—Ed.]

Just Fox High

I am a reader of Recreation and would like very much if you could tell me how high in the scale of game the Hopkins & Allen .32 is effective? The rifle will not accommodate long-rifle cartridges. M. M. Bassett.

Buffalo, N. Y.

[Fox, woodchuck or coyote at short range.—Ed.]

Which Is It to Be?

Will you or some reader of your valuable magazine throw some light upon the following subject? I wish to buy a Savage rifle, and am up a stump as to whether to get a .30-30 or a .32-40. The .32-40 handles black and smokeless powder, while the .30-30 does not. Please inform me if black and smokeless powder, shot from the same barrel, injures it in any way? Is the .32-40 as powerful as the .30-30? I have used a .32 W. C. F. for years, and also a .44 Kennedy rifle, but these are rapidly becoming out of date. I favor the .32-40 more than I do the .30-30, but would like to hear from some one who has had experience with both.

A. G. Dildine.

La Canada, Los Angeles County, Cal.

[We can promise that black powder will not injure a barrel that is fit for firing full charges of smokeless. As to the rest, if our correspondent will kindly turn to the last few numbers of Recreation he will find several letters discussing the calibers he mentions. He had better also procure the Winchester and Marlin catalogues. After studying these works of reference he will have firmly fixed in his mind two great truths, viz.: (1) The .30-30 is more powerful than the .32-40. (2) The .32-40 is more powerful than the 30-30.—Ed.

Will Buy Two More

Have been reading with interest the article relative to a light-weight .32-20 and .25-20 repeating rifle. I am willing to buy one of each caliber, providing it is in the neighborhood of 5½ pounds weight, and I can sell several more to my friends. I should like to hear from your readers as to their experiences with the composition hollow point bullets of these calibers.

It would seem to me that either of these cartridges loaded with low-pressure, smokeless powder and hollow point bullet would be preferable to the metal jacketed soft point for hunting.

After reading Mr. H. B. Johnson's courteous reply to my inquiry concerning the .25-35 high-pressure rifle, I proceeded to invest in one. Secured one of the Winchester light-weight guns, 22-inch barrel, Lyman combination front and rear sights, with pistol grip and shotgun butt. Have done some target shooting and like it very much. ROBERT MACLAURY.

398 Classon Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sport in South Dakota

I have been reading your magazine for a long time and think it is time you heard something from this part of the Northwest. There are a good many wolves, foxes and a few coyotes here and the finest duck and goose shooting there is in the Northwest.

Seven miles west of our town is the largest lake in South Dakota. It covers an area of 8,205 acres and is well stocked with bass, perch, pike, pickerel and catfish. Is quite a place for campers; people come here from all over this part of the Northwest to spend the hot months. I came out here in 1881, and since that time have killed 343 wild geese and ducks, and chickens in proportion. I use a Savage rifle for geese and a L. C. Smith shotgun for ducks and chickens.

Some of your readers from the East would enjoy a few weeks' sport out here, and there is room for all who will come.

Estelline, S. Dak. F. J. ROBINSON.

The Mud-Eaters of New Brunswick

Up among the hills in the center of the New Brunswick wilderness, where the Tobique, Nepisequi and Upsalquiteh rivers head, there are several places where the moose, caribou, deer and even bears gather to eat the mud around springs that flow out from the foot of high hills. Why it is that they want the mud at these particular places is more than I know. I cannot taste any salt nor can I see any difference in the water or mud there from any other place; yet the facts remain the same, and they come there regularly, from the time these places thaw out in the spring till they freeze up in the fall, and in some of these places the mud is e ten down for a depth of two or three feet and several square rods in extent.

One of the most frequented of these places is on a small stream that enters the little Tobique about twenty-five miles above the forks. I have known this place for eleven years, and at first there were no deer and not half as many moose as at present, but the place was alive with caribou. The reason for that was that the lumbermen were cutting that country then, and the caribou gathered there to eat the moss off the spruce tops, and when the lumbermen got done there the roads were left for game trails, and sprouts came up where the big trees had been cut, making it a perfect homing place for moose, so that at present the moose and deer are very much more abundant, while the caribou are much scarcer than eleven years ago.

This mud restaurant of the game is an ideal place to get photos of big game, but I have very little chance to carry a camera. But last June I built what we call our photograph gallery, on the edge of this hole, on the advice of a sportsman who had been with me and saw the place. It is a little log cabin about ten feet square, with five small windows, and a small shelf inside each window to set the camera on. Moose and deer take no notice of the gallery and walk and stand round it for hours within a few feet. Last October Mr. W. D. Griscom, of Philadelphia, and his guide were in the gallery and two cow moose came about sundown and stayed for an hour, and all that time they were within a distance of thirty feet of the gallery. They got some photographs of them, but the light was rather dim for clear pictures. I don't know of another place that is nearly as good to photograph big game. The game comes in there at all hours of the day and night, but the favorite time in the summer is from the time they finish feeding in the morning till noon, and again about sundown. ADAM MOORE.

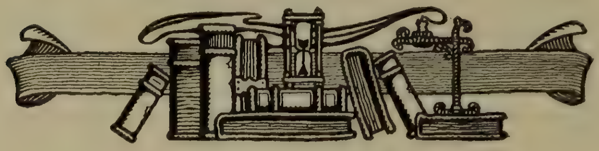
Scotch Lake, N. B.

"Mule-Tail" Deer!

In RECREATION for May there appeared a mild criticism of my article in the March number, in which I said there were no mule deer in California. Of course, I know that negative evidence is not conclusive, but I based my statement on the best evidence I could obtain. Mr. Brown's statement is the only one that I have seen in print, claiming for a certainty that mule deer were found in this State, and while I may have been mistaken, the evidence as I find it certainly is very largely in favor of the truth of my position. Neither in the literature on the subject nor in conversation with old hunters have I found any one who claimed differently—excepting one man who claimed to have seen "mule-tail deer" near Kings River Cañon. This was a new one to me. I think they must have been related to Mr. Brown's San Jacinto deer. CHAS. W. HARDMAN, M.D.

Laton, Cal.

PARAGRAPHS FOR PURCHASERS



NEW BOOKS

"The Seasons in a Flower Garden," by Louise Shelton, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, is a practical guide for the amateur hand in gardening. The subject matter of the book is well arranged, giving specific directions for the care of the flowers month by month. It has, besides, a fund of information on such subjects as "The Wild Garden," "The Water Garden," "Insect Pests," and last, but not least, "Bird Houses for the Garden." It is all replete with garden wisdom, and not the least commendable thing about the volume is the quaint little introduction to each chapter. The whole book is of such a helpful nature and arranged in such practical manner that it is a sincere pleasure to recommend its use to those who "give love-labor to green things growing."

Another most attractive work on flowers is "Mountain Wild Flowers of America," by Julia W. Henshaw. The subject offers opportunity for a charming book, and Mrs. Henshaw has succeeded admirably in benefiting by the advantage. The book is meant to be more of a popular guide than a treatise in botany. And since the first attribute that attracts the traveler's eye is invariably color, the flowers described are classified according to color and without special reference to their scientific relationships. The beauty of the 101 illustrations from photographs, the concise and yet complete and accurate descriptions, should especially commend it to mountain tourists and all lovers of wild flowers. Published by Ginn & Co., Boston.

"The Phantom of the Poles" suggests stories of hardship and suffering by icebound explorers; it might even serve as the title of a popular novel. But it is nothing more than the title chosen by William Reed for the book containing his arguments to prove that the earth is hollow—with *openings* where the poles ought to be! Mr. Reed is a master of theory, and no one having proved to the contrary, who shall successfully dispute his contention? The book certainly is interesting and the reader cannot help being impressed with the author's conclusions. Published by Walter S. Rockey Company, New York.

In "The Other Mr. Barclay," Henry Irving Dodge has built a story around the inherent speculative instinct in the human race, and has done it so skilfully that his book is a distinct improvement on the average financial novel. It is a remarkably interesting story, with considerable literary quality. The one jarring note is the cheap illustrations, without which the book would take rank with the best of the year. Published by G. W. Dillingham Company, New York.

"The Young Folk's Cyclopædia of Natural History," by John Denison Champlin, A. M., includes in one volume of 725 pages an outline of the entire animal kingdom. It is not necessarily a children's book and might more correctly be called a primer of natural history. The author has followed the general plan of giving in the opening sentence the scientific facts indicating the animal's place in nature, next a few generalizations respecting its family or genus, and lastly an account of the more important species, indicating the habitat, personal history and habits of each. The author has had unlimited privileges in the use of the best zoologies, manuals and treatises by the best known authorities, and the colloboration of Prof. Frederic A. Lucas, late of the National Museum, Washington, and now of the Museum of the Brooklyn Institute. Of course, the work is authoritative. There are some eight hundred illustrations, most of them from drawings. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Facts Worth Knowing

The "Little Skipper" marine engine, made by the St. Clair Motor Company, Detroit, Mich., is enjoying a remarkable popularity for installing in rowboats and canoes. There must be a reason. The manufacturers claim it is because their Little Skipper engine is the only engine made that will run equally well on gasoline, kerosene, blue blaze, distolite oil or alcohol without changes or extra attachments and without waste of fuel or loss of power, and because it is the only two-cycle gasoline engine made that cannot possibly back-fire.

Two hundred and sixty-eight of the best shots in the country took part in the Grand American Handicap Tournament held in Indianapolis, Ind., June 19–22. This event was attended by shooters from all over the country. The great event of the week was the Grand American Handicap, which was won by Mr. F. E. Rogers, of St. Louis, who broke 94 out of 100 targets from the 17-yard mark in a gale of wind, shooting Winchester Factory Loaded Shells. In each of the other three events on the program, Winchester Factory Loaded Shells or Winchester Repeating Shotguns landed in first place, making a clean sweep for these justly popular and reliable goods.

Every owner of a shotgun of standard make takes a just pride in the accomplishments of "his" gun. When his arguments for its superiority—perfectly obvious, since he himself would have no other make—are backed up by a victory at the traps or at a world's exhibition, the owner of the "best" gun raises the "very lowest" he would accept for his gun another five dollars or so. And why not? Just now every owner of an L. C. Smith is richer because of the winning by F. C. Rogers, of St. Louis, of the last Grand American Handicap, held in Indianapolis in June. Mr. Rogers shot his favorite L. C. Smith, and broke 94 targets out of 100, from the 17-yard mark. And the Hunter Arms Company, Fulton, N. Y., report a busy time at the factory. Again, why not? Straws show which way the wind blows, and the man who wants a real good gun may be glad to know that for either trap or field shooting a great many discriminating shooters have taken to the L. C. Smith, equipped with the Hunter one-trigger mechanism. Better yet is the Hunter one-trigger gun.

Peters factory-loaded shells may be had loaded with any load of any standard powder. Popular with trap shooters, just as good in the field. Try 'em on woodcock; they're quick. Write The Peters Cartridge Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, and mention Recreation.

CAMP SUPPLIES

The camp supplies, to be complete, should include Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, Peerless Evaporated-Cream and Borden's Malted Milk, all of which contain substantial nourishment in compact form, and supply every milk requirement.

In a marine engine—reliability, that's the thing! And especially must this be looked for in an engine for a small boat; for the little fellows are not always as good as they look. They may have power—when they run. But, the main thing is the steady "Teuf! teuf!" as the French would say. When you have both reliability and power, that's all you want. Moral: Get a good engine, one of the Fairbanks-Morse kind. A postal card to Fairbanks, Morse & Co., Franklin and Monroe Streets, Chicago, will bring you their catalogue 817 S. M., which tells about the smaller sizes.

For a wee little camera to put in your pocket and take along on your trip, the new Premoette can't be beaten. It is one of the most compact daylight-loading film cameras in the world, takes pictures 2¼ by 3¼, and it weighs only eleven ounces. Economical, because first cost is small, films are less expensive than if they were larger, and then you can have your best negatives enlarged. Get a catalogue from the Rochester Optical Company, 46 South Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Before you go on your vacation send for a copy of "Reflections of a Rambler," by Elmore Elliott Peake. With four illustrations in color by Eugene E. Speicher. Sent to any address upon receipt of five cents to cover postage. The Warner & Swasey Co., Pub., Cleveland, Ohio.

The art catalogue of the Ithaca Gun Company, Ithaca, N. Y., is most interesting, it illustrating and describing seventeen grades of shotguns. The Ithaca featherweight, 5¾-pound, small-gauge guns are becoming very popular for upland bird shooting.

The new Marlin 3-pound, 10-ounce, .22 caliber repeater, the Model No. 18, has taken hold to a surprising degree; since its advent, six months ago, the manufacturers have at no time caught up with orders for this little rifle.

Many calls have come from campers, cyclists, canoeists and others for this .22, fitted with a sling, and the Marlin Company announces that it can, at a slight additional charge, now furnish the Model No. 18, fitted with swivels and sling strap. Another feature of interest to our readers is the fact that, if the rifle is loaded with the short cartridges and a long-range shot is presented, the shooter can, with the action open, remove the short cartridge from the carrier and insert a long-rifle cartridge directly into the chamber. He can then do accurate and effective work at ranges up to 200 yards.

The Gundlach-Manhattan Optical Company, Rochester, N. Y., is now making four sizes—5 x 7, 6½ x 8½, 8 x 10, 11 x 14—of the Wizard view cameras, new models. These cameras have been improved at every possible point, and we give the following information for reference:

The 5 x 7 size has a detachable ground glass frame, held by invisible springs on the Korona principle, giving it a very neat appearance. This allows for the use of a cartridge roll holder, and film pack adapters may be altered to fit. The lens board is large enough for stereo work.

The bellows capacity of the 6½ x 8½ and 8 x 10 sizes has been increased to 27-inch and 32-inch respectively.

With the 6½ x 8½, 8 x 10 and 11 x 14 sizes, we supply a simple bed brace, which is effective in making the bed proper absolutely rigid when the camera is fully extended. The general construction has been improved in many ways, and the Wizards are now among the most desirable view cameras on the market in every respect.

The 5 x 7 size takes the standard Korona holder, and book holders are made for the 11 x 14 size. The 6½ x 8½ and 8 x 10 Wizards use the Wizard view holders as before made on the Korona principle. Our camera-using readers will understand and appreciate these improvements, and to any one interested in a good view camera, we recommend the free catalogue issued by this company.

The Accident Cabinet Company, Kalamazoo, Mich., is placing on the market a small medicine and accident cabinet, suitable for travelers, autoists, etc. It contains twenty-four articles most likely to be needed in case of illness or accident. They also manufacture larger sizes for use in factories, shops, etc.

Their advertisement may be found on another page of this magazine.

The camper or the hunter often meets with an emergency when the preservation of his life may depend upon the possession of a quick, reliable and accurate pocket weapon. It may be a wildcat, a rattlesnake or perhaps a savage dog that is encountered. In any case, the possessor of an "H. & R." hammerless revolver is equipped for all contingencies. It is small, light weight and easily carried. May be fired instantly by simply pulling the trigger, yet at the same time it is absolutely safe, since there is no other way by which it can be fired except by pulling the trigger. It is sold at a price that is within the reach of everybody, yet is not a "cheap" weapon, because it is made of the very best materials. Every revolver is rigidly tested in the factory and is accurate to the thousandth of an inch and absolutely free from flaws. See the advertisement of Harrington & Richardson Arms Company in another part of this issue.

At this season of the year there is very little use for the gun and dog. It is only a month, however, until the shooting season will open again, and then the hunters will secure many fine and valuable specimens of both birds and animals. This is the time to be getting ready for the shooting season, and, among other things, it would seem very desirable for the sportsman to learn how to thoroughly preserve the trophies he will get. If any of our readers are interested in learning taxidermy for themselves, we would recommend that they immediately write to the Northwestern School of Taxidermy, Omaha, Nebr., for prospectus and full particulars of their methods of teaching this art by mail. This school has many thousands of students among the leading sportsmen of the country, and is heartily endorsed by some of the best-known taxidermists.

The celebrated Dowagiac artificial minnows, about which you have heard so much, are made by Jas. Heddon & Son, Dowagiac, Mich. Address Department 6G and ask for the catalogue showing the various baits in full colors. Also ask for the booklet containing pointers on bait-casting. The Heddons know how.

Did you read what we said in these columns last month about the No. 3B folding Hawk-Eye Camera for sportsmen? If not, look it up, or write the Blair Camera Company, Rochester, N. Y., for a catalogue.

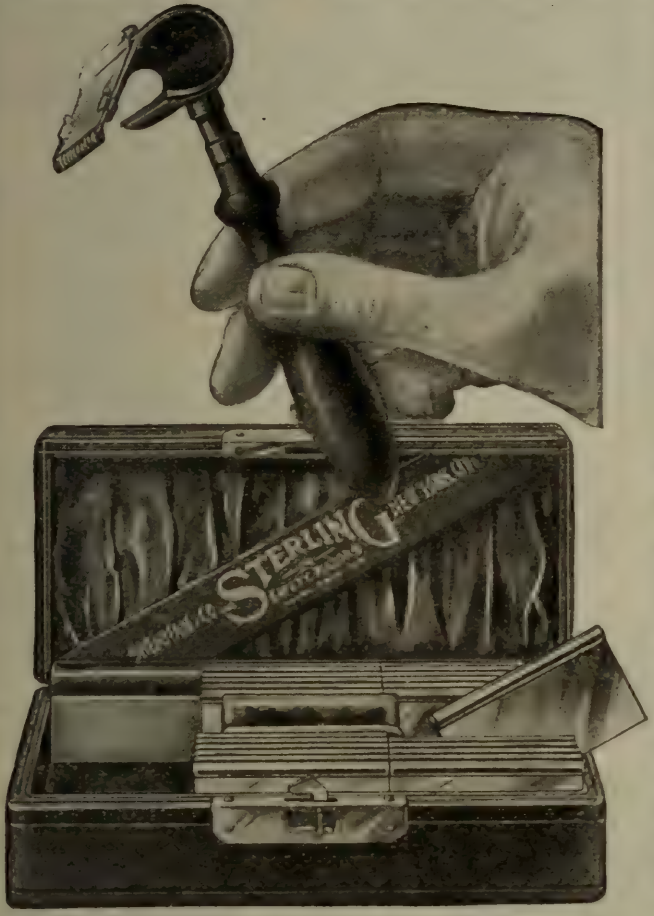
With a Savage .22 target rifle, Mr. C. W. Robbins, of Leicester, on March 17, 1906, made 94 consecutive bulls-eyes in 95 shots, scoring 474 out of a possible 475. Targets used were the N. R. A. 25 yards miniature standard. This speaks pretty well for the Savage rifle.

Marble's "Expert" Hunting Knives were particularly designed to meet the requirements of the professional hunter, trapper and guide who requires a thin, keen edge for pressing skins and furs. The back of blade is designed for scraping skins while on the forms.

They are made in five and six-inch blades—razor ground—with handles of cocobola, made in the same manner as the famous Marble Ideal Hunting Knife.

Send for 56-page, new, free catalogue "A."

AGENTS, WE ARE NOT JOKING; WE MEAN IT



when we say any honest man or woman can establish his or her own business with our goods and on our capital, and make $50 *to* $500 *a month.* It all depends on your own ability, time you devote to our business and the territory of which you are *fortunate* enough to secure *exclusive control.*

The Island of Porto Rico, also Boston, Pittsburg, San Francisco, States of Oklahoma and South Dakota, as well as hundreds of other cities, already assigned, but there is some valuable territory left, and you may secure the territory you desire, provided you act *quickly.* We want two or three more hustlers with experience handling sub-agents to travel over a large field appointing local agents.

We need a few more men with wide business experience and executive ability to open Instalment Branch Houses in large cities. We desire one bright, intelligent man or woman in each unassigned smaller city, town, village or hamlet to sell razors for cash and instalments. You do not necessarily have to be an experienced salesman to sell our razors, for any person of only ordinary intelligence, even if they be deaf, dumb and blind, cannot help selling razors with our printed matter describing our new and unique plan of giving every man seven (7) days' trial before paying a cent, and then he can pay cash, $1.50 a month or *let his barber pay for it.*

Just the time of year to catch large crowds at State and County Fairs and do an enormous business.

Teachers, ministers, doctors, lawyers, collectors, clerks, timekeepers, foremen, real estate dealers, farmers, wagon routemen who either sell milk, tea, coffee, soap, butter and eggs; and, in fact, most any one can add to his income without interfering with his present occupation.

There is no reason why a woman cannot make a grand success selling razors if she distributes our booklets among men; and even their lady friends or patrons will purchase our razors for holiday and birthday presents for their husbands, sons, fathers, brothers or gentlemen friends; as nothing is more appropriate or will be better appreciated by the recipient than *one of our handsome razor cases,* either containing 24 safety blades or 12 old-style blades.

Reader, write us *at once,* giving your business experience, territory you desire and time you can devote to our business; and if territory asked for is still vacant, we will make you a *special proposition;* or if territory is already assigned, we will give you name of our general representative, so you can work for him.

WE ARE

THE ONLY Company selling razors on trial without one cent deposit.

THE ONLY Company selling razors on instalments.

THE ONLY Company that keeps blades sharp forever without charge.

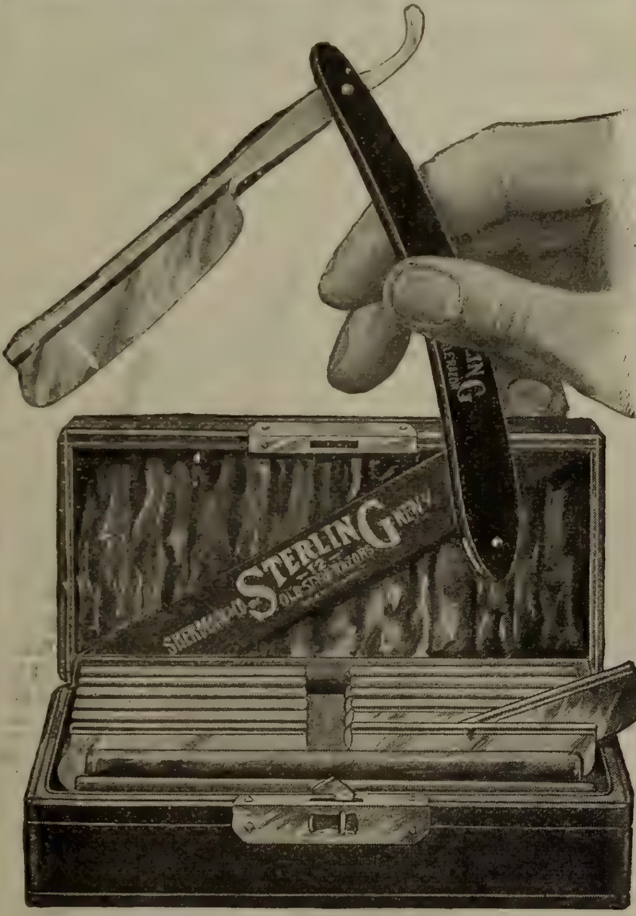
THE ONLY Safety Razor Company also having a perfect interchangeable Old Style Razor.

THE ONLY Company that sells razors exclusively through canvassing agents.

THE ONLY Company who can show you how $50,000 worth of instalment accounts can be carried each year on **$26.00 of your own money.**

WRITE US TO-DAY, and we will mail you, **free,** a booklet telling you all about how our razors are made and sold; also present to you for your consideration one of the most **Liberal Propositions** ever made by any legitimate house in this or any other country; and as we are a one-year-old corporation with $300,000 capital, we are able to back up every proposition we make you.

Address **SHERMAN & COMPANY, Inc.**
(Desk B) Cor. Water and Dover Sts., New York City



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A most delicate and finely flavored Champagne, comparing favorably with the best imported wines.

GOLD MEDAL
WHEREVER EXHIBITED

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WINE CELLARS
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NEW YORK

WALL TENTS

8 oz. Duck complete with poles and pins.

7 ft. x 7 ft. $6.00
9 1-2 x 12 ft. $9.58
7 ft. x 9 ft. $7.13
12 ft. x 14 ft. $12.98

Waterproof tents and every requisite for campers from a "frying-pan to a folding cot."

You can't be too careful in the selection of your camp outfit--better call and see us and get it right. Our catalog on "Tents" mailed free.

JOHN C. HOPKINS & CO., 119 Chambers St., New York

LEARN How To MOUNT Game Heads, Birds, Animals, Fishes, Etc.

Be a taxidermist. We can teach you by Mail to stuff specimens of birds, animals, fishes and reptiles; also to tan skins, make rugs, etc. (This is a most profitable and fascinating business). Easily and quickly learned in your own home, during your spare time. Adapted to **Men, Women and Boys. Standard Methods,** low rates, satisfaction **Guaranteed.** If you are a sportsman, naturalist or nature lover, you should be able to save your fine trophies. Adorn your home, office or den with beautiful mounted specimens. Double your income by mounting for your friends. Are you interested! If so, send for our beautiful catalog, and the Taxidermy Magazine—*both free.* Ask today.

THE NORTHWESTERN SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY
525 J St., Omaha, Neb.

Romeike Press Cutting Bureau

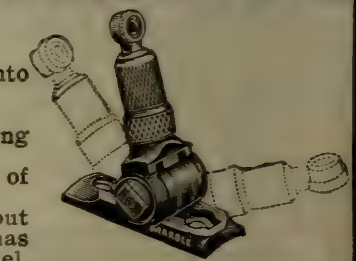
First established and most complete in the world

¶ To be abreast of the times subscribe to the old reliable bureau founded by the late Henry Romeike and you will be right up to date on all current topics in which you are interested. ¶ Reads every newspaper and periodical of importance in the United States, Canada, Mexico and Europe. Branches throughout the civilized world. *Write for circular and terms.*

HENRY ROMEIKE, Inc., **33 Union Sq.,** New York

Marble's AUTOMATIC FLEXIBLE JOINT Rear Sight

The Man Who Knows Uses This Sight Because:



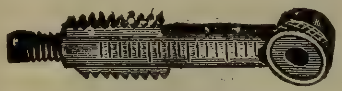
When not locked down, a simple spring in the hinge joint instantly brings it into proper position should it be struck on front or back.

It can be used on all rifles with long firing bolts.

The lower sleeve is a jamb nut which prevents the elevation sleeve from turning and holds the disc stem rigid at any elevation.

Interchangeable discs allow change of aperture at will. The screw in bottom of stem makes point blank adjustment easy.

This sight will suit all American rifles, but when ordering state whether or not Rifle has pistol-grip stock and give caliber and model. Ask your dealer first. Price, only $3.00. Front sights and gun rods and cleaners described in new Free 56-page catalog "A."

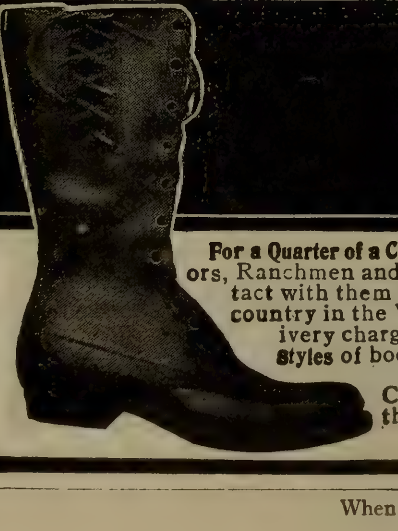


Disc No. 2 (attached to stem).

Disc No. 1.

Both discs furnished with each Marble Sight.

MARBLE SAFETY AXE CO., Gladstone, Mich.



THEY'RE MADE TO MEASURE

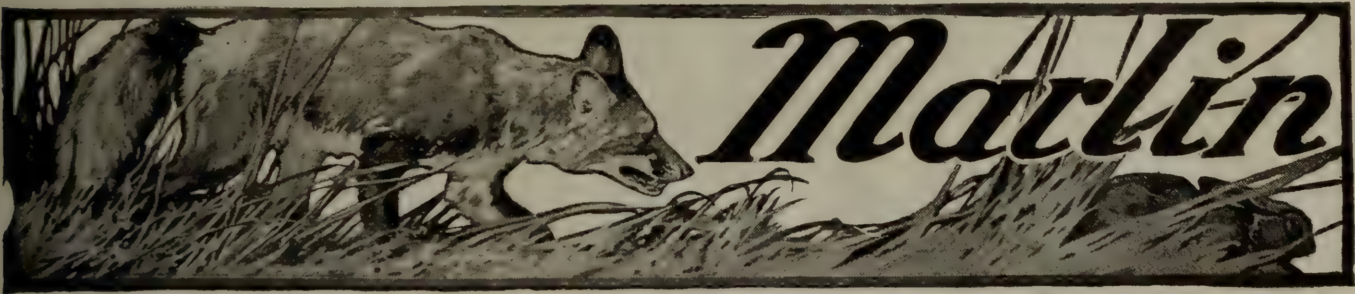
Putman Boots.

Go on like a glove *and* fit all over.

For a Quarter of a Century Putman Boots have been the Standard among Western Hunters, Prospectors, Ranchmen and Engineers (who demand the best) and we have learned through our personal contact with them how to make a perfect boot. Putman Boots are in use in nearly every civilized country in the World. They are Genuine Hand Sewed, Water Proofed, Made to measure, Delivery charges prepaid, and cost no more than others. Send for catalogue of over **30 different styles** of boots, and self measurement blank. **Also Indian Tanned Moosehide Moccasins.**

Illustration shows **No. 200,** 14 inches high. Bellows Tongue, Uppers are Special Chrome Tanned Calf Skin, tanned with the grain of the hide left on, making the leather **water Proof,** black or brown color. Made to measure and delivered for ...**$8.00**

H. J. PUTMAN & CO., 36 Hennepin Ave., **MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.**



Here are some reasons why a *Marlin* Model 1897, .22 caliber repeating rifle is the most satisfactory small bore repeater you can possibly own. : : : :

In finish, workmanship and balance this rifle is unsurpassed. The *Marlin* quality of steel drop-forgings constitutes all the working parts. Every single piece and screw and pin in this gun is made with care to a standard pattern so that all parts are positively interchangeable. The barrel of excellent steel is carefully bored and the deep rifling gives absolute accuracy and great wearing quality. This and other *Marlin* rifles are the only repeating rifles to which telescopes can be attached because the top of the breech is solid and the empty shell is ejected from the side.

The fact that this rifle handles .22 short, .22 long, and .22 long-rifle cartridges appeals strongly to all lovers of the small bore rifle.

For all sorts of small game this rifle is recommended, and with the long-rifle cartridge it is very deadly to hawks, owls, eagles, geese, ducks and any other shy birds which are hard to approach and require a hard blow to kill.

As a target rifle at long or short ranges, with or without a telescope, the *Marlin* Model 1897, .22 caliber repeating rifle is the guaranteed equal of any in the world.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct. A complete description of Model 1897 is given in our 1906 Catalog. Sent FREE for six cents postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co., 30 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK OF ONTARIO

A 2,000,000 ACRE FISH AND GAME PRESERVE interspersed with 1200 lakes and rivers. Speckled trout, black bass and salmon trout abound. Magnificent canoe trips. A paradise for the camper and angler. Altitude nearly 2000 feet above sea level. Pure and exhilarating atmosphere.

A beautifully illustrated publication giving full description, maps, etc., sent free on application to
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W. ROBINSON, 506 Park Building, Pittsburg, Pa. Or to
G. T. BELL, Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent, Montreal

Bausch & Lomb-Zeiss

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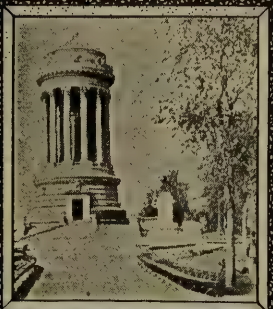

Be Sure of the Lens

when buying your camera. The lens is the most important part of the outfit. Almost any kind of lens will make some kinds of pictures and under some conditions, but it takes a TESSAR Lens to make first class pictures under all kinds of conditions. Dark days, late or early hours, street scenes, landscapes, interiors, portraits, athletes, copies of the finest engravings are alike to TESSAR. How much more pleasure and profit can be had from a camera fitted with a TESSAR Lens, how much less wasted material and opportunities. Such standard cameras as Kodaks, Premos, Centuries, Hawkeyes, Graflex are now sold with TESSAR Lenses. See that the dealer shows you a camera with a TESSAR Lens

Booklet "Aids to Artistic Aims" on request.

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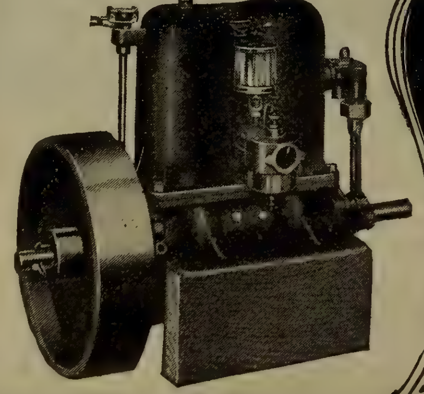

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DETROIT AUTO-MARINE MOTORS
SOLD IN THREE MONTHS - WHY?

NO VALVES - NO SPRINGS
NO GEARS - NO CAMS
NOTHING TO GO WRONG

6 H.P
$141.00
ENGINE ONLY

EASY TO BUY
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AUTO-MARINE GASOLINE ENGINES THIS YEAR.
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This great victory for Winchester Factory Loaded Shells and Winchester Repeating Shotguns under most trying weather conditions tells a convincing story of wonderful marksmanship, and stamps Winchester shells and guns as being as near perfect as brains and ingenuity can make them.

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP: Won by F. E. Rogers, an amateur, shooting Winchester Factory Loaded "Leader" Shells. Score, 94x100. SECOND, Geo. J. Roll, shooting Winchester Factory Loaded "Leader" Shells, and Geo. L. Lyon, shooting a Winchester Repeating Shotgun. Score, 93x100.

PRELIMINARY HANDICAP: Won by an amateur shooting Winchester Factory Loaded "Leader" Shells from the 20-yard mark. Score, 93x100 and 20 straight in the shoot-off. SECOND, F. M. Edwards, shooting a Winchester Repeating Shotgun. THIRD, Ed. Voris, shooting Winchester Factory Loaded "Leader" Shells.

PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP: Won by Walter Huff, shooting Winchester Factory Loaded "Leader" Shells. Score, 145x150. THIRD: W. R. Crosby, shooting Winchester Factory Loaded "Leader" Shells, and Jno. R. Taylor, shooting Winchester Factory Loaded "Leader" Shells and a Winchester Repeating Shotgun, tied. Score, 140x150.

AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP: Won by Guy Ward, shooting a Winchester Repeating Shotgun. Score, 144x150.

TEAM RACE: Highest individual score in this event was made by an amateur shooting Winchester Factory Loaded "Leader" Shells. 99x100.

The Harder the Conditions the Surer a Winchester Victory

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LOADED SHELLS

PERFECT AMMUNITION

for Field and Trap

Won Championship of Kentucky, Illinois and Ohio, May 28th and June 7th. Preferred by thousands of discriminating sportsmen. All grades—loaded with Black, Semi-smokeless or Smokeless powder—each the best of its kind.

PETERS METALLIC CARTRIDGES

Loaded with the famous Semi-smokeless, are the cleanest, most accurate, uniform and reliable on the market. Won Indoor Rifle Championship of the U. S. *nine successive years.*

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TRADE MARK

Sportsmen's Clothing

Sheds Water like a Duck's Back

Combines the advantage of perfect tailoring with protection against rain. Water-proofed by a patent process, permitting thorough ventilation, yet rain does not penetrate in any ordinary storm. Soft and pliable; sightly and durable; no rubber or paraffine. Fit, finish and waterproof qualities guaranteed.

Coat lined throughout the entire body with same rain-proof material as outside. Patent bellows under arms give extra ventilation and freedom of movement with paddle, rod or gun. Pockets for everything.

Trousers reinforced front and large double seat.

Give loose breast measure over garments to be worn with coat. Waist and leg measure for trousers.

Made in two colors, light tan and dead grass green.

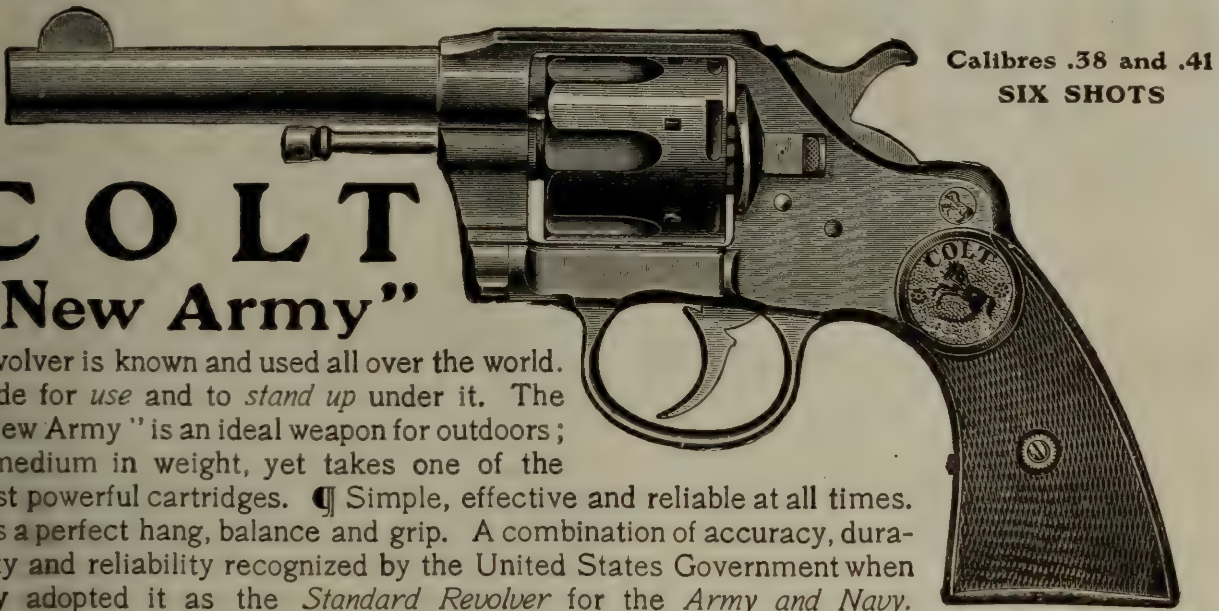
Coat, $5; trousers, $3; hat, $1. Express prepaid.

FOR LADIES' WEAR

Neatly tailored coat and skirt. Gives absolute protection on any outing trip. Suitable for gunning, fishing, tramping, boating climbing. Coat, $5.00; skirt, $4.00. Express prepaid. Booklet, with samples of material and directions for self-measurement sent free. **Special discount to dealers.**

BIRD, JONES & KENYON,
1 Blandina St., Utica, N. Y.

The BEST Known Revolver in the World



Calibres .38 and .41
SIX SHOTS

COLT
"New Army"

Revolver is known and used all over the world. Made for *use* and to *stand up* under it. The "New Army" is an ideal weapon for outdoors; is medium in weight, yet takes one of the most powerful cartridges. ¶ Simple, effective and reliable at all times. Has a perfect hang, balance and grip. A combination of accuracy, durability and reliability recognized by the United States Government when they adopted it as the *Standard Revolver* for the *Army and Navy.*

For over 50 years the Standard of the Firearms World—COLT

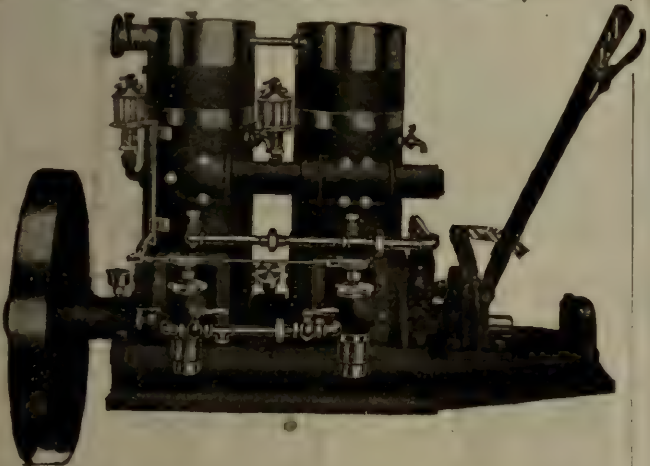
OUR CATALOGUE "POSITIVE" DESCRIBES THIS AND OTHER COLT MODELS

TRADE MARK

Colt's Patent Firearms Manufacturing Co.
HARTFORD, CONN.
London Office - - - - - - 15a Pall Mall, London, S. W.

A Fay & Bowen Engine

Took One First and One Second Prize in the Palm Beach Races in February.



A FAY & BOWEN ENGINE came in first in the Chicago-Mackinaw Endurance run last summer, running the 39 hours without a single stop.

A Reliable Two-Cycle Machine started without a crank.

Our unique Make-and-Break Sparker is admitted to be the best.

Write for free catalogue of Motors and Fine Boats.

Fay & Bowen Engine Co.
74 Lake Street, Geneva, N. Y.

Cut It in Half

and you will see that, unlike all other Collar Buttons,

The One-Piece
Krementz

is double thick where double strength is needed—in the shank. Not a weak spot in it. Made of one piece only. Hammered into graceful shape that makes it easy to button and unbutton. 21 models for ladies and gentlemen. Gold, Silver or Rolled Plate. Free booklet, **"The Story of a Collar Button,"** gives entertaining information. Want one?

KREMENTZ & CO.
90 Chestnut Street
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KREMENTZ QUALITY STAMPED ON BACK

THE
HAYES BULLETIN

DEVOTED TO

HAY-FEVER AND ASTHMA.

SPECIAL NUMBER
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NOW READY.

MAILED FREE ON APPLICATION.

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"HEALTH AND DISEASE."
"SPRAYS, OINTMENTS AND SMOKES."
"PATENT MEDICINES."
"TREATMENT."
"PERTINENT POINTS."

DON'T BLAME THE REEL

if it fails you at a critical moment. Don't give it a chance to fail you—use "3-in-One" and it *never* will! This oil keeps the reel's sensitive mechanism in perfect order. "3-in-One" is the one sure and safe reel lubricant. Won't gum; won't dry out. Contains no acid. It absolutely *prevents* rust. Apply it to rod joints, they will come apart easily. Use on rod,—it's good for wood—promotes pliability. Rub on line, prevents rotting. Trial bottle sent FREE by G. W. COLE CO., 122 Washington Life Building, New York City.

EVERYTHING for the Sportsman may be had by securing subscriptions for *Recreation.* Send for illustrated catalogue, mailed free. *Recreation,* 23 W. 24th St., New York.

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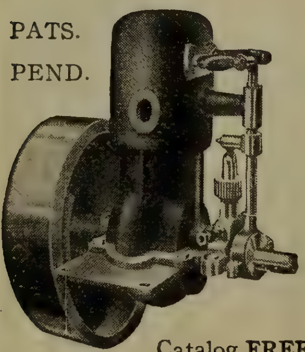
MORPHINE, LAUDANUM AND OPIUM,
by mail without any suffering. I cured myself after all others failed. Write for my circular. It contains addresses of many people cured by me, as well as my own experience. I will prove my claim to your confidence before asking you to take my treatment.

W. J. CARNEY, 567 Lebanon St., MELROSE, MASS.

A REAL LAUNCH AT SMALL COST

Can be made from an ordinary Canoe or Row-boat by installing a

PATS. PEND.



"LITTLE SKIPPER" MARINE ENGINE **2** Actual **H. P.** Bare Engine **$24.90**

H. D. Baird's latest and greatest 2 cycle gasoline engine. Simplest, strongest, most powerful and speedy engine of its class—drives Canoe, Row-boat or 12 to 20 ft. Launch 6 to 10 miles per hour, or a 35 ft. Sailor 3½ to 4 miles per hour as an auxiliary. Reversible—runs in either direction—anyone can install and run it—always safe and certain to go. SOLD UNDER 5 YEAR GUARANTEE.

ENGINE WITH COMPLETE BOAT FITTINGS AND ACCESSORIES . . . $39

Catalog FREE

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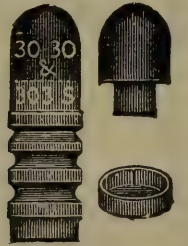

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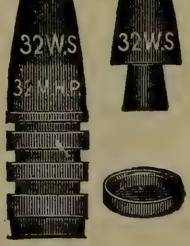

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HUNTERS can make their own **High Power** hard or soft point bullets, with two moulds, and keep some **Cash** in their pocketbooks for powder, instead of spending it all for high-priced metal covered bullets that **wear out the barrels.** Send us the calibre of your rifle with three two-cent stamps for sample bullet and descriptive circular. The Phil. B. Bekeart Co., of San Francisco, Cal., Agents for Pacific Coast. When you write please mention RECREATION.

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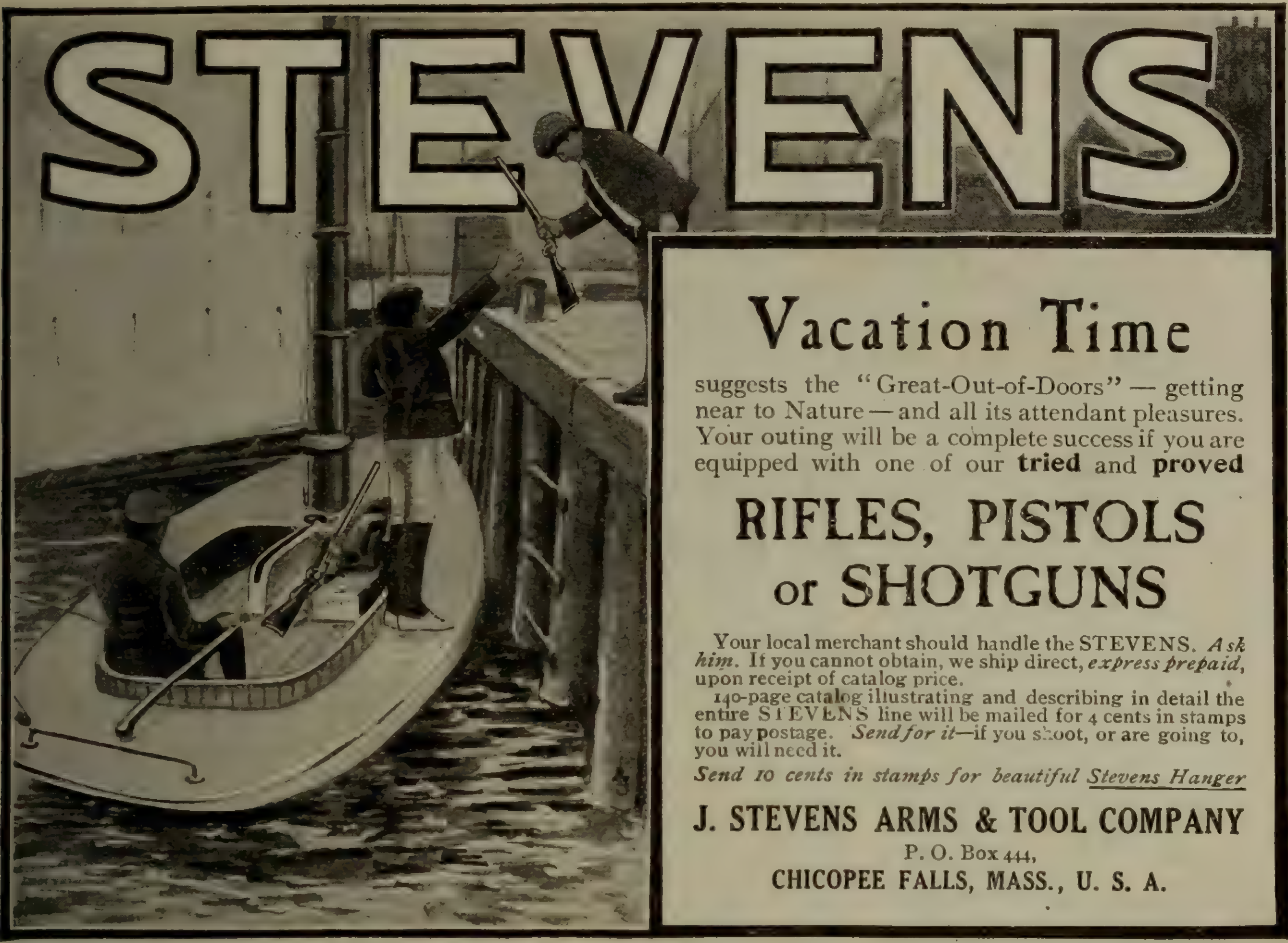

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Vacation Time

suggests the "Great-Out-of-Doors" — getting near to Nature — and all its attendant pleasures. Your outing will be a complete success if you are equipped with one of our **tried** and **proved**

RIFLES, PISTOLS or SHOTGUNS

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Send 10 cents in stamps for beautiful Stevens Hanger

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL COMPANY
P. O. Box 444,
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THE SPORTSMAN'S OK BAKER

BAKER GUNS

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KRUPP

AUTOMATIC EJECTORS
SINGLE TRIGGER
LATEST MODELS

Baker Gun Co.

This is one of our TWELVE DIFFERENT GRADES comprising a complete line of both STEEL and DAMASCUS barrels. Among them there is one to suit YOUR REQUIREMENTS for QUALITY, SERVICE and PRICE. BAKER GUNS are non-dischargeable except by actually pulling the triggers—thereby SAFE from any internal derangement of mechanism.

Send for free copy of the "Baker Gunner," fully descriptive and interesting to sportsmen.

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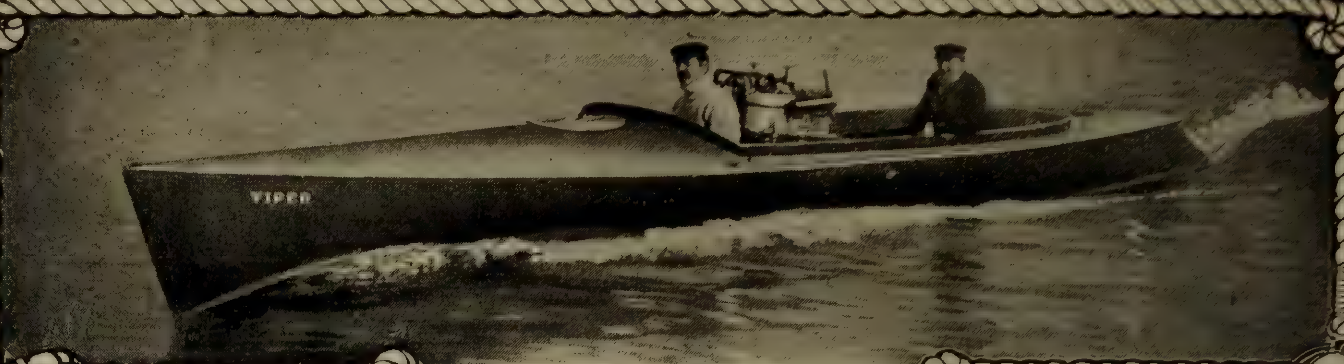

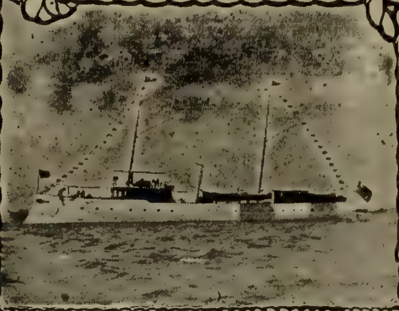

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is the Twentieth Century possibility with our system of One Lever Control. For the health-seeker there is nothing that will produce the desired results quicker than a comfortable and reliable boat. Ask your doctor and let us **show you.** For business, towing, freighting and all other purposes where hard and continuous service is required, Racine Boats will "make good" because they are fitted with heavy, powerful engines that have stood the test of years. Remember we offer you 22 years of successful experience.

A complete line of Racine Motor Boats, Auto Boats, Sail Boats, Row Boats, Hunting Boats, Dingheys, Canoes, Engines and Boat Supplies will be found at our different show rooms for inspection, trial and prompt delivery.

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Write for catalog and say what you want. We'll do the rest.

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Racine Boat Mfg. Co.
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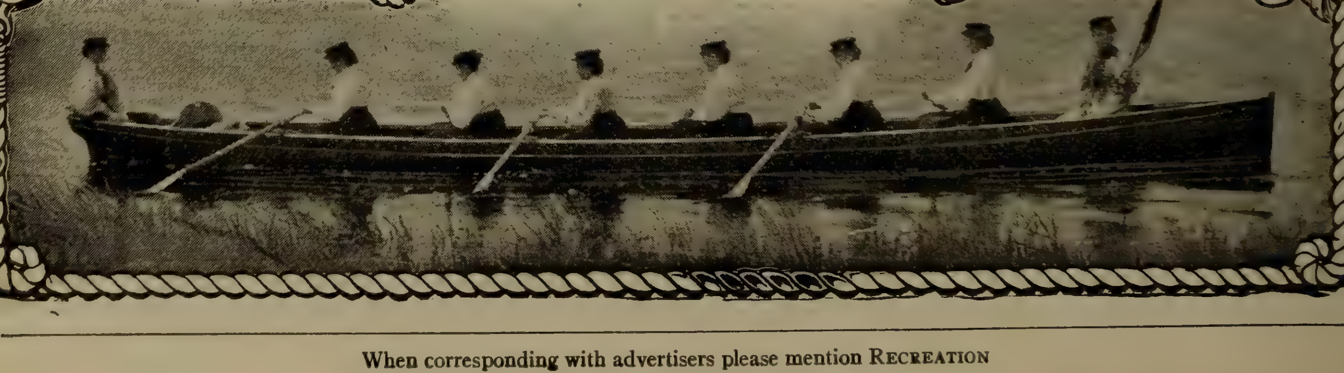
Muskegon, Michigan



FOR SHOTGUNS AND RIFLES

DU PONT
POWDER

395 out of a possible 400

Long, continuous Run Breaking without a miss (winning high average) **213**

195 out of a possible 200

Tulsa, I. T., May 7, 1906.

MR. ED. O'BRIEN made above scores.

MR. E. C. GRIFFITH, at Boston Shooting Association, April 21, 1906, broke (30 being at 20 yards)

147 out of a possible 150

At Watertown, Mass., May 5, 1906, in a team match, he

Broke all his birds, 100 straight

Both Chose to Shoot

DEAD SHOT SMOKELESS

A New Bulk Powder for Shot Guns Only

Clean shooting, makes a perfect pattern, high velocity, safe, is unaffected by climate.

Have your shells loaded with "Dead Shot Smokeless." Your dealer will gladly supply it. If you are in doubt, write to us. Write to us anyway, for booklet.

AMERICAN POWDER MILLS, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

ST. LOUIS, MO. CHICAGO, ILL.

Nebraska State Tournament, held at Lincoln, Neb., June 5, 6, 7, MR. ED. O'BRIEN won high average,

470 out of a possible 500

GEO. MACKIE, Scammon, Kan., won 2d high amateur average with

466 out of a possible 500

Both Chose to Shoot DEAD SHOT—Why not you?

"The Harder it Blows—the Brighter it Glows"

THE

Matchless (Practically Indestructible)

Cigar Lighter

Lights cigar, cigarette and pipe anywhere, at any time—in wind, rain or snow—on land or sea.

⅔ Actual size—With side removed, showing fuse in position to light cigar, cigarette or pipe.

The Matchless Cigar Lighter

Fits the vest-pocket like a match box. Is always ready and never fails to work. It's guaranteed for two years.

The Matchless Cigar Lighter

Is a necessity to the smoker, especially the Automobilist, Yachtsman, Golfer or Sportsman.

Your dealer has (or can get) "The Matchless Cigar Lighter"—if he won't, we will mail you one post-paid with instructions for use and our two year guarantee—on receipt of price, 50 cents. Illustrated and descriptive circulars on application.

The Matchless Cigar Lighter Mfg. Co., Dept. 9
16 John Street, New York City, N. Y.

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Outfitters to Sportsmen

349 Fifth Ave. (Cor. 34th St.) **New York**

¶ Supply your **needs** or **notions** for

GOLF SHOOTING
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from an **experience of twenty-five years** exclusively in sporting goods. Also dealers in athletic goods of all kinds, cameras, ammunition, cutlery, etc., shown to you only by **salesmen who are experts** in each line.

PETER'S

"High as the Alps in quality."

THE ORIGINAL SWISS MILK
CHOCOLATE

A Palatable and Portable Food for

Travelers, Campers, Sea-Goers

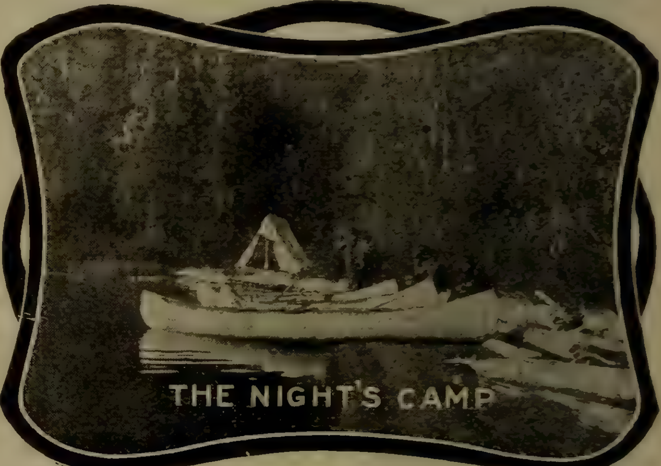
Hunger - Satisfying
Health - Sustaining
and Does Not Create Thirst

Once Taste

PETER'S

and you'll know it in the dark

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO.
SOLE IMPORTERS
New York

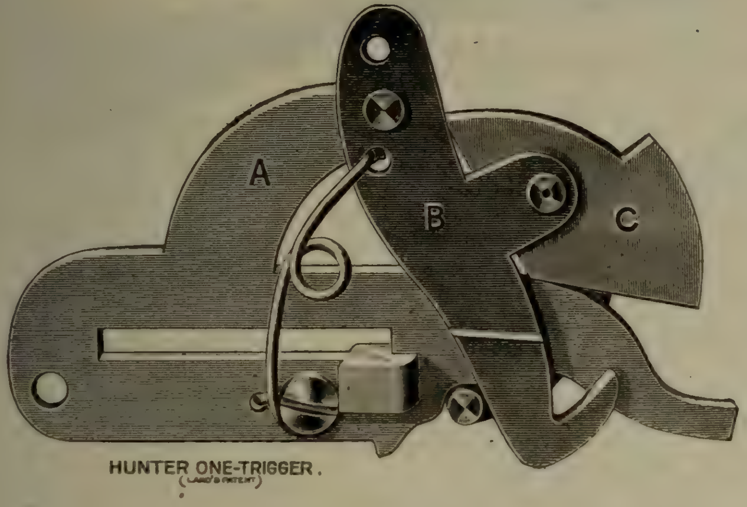


It doesn't matter much how far you go or how long you stay, the first meal time in the open calls for a cooking outfit, and from then on it becomes a question of comfortable eating, comfortable sleeping and comfortable clothing.

If you have not seen our new 300-page catalogue R, you have no conception of the hundreds of devices which make outdoor life comfortable. Send for the catalogue; we mail it postpaid on request.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH COMPANY
Complete Outfits for Explorers, Campers, Prospectors and Hunters
57 Reade Street, (One door from Broadway) **New York**

The Hunter One-Trigger


A
B
C
HUNTER ONE-TRIGGER.
(LARD'S PATENT)

Fitted to an L. C. Smith Gun makes a combination that is impossible to surpass and very difficult to equal. The parts are large and strong, action is positive and it does just what we say it will and does it every time.

Never doubles. Never balks.

Ask for Art Catalogue

HUNTER ARMS COMPANY, Fulton, N. Y.

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TRANSPORT GRANT
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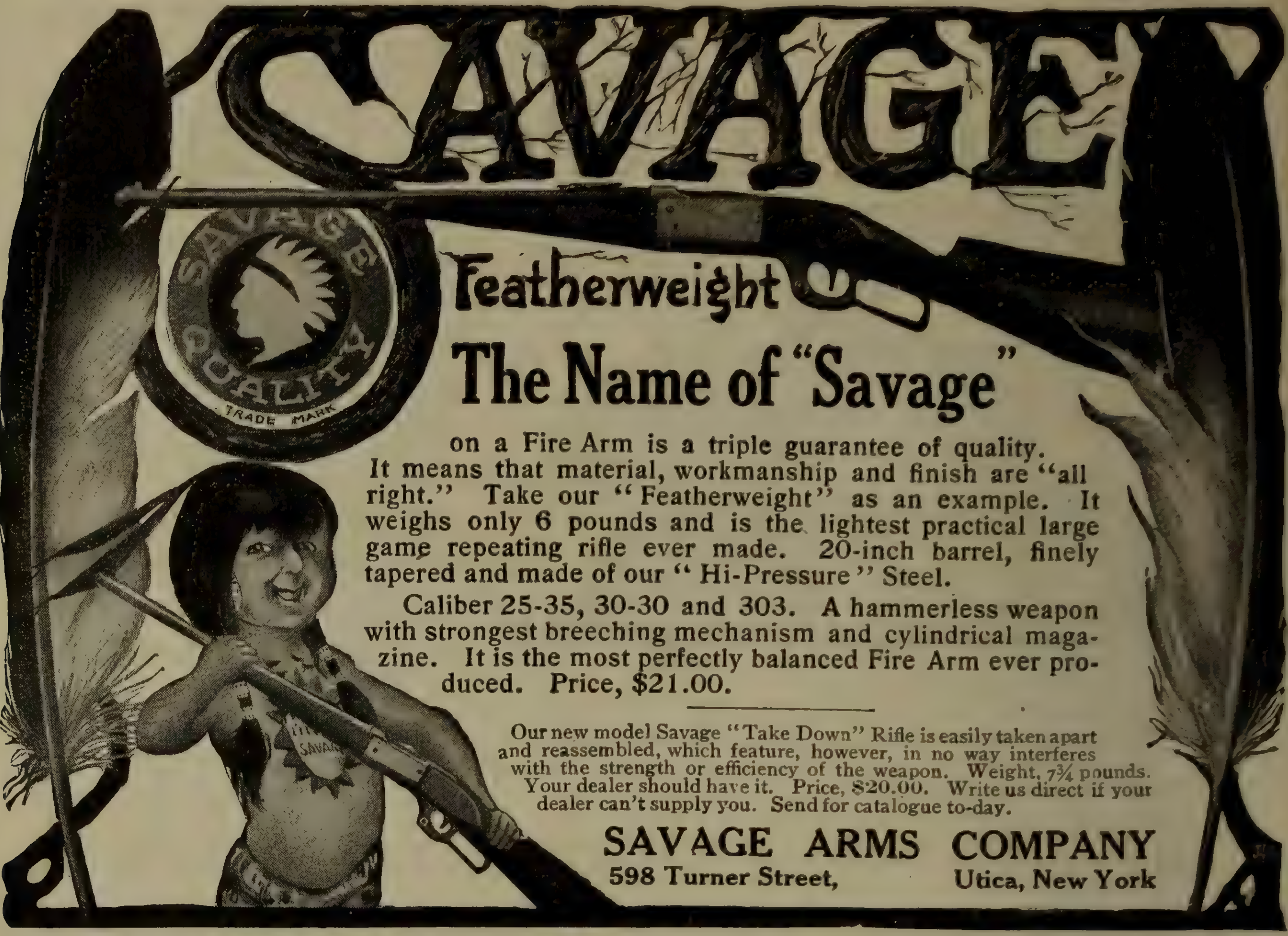
AMMUNITION

Is used by both Army and Navy because it is the best.

MADE BY
United States Cartridge Co.
Lowell, Mass.



Featherweight

The Name of "Savage"

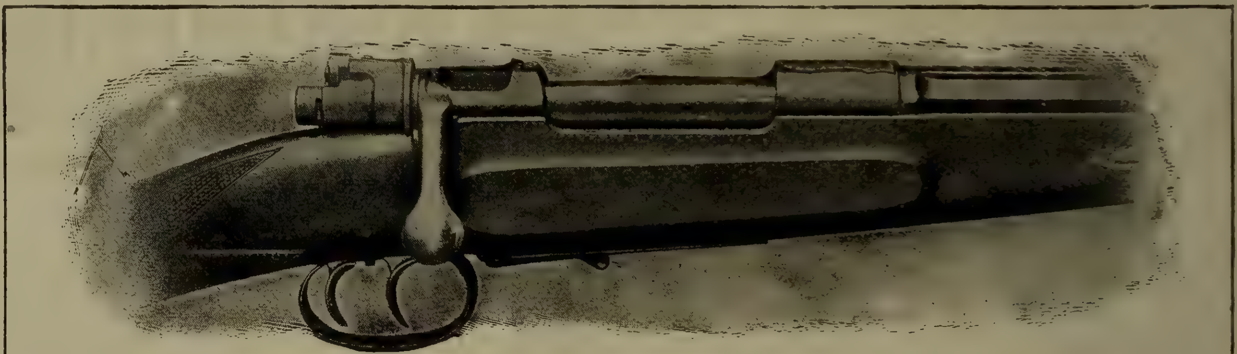
on a Fire Arm is a triple guarantee of quality. It means that material, workmanship and finish are "all right." Take our "Featherweight" as an example. It weighs only 6 pounds and is the lightest practical large game repeating rifle ever made. 20-inch barrel, finely tapered and made of our "Hi-Pressure" Steel.

Caliber 25-35, 30-30 and 303. A hammerless weapon with strongest breeching mechanism and cylindrical magazine. It is the most perfectly balanced Fire Arm ever produced. Price, $21.00.

Our new model Savage "Take Down" Rifle is easily taken apart and reassembled, which feature, however, in no way interferes with the strength or efficiency of the weapon. Weight, 7¾ pounds. Your dealer should have it. Price, $20.00. Write us direct if your dealer can't supply you. Send for catalogue to-day.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY
598 Turner Street, Utica, New York

For Large Game Shooting



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Shooting, Balance and Workmanship unsurpassed
8m/m or .315 Caliber, 9m/m or .354 Caliber

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FAIRBANKS-MORSE
Marine Engines

Sheffield Type

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4½, 9 and 18 Horse-Power

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1, 2 and 4 Cylinders

The **IDEAL POWER** *for* **SMALL BOATS** *and* **YACHTS**

SIMPLE Few parts to get out of order. All mechanism easily accessible

POWERFUL We guarantee that engine will develop more than rated H. P.

RELIABLE All parts subject to heat, water-jacketed. Built of best material by expert workmen

A thoroughly tried up-to-date Engine of Four Cycle Type
Send for Catalogue No. 817 SM

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Franklin and Monroe Streets, Chicago, Ill.

THE FAST

ATLANTIC

The most highly perfected speed boat of 1906.

Lengths 21, 23, 25 ft. Substantial in construction; developing highest speed. Motor, exhaust and ignition of types for 1907.

Reliability and correctness of construction guaranteed.

Our famous Atlantic Seagoing Dories and Atlantic Motor Skiffs for early delivery. We can deliver promptly our Atlantic and Merrimac Motors.

Full information sent on request; also our handsome illustrated folder No. 16.

THE ATLANTIC COMPANY, Amesbury, Mass.
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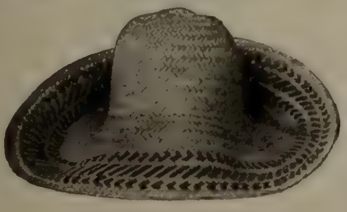
MEXICAN PALM LEAF HAT, 50c.

Fine for Fishing, Camping and Seashore



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Hand woven by Mexicans in Mexico from palm fiber. Double weave, durable and light weight with colored design in brim. Retails at $1.00, sent postpaid for **50c.** to introduce our Mexican hats and drawnwork. Same hat, plain, 40c.; both for 75c. Large, medium and small sizes.

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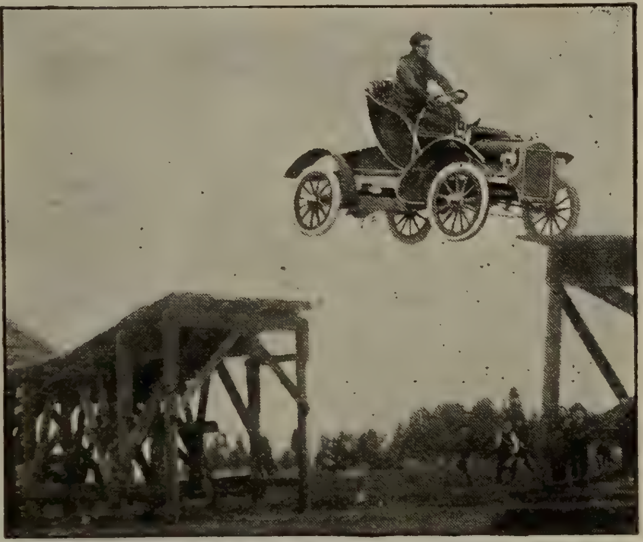


That the structural strength of the Cadillac is much greater than ordinary service requires is shown in the fact that this machine was the only one found to stand the strain of "Leaping the Gap," as pictured above. Either the axles or frame of all other machines tried bent under the heavy impact. With the

CADILLAC

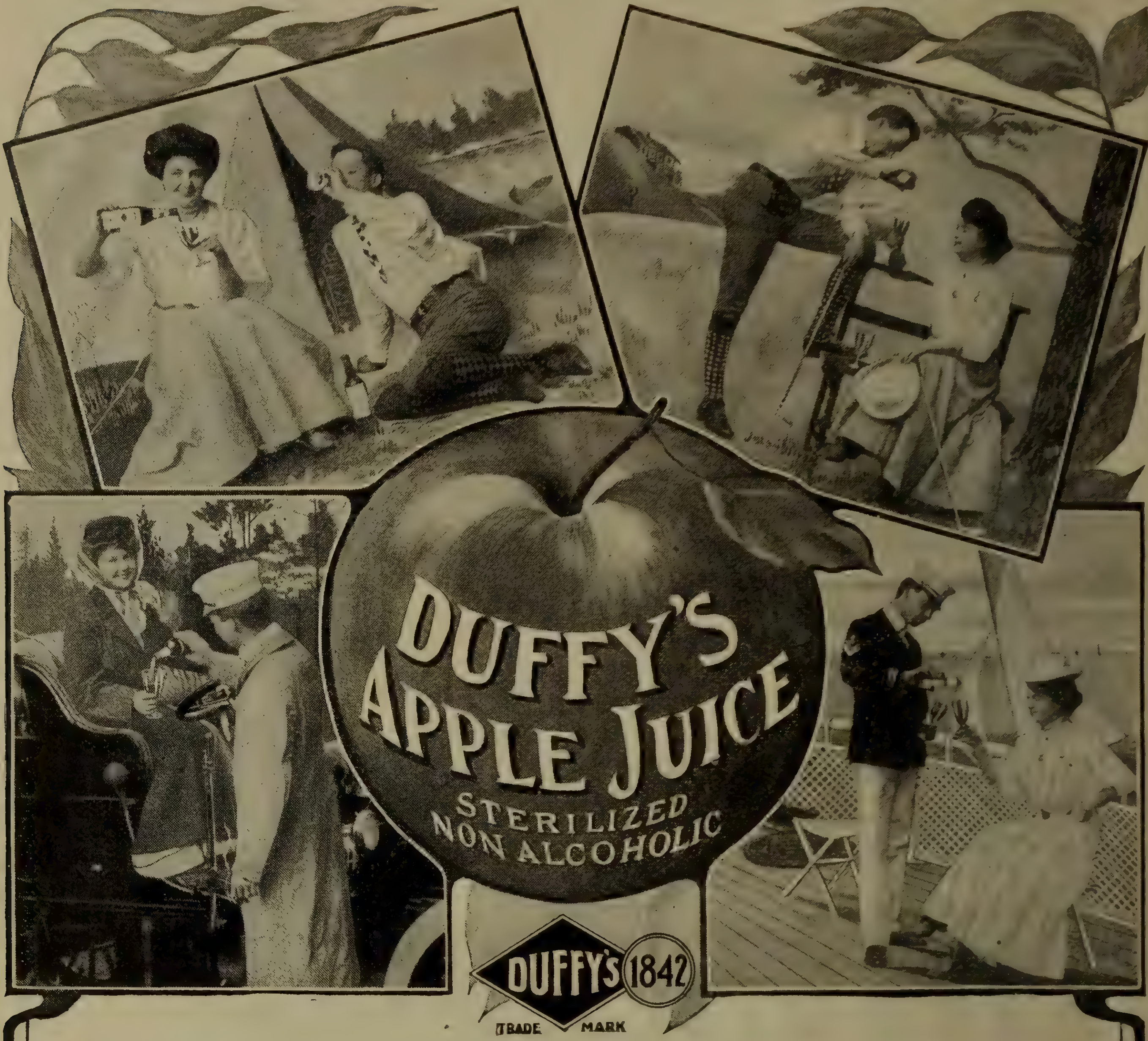
Runabout shown (a regular stock car) the performer is making repeated trips without the slightest damage to his machine.

While this proves nothing to the person who wants an automobile to meet ordinary conditions of road travel, it does show that the strength of the Cadillac is never found wanting, no matter what the test.

This and the many other sterling qualities of the Cadillac will be cheerfully demonstrated by your nearest dealer, whose address we will send upon request. Let us also send our illustrated Booklet K

Model K, 10 h. p. Runabout (shown above), $750.
Model M, Light Touring Car, $950.
Model H, 30 h. p. Touring Car, $2,500.
All prices f. o. b. Detroit. Lamps not included.

Cadillac Motor Car Co.,
Detroit, Mich.
Member A. L. A. M.



"THE BEST OF ALL BEVERAGES"

The pleasure of an outing afloat or ashore is increased by the cooling comfort of a good draught of DUFFY'S APPLE JUICE.

For healthfulness and deliciousness there's no other beverage comparable with it. It has the ripe flavor of freshly gathered apples, with a snap and sparkle all its own.

DUFFY'S APPLE JUICE is the pure juice of the ripe apples, sterilized and non-alcoholic. It is the health drink par excellence for old and young.

Sold by all first class grocers and druggists. If your dealer cannot supply you send us $3.00 for trial dozen pint bottles; all charges prepaid to any part of the United States.

DUFFY'S Mother Goose book for the children sent free on request.

AMERICAN FRUIT PRODUCT CO.

19 WHITE STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

"Bristol"

TRADE MARK

After you have tried all other makes of fishing rods, get a *"Bristol"* Steel Fishing Rod. It is backed by over 17 years of experience in the making and is guaranteed free from defects in material or workmanship.

Fishermen with years of experience tell us that they "have used everything in the shape of a rod from a branch to a $40.00 bamboo rod and nothing has given better service or lasted longer than the *'Bristol.'*"

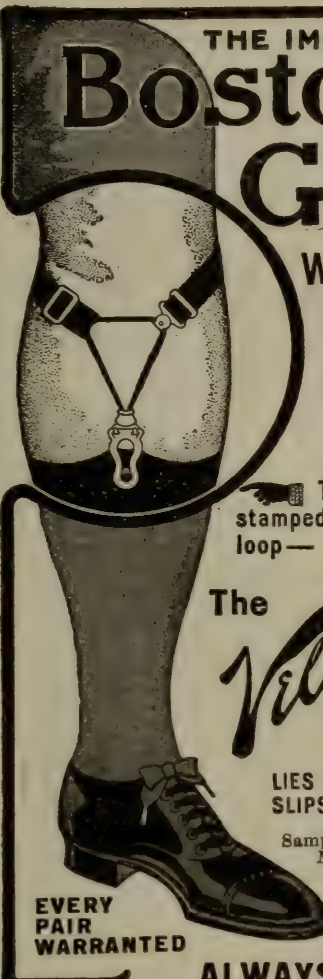
Your dealer sells *"Bristol"* rods, but for your protection see that you get the genuine. It has the name *"Bristol"* stamped on the reel-seat.

FREE — Our beautiful color catalog. This describes the *"Bristol"* Steel Fishing Rod, etc., as well as the combination reel and handle.

THE HORTON MFG. CO.
21 Horton Street, Bristol, Conn.

THE IMPROVED

Boston Garter



WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES OFFERED YOU

☞ The Name is stamped on every loop—

The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

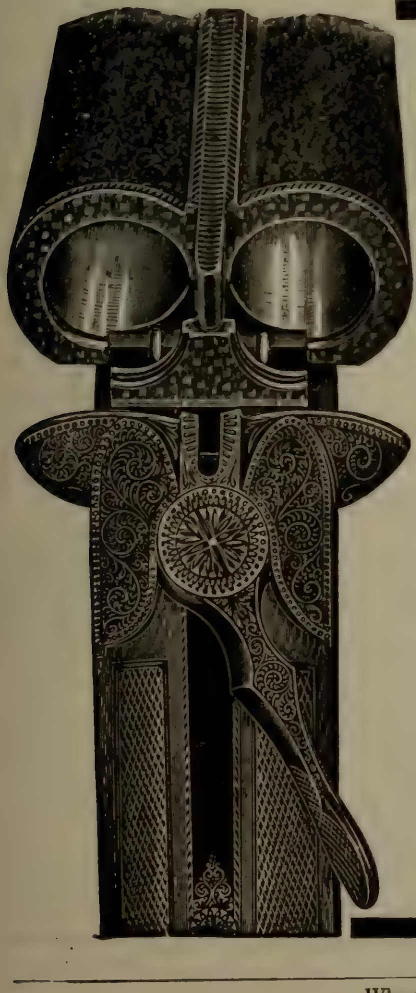
LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

ALWAYS EASY



ITHACA GUNS

THIS illustration shows the double thick nitro breech and narrow skeleton rib of an ITHACA No. 7 $300 list gun. ¶ This feature, together with the reinforced frame, reinforced stock and double bolt, makes the ITHACA the strongest and safest gun for Nitro powder. ¶ We build everything from a featherweight 5¾ pound 20 gauge gun to a 10½ pound 10 guage duck, fox and goose gun. ¶ Send for Art Catalogue describing 17 grades 10, 12, 16 and 20 gauge guns ranging in price from $17.75 to $300.

ITHACA GUN CO., ITHACA, N. Y.
Lock Box 3

PACIFIC COAST BRANCH, 114 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

H. & R. 38 HAMMERLESS.

Price (Nickel)
$6.00

H & R
Famous Safety
REVOLVERS
ARE BUILT FOR BUSINESS.

The Harrington & Richardson Hammerless Revolver is not a toy intended for children, but a safe, durable and accurate weapon for the man or woman who needs a revolver for purposes of offense or defense, or for the huntsman, army officer or policeman.

In the H. & R. Hammerless Revolver there is no hammer to catch in the clothing and cause accidental discharge in drawing it from the pocket. The only way possible to discharge it, is to pull the trigger.

All H. & R. Revolvers are made of the very best obtainable materials in a factory equipped with the most improved machinery operated by skilled mechanics. It is a marvel. Small and light in proportion to its effectiveness. Perfect in balance and finish, and extremely durable. The automatic device for ejecting the empty shells, makes reloading easy. The handle is so shaped as to insure a sure grip.

Every revolver bearing our name passes the most rigid inspection and is thoroughly tested before leaving the factory. We could not afford to risk our reputation by permitting an H. & R. Revolver to be sold unless it is without a single flaw. Our guarantee goes with every one.

H. & R. Revolvers are made in many styles and sizes. Blue and nickel finish. Prices from **$2.50** to **$8.00.** The Hammerless illustrated in this ad., finest nickel finish, is **$6.00.** Our catalogue gives full particulars.

A postal card will bring it. H. & R. Revolvers are sold by all dealers in reliable sporting goods. If not sold in your town, we will ship direct prepaid on receipt of price.

Harrington & Richardson Arms Co.
317 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.
Makers of H. & R. Single Gun.

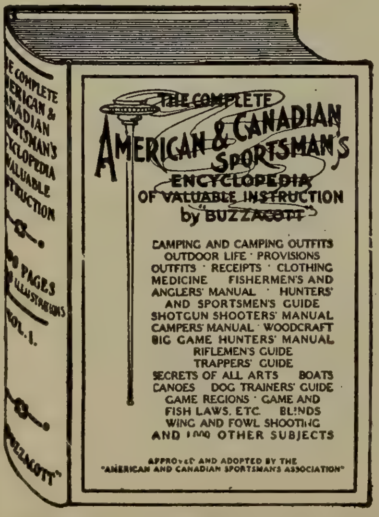
Old Town Canoe

Our NAME PLATE (as above) guarantees *correctness* of *models* and *quality*. All materials are selected carefully and applied by skilled workmen. Variety of models. Prices from $28 up. *Prompt delivery.*

Send NOW for free illustrated catalog.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 28 Middle St., Old Town, Me.

THIS GREAT
Sportsman's Book
544 Pages 1000 Illustrations
Sent Free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AMERICAN & CANADIAN
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ENCYCLOPEDIA
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by "BUZZACOTT"
CAMPING AND CAMPING OUTFITS
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ANGLERS' MANUAL · HUNTERS'
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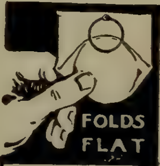
For 4 cents postage we will send free, a flat-folding pocket cup.



"PURIFOLD"
Aseptic Paper Drinking Cups

Indispensable for traveling, autoing, canoeing or fishing, and every day use.

Better than metal cups. No rust, no grit, no wiping. Just shake out water and fold.

Each cup in sealed envelope. Can be carried in vest pocket or purse.

One cup can be used 50 times. Endorsed by highest medical authorities.

Let us know your dealer's name and address. We will send you 3 cups for 10c., or 8 cups for 25c.

ASEPTIC DRINKING CUP CO., 20 Brattle Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Mascalonge Galore. Pine Cone Camp

Best fishing and hunting resort in Northwest. Over 40 lakes. In Lake Itasca Region. Rustic Log Cabins, well furnished. "Klinker" Boats. Reasonable rates. Bus meets trains. Write for particulars.

C. L. THOMAS, Proprietor, Dorset, Hubbard, Co., Minn.

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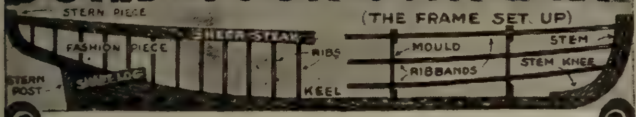


By the BROOKS System

10,686 novices—most of them with no tool experience whatever—built boats by the Brooks system last year. Over **fifty per cent.** have built their **second** boats. Many have established themselves in the boatbuilding business.

If you can drive a nail and cut out a piece of material from a full-size pattern—you can build a **Canoe—Rowboat—Sailboat—Launch—or Yacht**—in your leisure time—at home.

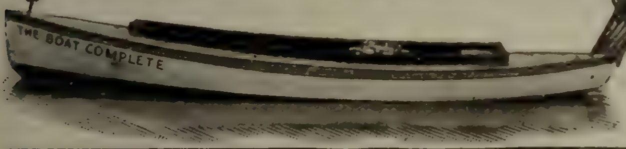
The Brooks System consists of **exact size** printed **paper patterns** of every part of the boat—with **detailed instructions** and **working illustrations** showing each step of the work—an itemized **bill of material** required and how to secure it.

All you need is the patterns, costing from $2.50 up—and materials from $5.00 up. Only common household tools required.

We also furnish complete boats in the Knockdown form—ready to put together. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

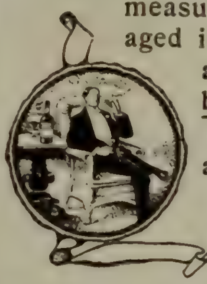
Our **big free catalog** tells how you can build boats all styles—all sizes.

BROOKS BOAT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
(Originators of the Pattern System of Boat Building)
508 Ship Street, - Bay City, Mich., U. S. A.



HAIL, campers out!—you had better forget the salt than the Club Cocktails. They take the roughness out of the roughest fare.

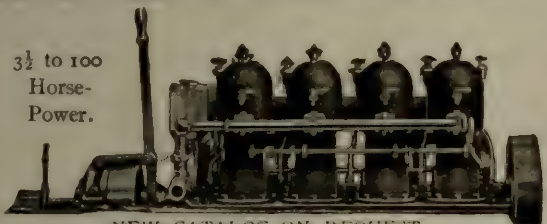
They are real cocktails—just what the bar mixed drinks are not. Club Cocktails are mixed by measure from the finest liquors, then aged in wood. In portable form, they are cheaper and better than the best of the guess-work kind.



Just strain through cracked ice and serve.

Seven varieties—each one delicious—of all good dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
Hartford New York London



3½ to 100 Horse-Power.

NEW CATALOG ON REQUEST.

ROCHESTER MARINE ENGINE

has made the most marvelous records, figuring speed with horse-power; combine these with reliability and economy, and it merits your thorough investigation.

WRITE US FOR FACTS.

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T. P. Bushnell, 114 East 28th Street, New York,
Agent for New York, has full line of engines in stock.

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Motor Boats, Rowboats, Hunting and Fishing Boats

built of steel with air chambers in each end like a lifeboat. Faster, more buoyant, practically indestructible, don't leak, dry out and are absolutely safe. **They can't sink.** No calking, no bailing, no trouble. Every boat is guaranteed. Highly endorsed by sportsmen. The ideal boats for pleasure or sport. Catalogue describing our complete line of raft sent free on request.

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An attractive pamphlet, full of the temptation of river, field and mountain, is published by the **CENTRAL VERMONT RAILWAY** under the title, "Summer Homes in the Green Hills of Vermont, Islands and Shores of Lake Champlain, Adirondacks and Canada." It is filled with excellent pictures of summertime scenes in places far from the press of city life. There are complete descriptions of the various resorts, convenient time-tables and lists of the special excursion rates of which the wise may take advantage.

Two Splendid New Day Trains with Dining-Car Service
See announcement in "Summer Homes." Those who have not yet settled the great question as to where the vacation shall be spent can hardly do better than consult this pamphlet, which may be obtained by sending six cents for postage to

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THE OUTING LAUNCH Complete $250.

Your vacation, if near a body of water, will be incomplete without a launch. For hunting, fishing or pleasure, the Outing is superior to all boats of its class. Draws but 10 to 14 ins. of water, speedy, comfortable, 18 ft. long on water line, reversing engine. Regular launch construction with exclusive "Outing" features. We can ship immediately. Write for descriptive catalog.

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to four of your friends and secure their subscriptions. Send their full names and addresses with $6.00 to "RECREATION," 23 West 24th Street, New York City, and we will immediately send you any one of the following articles you may select. They are all standard goods of reliable manufacturers.

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Spalding's Youths' Boxing Gloves.
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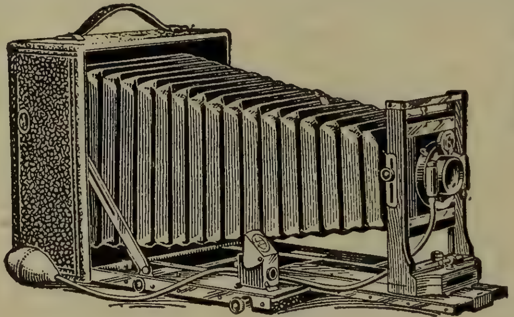

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Camera Reputation is founded upon

Quality

Our line for 1906 is the result of over 22 years' experience in *doing one thing well*—making Cameras.

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IF YOU HAD TO STAND ON YOUR HEAD TO SHOOT, YOU WOULDN'T BRING HOME MUCH GAME

For the same reason you can hunt photographically to better advantage by having an

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A Graflex shows the full-size picture at the very instant of exposure, and RIGHT SIDE UP. The ideal outfit for high-speed work. Send for Catalogue.

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Easily Balanced on "Carrys"

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For over thirty-one years I have been building canoes and rowboats and nothing else. **Rushton Canoes** are known wherever water runs as being the staunchest, the most graceful, the easiest riding and the most all-around reliable canoes built.

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Lengths: 15, 16, 17 and 18 ft. Weight: 56 to 80 lbs.
Net Prices: $32 to $44, f. o. b., Canton, N. Y.

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Made of Moose Calf, to measure.

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Our noiseless hunting boot beats anything made.

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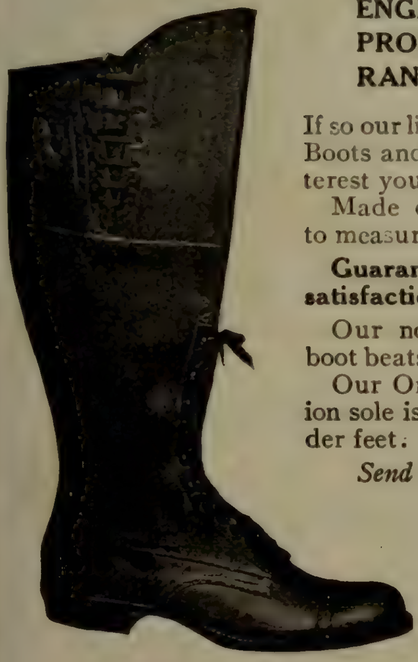

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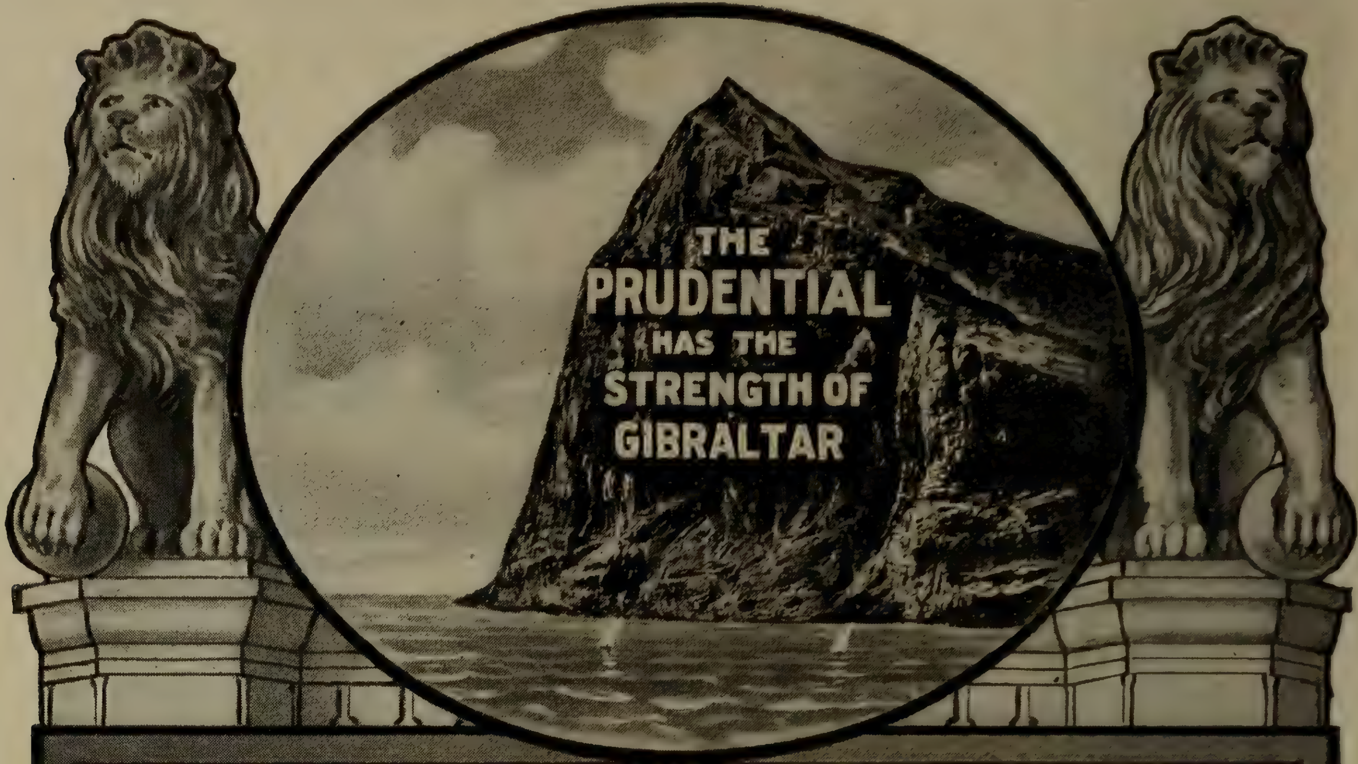

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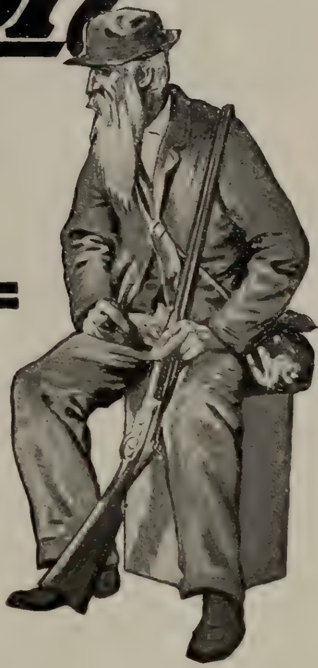

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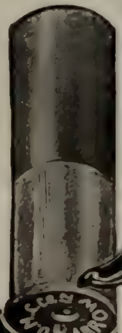

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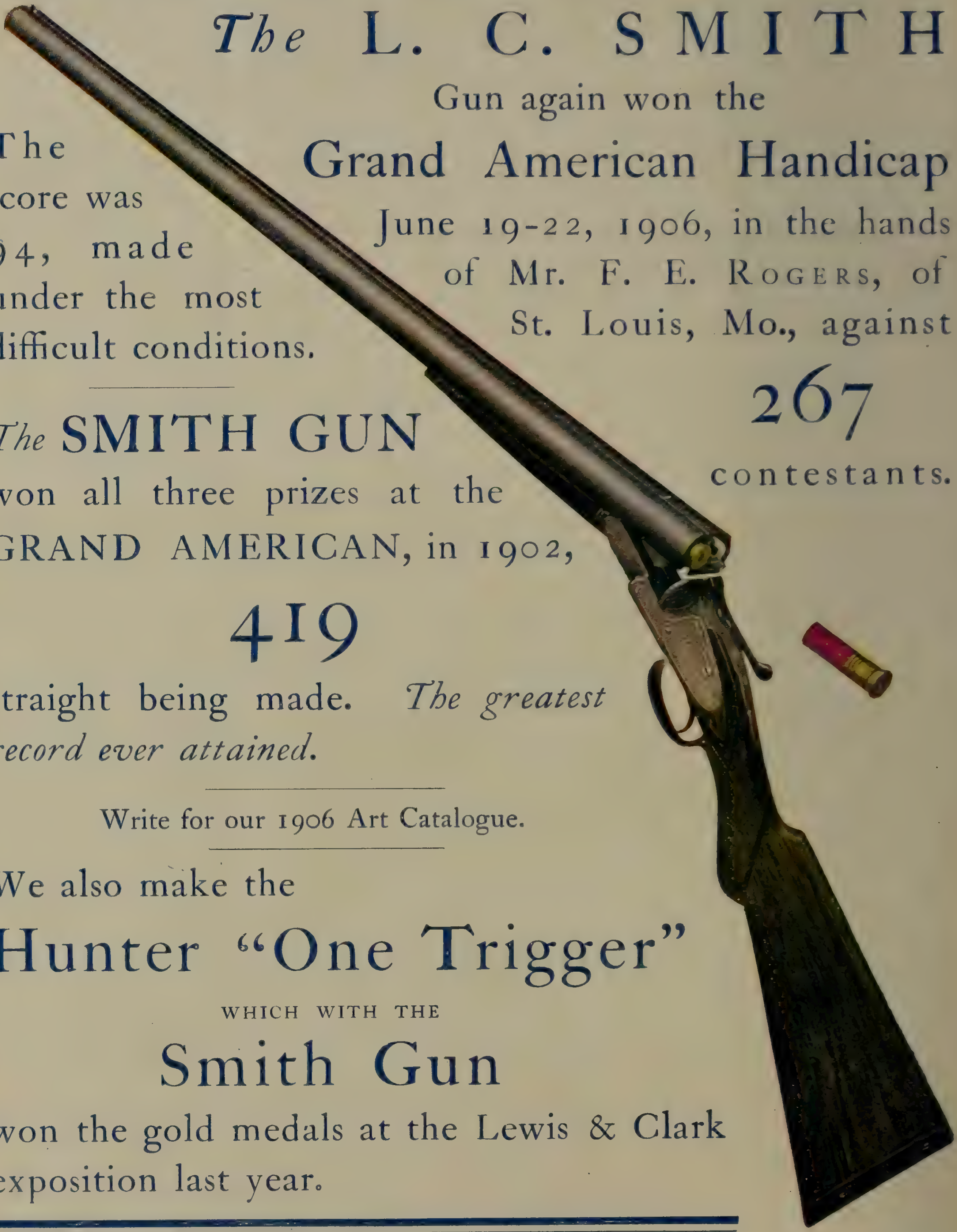

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The L. C. SMITH

Gun again won the

Grand American Handicap

June 19-22, 1906, in the hands of Mr. F. E. Rogers, of St. Louis, Mo., against

267

contestants.

The score was 94, made under the most difficult conditions.

The SMITH GUN won all three prizes at the GRAND AMERICAN, in 1902,

419

straight being made. *The greatest record ever attained.*

Write for our 1906 Art Catalogue.

We also make the

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WHICH WITH THE

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Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N.Y.

SEPTEMBER, 1906 PRICE, 15 CENTS

RECREATION

EDWYN SANDYS, on Quail-Shooting
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ROSCOE BRUMBAUGH, on the County Fair
HARRY L. MEANS, on Deer-Hunting
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Illustrating other
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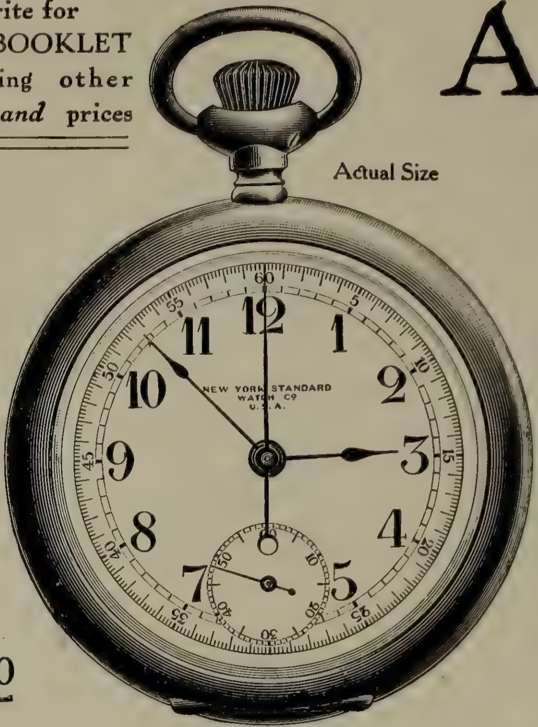

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AN IDEAL SPORTSMAN'S "STOP-WATCH"

Dust and
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The New York Standard
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Records One-fifth Seconds

¶ *The* Lowest Priced—*The* only one made in America *and* the only "Stop-Watch" on the market that is FULLY GUARANTEED

A RELIABLE TIME-KEEPER

$7.50
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C. P. GOERZ OPTICAL WORKS New York

"They Have a Lens for Every Purpose"

The CELOR, for Portraits and Groups.
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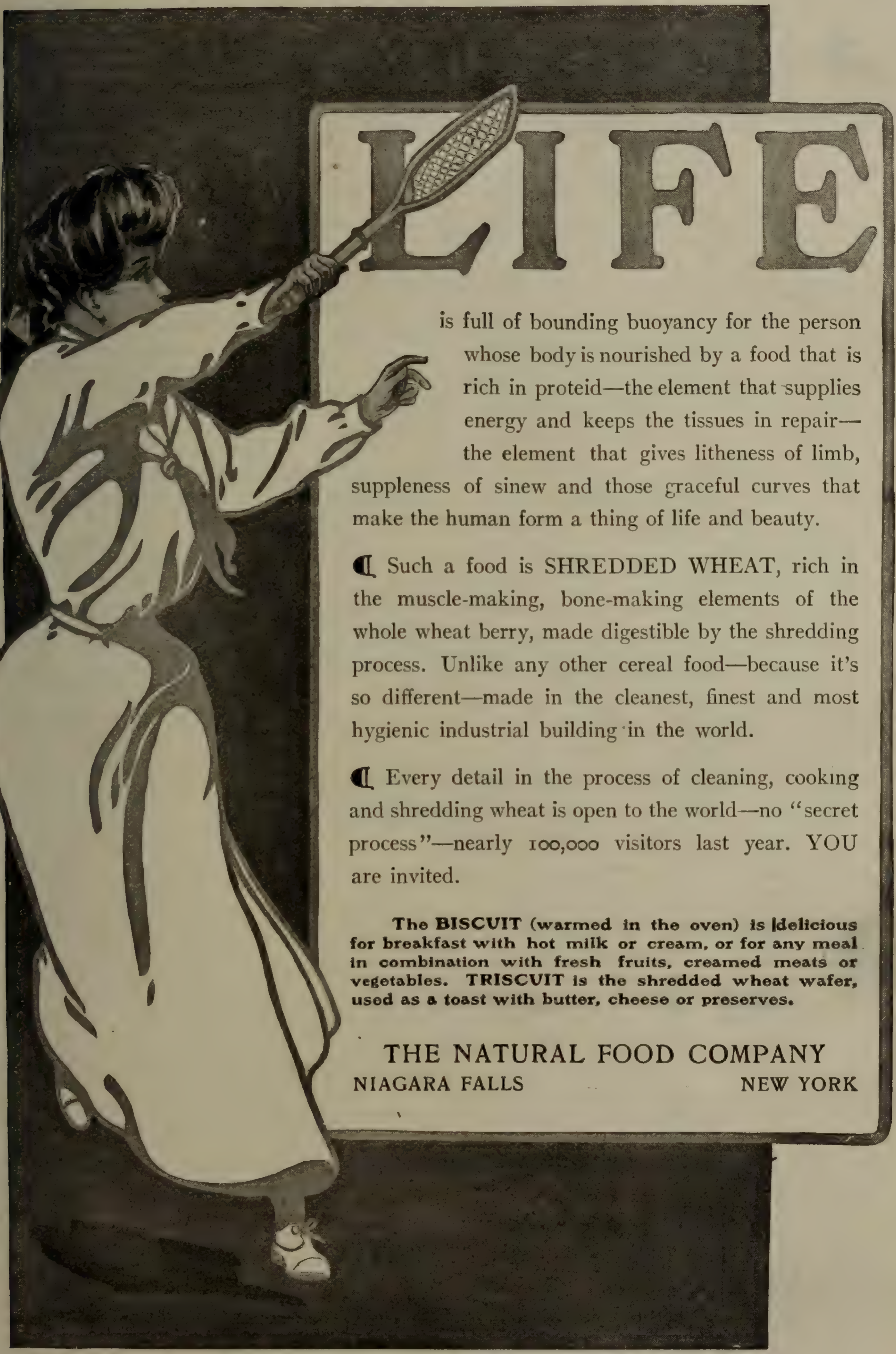

LIFE

is full of bounding buoyancy for the person whose body is nourished by a food that is rich in proteid—the element that supplies energy and keeps the tissues in repair—the element that gives litheness of limb, suppleness of sinew and those graceful curves that make the human form a thing of life and beauty.

¶ Such a food is SHREDDED WHEAT, rich in the muscle-making, bone-making elements of the whole wheat berry, made digestible by the shredding process. Unlike any other cereal food—because it's so different—made in the cleanest, finest and most hygienic industrial building in the world.

¶ Every detail in the process of cleaning, cooking and shredding wheat is open to the world—no "secret process"—nearly 100,000 visitors last year. YOU are invited.

The BISCUIT (warmed in the oven) is delicious for breakfast with hot milk or cream, or for any meal in combination with fresh fruits, creamed meats or vegetables. TRISCUIT is the shredded wheat wafer, used as a toast with butter, cheese or preserves.

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Wants · For Sale · Exchange

Advertisements will be inserted under the proper heading in this department at the rate of 5 cents a word, each initial and figure counting as one word. No advertisement will be inserted at less than fifty cents. Cash must invariably accompany the order. A discount of 10 per cent. may be deducted from a twelve-time order. It is possible through this department to reach nearly 400,000 people twelve times a year for the sum of $6.00. Display type and illustrations at regular rates.

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FOR SALE—Pointer Dogs cheap. JUD MOORE, Shiloh, Ohio.

QUAIL DOGS—Rip Rap Puppies, Liver and White. Different litters. Hunters, every one. Better pointers are not bred; strong, heavy bones, long ears and big noses. J. A. RUTHERFORD, Staunton, Va.

POINTERS AND SETTERS wanted, to train. Game plenty. Also four trained dogs for sale.
H. H. SMITH, Marydel, Md.

WANTED—All English Setter Bitch, about one year old, not trained. GEO. P. LANGFORD, Vernon, N. Y.

WANTED—A dog that will bring the killed game from the water. State age and price. FRANK HOHMANN, 1014 East 11th St., Erie, Pa.

BEAGLE HOUNDS—Young and mature stock. None better. All eligible and bred to hunt.
"DEBONAIR," South End, Gloversville, N. Y.

THIRTY-SEVEN—Foxhounds, Beagles, Coon Dogs and Pointers, all ages. THOS. C. MILHOUS, Kennett Square, Pa.

FOR SALE—Trained Coon, Fox and Rabbit Hounds.
COMRADE KENNELS, Bucyrus, Ohio.

FULL BLOOD ENGLISH BEAGLE PUPS old enough to run this Fall, from $5.00 to $25.00. L. M. GILES, Leonardsville, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Fox hound pups out of Lever's Fly, 97745 A. K. C. Sired by a fine fox dog of good breeding, eligible to registration. Males, $10; females, $5.—JOHN A. POPE, East Machias, Me.

COLLIE PUPS at reasonable prices. Highly pedigreed, handsome, vigorous, farm-raised stock. Please state wants fully. HARVALE KENNELS,
48 Pine Street, New York, N. Y.

BOOK on
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Mailed Free to any address by the author
H. Clay Glover, D. V. S. - 1278 Broadway, New York

GUNS

EXCHANGE—Stevens .32 "Favorite" for target pistol.—C. H. OTIS, Ann Arbor, Mich.

FOR SALE—Sixteen gauge double barrel hammerless Parker Shotgun, comparatively new. Splendid sole leather case, all for $25.00. PERCY CRAWLEY, Clarksdale, Miss.

FOR SALE—12-gauge hammer gun, pistol grip, Damascus barrels, 30-inch choke bore, English make, 6¾ lbs., finely engraved, etc., in first-class condition. Cost $75. Cash, $36. W. WILSON, Shelburne Falls, Mass.

MISCELLANEOUS

NAVAJO BLANKETS, Indian Caskets, Genuine Aztec Relics, reliable goods. O. W. JOHNSON, Phœnix, Arizona.

CURIOUS old guns and pistols. Many antique articles. War and Indian relics. Price list for stamp. DAVIS BROTHERS, Kent, Ohio.

FOR DEN OR CABINET I offer prehistoric Indian relics, modern Indian trophies, Navajo blankets, elk tusks, pioneer crockery, antique pistols, weapons from wild tribes, etc.; list 3 cents. N. E. CARTER, Elkhorn, Wis.

GINSENG—Grow Ginseng and get rich. My booklet tells you how. To any address 4 cents. Seeds and roots for sale.—D. B. WARREN, Osceola, Mo.

HUNTING BOOTS, waterproof; men's, $6; women's, $5; boys', $4. Catalogue on request.
A. J. DIEHL,
Manhattan Bldg., Duluth, Minn.

GAME AND FISH PRESERVE—Forty-three thousand acres in Florida, fenced, keeper's house, roads and trails, on river, railroad three miles, no hunting three years, bear, panther, deer, turkey, quail, salt and fresh water fish, $40,000. Terms.
H. L. ANDERSON, Ocala, Florida.

I SELL Hunting Preserves, Farms. ALICE QUACKENBUSH, Amsterdam, N. Y.

APARTMENTS, 3 to 7 rooms each; rooms single and en suite. The Hinman, Apartment and European Hotel. Booklet mailed free.
MARSHALL COOPER, Mgr.,
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DO YOU USE RUBBER STAMPS? We make the best rubber stamps and stencils in New York. Protectograph, the best safety check protector made. Rubber Type Alphabets, 5A fonts, $1.10 postpaid. Send postal for circular. ABRAM AARONS,
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HUNTER, TRAPPER GUIDE, 20 years' experience. Parties who want Elk, Bear, Goat or Deer, splendid trout fishing, also invalids who need mountain air. By the season or year. For particulars, address
BENJAMIN HALE, Dupuyer, Teton Co., Mont.

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EXCHANGE SOUVENIR POST CARDS with members of our exchange all over the country. *Your* name and address sent to one hundred collectors and members. Triple your collection. Special membership, with privileges, ten cents. INTERNATIONAL POST CARD EXCHANGE, Box 1332, Springfield, Mass.

ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS, N. Y., Post Cards in Delft Blue. A new series of most charming views. The blue especially adapted to depict cloud effects, rippling waves, etc. 10 postpaid, 25c. PERKASIE POST CARD CO., Perkasie, Pa.

AROUND OUR CAMP-FIRE

I leave this rule for others when I'm dead,
Be always sure you're right—then go ahead.
—DAVID CROCKETT.

¶Word from Belmore Browne, RECREATION'S special correspondent with the Cook expedition to Mt. McKinley, in Alaska, brings the welcome news that, by the time this is in print, the party will probably have accomplished the ascent of the hitherto unconquered McKinley.

¶The party went up from Tyoonok in the 35-horse-power gasoline launch which Dr. Cook took with him for the trip, except for three packers, who took the horses overland from Tyoonok. Three horses fell into the smoldering coals of an abandoned coal mine near the Buluga river and were so badly burned that they had to be shot. Six others of the train ran away when crossing rivers and were not recovered. This left but eleven horses in the string when the packers at last arrived where the launch was waiting, eight miles above what had been regarded as the head of navigation on the Yentna.

¶At the head of the left fork of the Yentna, Dr. Cook and Capt. W. N. Armstrong, of Seward, Alaska, went ahead to explore for a pass over the Kuskokwim range which Dr. Cook believed to exist there, judging from observations of the contour of the range he made on his previous expedition two years ago. The pass was found, and Capt. Armstrong left the party at the pass, which leads from the Yentna to the Tonzona river, bringing mail to Seward, which included our correspondent's letter. Mr. Browne stated that he was enjoying the trip immensely, and that although Dr. Cook was not certain where he would start to climb McKinley, it would in all probability be somewhere along the northwestern slope. There are ten men in the party, and Mr. Browne declares if only Dr. Cook and one other succeed in getting to the summit of the highest mountain in America and the biggest mountain in the world, he will be "that other man."

Recreation's Platform

An uncompromising fight for the protection, preservation and propagation of all game; placing a sane limit on the bag that can be taken in a day or season; the prevention of the shipment or transportation of game, except in limited quantities, and then only when accompanied by the party who killed it; the prohibition of the sale of game. These are "Recreation's" slogans now and forever.

* * *

¶Equally as interesting to wildfowl shooters as is the present number to hunters of upland game birds, our October number will by far outclass any other periodical for that month. And it will not alone be remarkable for its interest to the wildfowl shooters; there will be special articles of wide appeal on speed in rowing, horsemanship, the Indians of Labrador, hunting big game. Be sure to get a copy.

* * *

¶It isn't because we think any less of the boys, but the demands for space for new matter of interest to "grown-ups" has made it necessary to transfer the department conducted by Dan Beard for the "Sons of Danie Boone" to another magazine perhaps more closely allied to the younger generation.

¶Now, we believe in the "Sons" and are therefore glad to say that this change will in no way interfere with the growth and usefulness of their noble order. The founder, Mr. Beard, will conduct the pages devoted to the "Sons of Daniel Boone" to appear each month in the *Woman's Home Companion* just as he has heretofore in RECREATION, and will contribute thereto the lore of woodcraft and manly sport acquired in the course of many years in the open.

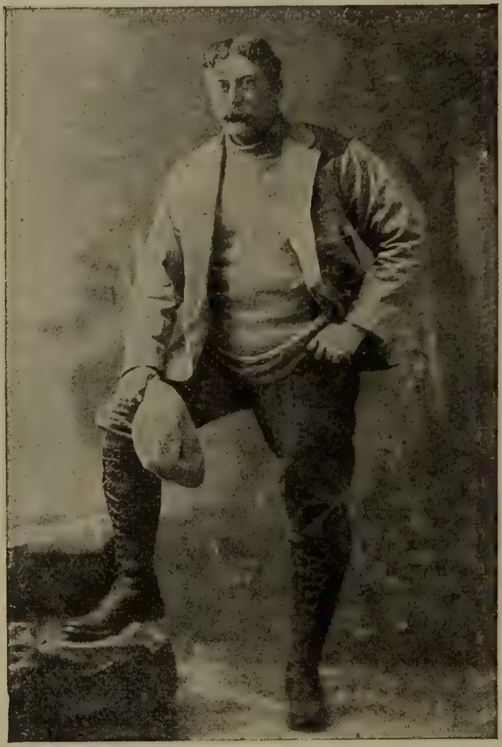
* * *

¶The all-powerful spirit of healthy, generous, optimistic, pleasure seeking America which finds expression in RECREATION'S pages is not so critical, perhaps, as we are. At any rate, so far no one has seen fit to criticize the cover design of our August number. Only one person remarked that he had "seen something similar in *Scribner's*." We were interested, and we found that indeed he had. We see so many magazines that we did not remember seeing a very similar drawing by another artist reproduced as the frontispiece in the March, 1906, number of *Scribner's Magazine*. And so it happens that our apologies are due to the publishing house of Charles Scribner's Sons, and a new motto adorns the wall of our art editor's sanctum, which reads:

¶"Be sure you are original—then go ahead."

FALL NUMBERS

WILL OFFER TO SPORTSMEN
THAN WILL BE FOUND IN



Courtesy The Macmillan Company

EDWYN SANDYS

Some Ducks of the Drylands

By Edwyn Sandys

A new subject covered in a new way by this most popular and widely experienced sportsman-author. It was suggested by his "Some Aquatic Quail," in the present number, and is one of the best things he has written.

The Sons of the Settlers

By Ernest Russell

This will be a series of articles written in the same optimistic vein as "Battling the Wilderness," by the same author, in our August number. Mr. Russell will show in his own sympathetic and forceful style the influence the little, hard-won New England farm has had and still retains upon the sons of the settlers and upon the nation.

Hunting the Red Deer

By Wm. Arthur Babson

This will be, without question, the best treatise on the white-tailed deer and its hunting that has appeared as a magazine article. Mr. Babson's standing as an authority and his skill and talent as a writer are unquestioned.

High Ground in Fox-Hunting

By Brig.-Gen. Roger D. Williams

Than the author of "Horse and Hound," no man in America is better qualified to write of fox-hunting, past, present and future. In this article he will tell much of the real, the here and now of fox hunting, where it is made one of the finest sports the world has known.

Duck-Shooting with Gun and Camera

By C. S. Cummings

This will make the duck-shooting fraternity sit up and take notice. It will make the most skilled of wild game photographers rub their eyes and look again. A combination of a very unusual story and the most remarkable series of shooting pictures ever published.

Jungle Hunting in Panama

By H. C. Cure

Dr. Cure, while superintendent of the Colon Hospital, at Cristobal, Canal Zone, has found opportunity for trips into the interior. Being an enthusiastic sportsman, with wide experience in the game fields of the States, he found a rare field for wild sport and adventure in the jungles of the Isthmus. There are some excellent photographs.

OF RECREATION

MORE GOOD READING MATTER
ANY OTHER MAGAZINE

Mallard-Shooting in the Timber

By Ernest McGaffey

Mr. McGaffey lives in Central Illinois, where mallard-shooting is seen at its best, and this, together with his well-known ability as a writer on shooting, should impel every duck-hunter to make sure of getting a copy of the number in which this article will appear.

ERNEST McGAFFEY

Dutch Corners Days

By Roscoe Brumbaugh

A series of stories relating notable happenings in a central Pennsylvania community of farmers who believe in ghosts and tokens and are far removed from the foibles and "refinements" of advanced civilization. The author will tell how these simple country folk break the monotony of their toil, and show, with kindly humor, the picturesque side of their lives.

The Indians of the Labrador

By Clifford H. Easton

During the past year the author made a 2,500 mile journey through the interior of Labrador, which included a trip by dog-sledge in midwinter of over 1,500 miles. He was on the march for ten months, and he obtained his data for this article and his photographs at first hand.

The Moose of Minnesota

By Chauncey L. Canfield

For several years past the author has assiduously hunted the big game of northern Minnesota and Wisconsin, and, long experienced in the sport in the Rocky Mountains, his conclusions are interesting and valuable.

Deer-Hunting in Venezuela

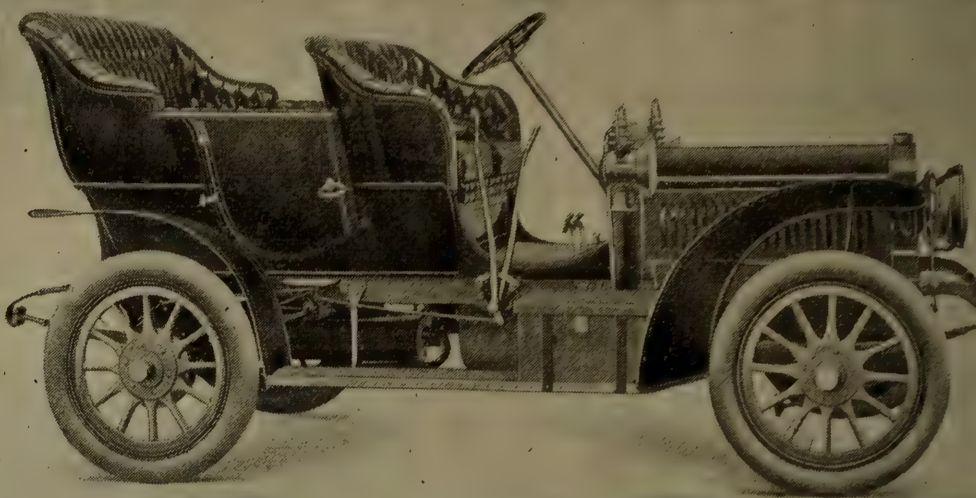
By Conrad Brandt

The author of this interesting narrative was for some years a traveling salesman in South America for a German export house, and, being a keen sportsman and a trained journalist, he found material for many good stories, the best of which he will contribute to Recreation.

The Call of the Geese

By G. Murray Sheppard

This writer is the acknowledged apostle of sports afield in the Dakotas. As a goose-hunter worth the name he has few superiors, and his skill as an entertaining writer is well known.



1907 CADILLAC

Now Ready!

Cadillac supremacy once more asserts itself in the announcement that Model H, the final and perfected four-cylinder car for 1907, is ready for immediate delivery.

In improvement and mechanical finish this magnificent car out distances by at least two years any other car on the market. It has new features, but every one of them has been thoroughly tested and tried by months of severe service.

Its tremendous power makes it a veritable wonder in hill climbing; countless miles of travel over the roughest mountain roads in the country without balk or delay prove its never-failing dependability. *An automobile whose smooth and well-balanced action is almost marvelous when compared with what has heretofore been accepted as the highest type of motor car.*

Among the many features of the 1907 Cadillac are ease of control, due to our perfect planetary transmission; a marine type governor, regulating the speed of the engine under all conditions; a new and exclusive double-acting steering device that greatly increases safety; an independent steel engine suspension, which maintains perfect alignment of motor and transmission at all times, saving much strain and wear.

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RECREATION

Volume XXV SEPTEMBER, 1906 *Number 3*

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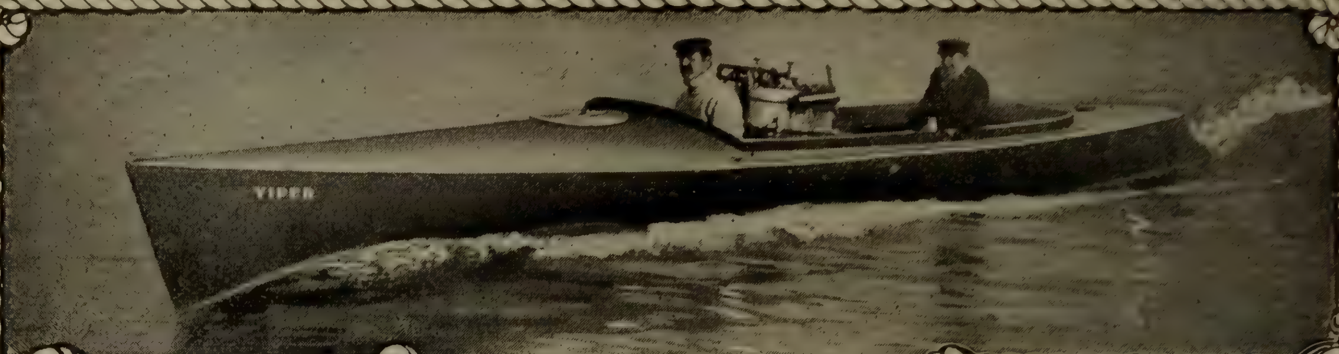

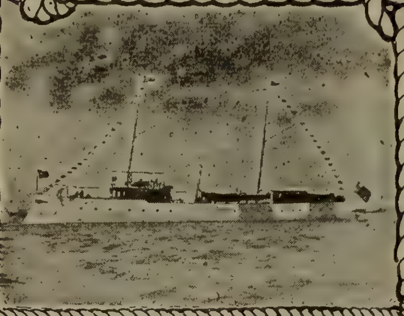

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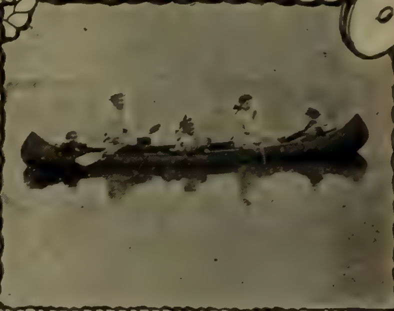


BOB WHITE

He sings in modest, minor key
A simple song, both grave and gay;
A distant call it seems to be
Of Faraway and Yesterday.

When to the west the daylight falls,
And Night treads soft, in shadows dim,
From uplands "Bob — Bob White" he calls,
And lo! his sweetheart answers him.

— *Roscoe Brumbaugh.*

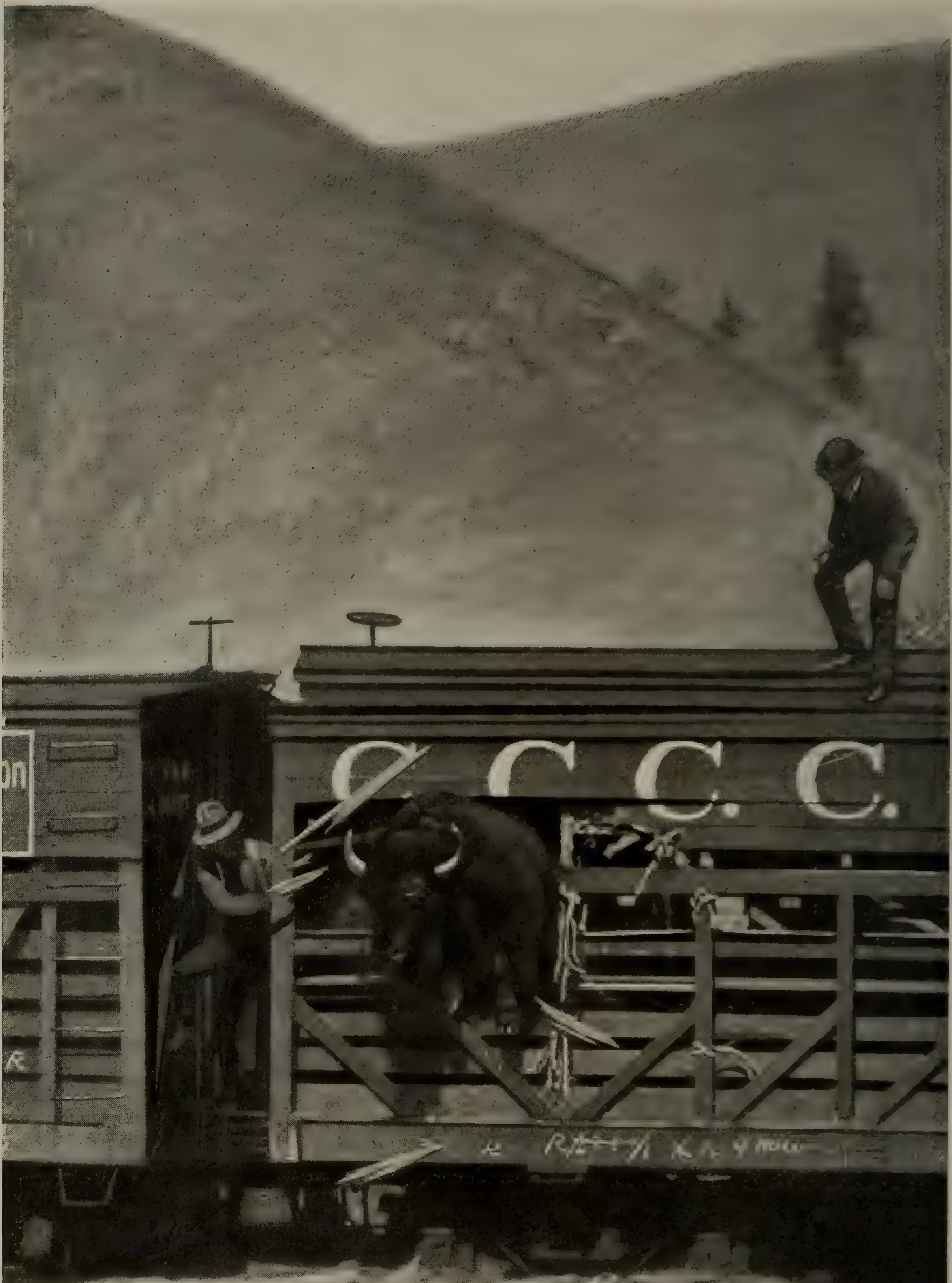
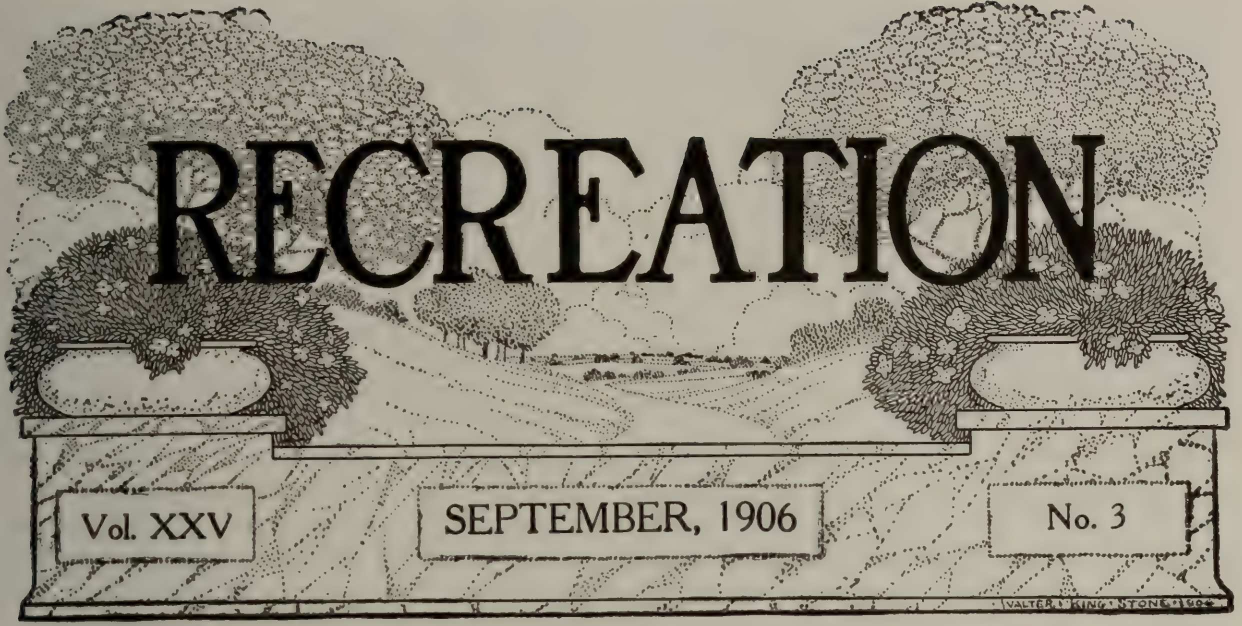


Photo by R. Dunn

"MONTANA FOR MINE!"

An incident of the loading for transportation to Oklahoma of a herd of buffalo at the Flathead Indian Reservation, in Missoula County, Montana



RECREATION

Vol. XXV SEPTEMBER, 1906 No. 3

WALKING AFTER LEW CHAPIN

David and Goliath on a Prairie Chicken Hunt

BY ERNEST McGAFFEY

Author of "Poems of the Gun and Rod," "Poems of the Town," "Cosmos," etc.

THE season for prairie chicken-shooting began on September 1. A few days prior to that two men were talking in a downtown office of one of the large Western cities. The taller of the two, a man about forty years of age, sinewy, bearded and keen-eyed, was speaking.

"You've shot chickens, eh?"

"Hundreds of them," was the response.

"Well, you can understand that I don't want to make a fluke out of this. He's sharp, and if a man hasn't hunted any he'd catch on quicker'n a wink."

"There won't be any fluke so far as that is concerned," replied his companion, a medium-sized, blonde, and light-built figure of a man. "I hunted chickens when I was a boy, and I've hunted every kind of small game in the United States. I've shot 'em right here in this State by the score, and know their habits like a book. What! bright and early at break of day at the edge of the stubbles, all day in the corn-fields or along the edges of the osage orange hedges, or maybe a piece of luck by coming across a covey in a clover pasture in the daytime hunting grasshoppers. In the evening, just before dark, creeping out of the corn onto the stubbles again. How does that jibe with your experience?"

"Say," said the tall man, "that sounds according to Hoyle, all right. Well, it'll be fifty dollars for the three days, and I know you can do the trick so far as the other angle of the game goes."

"What about the rest of the party?" queried the smaller man.

"They don't know a syllable. I don't want them to. You're just my friend Winters, on from the East."

"All right," was the answer. "I'll meet you and your party at the depot, and I'll bring a chicken dog that's a dandy, too."

"Good boy," was the tall man's enthusiastic comment; "that'll sure look genuine."

The final day of August found the tall man, whose name, we will say, was Andrews, at the depot, and with him was a party consisting of Everett, McWilliams and Everett's boy, a lad of about twelve. It was nearing train time, and Everett pulled out his watch and snapped back the case.

"Seven-twenty," he remarked. "Your friend Winters will have to hustle a little," he went on, addressing Andrews.

"Oh, he will be here," was Andrews's reply, and within a few seconds the "party of the second part" made his appearance. He carried a gun case, a well-worn valise and was smoking a stubby pipe, and after him surged at the end of a chain a beautiful Llewellin setter. He certainly looked the hunter, and after chucking the dog away into the baggage car, and introductions all around, the party climbed into the smoker and the train pulled out.

Seven hours away and the train stopped at a little prairie whistling station, and our friends got out. The dogs were dragged out of their car, and, shaking hands with everybody, hauling at the dogs and biting off huge chunks of "chawin" tobacco, smoking the cigar that McWilliams handed him, grinning from ear to ear, laughing, talking, yelling at his team and generally effervescing and blowing off steam from his sanguine, vigorous, obstinate, good-hearted personality, was no one else than that close-shooting, herculean-framed, sunburned son of Anak, the redoubtable Lew Chapin himself.

The one and only Lew. The man who could walk a locomotive to a standstill. Who thrashed through the corn-fields, the plowed ground, the stubbles and the hedges like a destroying angel, and who had a private graveyard filled with the victims who had essayed to follow him on chicken-shooting expeditions.

"Who you going to walk to death this trip, Lew?" asked Everett, loud enough for all the depot loungers to hear, they grinning accordingly. A blush of gratified vanity spread over the big man's features, but he "haw-hawed" and said, "Now, Doc, you know I ain't no walker. I jist mow my way along, an' you fellers don't git my gait."

"Pshaw," replied Everett, "you're in partnership with some firm that furnishes artificial legs. They send me circulars every time I get back from here at Silo. You walk our legs off and they calculate on replacing them and whacking up with you."

Lew Chapin grinned amiably. "Well, fellers, they's lots o' chicken," said he. "But this yer's a borryed rig, an' I reckon two of us'll have to walk to-morrow. Who's comin' with me bright an' pertickelar early in the mornin'?"

"Not me," exclaimed Andrews, McWilliams and Everett, in a chorus of expostulation. Then they explained to Winters that the great and good Mr. Chapin had deliberately walked them to pieces on three different hunts, and they appealed to him to step into the breach for the first day, and keep Lew company. Mr. Winters agreed with a great deal of reluctance, but by the time they reached the farmhouse, he launched out very incautiously, as Everett and McWilliams thought, of what fun it would be to walk and let the others ride around.

At the supper table Grandpa Chapin, looking Winters over with the commiserative air of one giving a "last look at the deceased," said, "I pity you ef you're goin' to walk after Lew Chapin." Winters found himself an object of both curiosity and compassion from all of the members of the family, but he kept blithely and even gleefully talking of the fun he and Mr. Chapin would have getting up long before daybreak and walking all day after the chickens.

"You'd better let the other fellers have your dog," said Lew to his chosen companion that evening as they sat round the well. "We'll git an early start an' cross over to Tom Ford's an' Tom's promised me his dog. She's a good one, but she don't hunt well with any other dog. Tom's farm's a trifle over twelve mile from here, and if we git there in time there's a big bunch on his oats stubble ever' mornin', he says."

Winters cheerfully acquiesced in this arrangement, and he and Lew turned in early. The alarm clock woke them at two o'clock and in twenty minutes they were ready to start.

Now, there was something deceiving about this man Winter's physique. He was not a tall man nor a broad one. He did not show very much muscular development, but he looked compact. He was if anything a bit drawn as to flesh; he looked hard and firm, and he moved very easily as he walked. He walked from the hips, and had a free, smooth stride. Chapin walked all over; with his feet, hands, thighs, waist, back, arms and chest. He fairly plunged and wallowed over the country, so great was his strength, so vigorous his overplus of vitality. But after him closely, hanging to his flank, never ahead of him, and never more than a foot behind him, glided Winters. Lew first struck across forty acres of stiff plowed ground.

"We make somethin' by cuttin' across," he explained apologetically. His companion smiled approvingly.

A sixty-acre cornfield was the next strip, after crossing a road. Then a narrow strip of pasture, and then more corn. Next plowed ground, and after that a creek bottom and some rough going in scrubby timber. Then they topped a hill and dove into the corn again. Emerging, they ran into plowed ground again, wet, heavy and slippery. A short respite in a bare pasture, and again they went into the stiff going.

It was that way the entire way to Ford's. And the "trifle over twelve miles" was covered in about three hours. Arriving at Ford's they got the dog and started for the oat stubbles. Here they ran into chickens at once and Winters won Lew Chapin's applause by quickly making two doubles and three singles without a miss. Lew had gathered in six chickens himself, with one allowable miss, and after they gathered all their birds, he said, "Now it ain't no use to go after these birds in the corn here, for at Abernathy's farm across the ridge we can find a bunch in his wheat stubbles if we walk lively."

Winters agreed, and away they went for Abernathy's. It was seven miles to this farm, and Lew put in his best licks trying to "bush" Winters. He almost ran the entire distance. Yet serene and almost unperspiringly the obliging Winters kept right at his elbow, and seemingly without effort. They got to the wheat stubbles a little late, as the birds had just gone into the corn. The dog flushed them at the edge, and Lew got a double, Winters picking off an old rooster with a long right-quartering shot, which opened Lew's eyes to the fact that his companion was a good shot, and no mistake.

The corn into which these chickens had gone was twelve feet high, close as a canebrake, tangled and twisted with weeds and morning-glory vines.

"We'll bulge right through her," declared Lew, "double and come back to these stubbles, and then hike out for my brother-in-law's place five mile to the northwest."

The two men plunged into this jungle of corn, where the sun now beat down on depths as close and hot as a bake-oven. They thrashed through it, getting a chicken apiece, and came back without getting any, missing a shot apiece close to the center of the field. Coming out on the stubble again, they passed Ford's, got a drink at the well, left their birds for Ford to take on to Chapin's, as he was going to town and past Lew's home place, and started for Lew's brother-in-law's farm. They got there about noon, and by that time the dog lay down and quit.

The brother-in-law was away from home, but one of Lew's nephews told of a big covey that had gone into the corn at ten o'clock. The hunters wormed their way into the corn, which was a duplicate field of the one they had last left, and began to chase the birds up without a dog.

"No doubles here," remarked Winters. Lew nodded. He was looking at Winters keenly. What manner of man was this. He had not complained of the heat, of the pace nor of the ground. And what was more, he was looking positively fresh. Lew felt troubled. Well, it was only twelve o'clock. And between that and sundown was a good seven hours, and then there was the twelve or fifteen miles to home. He'd make him "holler" all in good time.

But now a change took place. Winters forged ahead, and to save his life Lew could not regain the lead. No man had ever "set him back" before, and the burly farmer made desperate efforts to get to the head of the procession again. But fiercely as he thrashed through the corn Winters always was a few feet in advance. Coming out of this strip of corn with nine chickens between them, Lew proposed, in a careless way, to strike over to "Woodbury's."

"Which way?" was Winters's response, and on getting their bearings he at once resumed the lead. Their way was over much plowed ground and through dense cornfields, and now, to Lew's excited imagination, Winters seemed to be playing with him. It was nine miles and better to Woodbury's place, and Winters set a fearsome pace. He skimmed along like a kildee over a dry pasture and his feet hardly appeared to touch the ground at all.

Once or twice he turned around as if waiting for Lew, and this added gall to the big man's sufferings. For the first time in his life he was beginning to get tired himself. It was a most humiliating thought. He had usually killed off all of his former companions before noon and now it was after two o'clock and he was beginning to wish Winters in Jericho. Yet he stuck doggedly to the walking, and his birds felt each one of them like a load of bricks on his shoulders.

They went into Woodbury's corn and covered every foot of it without raising a bird. If anything was needed to put the finishing touches to Lew's fatigue, this was it. Nothing is quite so tiresome as hard walking and no shooting. It is the hunter's hardest test. Lew wilted under it. Winters had unfeelingly eaten his dinner as he walked, and Lew had followed suit because he did not want to be the one to suggest a wait and a rest after his reputation as a "man-killer" had been so talked about.

At five o'clock they were eight miles from home. A farmer drove by as they crossed a road, and, after "helloing" to Lew, told them of a bunch of chickens that used in the stubbles on his father's farm.

"Hain't nobody been in 'em," he said encouragingly. "Better git at 'em, Lew, 'fore they git shot up." He drove away.

"Come on, old man," Winters said cheerily. Lew Chapin climbed wearily to the top rail of a "pair of bars," and let his gun down on the side of the road. He then took off his hunting coat, heavy with prairie fowl, and looked at Winters.

"Not me," he said. "Here I stay till Pap comes with the cart. I'm played out. You've walked me to a standstill, Mr. Winters, and I'm dogged if you ain't the only man 'at ever done it. You go ahead after them chickens. There's the wind-mill over there, you kain't miss the stubble, it's just this side o' the mill. And the next road takes you plumb to our place. Tell Pap when you git there to hitch up Jack to the cart an' come an' fetch me in. Tell him I'm at Nellis's bars. He'll know. Yes, sir, I'm what they call a busted phernomernon. I aint no reel walker, I'm just a hayseed plug, and my wind's give out."

He drew a square of tobacco out of his pocket and bit off a quarter-section of it. Winters protested, but finally did as Lew wanted him to. Arriving at the Chapin farm, just as the other party came in, and loaded down with chickens, his coming created great excitement.

"Where's Lew?" was the universal cry.

"He's at Nellis's bars, and wants Mr. Chapin to bring the cart out for him."

"Did he hurt himself?" asked Lew's wife, anxiously.

"No," said Winters, "he said he was tired out." Everett and McWilliams looked incredulously at each other. Andrews smiled sardonically.

The cart was hitched and by supper time Lew reached home, "plumb tuckered," as he expressed it.

"You boys certainly got me this time," he remarked with a rueful grin. "Where's Winters?"

"He's shaving to go to the dance with Eb," said his wife.

"T' th' dance! Shavin'! He's an iron man," groaned Lew, "a regler perpetchool motion cuss."

"Bill," the fallen idol went on, turning to Andrews, "what's your friend's business?"

Andrews scratched a match on his hunting trousers and lit his pipe leisurely before replying. Then he said:

"George B. Winters is a professional six-days-go-as-you-please pedestrian. He also is the winner of five twenty-five mile cross-country races. He used to be a sprinter, but gave it up as being too hard on the system."

"Poor little Lewie," said Chapin, with a wan smile and rubbing his weary shins. "An' that's what you was trying to kill off this trip, was you?"

. . . *the crowning glory of a glorious day*

WHEN YOU WENT TO THE FAIR

A September Day at a Real, Old-Fashioned County Fair, the Event of the Year

BY ROSCOE BRUMBAUGH

DON'T sneer at the good, old-fashioned times. Back in "Those Days" when you were young, for a month in advance you planned your trip to the county fair. And why not? Wasn't it the greatest event of the year? Wasn't it the one time above all others to show off your horse and buggy to the other boys and girls? And if your "girl" was not proud to go with you—well, she wasn't like most girls, for where is the country maiden who does not take pride in a fine rig? In fact, your chances of success in taking the one of your choice might have largely depended upon the sort of outfit you were able to secure. As for the girls themselves, why, they talked and sewed, sewed and talked. The old folks worked a little harder, saved a few dollars here or there, so they could enjoy the luxury of a day or two at the fair. Yes, everybody went to the fair in Those Days.

When that long-looked-for autumn morning came, the world seemed all golden to you. The exhilarating country air, with here and there a snatch of summer song, and with evidence on every hand of the bountiful harvests of the year, all combined to make you whistle or sing a livelier tune than usual. In anticipation of the coming journey, you forgot the drudgery that must be performed every morning of the year on the farm. The dull and monotonous colors of your immediate surroundings took on the brightest hues, and you completely lost sight of the crude and simple things with which your life was engaged. It was a triumph when you

. . . *everybody went to the fair*

jumped into the buggy and sped down the Old Lane, no less real because of its extreme rural simplicity.

Oh! that long ride to what in your boyish imagination was a great city. Up hill and down dale, over those wonderful country roads—wonderful now, perhaps, remembering the rocks and breakers thereon. But you did not notice the rough places then; it was the best you knew. It was a great drive, and no mistake! From every nook and corner over the countryside came folks in carriages, wagons and all sorts of vehicles; some on horseback, some on foot. Even old Deacon Hardscrabble resurrected his veteran "rockaway." All bound for that place of many wonders, the fair.

Everybody had a cheerful greeting to give you. Perhaps the boys chaffed you more or less; or it may be your girl acquaintances in their many-tinted finery giggled or said "real mean" things; still that did not matter, for everything was taken in the spirit of good humor that possessed one and all.

The countryside itself seemed in a gay mood. The bright fall flowers—asters and goldenrod, cardinal flowers and jewel-weed—how bright they all shone in the gorgeous sunshine. Here and there the birds were congregating, in bands of a dozen or a hundred, preparatory to their departure for the Southland. Perhaps the "Spring o' the year" of the lark was wafted faintly across the meadows to you, which set the passing year at naught. Even the bluebird's plaintive "Far-away" did not seem as sad as it

. . . *stopped at every lemonade-stand if only to show they had the coin*

GYPSY
PALMIS
BY THE GYPSYS

All the fakers that ever lived . . . fcllowed the fairs

ALJOVA
GIR
ADMISS
10
DAM GOODMAN
AND THE WHOLE
DAMM FAMILY
3
DON'T FAIL TO SEE
ALJOV
THE WILD GIRL
CAPTURED
the Wilds of South-Austra
the BARRIOS and CREW of S.S.
ST TIME
WILD
KER

". . . there'll be another weddin' in the Workman family 'fore long"

does now, no doubt, when that cry falls from the sky, for it was really springtime in your heart.

When you drove up through the far-famed county capital to the fair grounds, you probably became a little flustered. There were so many strange faces, and the paved streets and big brick mansions seemed so much "tonier" than the dusty roads and plain dwelling-places of the country. Then, too, the fine surroundings of courthouse square made you stare so.

At the grounds you "put up" your team as best you could with the hundreds of others scattered about, and joined the folks from your part to see the sights.

All the fakers that ever lived, it seems now, followed the fairs. You and all the other farmers were caught time and again, but what did it matter if you bought brass for gold, or pictures that would fade, at the fair? The trinkets and cheap mementoes had some other value besides that measured in mere money. What a marvelously rare rose came to the cheeks of your companion, for instance, when you sat for your picture together in that old rickety tent! And what a smile of elation and approval she bestowed upon you when you happened to win some worthless prize in a game of chance or something!

The "kids," too, had the time of their lives. The products of the farm were common enough to all, but placed as they were at the fair, they were shown to better advantage than in some commonplace garden or backwoods field. Why, even a big stalk of corn made every one stare in open-mouthed wonder. The young people paid less attention to these things, however, than to the peanuts and ice cream, while, of course, the "stuck-up" swains stopped at every lemonade stand if only to show they had the coin. "Eats 'Em Alive" was a strange spectacle, and to this day do you remember the wild lady that then made such an impression upon you? To the girls in their rainbow-hued calicoes, every attraction was "simply grand."

"Which colt will you have?" . . . Was there ever more stinging irony to bear than that?

The baseball game that was played that morning between the county-seat team and that from a neighboring town was much better than the big leagues play nowadays, even though the former were several years behind the rules. Think of those long throws and almost impossible catches and stops! And the lusty cheering when a home run "came in." Most everybody "knew" the players! In the excitement of the game you forgot how hungry the strenuous morning had made you.

It was worth the trip (at least, so it seemed after the long drive and few hours of sightseeing) just to enjoy the "grub" which the women folks had prepared and brought along for the occasion. Seated in little groups on vacant spaces around the fair buildings, the farmer people lunched and swapped gossip and praise of the things they had seen.

"Did you see that there big punkin, Mary?" asked some one.

"Say, John, what d'ye think o' that bay colt?" piped out the Head of the House.

"I reckon there'll be another weddin' in the Workman family 'fore long," interjected your neighbor, pointing to a young couple over the way.

And so it went. Every one for the time being forgot the grinding drudgery of farm work in the enjoyment of that dinner out of doors. When you look back, it seems the best ever, doesn't it? For, after all, it was the few hours of gaiety out of weeks of toil that lent the mealtime its real charm.

After dinner there were the races to see. They were wonders, too. What a motley crowd gathered to view them; a vastly different crowd from that which packs Gravesend at the Suburban. Yet for the men it was the crowning glory of a glorious day. To many a race on a regular course was an unusual sight, though, of course, every fellow knew what it meant on a level stretch of country road, if some one tried to "run around" another. "Which colt will you have?" your father may have asked you. Was there ever more stinging irony to bear than that?

Who can forget the red-haired girl with the yellow shoes and shrill voice? Who can forget the chip-of-the-old-block, with the buggy whip for a cane? Who can forget the tired but happy mothers with their sunburned, howling babies? With what dignified gait the old "hayseeders" tramped from place to place. A sight for the gods, you say now.

A little golden-haired tot comes smiling back to me as I write. Ah, I would go miles to see those unfathomable brown eyes again and hear her merry prattle about the things she saw at the fair. Dear little innocent country child, can you conjure her back once more?

So, too, perhaps, your own thoughts drifted back, as you rested in some quiet corner, meditative and watching the mov-

. . . *it was the few hours of gaiety out of weeks of toil that lent the mealtime its real charm* ing crowds, to other times and other fair days. What a grand sight was that first merry-go-round, what fine music it made! And the toy balloons, and the whistles that could be made to sing like a bird! Of course, your enjoyment of them had been largely contemplative—your visit had not been adequately financed to permit of your spending more than a few nickels. And you must not spend money foolishly, you had been well taught. Why, don't you remember the time when your father gave you a quarter to spend at the fair, and when you brought home fifteen cents of it, what a brave fellow you were! That fifteen cents—now let's see, didn't you buy a setting of duck eggs the next spring, by adding a dime you got at Christmas? And those ducks! They would have taken the first prize at the fair the next fall, only——. But that is digressing.

Do you remember how wonderful were the various exhibits in the Exhibition Building, at those earlier fairs? There were the really wonderful things. Why, there was once a booth where a man made things of glass, right while you stood watching him—glass birds and pigs and things. And he had there a magnificent toy ship all made of glass—masts, spars, rigging and all! And wasn't it in that same building that you first saw printing done? You had always wondered and wondered how the lines in your school books were printed, and there you saw a man "setting up" the type, and a boy was operating a printing press that he pedaled with one foot while he "fed" the blank sheets of paper into the press with his right hand and took them out, printed, with his left. Advertisements, he was printing, telling about the new weekly newspaper and its job-printing establishment. Progressive of them, now, wasn't it?

And so, as you thought back, you realized the immense educational value of the county fairs. Why, the time you got separated from your folks and, failing to find the rig where your father had left it—he, in the meantime, having taken it downtown to the mill for a bag of flour, so he wouldn't have to stop on the way home—didn't you learn a lesson, though? You got home in time to open the gate for them as they came driving up behind you. Pretty good time you made, for a little chap, and you did well to find your way, you heard them say. But you didn't tell them how often you ran and how you had cried for the greater part of those long five miles, five miles of gathering darkness and growing terror to you, until you turned into the familiar road that brought you home.

Dear me, those were great fair days, when you were a little shaver. And while you had been dreaming of them, your girl—why, gosh darn it, she had gone to see a side show with another fellow! But no, she was loyal—of course, she was. She and the other fellow's girl had merely been to have their fortunes told—such beautiful fortunes—and so the laugh was on you.

Yet with all the happiness of those days, who can tell what the mills of the gods were grinding out? Maybe over some trifling occurrence a lifelong feud between families or individuals was started. And who knows the real pain suffered by a deep-natured boy or girl who was slighted by one from whom loyalty was expected? Perhaps you can recall romances of the most delightful turn which had their inception then; and so also you may remember some of those unspoken tragedies.

When the sun sank low in the west, some one warned you it was time to start for home. The fact that there was a fine evening drive ahead helped to dispel your regret at leaving the fair behind. It was, indeed, a wonderful trip home. The air was cool and bracing, and your horse was full of nerve. It was fine just to watch the night come on. The shadows were not black, only gray, and the mountains grew purple in the distant horizon. Dark, velvety clouds, the like of which you have never seen since, fringed the spot where the sun went down. Of a sudden the hills and mountains disappeared altogether, and in an instant it was night. But soon there were a million stars to tell you that there is no night.

Let those who are city born and bred smile if they choose at the simple delight of the country folk in the attractions to be found at the real, old-fashioned, county fair. To you who have experienced those delights in your unsophisticated youth the memories of them are all tinged with a beautiful, golden hue; and though you may laugh now at the cheap and gaudy surroundings, it is the kind of laughter that brings tears.

A GLIMPSE OF THE PORT OF VANCOUVER, ON THE BRINK OF THE GREAT LONE NORTH

CRUISING THE FJORDS OF NORTH PACIFIC

With Inland Trips for Variety

BY D. W. AND A. S. IDDINGS

Fellows of the American Geographical Society and of the Royal Geographical Society

I.—Over the Brink of the North

H. B. C., "Here before Christ"—and still here—is the story of the Hudson's Bay Company in British North America, as naïvely told by its initials. These "Adventurers of England," feverish for fur, first planted foot in Canada in 1670, and, traveling through the untrodden Western wilderness, pitched trading posts at the centers the savagery of the land frequented. Two hundred years of uninterrupted sway and the white settler came and then the railroad and colonization. Settlers' shacks were raised alongside the Indians' tepees, just outside the post's stockade, where the necessary flour and bacon could be bartered for. Thus, in the more favored places, villages grew, which here and there, along the railway's course, through the years have expanded into cities. Before the pioneer's trusty rifle, the toot of the iron horse and the sightless settler's shack fur fled, and the trappers and traders followed in its wake. To meet the changed conditions general stores in the villages and departmental stores in the cities have replaced the old trading posts, although fur is still traded, when offered, at each.

At Vancouver, the first city and port on the North Pacific, is one of those old Hudson's Bay posts that has outgrown fur as a staple and evolved a modern mercantile establishment with handsome buildings and acres of floor space devoted to the sale of almost everything from a "tally-ho to a tack." Vancouver, like many another old Hudson's Bay post, stands on the very brink of the great, lone North. A few miles inland or seaward and an almost interminable wilderness of woods and waters, sweeping farther northward to frozen seas and shores, awaits pathfinders and navigators of nerve and energy sufficient to win it over to map and chart. Some have gone over this brink, never to return; others of luckier star have won rare riches from the sub-arctic wealth of mineral, fur and fish, and come back to civilization and forgot the past. But few, however, have sung its wondrous story; but few have traveled in and out for travel's sake; but few have sailed its mains and camped upon its shores for recreation, for sport. And yet a world of waters, encompassing a myriad of islands, with many intricate channels bisecting and trisecting, and sandy beaches of wondrous white, backed by gloomy woodland and capped by lofty mountains of jagged and rugged rocks, topped by snow and glacial ice, all filled with game galore, both finned and footed, is there for the mere reaching over the brink—the safest and grandest cruising grounds in the world whether the "voyage" be overland or by water.

Northern British Columbia is the sportsmen's neglected "land of opportunity." Every camper should awaken to its ideality for him, for he there can pitch his tent or sleep

> The open sleep, whose bed is earth,
> With airy ceiling pinned with stars,
> Or vaultage more confined, plastered with
> clouds,

amid more romantic surroundings and with more ozone to the square inch than elsewhere the campers' realm over. Every hunter should aspire to a "head of heads" from its supply of big game. Every angler should long to reel in its game fish from sea, lake and stream where canoe and rowboat seldom stir the primeval waters. Every yachtsman should trim his sails and calk his ship (metaphorically speaking, for by all means hire Siwash* craft on the spot) for a cruise amidst the North Pacific fjords.

In years gone by we had packed by pony beyond the mighty Athabasca and viewed

THE SLOOP "JOSEPHINE," SAM HUNT AT THE TILLER, D. W. IDDINGS ON THE CABIN

In this boat three men cruised from Fort Rupert to Vancouver, exploring the countless fjords along the coast, with occasional stops for a trip into the near-by mountains.

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*The Chinook word for "Indian."

DANIEL W. IDDINGS
On board the "Josephine"

the beauties of the Peace River and the neighboring mountains from the "deck of a cayuse"; we had been swallowed up for weeks in the tangled interior wilderness of Vancouver's Island whilst tumping across its rugged face; and we had hunted game, big and small, amidst the glories of the Okanagan Valley. "Where shall we go next?" was our query. To Vancouver, thence for a northern cruise in a Siwash boat with a Siwash navigator, was our final decision, and the mails bore welcome word to Sam Hunt at Fort Rupert to cleanse the salmon stink from his fishing sloop and otherwise put the "Josephine" in commission for a long cruise. Hunt, a whole-souled halfbreed of "Hudson's Bay" ancestry, had been with us on our hard trip across Vancouver's Island, and we knew so well his worth and willingness that without further ado a few days later we were trailing by train to Vancouver, relying on the readiness of both boat and man when the far cry to Fort Rupert, near the northern end of Vancouver's Island in the North Pacific, should be encompassed by us. Our letter to him briefly outlined our plans for a visit to Knight's Inlet and the other fjords that the map discloses indent the northern British Columbian coast, thence to Vancouver under our own sail. Our cruise proper was not to begin until we should reach Fort Rupert, as we thought best to steam there and avoid incurring twice the danger of sailing a small craft in the long sweeps of Puget Sound that surround Vancouver. Coming back we would get quite enough of its big seas and savage winds.

We tarried in Vancouver only long enough to buy our provisions. Our outfit of guns, tackle, tent, cooking utensils and dunnage bags, and our wood-scented, grass-stained, water-soaked personal habiliments that had served on so many similar expeditions came with us by train.

Vancouver is a city of wholesale and retail stores, any of which know how to put up "grub" for Northland wandering. But we have found in roaming Canada that there is a peculiar excellence about goods stamped "H.B.C." and a special attentiveness about Hudson's Bay people that make it both an object and a pleasure to deal with them. Their over "two hundred years of experience" stands you well in stead. We had seen Sam's sloop; it was only a small affair—twenty-seven feet over all, with lots of cabin and little cock-pit; but a big center-board box nearly filled the cabin! At least, we always thought so when "sardining" away at night and squirming out in the morning. So our provisions had to be bought accordingly, that is, according to the storage space in the sloop, and not according to the storage space in our stomachs. Northland ozone begets a wolfish appetite, but we didn't go hungry once, nor need any three men for five weeks, in a country where game and fish may be relied on for fresh meat, on such a bill as ours:

1. 30 lbs. pilot bread
2. 4 lbs. tea.
3. 2 lbs. baking powder.
4. 20 lbs. granulated sugar.
5. 6 lbs. salt.
6. 1 tin pepper.
7. 15 lbs. evaporated apples.
8. 15 lbs. evaporated apricots.

9. 15 lbs. l'ma beans.
10. 2 doz. tins (one pound) assorted jams
11. 75 lbs. flour.
12. 30 lbs. ham.
13. 30 lbs. breakfast bacon.
14. 10 lbs. cooking figs.
15. 5 lbs. rice.
16. 2 gal. syrup.
17. 1 doz. tins (one pound) beef.
18. 2 doz. cans tomatoes.
19. 2½ bu. potatoes.
20. 1 gal. whisky (or rum).

The last item—"fire-water"—is necessary in the North whether the wanderers be Prohibitionists or Democrats—we are neither. "Water, water, everywhere, but not a drop to drink," ceases to be a theory when you have felt the pangs of its awful reality. Salt water mocks a thirsty throat, but a drink of "No. 20" on our bill was occasionally "not too bad," especially as a "night-cap" after a hard, rainy day. Then it was a medicinal necessity.

We sacked our provisions in waterproof dunnage bags and awaited the sailing of the next northern steamer, having arranged that it specially call in and disembark us and dunnage at Fort Rupert, which is not a regular port of call for any of the several steamers cruising thus coastwise.

It is only a several days' steam to Fort Rupert from Vancouver, a distance of upward of three hundred miles. The steamer channel hugs the shores of Vancouver's Island and the rank green growth of its sub-arctic forest is in magnificent harmony with the tallish peaks of the mountain range that overruns the island. Many small islands, mostly mountainous, too, and similarly growthed, reach off toward the mainland, where the high cones of the coast range glisten with perpetual snow and ice. A wonderful set of scenes on Nature's stage, and yet our expectations for the cruise itself, when we should fairly rub against these wonders of the world, made the steamer trip seem commonplace to us. Our thoughts, our hopes, our minds were fixed for future glories to be more intimately disclosed.

ANDREW S. IDDINGS
On board the "Josephine"

A motley passenger list and a cargo ranging from horses to hens in live stock, and from flour to figs in "grub-stakes," loaded our boat well down. It was a fair-sized craft, most stoutly built and engined to meet the requirements of the Northern waters. Our several days aboard passed quickly, in rapt conversation with our interesting fellow passengers—miners, loggers and adventurers of all nationalities, some coming to the fresh fields of the North for the first time, others, hardy residents already, returning home from a holiday in civilization. An uncouth lot of men in action, word and garb, but strong of body, keen of eye and brutish in endurance. The foregoers in every new country must be such, else the cause of civilization will go unwon. The North needs none of the silk-stocking, kid-glove gentry that papa prohibits from home and pays for "pioneering" by periodical letter—the "remittance-man" is their popular dubbing, the curse of any country where they hang their hats. There were a few of these callow youths on board, and it was amusing to hear the chimera-chasers talk of what the wilderness held for them—sure fortunes and no work; the rankest absurdity, for fortunes, though there, can only be won by the freest sweat and the best of brawn. The "mushers," as our Northern hardies are distinguished from tenderfeet, winked and laughed at their lack of comprehension, at their inexperience and their fabulous hopes. We learned much from both stamps of men. Maps, charts, log-books and diaries—everybody had one of more stowed away in pocket or kit—were gone over in hearty conference, explained and elaborated upon. Guns and outfits were extolled by their respective owners and the other fellows' usually run down, a predominant characteristic of human nature in all travelers or habitants of a new country.

So, what with a glance at the scenery and the informing companionship of the garrulous crowd aboard, the hours and knots were put astern, and near midnight of the second day the steamer felt her way cautiously through the reefs that reach out from the several small islands guarding Beaver Harbor, and anchored in the roadstead, a mile and a-half or more from the Indian village of Fort Rupert. The call of the boat being unexpected, no canoes were in waiting to disembark us. For near an hour the shacks ashore were dark and silent as the Indians slept, notwithstanding the entreating whistle and the glaring brightness of the searchlight of the boat. The dogs barked lustily, as only Indian curs can, and thus indirectly were their drowsy masters roused. Finally, our anxiety was relieved by the cry, "Boat alongside." It was Hunt in a small canoe, too small for lightering us ashore. He had been paddling about amongst the outer islands, armed with a rifle and pit-lamp, in quest of deer, the moonless night being especially suited to that style of hunting. Another brief wait and, aided by the ebbing tide and a stiff "ash breeze," he brought the sloop "Josephine" alongside. We tumbled ourselves and things on board hastily and pulled to an anchorage about a half mile off shore. The steamer veered around, with a farewell jangling of its bells, and soon its lights were lost to view as it continued its northward course.

For a few moments we stood in awed contemplation of our surroundings. Above were the starlit heavens, sparkling with peculiar Northern brilliancy; about us everywhere was the silent, impenetrable gloom of water and night. Like Hardy's "Farmer Oak," we were "far from the madding crowd," and the stealthy chill of realization drove us to our blankets and bunks, to dream of our cruise of the wonderful fjords of the North Pacific, which was to begin with the morrow.

AN OLD HUDSON'S BAY POST IN THE NORTH AS IT IS TO-DAY

SOME AQUATIC QUAIL

BY EDWYN SANDYS

Author of "Upland Game Birds," 'Sporting Sketches," etc.

I DO not for one moment pretend to claim that these particular quail had web-feet, or oil-glands for the lubricating of plumage, or any of the other little peculiarities characteristic of the waterfowl proper, yet quite a number of them took to the water all right enough before I had gotten through with them. The way of it was this:

Over all the landscape lay the dreamy haze of the beautiful Indian Summer, yet in spite of the season, the heat held on with an August-like power. For this reason, I had been chary of working the dogs too freely upon the bone-dry uplands, for the water-holes lay miles apart, while the abundant crop of weeds was dust-laden and full of snuff-like stuff, which would set dogs to sneezing and coughing before they had ranged a mile. Under such conditions, anything akin to energetic work was impossible, and I railed against the weather, the more so because the holiday was all too short and I had decided to spend it in Western Ontario, for the express purpose of "doing things" to Robert White, Esq.

It was too bad, for seldom had I been better equipped for a royal good time, while, in addition, birds were unusually plentiful. When a man has a fine gun, a brace of the best of dogs and everything else of the field outfit as it should be, it does seem something closely akin to hard luck when the sun literally burns up everything in the line of energy, canine and human.

"Going to try 'em to-day?" queried an old sporting friend, whom I met while making an early call at the post-office, but my only reply was a shake of the head and a growl that it was too blamed hot.

"That's so," he continued, "and it's too bad, for ordinarily you'd be having a barrel of fun. Things are pretty slow just now, but if you care for it, you might at least have a little canoeing. My old Peterboro's all ready in the boat-house, and of course you're welcome to her. You might take one of your old-fashioned prowls up the river. Take the gun along, for I hear there are a few wood-duck left."

This was a lot better than nothing, so within an hour I was afloat in the dearly loved craft and lazily paddling up-stream. The weight of the two dogs was just enough to properly trim the craft, as I knelt astern. Black-white-and-tan Jess, true to her habit, curled up comfortably 'midships, but the rat-tailed, lemon-headed rascal Don would have no such lazy business. A pointer of the blue, he was bound to sit up away for-'ard, where he could observe things, and as he was well accustomed to that sort of thing, he made no mistakes. For mile after mile he sat there, rocking backward slightly at each paddle-stroke, but ever on the alert. The bow was his chosen place and woe unto the misguided canine that attempted to settle on that reservation.

There are worse occupations than loafing up a stream like the one in question. Lazy, currentless, as the water is, it is sweet and fairly clear, and although one could not find a rock in fifteen miles, yet in spots the banks have a beauty of their own. For some distance they are merely clay, uncompromising and in quail-time sun-parched, bored with the black-mouthed tunnels of sand marten and kingfisher; but farther up, where the water washes the back ends of 100- and 200-acre farms, the buildings of which are out of sight along the distant main road, the picture is very pleasing. Mighty sycamores, basswoods, walnuts and butternuts cast velvet-black shadows upon the drowsy flood; sumachs glow like bonfires in the open spaces, trembling willows lean far out over the water, while from tree to tree stretches a strangling tangle of grapevines, creepers, ivy and clematis, highly suggestive of tropical luxuriance. Immediately behind this rank growth spread acres upon acres of level, closely cultivated fields, so such wild life as prefers seclusion sticks to the river banks.

At one point the erratic course of the river straightens for about a mile, and I question if there is a fairer "bit" of its kind in all North America. It has been my privilege to study the most impressive and romantic scenes, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, yet this mile-long stretch of tree-embowered, sleepy river stands alone, a veritable gem of its kind. Not one imposing feature, mind you—just a silver, velvet-shadowed flood, walled with impenetrable green, which in autumn flames with color—the suttee of the widowed year.

By reason of the close cultivation above, game, and especially the quail (Bob White, I ought to call him), favors the dense cover of the river banks, but, owing to conditions, the man who tramps ashore gets little if any shooting. He may get in a double at the first flush in the fields, but that is the most he can expect. In half a minute the bevy is snugly tucked away in the massed cover of the bank, and while dogs may flush and ears may hear the resonant hum of hasty flight, the man atop the bank sees naught of the outgoing birds, as they boom for the farther side, and plunge into cover as baffling as that which they have hurriedly vacated.

But there is a way (there usually is), and I learned it in the hard school of experience. With a busy and well-broken dog either side the stream it is possible to keep the birds whizzing back and forth, for the simple reason that there is no other cover for them to go to. To kneel in a Peterboro and stop quail buzzing across an eighty-yard wide stream is no easy task, yet it can be done, and the doing of it is a joy immeasurable. Of course, the sportsman needs must be kneeling well forward in the canoe, and this demands the assistance of a punter, and mark you, the right kind of a punter. I had the model of all punters—and a she at that! Cast your bread upon the waters, etc. I had carefully instructed her in the mysteries of canoeing, and as a result I had not alone a *bon camarade* but a keen and able assistant, who could drive, stop and steady a canoe as emergency might demand. Day after day we haunted that long reach of river, and day after day we bagged our dozen or more of plump birds, in a place which most of the local sportsmen voted entirely unsatisfactory, if not impossible. An outline of one of many days will suffice.

Upon the morning in question I had paddled a few miles before the canoe came to a dead stop. Putting finger and thumb between my lips, I whistled with ringing force, "Ka-loi-hee! Ka-loi-hee!" The third call brought a response, a long-drawn "Oo-oo-oo!" and within fifteen minutes the brush rattled, and I knew that somebody was coming. It *was* somebody, too. A figure straight as your storied Indians, a pair of eyes that could look you through and through, yet having, if I may make bold to say so, one spark of the devil in them which by no means marred the scenic effect. The face—but, bother the face!—'tis the *ensemble* that counts! Anyway, she got into her place astern, picked up her paddle, and the light craft slid away up-stream to a point where both banks were covered with heavy brush. Here Jess was ordered out, and in a minute she was busy in the cover. Then the canoe sought the other bank and Don went ashore and began a systematic rummaging of the promising places.

That quail were there we well knew, so there was no cause for astonishment when a white shape, dimly seen through the brush, suddenly halted. Both dogs thoroughly understood their work, so when the canoe was abreast of Don's position, he at once responded to an order to flush. In a moment there sounded a roar of wings and about twenty birds started across the stream, while three or four clung to their own side and pitched a couple of hundred yards ahead. In an instant My Lady's paddle was flat upon the surface, and the canoe, consequently, as steady as a church. The whirring quarry was barely thirty-five yards away, and the dropping of a brace was a simple matter enough, the birds falling about midstream.

Through the bush came the faithful, each anxious to get there first. Smash into the water they went, for Don, though a pointer, had been carefully schooled to this sort of thing. Luckily, there was a bird apiece, else there might have been trouble, for both dogs were a bit jealous over work of the sort. Don made for the nearest bird, and in a few moments he was floating alongside the canoe and looking not unlike a monstrous white bull-frog. As the hand went down, he at once released his bird, then turned for dry land. Snoring and snorting came Jess. She had managed to get a trifle of water into her throat, and, furthermore, she was bound to attempt the forbidden thing, *i.e.*, climbing into the canoe, in order that she might properly deliver the bird and receive the vastly valued head-patting, which to her counts as much as does a dollar to an ordinarily decent beggar. But alas! "Get out you—give it up!" was all the thanks she got, so, grief-stricken from stem to stern, she surrendered her prize and ploughed shoreward to, if possible, get the better of that cunning rascal, Don.

The shooting that followed was both peculiar and intensely interesting, likewise extremely difficult. Only those who have tried it can understand the job a man tackles when he undertakes to kneel in a canoe and score whizzing crossing-shots on birds that have got under full speed before the gun has a chance to get on them. But I had a noble assistant astern, while much practice at waterfowl had taught wisdom in regard to the canoe. Hence, I did not altogether disgrace myself, although I am free to confess that about one bird in every three hummed across in temporary safety. But, after all, we certainly had 'em where the short hairs grow, for a missed bird could be flushed again and again, if necessary.

For perhaps an hour we worked up and down, My Lady paddling, the Party in the Bow shooting and the dogs hustling birds out of the brush and swimming for such as fell. They paid me great compliments, did those dogs, for every time the gun sounded they both would plunge in with a superb confidence that almost made me blush at times.

But the best of sport has its limits. It was first doubles, then singles, then long, anxious searching for an occasional chance, and finally that silence which proclaims the end of the game. We had birds enough, however, a bit wet and drabbled, to be sure, but good, honest, full-grown quail for a' that. And then came My Lady's reward. She likes shooting well enough, as she can both appreciate and understand good, clean work with the gun, but what she most loves is the restful after-lounging, when His Nibbs gets busy with a wee fire, when a couple of plump birds are artistically browned, when the lunch is spread and the gem-jar of tea is resurrected from its cool and watery burial-place.

We did things to the lunch, to the tea and to everything that was ours, then cushions were piled fo'rard in the canoe, and My Lady, stretched at ease, took her well-earned rest. Silent, ghost-like, we slipped down the darkening river, the owls hailing from either bank, the staunch craft purling encouragement to the bending paddle: for the Old Man was working the ash breeze now, and things had to happen or we'd be late for supper.

In the perfumed dusk of a flawless autumn evening we reached the small float before the canoe's private residence. My Lady arose, to complain of the homeward journey's ending so soon. Don and Jess leaped ashore and capered about in a fashion suggestive of keen anticipation of a good, square meal, while the Boss of the Outfit picked up his gun and the goodly bunch of aquatic quail and remarked, "They're a mighty nice lot, and they're almost dry at that!"

EXPLORING KNOX MOUNTAIN

In the Canadian Selkirks

BY M. V. B. KNOX

THE leader of the party, for a dozen years a tireless prospector among the higher Selkirks, declared the ascent to be very difficult, and at one point dangerous, unless one kept a steady head and careful footing. The field glass showed a passage where for fifty feet around a shoulder to the crest one must edge along on a ledge not more than a foot wide, with a sheer fall of 3,500 feet into the gorge below. Would the two women dare that climb? They sturdily declared they would go.

In due time Kirkpatrick, our strong, broad-shouldered prospector, had a duffle-bag of food packed and we took up our long push canes, and the party of five started. As often happens in mountain climbing, we were compelled to go wide of the direct route to reach our objective. An ascent of some hundreds of feet in a course away from the peak enabled us to attain a sharp ridge, along which we clambered toward our goal. Here on the open rocks was offered a most interesting event. Suddenly Kirkpatrick assumed an attitude of intense attention, and in a stage whisper explained, "See those ptarmigans!" Sure enough, a couple of these Arctic birds were within a few feet of us. The amateur taxidermist of the party cried out, "Oh, I want one of those to mount its skin!" With his alpenstock the prospector attempted to reach one, but the bird was just a little too shy for such an end, and a carefully thrown stone from the hand knocked it over while the mate flew away three or four hundred yards to safety.

In due time, over summits and across snowfields, we came to that particular spot where acute danger was possible. Kirkpatrick with his boy first made the passage, then he returned to aid his wife around the ledge. From the near side Dr. Janette and I watched. With her face turned toward the rock Mrs. Kirkpatrick edged along, foot by foot, clinging with her fingers to rough places in the cliff, never once turning her eyes backward to the abyss. Her husband kept beside her to steady her if necessary, but not once did she falter or grow dizzy, or yield to a grain of fear. In two or three minutes she was dancing success on the far side. Now it was the turn of my wife. Kirkpatrick sidled along in front of her and I close on the other side, but as steadily and coolly as Mrs. Kirkpatrick she made the passage.

The top of the mountain, once we were on it, we found to be most beautiful. Worn smooth by ancient glacial action, it was now covered with an indurated, coarse soil, growing short, stiff grass with a few stunted bushes in a place or two. We were 2,000 feet above the timber-line in that country, the immense growth of the trees in the lower valleys and on the hillsides being plainly seen from our coign of vantage. But the most charming views were those of the snowfields and glaciers.

The snowfall in the Selkirks is something astounding. They tell of twenty, forty or even sixty feet of fall in a single winter. One wholly reliable prospector, holding down a "grubstake," told us of measuring the fall each morning before it settled, during two months, February and March, and his figures were crowded up to eighteen feet. But these immense depths, fluffy and feathery, soon settle and evaporate, so that it remains as six or eight feet of solid snow. Over this depth they go on snowshoes and break sleigh roads over it, while in the mountains it makes snowfields and glaciers. On every side that day, on summits yet higher than ours, and on others lower, were glaciers formed of the vast snowfields piled up, drifted over crests, and filled into the gorges. In the nights, while in the miners' cabin which is 9,000 feet above the sea, we had heard the thunderous report where some glacier had calved, loosening great masses of ice that would slide down to lower spaces.

Standing in our tracks that day we counted no less than thirty-eight glaciers with the naked eye, the farthest not more than ten or twelve miles away, while ranges twenty and even forty miles away were also the home of glaciers, we knew, but they were hardly distinguishable even with our field glasses. The glaciers form at the lower edge of the great snowfields, either down some gorge or along the whole face of a mountain side. From under their foot flows a stream, largest in the afternoons, milky-white from the grinding of the ice over the rocks. Huge blocks of rock are often carried on the top of the ice, which, being loosened as the sun thaws the obstructions, roll down below, making a spice of danger if one is near the foot of the glacier. At such a time the bombardment must be closely watched. Snowfields were also on every side, some scarcely more than big drifts, others a mile or two across and many feet deep. To the north of us was an immense one, miles across, over which prospectors sometimes passed to the rich fields of Silver Creek fifteen miles away. Kirkpatrick told of coming over that pass once, and across the mountain top on which we stood, and being caught in a driving snowstorm, vastly more dangerous in such a locality than on the blizzard-swept plains of Dakota.

We soon begged that the duffle-bag be opened. We could find a few dry twigs and these with a deal of care and coaxing we soon prevailed upon to burn to heat water for tea. Our luncheon that day was not of light eatables only, such as the thought of a picnic suggests, since our purveyor well knew the demands that the long climb would make, and had brought a most substantial dinner, including beef tea, roast beef and other good things both appetizing and strengthening. Sitting there in the warm sunlight of an August day, in the clear and bracing air, with hunger intensified by the hours of climbing and by the thin, pure atmosphere, we were surely to be envied. Were not the two women triumphant that they were the first ones ever on that crest? To perpetuate that victory our host loudly proclaimed that henceforth that peak, nameless hitherto, should be known as "Knox Mountain."

As we sat devouring our dinner, a long pack train, carrying provisions and materials to the Black Warrior Mine over a pass to the Duncan River slope, slowly

The snowfall in the Selkirks is something astounding climbed the trail 2,000 feet below us and a mile away. Fifteen or twenty ponies with two or three drivers and with one of the mine owners crawled up the steep path, a most interesting sight in that solitude. The strong-lunged leader of our party, making a trumpet of his hands, hallooed to the train and succeeded in attracting attention, with shouts in reply. Hats were swung, wraps and handkerchiefs shaken in answer to their cheer.

After dinner each sought pleasure as he would. The men of the party loosened blocks of rock, pushing them over the edge of the cliff, then peering into the dizzy depths to see them make a sheer drop of several hundred feet, where as they struck the ledge they would break and become only fine fragments to find a rest on the high talus 2,000 feet below. The smooth, rounded mountain top was half a mile long, gently sloping on the one side to the crest of the gorge down which we had rolled stones, and which hung over the miners' cabin

By A. O. Wheeler.

THE GRAND GLACIER, IN

Mt. Duncan Beaver Mountain Sugar Loaf Mountain where we stayed nights. On the other side, eastward, the high winds of winter had carried the snow in vast quantities, creating a field of it, from the foot of which, far below, a beautiful glacier emerged. Down the snowfield and glacier also we rolled great blocks of stone. Still below the glacier was a mass of timber, the wildness of the gorge attracting grizzly bears, so the place was known as "Grizzly Gorge." Down into its silent depths we longingly looked, wishing we might see a silvertip, but none showed up. A few days later, on the other side of Trout Lake, as Dr. Janette and I were sauntering along the trail alone, the guide having gone ahead to prepare supper for us at the cabin, we heard, a hundred yards or two above us in the thick bushes a deep guttural "Gna-r-r, gna-r-r," a sound which made us quicken our footsteps for half an hour. The guide said it was undoubtedly a grizzly.

Here on the mountain top we were told we might see mountain goats, since the

THE CANADIAN SELKIRKS

Grand Mountain

west end of it was a place of their resort, but a tramp far out that way did not reward us with a view of one. Still we were not wholly denied a sight of them, for while at the camp of the Lion Mountain Mine, a white goat lay in sight two hours, basking in the sunlight less than a mile away, affording, with our field-glasses, a delightful view of the beauty. And again, Kirkpatrick and I one day alone came across one opposite us on the mountain side not more than 500 yards distant, the goat making its way leisurely along the ledges and then over them out of sight. "Rather a bloodless trip," some one may oberve. Aye, but the hunter's fire ill becomes the bosom of the sportsman in midsummer, while in the Canadian Selkirks.

One of the most delightful trophies of our day on Knox Mountain was the collection of Arctic botany. The botanist of the party secured no less than forty distinct species. Five of these were heather, their bloom ranging from lightest pink to deep, blood-like crimson. The blossoming is much different from that of Scotland; here, instead of being so minute as to appear feathery, it is composed of graceful little cups, something like that of the blueberry. Our bunks in the miners' cabins were made soft and fragrant with the heather. Another flower of surpassing beauty was a species of the phlox, not tall and graceful like that of the lowlands, but blooming in a mass spread out on the surface of the ground like an inverted saucer, making a solid mat of bright, deep pink bloom. Brilliant dwarf buttercups adhered to the unmistakable yellow of that family, while a giant anemone, the blossom as large as a silver dollar, on a stalk a foot high, was to be found even at that height, though in greater profusion lower down. The masses of blossoms and the bright colors were a continuous charm in all our tramping. It was an incident yielding especial pleasure that the botanist that day picked some of the flowers with one hand on the snow.

To be among Arctic surroundings, flowers, birds, animals, insects, and to enjoy them on a warm August day, were well worth the climb we had made. The days among the summits besides this one, over trackless crests, across the glaciers, and again often knee-deep in flowers of the richest profusion, breathing the inspiring air, seeing visions of Alpine grandeur, all seemed to put new blood and endurance into a couple of tired teachers.

But even among the grandeur of the mighty Selkirks time will not wait for man. We must leave the spot of such enchantment. The descent was of a different nature from the ascent. A short snowfield, so steep we could not climb in going up, offered us a chance to go down. Kirkpatrick and little Robert, well used to glissading snowfields, steadied themselves with their long canes and shot like arrows down the two or three hundred feet. Would the women try that same way? The guide's wife, first to test routes and ways, essayed the standing glissade, missed her footing and slid bodily to the bottom, to be caught by her husband. Mrs. Knox did not attempt the standing glissade, but at once resorted to the procumbent one, arriving, as did Mrs. Kirkpatrick, at the bottom of the slide, a mingled mass of clothing and snow and joyful shouts. As the sun sank behind the western summits and snowy peaks we were glad to crawl into the cabins, to be refreshed with hot beef tea, that indispensable adjunct of mountain-climbing.

We deemed the honor bestowed upon us by our friend Kirkpatrick worthy of peculiar recognition, so on getting back to the States we sent two flags, that of United States and of Canada, to be put upon a stout flagstaff on the mountain top. The next season a delegation on the Fourth of July from the camp of the miners climbed to the summit and put up the flags. They could be seen from Circle City, Ferguson and from many other points, and their real significance was that of a close bond of friendship between the visitors from the land of Uncle Sam and the good folk and true who make the mighty Selkirks their perpetual home.

THE NOMADS OF ROMANY

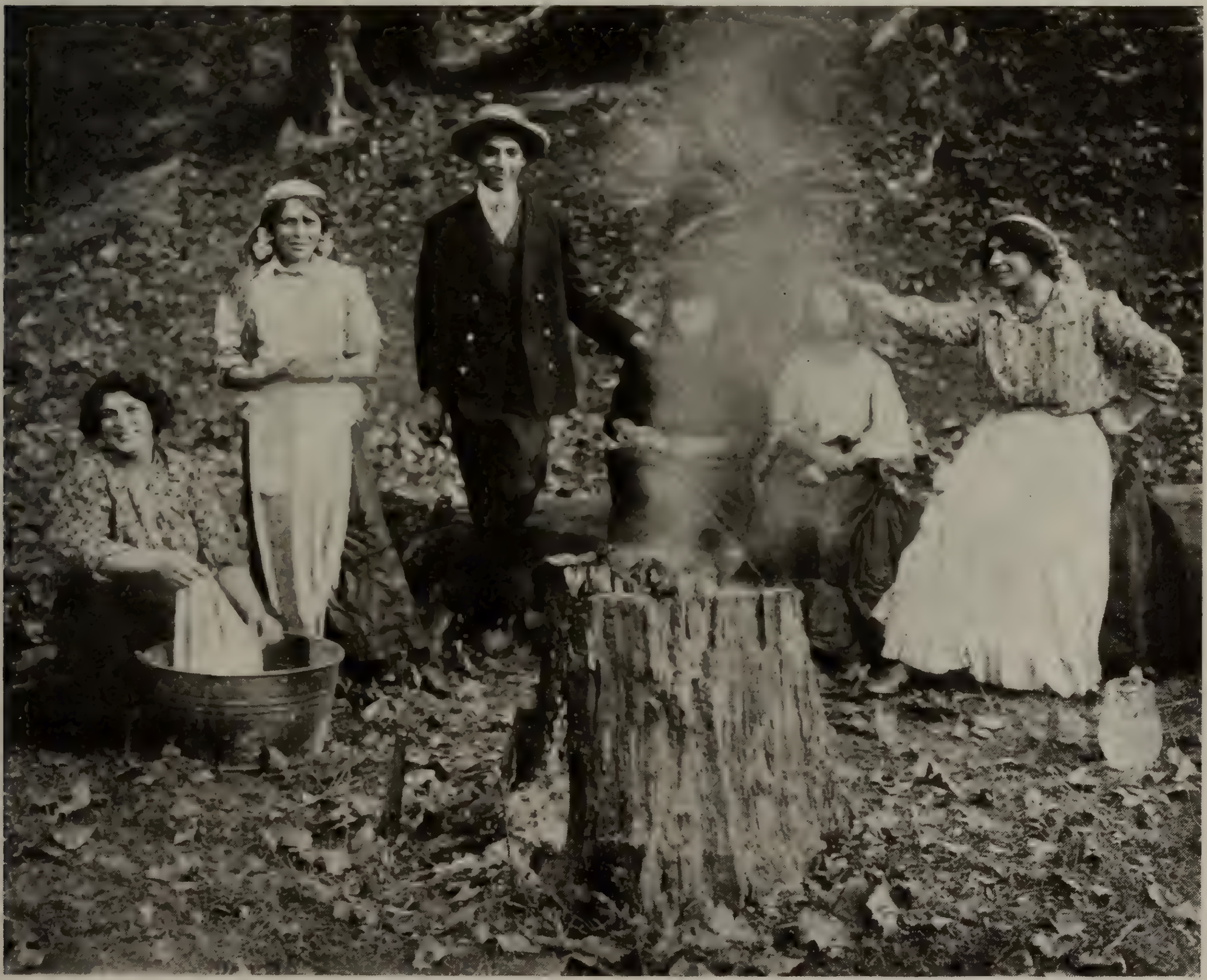
A Visit to a Gypsy Camp

BY JESSIE PARTLON TYREE

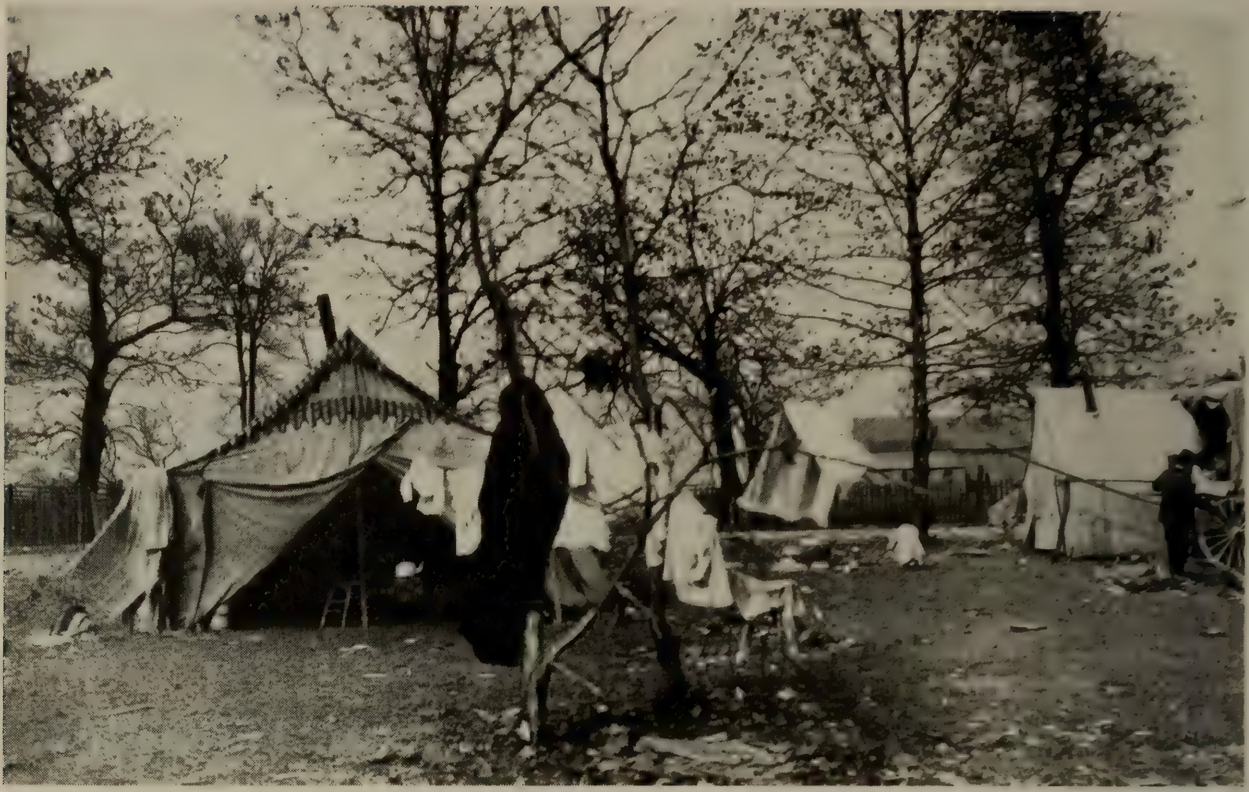
Illustrated from Photographs by J. R. Schmidt

DO YOU remember long, long ago when the Gypsies came to town? That was before life had robbed you of childhood's trick of weaving the gay threads of romance into the dun fabric of reality. Dazzled by the gaudy colors of the mysterious caravan winding slowly over dusty roads, you followed in its wake wide-eyed and wondering. The lean, swart men, with their unkempt horses, the shrill-voiced Gypsy women hung with jingling ornaments, even the half-starved dogs and barefooted children, woke in you, whose life went quietly along in conventional grooves, a thrilling sense of mystery and romance, twin attendants on the unexpected.

The romance you stalked in childhood until the Gypsy wagons with their array of gorgeous blankets and bedizened occupants vanished over the hill is about to become a reality. If it is all the same to you we'll take our autumn journeyings with Queen Stella,



WASH DAY IN QUEEN STELLA'S HOUSEHOLD



A VIEW OF A ROUMANIAN GYPSY CAMP, THE HEAD-

of the Stanley tribe, and all her followers, big and little.

Queen Stella, unlike most royalty, is quite approachable. In the royal tent—which is anything but royal in appearance—she will welcome you with a shrewd glance and a generous smile. After you have crossed her palm with silver—romance is purchasable in Romany, as elsewhere—she will unfold to you the future. This is a necessary, nay, an indispensable, prelude to conversation with any Romany woman, queen or beggar.

Like all the *gringos*, you will begin with questions touching the ancestry of these strange people. Why are they wanderers? Where did they come from and whither are they going? Although the origin of the Gypsy has been lost in antiquity and their history so enwrapped with superstition and legend that the most eminent savant can learn no more of them than a little child, pride of race is distinguishable in every gesture.

"We are older than the pyramids—we were from the beginning of time; our ancestors builded ancient Thebes of the Hundred Gates!" Queen Stella will tell you. Something in her voice speaks of long-forgotten royalty—her bent form proudly straightens; who knows but she may be right after all? There is something in the proud bearing and classic grace of Romany's daughters that bears out this assumption of royal lineage. A haunting sadness looks out from the big, dark eyes of the Gypsy children, which deepens into universal sorrow in midlife and softens to wistfulness in the dimmed vision of the aged.

While the delicate blue spirals of smoke from wood fire rise heavenward in the soft autumn atmosphere we will take a look at the Gypsy camp. The pungent aroma of the burning green wood mingled with the scent of the good brown earth, the elusive fragrance of the September verdure, comes pleasantly to the nostrils, contrasting with the unwholesome odors of the city. The new canvas tent yonder, with the bright red scallops, is the future home of a princess bride and her consort.

The stove-pipe projects from a round hole cut in the canvas wall and is propped up with a forked stick from the outside. The stove itself is a small, open-front affair with its back to the entrance, with a view to keeping all the heat and all the smoke inside

QUARTERS OF QUEEN STELLA, OF THE STANLEY TRIBE

of the tent. A great roll of bedding arranged to form a divan on one side of the tent, a drygoods box on end with a few cooking utensils and dishes are the only other articles of furniture. At night the bedding is unrolled, the tent flap dropped.

But this is intruding. The bride and groom have not taken possession of their new home—the wedding is still in full swing; it has been going on for three days and will fill the social horizon for three days more. Were you ever at a Gypsy wedding? Well, never mind, all guests are welcome, even the hated *gringo*, if he brings plenty of silver coins to exchange for weak, red wine in which to drink the bride's health. Outside the marriage tent a solemn company of men and women, brave in Gypsy finery of scarlet shawls and brilliant handkerchiefs, are dancing in the mud, their hands interlaced after the fashion of children playing ring-around-the-rosy. These are the bride's kinspeople. The parents of the groom stand apart before their tent, apparently unconscious that a wedding is in progress.

Two young lads with a violin and a guitar, their plaid kerchiefs tied loosely under rolling velvet collars, halt before the bridal tent and begin a gay, wild Gypsy air. It is a Romany classic, this marriage song, and the young violinist, scarcely 15, sways his lithe body in supple cadence with the music. Passionate and sad, sensuous and dreamy, the love song throbs in the guitar and wails over the strings of the violin in exquisite harmony. There is genius in the touch of the young musician's fingers that lovingly caress the worn violin. This music is not written—you may hear reminiscences of it in Liszt's melodies—but the thing itself is handed down from father to son in the Gypsy tribes.

Lift the tent-flap and you will see a curious sight. On the floor is spread a red-barred table-cloth and on it is meat and wine and many Romany delicacies. A merry crowd of young folk, the friends of the bride and groom, are feasting, laughing and singing with the joy of youth and irresponsibility. Standing at the back of the tent, totally ignored by the assembled company, are the bride and groom. The girl, full bosomed, strong and beautiful, is in tears—one end of her white tulle veil drawn across her face to hide its sadness. She leans on the arm of a dark, slender boy, who looks anything but happy. The bride is clad in a trailing robe of red velvet, but the groom's only concession to this ceremony is a more than usually gaudy neckerchief, a new gray felt hat and a clean shirt.

Presently the headsman of the tribe—whose office is now obsolete—tosses a sharp-bited axe out into the crowd and himself emerges from the tent with a headless chicken, its blood dripping on the ground. This is the final ceremony. The young people are now married and the bride leaves her parents and her own tribe forever. Perchance in after years she may pass her people on the road—but from their tents she goes forever.

There is no joy in marriage and courtship for the Romany girl. She weds at her parents' command and is not allowed to speak to the man who will make or mar her future on any topic pertaining to their life together until after marriage. A Romany girl who marries outside her caste is thrust out of the tribe forever. She cannot marry a house dweller and remain in the tents of Romany.

The Romany people are full of quaint superstitions. They hold a physician in abhorrence. One Gypsy woman of unusual intelligence said that her little daughter died, after having been burned almost to a crisp, because a *gringo* physician attended it.

Woman is the worker—the producer—and man the lord and overseer among the Gypsies. Fathers buy wives for their sons, but no cash return is required when a man marries. He has found some one to support him. Married women among the Gypsies are known by their headdress; only girls go uncovered.

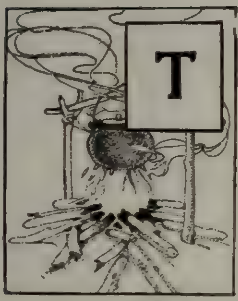
Half of the traditions and customs that have descended to the Gypsies of to-day are meaningless to them. They go through elaborate ceremonies to celebrate death, birth or marriage, but none know why. Much of the pomp and circumstance of a Gypsy camp is skilful stage managing. The leaders know the public likes them to be picturesque—it means more fortunes to tell, greater crowds of sightseers, who drop a gracious shower of nickles and dimes among the countless children that make up the population of every Gypsy camp.

A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE OF THE STANLEY TRIBE—WILL THEY ALL REMAIN GYPSIES?

SPORT IN SQUIRREL-SHOOTING

Hunting Fox Squirrels with a 16-Gauge Gun

BY ERNEST CAVE



THERE is one thing that the enthusiastic squirrel hunter must impress upon the mind of his fellow sportsman who never shot a squirrel, and that is that his favorite jaunts in quest of the tricky fox squirrel are anything but slow and uninteresting. This his friend of no experience invariably disputes.

As a rule, the State game laws permit the shooting of squirrels from September 1 until January 1. Thus the season extends over what one might call four months, taking in three seasons, summer, fall and winter. One-third of a year is a pretty long time for Mr. Squirrel to be careful of just where he goes and what he does. Then, too, the hunter is not his only enemy; he has others and plenty of them, of which I will speak later. In September, Mrs. Squirrel invariably has a family which is yet too young to be thrown upon its own resources, and I am sure the thoughtful hunter would not wish to break up a family by killing the mother, and thus causing the death of four or five young. Also, the weather in September is, as a general rule, quite warm, the trees have not taken on their true autumn colors, which signal cool, frosty days, nor is the meat of the squirrel firm and of the rich flavor the crisp mornings seem to put into it.

October and November are ideal months for squirrel-hunting. The rusty brown of the cunning fox squirrels harmonizes completely with the rich autumnal colors which cover both the ground and the trees. The crisp, cool air seems to put new life into both the squirrel and his patient pursuer. Now is the time when the lazy, big fox squirrel, who would not work when the harvest was ripe, must rustle around pretty lively to scrape together enough food to keep him snug and decently fed within doors in the cold winter. Hence he is up early in the morning and late in the evening picking up a nut here and there on the ground and stealing a few from his watchful neighbor, the gray. This is the time when the hunter enjoys the best kind of squirrel-shooting.

As the latter part of November and the month of December draw on and bring with them the early snows, the big fox squirrel stays indoors for longer periods, or else, in his disgust at the approach of foul weather, he starts out some bright morning and travels south to some timbered bottom land where he can find something to eat under the protection of the heavy forest cover. The weather is now nearly too cold for one to waste much time watching and waiting for squirrels, and, besides, there are now lots of prime rabbits, which, if hunted without the use of a dog, afford fast and interesting sport. So, all in all, I think it would be best to let our bushy-tailed friend alone for at least ten months of the year.

Now, having decided that October and November are the only real months in which to hunt squirrels, we will take up the much-discussed subject of the proper gun to use. At once we recognize three different types of squirrel hunters, and each has his own idea of the only gun that can be used on squirrels with complete satisfaction. There is the man who always has used a 12-gauge for all kinds of game, and, in his opinion, no other is worth while owning. Then the man who always shoots them—"in the head"—with a small-caliber rifle must be considered, as he is scattered over the country in quite large numbers. Last we have what might be classed the up-to-date squirrel hunter, who uses a 16-gauge and still-hunts for his quarry. Let a shooter try a 16-gauge for this particular sport and he will quit talking about a 12-gauge or a rifle. For years I used a 12-gauge single-barrel, which proved as satisfactory as I could wish. I never found any trouble in pulling off long shots, but, as a general rule, I found the majority of the squirrels pretty well shot up. I picked out shells with light loads and for awhile loaded my own shells, but could not make things work as satisfactorily as I like to have them. So one day when the question of what gauge gun I wanted came up, I took a 16-gauge, and I am not a bit sorry for my hasty decision. I admit that this

. . . *skilful still-hunting is what counts*

The author tries it with a target rifle

gun cannot be used with as much satisfaction for ducks or geese as a heavier gun, but I know it is there with the goods when it comes to any smaller game that may choose to hunt in the timber, the marshes or the uplands, and my preference is a double-barrel hammerless, weighing 6¾ pounds, left barrel full choke and right a modified choke.

The tyro squirrel-hunter will find it best to try it alone to start. Lessons in squirrel-hunting are best and quickest learned by the novice when he is left alone in the silent woodland, where he quickly learns by experience all the tricks that Mr. Squirrel will practise on him.

Choose a bright day in October and make an early start for some large timber tract that is pretty well sprinkled with old trees. The sun will be just coming up in the east as you arrive at the fence at the edge of the woods, if you have timed your visit wisely. Certain natural impulses cause a halt, and presently you find yourself sitting on the ground with your back against a big black oak, your nostrils wide open to enjoy to the full the invigorating air and your ears catching all the sounds that come with the awakening of a frosty October morning. The cries of noisy jays, which always seem to have time to arouse lazy squirrels with their raucous racket, are mingled with the clear-cut whistle of some happy Bob White, sitting on the old rail fence at the edge of the timber, perhaps wondering why the farmer, who, the day before, just finished shucking the field of corn, did not leave a few ears of the golden grain for his especial benefit. Suddenly you are awakened from your day-dream by a succession of sharp, clear barks.

Steady. Keep your seat. Just sit still and wait for your squirrel to make some more noise. Now is when you feel a bit nervous. You are a novice at squirrels and you may never have had the squirrel fever; which is, in my opinion, just about as bad as buck fever. There he barks again. Now, as you know just what is making the noise, the muscles in your face grow rigid and your fingers twitch nervously at the trigger of your gun. Better try to locate him. So off comes your cap and you twist yourself into all kinds of shapes trying to get a look in the direction of the noise. For what seems almost an age you remain on your hands and knees, waiting for that squirrel to make just a little more noise, when you are sure you will be able to sight him. Ah, there he barks again! But you were not looking in quite the right direction. Well, be patient and wait awhile.

After a series of exciting moments when the squirrel barked and you failed to locate him, you finally see him sitting right in plain view. "I wonder why I could not see him before," you say to yourself. The shot looks a pretty long one, so down you get, flat on the ground, and crawl around until a tree is between you and the squirrel. Then, in a sneaking position, you creep up until within about twenty yards. You move the gun out around the tree and follow it up with your head. But, lo and behold! the limb on which your squirrel sat is vacant. You come out from behind the tree a sadder and a wiser squirrel-hunter than you were twenty minutes ago. You have learned one big lesson, and that is, never take your eyes off the squirrel until you have him in your pocket. If you do he is going to make you travel for his hide, and if he once gets into his hole, as this fellow seemingly has, the best thing you can do is to move on and not wait for him to come out. So now, just you go and hunt another, and come back for this one in about an hour's time.

Soon you come to a "squirrely" big hickory tree, and being tired, you sit down. And you are no sooner still than along comes a nice big fox squirrel; he does not see you until he is within about ten yards of the hickory, because you now have sense enough to sit still. On your moving your foot just enough to let him know that you are not a public highway, the squirrel, in surprise, side-steps and runs up a small oak. He is only near-scared. It is an easy shot and you soon have your first squirrel in your pocket.

"Hey, thar! Want you to git right out of this timber; pretty quick, too. Next time I catch you in here I'll run ye in. First gol darn thing I know you'll be shootin' one o' my cows. This here's my cow pasture, not a shootin' gallery." Here is another place to show your nerve. Just walk right up to the sunburned stranger and say, "Hello." Talk politely, explain how you came to hunt in his woods, and wind up by telling him that you had taken a look at his cattle when you came in, that you like cattle and to shoot a man's stock would be the last thing you would be guilty of. If he is a reasonable farmer and can tell a sensible fellow when he sees one, he will more than likely let you hunt all you want to.

The fox-squirrel is the only game harvester of the timber in the entire squirrel family that makes good shooting. His cunning ways, his natural protection in his reddish yellow coat, the speed he can get up on the ground or in the tree-tops, make him a true game fellow and one that is hard to reduce to possession when on even ground. It requires much skilful hunting and patient waiting to catch him unawares. Of course, when one gets into a timber where there are plenty of squirrels he is sure to get one or two just by luck. But skilful still-hunting is what counts—hunting without the aid of a dog. It requires skill to stalk a squirrel fifty yards or more and then get him as he goes tearing through the tree-tops, making for his hole just as fast as his legs will carry him. This is the part of the sport you will most enjoy.

The best time to hunt for the sly little thief—which he has himself proven by his audacious marauderings upon birds' nests and his gray brothers' storehouses—is between sunrise and 10 A. M., and between 3 P. M. and sunset. He is just as fearless as he is smart and his size protects him against all hawks, whereas the gray squirrel encounters a great enemy in these birds. The fox-squirrel's only enemies are the wildcat, the gray wolf, the fox, the raccoon and the hunter.

I have even had lively shooting at both fox squirrels and grays after sundown and just before dark. This seems a time for the young fellows to romp, and as in November they are fair game, and on such an occasion one can sometimes get a-half dozen in fifteen or twenty minutes, it is worth the tramp out of the woods after dark.

The squirrels at that time are not so shy, but the uncertain light and the speed with which they chase one another from tree to tree put the use of any other weapon than a shotgun out of the question. The imps are here, there, everywhere, all without a moment's notice, and, like when one luckily strikes the thick of the duck flight on a stormy November day, one hardly knows which way to turn for the next shot.

But the novice must not expect often to fall in with the young squirrels at their twilight games. It is only a chance, although, of course, a better chance on a good hardwood ridge where squirrels are abundant.

On bright, sunny days the squirrels love to bask in the sun on some high limb, and through the middle of the day, in such weather, and especially if it be early in the season, the hunter with a sharp pair of eyes is often well repaid for hunting instead of waiting till midafternoon to resume his search for game. Of course, there will be times when he shoots at a dry leaf that, high in the treetop, looks for all the world like a fox squirrel's tawny side, or flickering in the breeze, looks like his tail. But again, occasionally those long shots made "on speculation" bring down a prize.

In hardwood timber the fox-squirrel builds summer nests of leaves, a large bunch frequently, and invariably a conspicuous bright yellow; the entrance to a warmly lined nest of broken up leaves is a small hole on the side. At other times they live in holes, using grass and strips of soft bark for a lining.

In regard to cleaning your game, I advise you to carry a knife with you, and when you get a squirrel to clean, do the job right away. You will find that the skin jerks much easier, and you will avoid all the clotted blood that would accumulate if you waited until you got home.

Now for a closing bit of information on the habits of the fox-squirrel: Let me impress upon the mind of the novice that the instant a squirrel sees a hunter he is going to start right off for his hole; he will not stop a moment, and in case he is too far away for a shot the thing to do is to go right after him. You have the advantage in that you can run faster. Then, too, you stand a chance of getting him up a small tree, as he will always climb the minute he thinks you are getting too close.

TRAMPING ALONG THE TRAIL

BY JAMES LEDDY PÉQUIGNOT

WHAT do we think of, and what do we see,
Tramping along the trail—
Into the depths of the woodland and wold,
Far from our home in the wind and the cold—
Tramping along the trail?

Lo! it is pleasure, not hardship, to me,
Tramping along the trail.
Work? Not a bit; but it's rattling good fun,
Off with a cook and a guide and a gun—
Tramping along the trail.

Who is there so care free and happy as we,
Tramping along the trail?
Marking our course by a blaze on a tree,
Afar where the wandering winds are free—
Tramping along the trail!

HIGH HOOK AT AVALON

What it Means to Be on Hand, with Skill and a Good Boatman, When a Sea Anglers' "Beat" Occurs

BY F. L. HARDING

(Santa Catalina Island Tuna Club, California

THE sun-painted ochre and tan of the ribbed and cañoned hillsides which form the half-moon harbor of Avalon, on Santa Catalina Island, off the balmy beaches of southern California, were studded with emerald and gray-olive clumps of chaparral and scrub-oak. To the anglers, floating buoyantly upon the aquamarine disc of the bay—an exultant thrill, a modulated cry of the joy of living—the fresh note of the valley quail floated faintly down from the encompassing arena-walls of buff hillocks. It spoke of perennial youth, of spring, of the glad life of the wild folk and stirred the pulse unconsciously.

Jarring harshly with this sweet vocal expression of the Maytide, was the stir of the "Hermosa's" departure, a jumbled medley of creaking pier-posts, clanking chains and Mexican ejaculations of the stevedores. Turning cautiously, she sailed to the northeast, just as the caravels of Cabrillo had done on that very spot four centuries before. Having duly performed a sacred rite of the locality, one not to be lightly violated—that of "watching the steamer leave"—the entire population leisurely dispersed from the beach to take up the business of the afternoon, it being in the neighborhood of three o'clock.

The rippling, sun-reflecting water proved too enticing for a vigorous pair of Yankee youths, and they shouted to a boatman who was cleaning up his twenty-foot gasoline launch to get his rigs ready and they would come aboard to try a turn for the yellowtail.

The sky stretched away in immaculate turquoise to the silver-streaked and mounted Sierra on the continent. No blur nor haze obscured the iridescence of the air; they loomed distinct, a crumpled, green-gold and bronze barrier. The breeze threw in one's face the tang of salt, the zest born of the combing breaker.

Dropping into the uncovered launch from the moss-green steps of the landing, the anglers rigged up the lighter tackle for yellowtail, laying aside for the occasion the weightier tuna outfits. The 4-horsepower engine was called upon only to take them a few hundred feet to an exquisite little bend, a rounded level beach gradually sloping through purely transparent waters. Its white continuation, subsurface, could be strangely seen through the shimmering green from quite a distance off the sands. This idyllic nook, nestling at the base of the sheltering rock-heights, was felicitously called "Lover's Cove." Its steady patronage by the amorous ones of Avalon justified the name.

Drifting in the currentless pool of the harbor was to be the plan of campaign, the lure a live sardine somewhat longer than one's finger, secured by the vexatious operation termed "snagging." Usually, the little fellows are capricious and nimbly evade the upward jerk of the chain of three snag-hooks*; though it seems to traverse a solid bed of them, none are impaled. Again, one or two are nipped by the rushing points and flicker upward, broadside on, little glittering strips of silver. These are unceremoniously popped into a bucket, wherein the water is changed frequently, keeping them alive, if not badly cut, for a reserve supply.

This trying task fell to "Cap," the

***A shank with three hooks turned out in different directions.**

boatman, who accepted the situation complacently and made a trial, drawing *across* the school, plainly seen below in thousands, rather than vertically through them.

The anglers leaned back in the two chair-seats attached to a board facing the stern, and good naturedly tossed a coin for the first luckless sardine.

A brown, bewhiskered face like a terrier's rose at their side, with a "pouf-f-f" of outblown air. The seal leaned back and blinked at them inquiringly. Apparently satisfied of their unimportance, he sniffed rather contemptuously, threw his neck "over his shoulder," hitting the water with the back of his head, and was swallowed without a ripple.

"Gosh, me lads," the boatman cried gleefully, "we're in for it, sure! Why, this bay is crammed with bait from floor to roof. I never seen the likes, I never did!" His snagging had yielded two on his maiden effort and no time was thrown away in getting the lively chaps overboard, the yellowtail hook being thrust through the back just beneath the dorsal fin, allowing the bait full play to flutter about and draw the big fellows. For six hundred feet or so, clear across the harbor, the "flick-flick" of myriad sardines could be seen, flecking the green with tiny white suds, here, there, yonder, their masses distinctly tinting the areas they occupied a dull violet against the emerald.

"If this don't mean business, I'm a tenderfoot. That's the boy! Soak it to him! Ah, me hearty, turn loose on him, now, me lad!"

The raucous note of the huge multiplier shrilly proclaimed the struggle was on. Lyte, the Pennsylvanian, was vainly jabbing both thumbs on his leather reel-brake, while the line fairly leaped through the agate guides and down into the depths, irresistibly demanded by some tremendous force running rampage below. Ted, the New Englander, suddenly stood erect and held hard on his rig, the duet of reels stimulating "Cap" to a frenzy of encouragement—and abuse of the unknown at the lines' ends. Occasionally interrupting, unable to be inactive at such a time, he wildly snagged and snagged again, letting off steam at the expense of numberless sardines.

Ted's tormentor played coward, as his tribe is wont to do; after divers sword-thrust runs, a seven-pound barracuda, long,

LOVERS' COVE, WHERE THE WHITE BASS LIE, IN THE HARBOR AT AVALON

THE BEGINNING AND THE END OF EVERYTHING REALLY WORTH WHILE AT AVALON TAKES PLACE HERE

thin, a bar of blazing pink, white and gray was gaffed. It was thrown into the great fish-pen, forward, destined to be brimful that night as it had never been before.

"Where there is honey, there will be bees also," the philosophers were wont to say. All the boat-craft available seemed to have swarmed to the place, every one had a fish; lines tangled, sides bumped, the occupants wrangled and grew acidly personal. The town was out *en masse*, the rumor of a "beat" had reached to the limits of the village. Old Captain Washburn couldn't seem to strike the luck; his party apparently indulged in depreciating comments as Ted rudely hooked a second fish, a tartar this time, squarely beneath the "Magic Isle," the captain's well-known launch. This fish displayed an amazing wit; as a tactician he soon established his standing.

The first fish hooked had never relaxed an effort from the go-off and Lyte had been very much occupied. Rush after rush, veering off to right and left, "marking time," robbing the reel of hard-won line, feinting a dash into the great kelp gardens, now hurling itself headlong out to sea, the doughty fish had called forth all its human antagonist's resources, but yielded after twelve minutes' play—a twenty-seven-pound package of concentrated devilment, the California yellowtail.

This was a great streak of luck and Lyte rebaited, with that flush of success that only anglers know.

The cry "White bass!" came from a flat-bottomed dory near at hand; an angler in another yonder held up a shapely, symmetrical form like the Atlantic weakfish. Still a third had already one of these delectable beauties some four feet long gilled with the painter and hanging over the bow. Plainly a school of these rare nobles were charging the bait-millions and the *ultima thule* of the light rod, a bout with white sea-bass (*Cynoscion nobile*) was about to be offered to all. This was indeed a golden moment; not for six years had such a scene been paralleled.

As Ted's fish reluctantly surrendered, after a vicious sprint across the surface and a swirl of tossing waters, Lyte's rod bowed gracefully. The reel yapped like an irritated puppy, he struck back to implant the hook and—lost his fish.

"That was a bass, me boy," called the boatman. "Give 'im a minute or two to say 'Thank ye' before ye fire off like that. They don't snatch —— out of a bait like a yellowtail; give 'em time." So admonishing, the excited worthy drew over the gunwale the twenty-five-pound bass that Ted had just mastered.

The varied directions in which each fish pressed his running fight led the boat hither and thither across the face of the harbor, but never without the wide field of battle. Now close inshore a wilful white bass was dexterously guided among the maze of anchor-buoys that dotted the smiling surface like water-lilies. Again, drawn to the exquisite sunken sea-gardens, to gaze with rapture into the blue crystal depths—a roofless palace, whose botanical apartments swayed and undulated listlessly, with gold-brown draperies, mottled-green pillars and fantastically friezed portières. Sea anemones, tinted the delicate mauve of the Japanese wisteria, were sprinkled about floor and rock-wall, while scintillating

Garibaldi fish, arrayed in sumptuous orange, comprised the genus *loci.*

From the dry, hot air above, where dancing heat waves swam in the low horizon, the limpid depths opened beneath in cool, green vales where—

> "Far below
> The sea blooms with the oozy woods,
> The sapless foliage of the ocean."

Through this transparent element, the anglers beheld every move in the war below. A terrified swarm of electric-green and silver sardines surged by in bewilderment. Perchance, a lusty pair of yellowtail or a band of bass coursed in their wake like hounds. Pressing the fleeing host sorely, they snapped up the stragglers while the main army of innumerable units rose like a living blanket and sprang out into the air. For the affrighted baitfish, there was no refuge. Hotly assailed from below, they faced the instant attack of ravenous sea-gulls when they approached the surface. These agile birds dove boldly into the compact schools, aided by a quartette of great brown pelicans.

The latter soared heavily, choosing an auspicious moment to hurl themselves beak first into the little fishes with a noisy splash. So great was their velocity that the water closed over them entirely for a moment. Instantly they reappeared, to float quietly with a lackadaisical expression of nonchalance, pressing the huge bill against the breast, the captured sardines plainly seen struggling in the bag. The bird then looked down its nose in a half-apologetic manner. This air of innocence was solely to persuade the hovering gulls that the plunge had been fruitless, for, in the pelican's tossing the head and clacking the beaks to juggle the fish down its throat, the gulls frequently dart in and seize the prize from his jaws. His pained expression of discomfiture is then real and most ludicrous.

The microbe of merriment had spread a virulent epidemic of fun among all the anglers, old and young. History was in the making, not the repetition; the oldest inhabitant sought in vain to recollect such a former "picnic."

"Tsee, tsee, ee ee!" crooned Lyte's reel, as it chuckled over a fresh contestant. Off sped the desperate fish. Gracefully curved the lithe rod, bowing, curtsying, nodding. Ah, the exquisite joy of it! "Zinn, zinn, neee"—Ted's more metallic-throated songster joined in a right merry roundelay. Business was booming again. "Cap" was in ecstasy!

Wildly he flung his chain of snags off to leeward, a sweep of the rod, a flash and a bait was impaled. Hurriedly he rushed the prospective meal boatwards, when suddenly the ancient reel gave tongue with rejuvenated vim—a bass had taken the struggling sardine and was fast upon the snags. Three rods at work in an instant, rare moments, indeed! But the strain proved too great, the line parted and "Cap" was minus his bait-gaining paraphernalia in consequence. Lyte's fish, a brawny, burly

A MENACE TO ANGLERS' BOATS AT AVALON WHEN THERE IS A BIT OF SEA RUNNING yellowtail, was about ready for the gaff, and after the great beauty had been passed into the filling pen, a bass appeared at the other side with much splashing from a protesting tail.

Alas, a sorry plight was now discovered! In the clouded liquid of the bait bucket, there wriggled but one lone green sardine. Who should be its fortunate possessor and continue battling in the lists? A judgment of Solomon would destroy its utility for both candidates. The courteous "After you's" that followed made proverbial Alphonse and Gaston appear a shabby, churlish pair. "Cap" calmly settled the controversy by fixing the bone of contention to Ted's hook, remarking that time was on the wing. This untoward decision of the fates, as impersonated by the incorrigible tar, left Lyte quite undismayed.

THE HIGH HOOK CREW AND THE HOOKEES—A CONCLUSIVE, IF NOT AN ATTRACTIVE, HISTORICAL RECORD

"I know your aversion to photographs of dead fish," wrote the author, in contending with the editor for the publication of this picture, "but hope you will make an exception in this case. Live fish are only to be photographed in aquariums or when leaping in the air. Big game fish are, unfortunately, not to be found in aquariums and photographs of them in the air are rare, limited to but few species and seldom distinct. Dead specimens, while not appealing from a sentimental viewpoint, nevertheless accurately show formation and relative size. It is almost 'dead or nothing' with most fishes."

He dropped his bare hook overboard among the sardines, and as he expressed it, "went into the snagging business on his own hook," which was both literally and figuratively true. As he looked down through the clear water, it seemed as though a giant loom lay below, a million shuttles flashing back and forth, so quick and confusing was the rain of little fishes across the line of vision.

After several fruitless efforts, the trifling weight of a "shiner" was recorded along the sensitive line. He left it where it floated and waited. Ted was waiting, too, his disputed bait as yet having failed to make good. "Cap" meanwhile rigged anew and upon his initial effort with the fresh snags, surprised himself by fouling a six-pound barracuda in the side, which drew from him the exclamation, "Sure, you can't keep 'em in the water! They're climbin' aboard!"

"Something do-o-o-ing," sang Ted in a rising chant of exultation, softly straightening to his feet, running out the line with left hand while gripping the dripping reel and rod in the right. A tremor of suppressed excitement shivered through all, like fire unbridled. Possibilities hummed in the air; the pot was boiling afresh! Stealthily, the surface-ripping strand of line moved off, the great reel muttered restlessly. What sinewy monster might be tampering at the lure, recording electric throbs along the "wire?" Who could say? A grand lottery is the sea!

Caution personified, Ted nursed the bite to the crucial moment. His companions held their breath, the "hail" seemed unusually determined and hot.

Back, back swung the trusty rod. "We-e-e-re o-o-f-f-f" caracoled the click, in abandon of battle.

"See, there, yonder—catch that? See him break water? A beauty, old boy, look sharp!" exclaimed Lyte.

Look sharp; aye, and well he might. Hard and stiff as the string of a guitar, every fibre in the line drafted taut and rigid. Could he hold the big fellow?

Firm, unruffled pressure upon the leather brake cut down the speed relentlessly, inevitably as Fate. Even, steady pumping retarded the impetuous dashes. Keen swimmers at a quick sprint, these white bass! With a power of self-propulsion little short of marvelous, it is maintainable only for short, sharp spurts. Deficient in endurance, the bass well redeems himself by the lightning lunges.

Twenty fiercely fought minutes reduced the yards of line out to about ten. "Cap" prepared to administer the *coup de grace* with a big gaff, and Ted, a bit winded but still game, led the Jim-dandy to the rail. No work of the old masters e'er made a finer picture than that exquisitely tinted form. Lying astretch upon the crystal water, a five-foot symphony of pink and silver framed in translucent emerald. What a prize! Those forty-six pounds of iron muscle, tense sinew and resourceful brain were not to be bartered for "the gold of Ophir or the jewels of Ind."

Evening now drew on apace and one by one the happy parties of tourists and townsfolk turned their craft beachward. The sport showed no sign of abeyance, but after Lyte had skilfully concluded a snappy bout with an eighteen-pounder, "Cap," too, swung the prow toward the landing pier. Although just "quittin' time," two hours of daylight remained in these heaven-favored climes and the photographer was quickly summoned to perpetuate the memory and appearance of all, fish particularly, upon that day of days.

A careful canvass of the returns showed "Cap's" men to be "high hook," the fruits of the two rods numbering twenty-two fish which averaged 25 pounds each. So the proverbial goose hung high and the question of "whether school kept or not" was met with callous indifference.

The boys assured themselves that no "taint of pork" could be attributed to the performance, as but an infinitesimal fraction of the white bass then in the bay had fallen to their rods. Moreover, the "Metropole" guests relished the savory dishes of steaming bass with such avidity that nothing but the bones remained.

Altogether, it was a most glorious afternoon, in which "Fortissimo" had vied with "Presto" to set the pace.

* * *

And even now, many years later, good old "Cap" still spins the yarn, as he glides by the rugged, storm-hewn cliffs, to his tenderfoot passengers.

"Right where you're a-settin'," he tells his spellbound auditors. "Them boys could handle a rod, sure. Gosh they *had* to, 'twas no parlor game." Meditatively, he draws a puff. Removing the brown-burnt pipe, he filters out the blue smoke with dreamy, reminiscent eyes.

"Yes, sirs, that was *sport!*"

Author's Note—Although fish stories have fallen into disrepute among truth-loving folk, the writer vouches for every detail of the foregoing narrative, remarkable as it undoubtedly is, having been an eyewitness to the proceedings.

BRADLEY, FROM BAGGS

His Prowess as a Partridge-Hunter

BY EDWARD CAVE

WHEN I walked into the little sporting goods store in Llewellyn, John Bradley was a stranger to me; five minutes later he was the best friend I had in the State of New Jersey.

I had tramped the streets of the Self-sufficient City many a day, subconsciously searching the throngs of passersby for an American face, and when at rare intervals I saw one, I would stop to gaze after the stranger, an impulse to hurry along and accost him tugging at my heart. I had each morning boarded my train with the smug suburbanites, had raced with them for the ferry-boat, and in the evening reversed the proceeding. The few that I had scraped an acquaintance with talked mostly of golf and of automobiling; and when I did come to know here and there a shooter, they talked of clay bird-shooting, or of black duck-shooting at Barnegat. No doubt I should have by and by become as one of them had I not been referred to Bradley as a fellow who had shot in the West.

And, as I have said, Bradley was soon my friend. How could I resist him, when he looked at me across the show-case with that same what-the-devil-shall-I-do-next expression in his roguish blue eyes that a fox-terrier I once had used to have? He stood about five feet six and appeared to be twenty-five or twenty-six years old; his complexion, under the sunburn, was what might have been called ruddy; he had a clean-shaven, square jaw, a rather insignificant nose, with a bit of a tilt to it; a wide mouth that had a pleasant upward curl at the corners, and his hair was a true sorrel. He wore a white sombrero of a size and shape affected by the more conservative ranch hands of the Northwest—just the sort of hat you would pay eight dollars for in Miles City; and his legs I could not see because of the counter. So I opened up on him.

"Did you ever hear tell of Livereating Johnson?"

"I did," came the answer, quick and sharp, in a voice of more volume than I had expected from the little man across the counter.

"What did he do to the boys in his town when they didn't behave, when he was the deputy sheriff?"

"Knocked h——l out of 'em!"

"Where'd you learn that?"

"Wyoming. Say w"——

"How many counties in Wyoming?"

"Thirteen above zero. What's yore name?"

"Come out here where I can get a look at your legs; maybe I won't like them."

"You'll have to come around the first of the month, stranger; I ain't got enough to pay the help."

"Let me see your legs."

"What for?" with some asperity.

"I want to see if you can walk. I've known cow men that couldn't."

"Oh, h——l!" he exclaimed, striding forth. "Mine was sheep. I come from Baggs, Wyoming. Walk! What for?" and he looked down complacently upon a pair of spindly shanks with the true broncho bend in them.

"P—Patience, my dear young sir," said I, almost letting the cat out of the bag before I thought. "Have patience and listen attentively. Can you shoot?"

"Can I shoot? Can I ——. Say, stranger, what's the difference between you and a ladybug? I'll tell you—a ladybug knows enough to go in out of the w"——

"All right; you can walk and you can shoot, and you savvy the big lonesome. You got a good dog?"

"Say, you come around to-night at eight

o'clock and I'll tend to yore case in the back room after I close up. I know what's the matter with you."

Of course I was at the store at the appointed time, and I had not been so happy in months as I was when Bradley locked the front door and switched off the electric lights and we retired to the back room.

"So you're from Ioway?" said Bradley, resuming the conversation which had been interrupted by the closing up of the store. "Well, when I was a camp-mover for the Standard Meat and Live Stock Company, the only white herder I had come from Clinton. I used to spend a good night when I got around to Blackman. He was a hunter for you. He never did get done blowing about the chicken-shooting he used to have back in Ioway. Down here they put the accent on the second syllable, and ask you is it a big place! Get a chair.

"Now, young man," he resumed; "you asked me can I walk, can I shoot, have I got a good dog, would I like to flock with a man from the West? You just set still in that there chair and smoke yore pipe and spit in that ash-pail and I'll shore enlighten you. You got half an hour?"

"Four or five of 'em," I told him, smiling my extreme satisfaction.

"Well, sir, the last man I got acquainted with here that said he come from the West required them same things of me. I guess the only trouble was he come from Ohio! And before I got through with him I shore did want to give him a touch of the old Livereater's discipline.

"When we organized the gun club here, shortly after I come to town and started in business, along comes this here Dr. Gilder, from Ohio, and as breezy an old, gray-whiskered gazabo as I ever stood up and shot with. He'd been a trap-shooter before, he had, and he had money, too. Didn't seem to do anything but bum around and enjoy himself and tune up his chin.

"After we had done a little preliminary practice one Saturday afternoon, in September, this Dr. Gilder, from the *West*, up and challenged me to a match. Hollered it out loud so everybody could hear.

"Well, I never let my stomach affect my manners, if I can help it, and so I just swallowed my disgust at his patronizing way and said, 'All right, sir. Loser pays for the targets, eh?' But not for him. He'd been watching me, I guess, and was out to make a gallery play. He made a regular little speech and said that him and me having had considerable trap-shooting in the *West*, should show the crowd what we was made of and how much real sport there was in it. We'd have to shoot for something worth while, said he. And he wound up by challenging me to shoot at 100 targets, unknown angles, him to get all the ammunition from me he could shoot away in a week if he won, and me to be his guest on a shooting trip for a week if I won. Now, what do you think of that? Say, he thought he had a cinch for about twenty-five dollars' worth of shells.

"I won. I just had to; I was doing business on small capital.

"Time went on and I began to think our celebrated sportsman from Ohio was not as game as he had seemed. And then, one Monday, the first of November, when I was as busy as a cranberry merchant, he telephoned me that he was all ready to go grouse-shooting on the two o'clock train, and for me to meet him at the station! What do you think of that?

"He had to show me, and though it cost me good money to go and neglect my business, I was Johnny-on-the-spot at the depot when the train pulled in. We went to a place up in Sullivan County, and it looked good to me going up on the train. I had never shot a partridge in my life, but I figured from what I had read of them and what I'd been told, we was going to have some good shooting. But wait!

"Mr. Windbag from Ohio had put up another game on me. He was as nice as a new yellowback in yore vest pocket going up, but when he got in among the five or six other shooters at the little hotel he turned loose on me again—made another speech at the supper table. Said I was a world-beater at the traps and he was now going to show me some shooting that *was* shooting.

"'Mr. Bradley,' he orated at me, 'you are my guest, and I am bound you shall have the time of yore life. But there is a little favor I must ask of you, sir. All my life I have made it a practice to hunt quite alone. Neither of my two dogs will hunt for any one else but me. And so I will hire a guide for you who has a good dog and turn you over to him. Then, that our hunt may be the more interesting, I propose that we have a little contest. The law allows us each a total of thirty-six birds, I think it is, for the season. I propose to you, sir, to wager one of my dogs against, say, yore gun that I will get more birds in the five days we are to hunt than you, and I'll give you a handicap of six birds, just to show that there is nothing small about a sportsman from Ohio.'

"It was up to me again, and the only thing I could do was be graceful and proclaim my pleasure. But, good Lord, I couldn't afford to lose my gun; I couldn't replace it under eighty dollars, and me in the business.

"I hadn't gone a mile with that guide the next day before I knew he had been well hired, and as my pocketbook didn't stack up for shucks alongside of the Doctor's, I resorted to Livereating Johnson's tactics. I shore did buffalo him, if I do have to say it myself, for going into a deal to do me, and I sent him and his dog hunting another customer, I tell you. A nice sort of a guide, him, to hire himself out to hinder a man instead of help him.

"Along about noon I was sitting down 'way up the side of a big hill, in some beech woods, eating my lunch, and with never a bird and my knuckles skinned from hammering that guide. And I heard a tip-tip-tip in the leaves, like a turkey runs when he ain't scared, and when I looked around there was a little black dog, a little larger than a fox-terrier, and with a bushy tail curled over his back like a Spitz has. He stopped and looked at me, and I invited him to come right up and take lunch with me. He was a bit shy, but he was shore hungry. Well, we had a nice time, him and me, with the sandwiches and the pie; and when we got through and I set there a taking my ease, blamed if he didn't set, too, kind of waiting for me to get up and go on.

"It didn't seem to me that that little dog had any home, particular; and when I got up and picked up the gun, you'd ought to seen him! Say, that little mut was a regular jo-dandy of a partridge dog! Honest, he waltzed me right off and put up a partridge for me, which I got, you bet.

"We stopped right there and held a little mutual admiration meeting and I patted Mr. Mut's ribs till they must have been shore sore. Gee, that grouse did look fine, with his old fan tail sticking out of the back pocket of my coat.

"The next grouse we got right along that same cow-path; he was in the top of a big basswood that had fell across the path, not more than a hundred yards from where we got the first one, and it took the second barrel to stop him; but I had my blood up and I said 'a dead bird is a shore dead one, in a match,' said I.

"Say, I was finding out something about quick shooting. Them grouse would bounce up twenty feet or so as though there was dynamite under them, and then, zip, they'd dive for shelter like yore hat blowing off on a ferry-boat. And you'd better not shoot at their tail just because it was nice and big. You had to lead 'em a plenty, and give 'em the whole load. And that little dog would drop the minute a bird jumped, and stay there till the gun cracked; then he'd go in for feathers. But he didn't retrieve well.

"We got one more bird, the dog and me. It was down in a little dark ravine, where there was a little spring that I was going to to get a drink. I nearly lost that one, for it was a long shot and the bird ran some after he dropped; but the dog got him.

"By that time it was getting late in the afternoon and I was dead tired, having hiked near twelve miles, I guessed. So I just buckled up my pants tight, so they'd stay up without help, and then I made a lead out of my suspenders for my dog, and we put for town.

"Gilder came in in a rig, in time for supper, and he had his five grouse. Well, he gave me the haw-haw all right and wanted to have a look at the gun—said he believed he was going to like it. But you can bet I didn't say anything about my dog, which was in my room with a new collar and a chain on him fifteen minutes after I hit town. I didn't see anything more of the guide, but I knew right off that Gilder had had news, for he didn't say a word about the guide nor ask me where I hunted;

he left me pretty much to the other hunters and was out of the hotel most of the evening. And what do you think? He was fixing it with the livery men so I couldn't hire a rig!

"I had the cook put me up my breakfast and my lunch that night, and some feed for the dog, and I was out in the hills the next morning before Gilder was out of bed, and by four o'clock I was back with seven grouse and only four misses to my discredit. I got all my birds that morning but one in the brush along the edge of a stubble-field. The odd one I got when I was just going to sit down on an old, moss-covered log to eat my lunch. There was a patch of berry briars at the other end of the log, and the dog went straight to it and hustled the old cock partridge out right when I was untying the lunch. Say, I dropped them sandwiches and grabbed up the gun so quick you couldn't have seen me do it, but I had to shoot into the brush to stop my bird. Why, most every shot I made I wasn't sure I hit till I found the bird, and me using smokeless shells, too. But wait.

"That sly old fox of a Gilder shore had it framed up against me. Say, when I went into the kitchen to the cook for some meat for the dog that evening, she told me that same guide had gone with the Doctor in the morning, and she had to put up two lunches as well as feed for the dogs. She said that the Doctor had been swearing about one of the dogs getting lost—which I didn't understand, his pointers being so well trained.

"Gilder came in with eight birds that day, and you may be sure I knew what I had to do to save my gun. I didn't say much about the shooting at supper, but tried to be as jolly as I could. And then, what should one of the other hunters do but ask me if I had seen anything of a little black dog! I answered that I had seen several, and wished to goodness some of them was some good. I said I believed I could get all the birds I could comfortably carry in a half hour in the morning if I only had a good dog. But, say, now who was it that was so anxious about that little dog? I had been careful to keep him out of sight and was confident that no one but the cook knew I had him. I had thought all along that I had merely picked up a stray, and I intended only to use him, and treat him well while I had him, and then leave him where I found him. But I now made up my mind I would be fortunate to do even that.

"On Thursday morning I was in the woods before daylight, and I had the little dog with me, you can bet. And when I had bagged eight birds I hid them under some rocks and then I hunted up a road that ran south directly away from the grouse country and me and the dog hoofed it two miles down that sandy old road till we come to a house where it looked safe for me to leave the dog. I gave the woman a five-dollar bill and told her all I wanted was for her to keep the dog nights for me, and I would come for him early each morning the rest of the week. I said it was too far for him to walk to town—and it was.

"Well, after that I had to hike those two miles out of my way to get the dog—I just *had* to, for I didn't dare have any one who came in touch with the hunters know I had the dog. And furthermore, I had to get through my hunting early and be mighty scarce about it. I figured I was walking about fifteen or sixteen miles a day, and I just simply couldn't shoot more than six or seven birds a day—it was too hard work going after the last ones when I had five or six in my pockets, and I daren't hide them, for I wouldn't been sure of finding them. You bet I wasn't wasting my strength thrashing through the rhododendron laurels and the thick brush, not me. My little dog taught me I could find pretty near all the grouse I wanted hunting a sunshiny breakfast close to cover by sticking to the cow-paths and the little openings and the edges of the stubble fields. It was some chillisome mornings, even if it was Indian summer. Occasionally I had to go into the ravines for my last couple of birds, but I never did if I could avoid it, because it was too strenuous work and the shooting much too hard. My stunt was to sneak along quietly down some old wood road or cow-path, where the cover was near and dense—not evergreen thickets, as I thought before I hunted any—and let the little dog do the rustling. There was one big patch of grapevine, on the edge of a little low, marshy place made by a little spring that seeped up somewhere, that I got nine grouse altogether, at different times. And I found that the birds didn't fly more than a hundred or two hundred yards when they were not hit, or had not been shot at because of their rising where they were not seen by me the first time. I different times followed a bird that had flushed wild, and by getting the little dog to chase up and down good and plenty, I got it up again, and I usually got my bird. But you mustn't be too quick, and at the same time you got to be as quick as you can. Isn't it funny? You undershoot if you pull too quick, and if you wait too long they're in the brush. They fly pretty much in a straight line after they get up, though, and I could generally tell about where to go to look for a bird that flushed wild. I also found that when I had put up one bird and shot it, it paid me to work the same ground over for more. I put up as many as three birds from a place within a circuit of a hundred yards, and each one waited for the dog to jump it. I tell you I got so I shore enjoyed myself. But I was all the time scared the Doctor would happen on my hunting territory before the week was up; and, shore enough, he did. And that's not all.

"I had got my eight birds Thursday and Friday, and, of course, Gilder got all he needed—with the help of the guide whose face I punched. Well, it come Saturday morning and I had about used up my territory; it shore had been good hunting where I'd been working. It was about ten o'clock in the morning and I had got only four birds, every one of 'em hit right in the middle, you can bet. But I was feeling kind of careless, because, you see, that made me a total of thirty, and with my handicap of six, it was impossible for the Doctor to do more than tie me. And I'd just as lieve let it gone that way, for I'd had a good time and I knew the Doctor was shore a hard loser. But I was certainly sorry I had to mutilate them nice grouse to be positive about 'em. I was sitting down, just soaking up the sunshine and wishing I didn't never have to go back home, and the little dog was sitting by me, looking off across the valley, just as wise and as contemplative as your grandfather, when out of the bushes walked my friend the guide. He stopped dead still when he saw me, but the Doctor was following him close and bumped into him. When they saw there was no help for it, they come on out and said, 'Hello.' Then they saw the little dog, and you can eat me for an oyster if that little purp didn't get up and trot over to them wagging his little fool tail and talking as if he was glad to see them. He jumped up and licked the guide's hand and was real playful. I begun to feel like I was caught with the goods.

"'Where'd you get that dog?' demanded the guide.

"'I didn't get him,' said I, 'he come to me.'

"'He's my dog and I ain't seen him for a week,' he said.

"'I don't suppose you could see much,' I answered him, 'with that black eye I gave you. You'd ought to keep out of trouble and keep your eye on your property.'

"Then the Doctor chipped in. He always did hate me, I guess, but he had chosen to take it out on me in a different way. He started right in to blackguard me, and I believe he would have called me a thief if I hadn't got on my feet and took my coat off. I did some talking, myself, then. And since I believed him capable of having done it, I told the guide that *he* had stole the dog, and that I'd hired him from the dog's rightful owner, and for him to shut his jaw and keep his hands off him or I'd give him some more medicine for what ailed him. They shut up then, and I called the dog over to me and put the chain on him. I didn't know just what to do with him, but I wasn't going to be bluffed by that guide.

"Then Gilder got a great inspiration. I guess he thought he had me in a corner, for he hauled five grouse out of his pockets and said, if I didn't mind, he'd close up our business, his and mine, as he didn't care to have any more dealings with me. But I had my mind made up then to get all there was coming to A No. 1. So I told him, as polite as I could, that I had all the rest of the day before I need talk business. I said an agreement was an agreement, and I held him to the one he had made. I told him I had a total of thirty birds, and that I was going to get another before the day was over and I'd take one of his pointers home with me, thank you.

"He was hot.

"And right then, what do you think? Up got an old cock grouse with a roar and a cackle right from under the nose of one of Gilder's pointers, which had been nosing around, and, say, you can bet I shot quick. That bird come down as quick as he got up. And what do you think? He'd shot, too, the Doctor had.

"'That's my bird,' said he; 'you was late and you shot low.'

"That was where I had him fast. I knew I had killed the bird, for the shot was most favorable for me, while Gilder had to turn half way around to even catch a sight of the bird.

"'Oh, is that so?' said I. 'Then I'll have to complain of you to the game warden. You've already shot your five birds to-day, which gives you thirty-six, if yore own tally is right. If you shot that bird it's going to cost you, let's see, sixty dollars for the misdemeanor, twenty-five for the bird—that's the law—besides the costs. You shot him, now, didn't you?' said I. And then, what do you think? The old fool got rattled and said he was only fooling and he had shot without even taking aim, to hustle the bird along. Why, he didn't have any nerve at all when I called his bluff.

"I didn't say anything more, but went and picked up the bird, and then, with the little dog still on the chain, I pulled out and left them. I went straight to the house of the woman on the South road, where I had boarded the dog. And say, what do you think? I said to her, 'I don't own this dog. He just come to me while I was hunting. I want you to keep him and I'll advertise for his owner. But you must be careful that his rightful owner gets him.'

"'You needn't to mind,' said the woman. 'That dog belongs to us as much as to anybody. We raised him and it was my son trained him. But since Henry went away to work in Binghamton he has got to going around and living most anywheres. He won't stay home in gunning season and lives with hunters mostly. I thought you knew it, and the money was for me to keep him home for you, so's you'd have him every day. Why, pshaw! since you been so liberal, you just take him along home and keep him. He's yours, if you'll give him a good home.'"

Bradley arose and unbarred the back door of the store. When the door was opened two dogs bounded in from the outer darkness and frisked joyously around him with noisy barks. One was a little black dog with a bushy tail that curved over his back like the tail of a Spitz; the other was a fine, well-muscled, long-eared, big-nosed liver-and-white pointer.

"That's him," said Bradley, proudly. "The best little partridge dog in the State of New Jersey, ain't you, Jerry? And this is Doc"—mauling the delighted pointer—"and he likes me better than he ever liked that old fossil of a Gilder, don't you, boy? Hey! you rascals, will we show this fellow from Ioway how to hunt partridges? Hey! Bet yore life, boys, and soon now, soon. Only five more breakfasts, and then—! Hey! you rascals, want yore supper?"

* * *

A HIT AND A MISS

Shooting Deer in Wisconsin—A Plea for the Sportsman

BY HARRY L. MEANS

I HAD never shot deer in Wisconsin, and the guide, with nature's gift of poesy, had been painting a picture, beautiful, irrefragable, for the coming winter. The wind whistled plaintively, threatening to unroof the abandoned shack that gave us covert; the lake pitched and tossed, bidding defiance to the downpour without, while we, the guide and I, talked of deer-hunting and resignedly inspected two pickerel and a half-dozen pike—the result of the afternoon's trolling.

"Over three thousand last season," he exclaimed, reverting to his discourse on deer.

"Men, or deer?" I ventured.

"Well, mostly deer—yet, some men."

The reply, taciturnly made, was comforting, if not reassuring, and suggested that the aim of the hunter, I will not say sportsman, is not always deadly.

Following the close of the open season on deer in the States in the North and East where deer are shot, the daily papers yearly chronicle the fatalities, and the summary is appalling. Men, many of whom might own to a knowledge of woodcraft, wantonly shoot fellow-hunters for deer. These casualties, sometimes reaching half a hundred in a single season, are of yearly recurrence. When the poor marksmanship of such men is considered, it is shocking to contemplate what might have been had the eye and the finger worked in unison.

Text writers upon criminal law say that where one, by his negligence, causes or contributes to the death of another, he is guilty of manslaughter. Negligence which will render unintentional homicide criminal may be described as such carelessness, or recklessness, as is incompatible with a proper regard for human life. Does it not seem reasonable, then, that a case of manslaughter might be made out against the person who recklessly fires at every moving object, knowing, too, that at such season the hunters outnumber the deer five to one?

Why, then, is it not a crime to take human life in the woods of Maine or Michigan or Wisconsin? Conviction is the best antidote for crime. Far be it from my purpose to scold; but, in passing, I cannot stifle the suggestion that while protecting the game we might throw the mantle of compassion around the sportsman.

I wrote the Game Warden of Wisconsin for instances of conviction. He was unable to give any. My letter to the Game Warden of Maine is, thus far, unanswered. My inquiry of the Warden of Michigan developed the good news that at least one State is considerate of our fellow-beings, and I take pleasure in quoting from the letter of State Warden Charles H. Chapman, as follows:

"Replying to your inquiry as to the number of people shot in Michigan and which resulted fatally, will say that I know of but three fatalities in Michigan during the past year. Two of the cases were not prosecuted under this statute (Act 121 of P.A. 1903), being purely accidental, while one of the cases occurred in this county, a Finlander killing one of the residents of the county, mistaking him for a bear while he was walking along the railroad track just at dark.

"The Finlander was prosecuted under this statute and convicted. There were circumstances surrounding this case which made it very aggravated. As soon as the

Finlander discovered that he had shot a person instead of a bear, and before death ensued, he left the man lying on the railroad track expecting the train would come along and mangle the body so that he would be relieved of all responsibility in the shooting. He then disappeared in the woods for a number of days, and I presume that that was what contributed very largely to the conviction.

"Since the enactment of this law the number of fatalities in Michigan has annually decreased. Whether or not it is due to the fact that such a law exists I am unable to say. However, we have given the law the credit in the absence of any other proof. I know of no case under this law having reached the Supreme Court of this State; therefore, I am unable to give you any further information touching this law."

The necessity of adequate laws, or the better enforcement of existing laws, was forcibly brought to my mind a few years ago. During the open season a sportsman was crossing a lake of the Eagle Chain, in Wisconsin. He was alone, his boat rode high in the water, and the dip of his oar could be seen for miles as the spray glistened in the sunlight. Suddenly a rifle cracked and the water splashed near the lone boatman. An interval of a half minute—another report—and the lead crashed through the bow of the boat.

The oarsman had by this time located the man on shore, and bringing his own rifle to his shoulder, he soon silenced him. Had the boatman been killed would it have been manslaughter? Yes, and more—murder—if not in legal contemplation, certainly in the minds of the just.

My thoughts inadvertently recurred to these conditions, following the guide's suggestion, but I, nevertheless, made my plans for a week's hunt during the November to follow. While civilization has been making inroads upon the Northwest country, following closely in the wake of the woodman's axe, Forest County, Wisconsin, has been favored or not, just as you are pleased to designate the omission. The official census gives it some thirteen hundred souls, but one might believe the taker thereof had to ride in a circle to find them.

It was on the second day of the open season that I found myself one of a party of six that left Big Lake, of the Eagle Chain, where we had spent the previous night in arranging our equipment. A two-horse wagon in which had been packed three tents—one for cooking, one for storage and one for sleeping—together with a plenteous supply of bacon, beans, potatoes and flour, constituted our outfit. Our destination was the sparsely settled section of Forest County, twenty miles distant. The supplies left little room for passengers, and shouldering our rifles, we preceded the wagon on foot. Making an early start, we traveled in a northeasterly direction, and soon reached the old military road, a prehistoric relic of Wisconsin's frontier days and known to every sportsman who has hunted the section it traverses.

Leaving the military road some three miles from our starting point, we turned into the tote road, which led to our camping place, the Pine River section. After an hour of travel, which was impeded by fallen trees and other obstructions, we discovered the first sign of game—the track of a wounded deer. While the party continued on its way, Emile Kloes, the guide, and I took up the trail. We followed it through a grove of hardwood, then over a slashing country covered with windfalls and young brush, which had but recently been swept by forest fires.

"It looks like a hopeless chase," disconsolately observed Kloes, after a mile of travel.

"The game is only slightly wounded, and that in the fore part of the body, since the blood is thrown to one side, instead of back," he again vouchsafed.

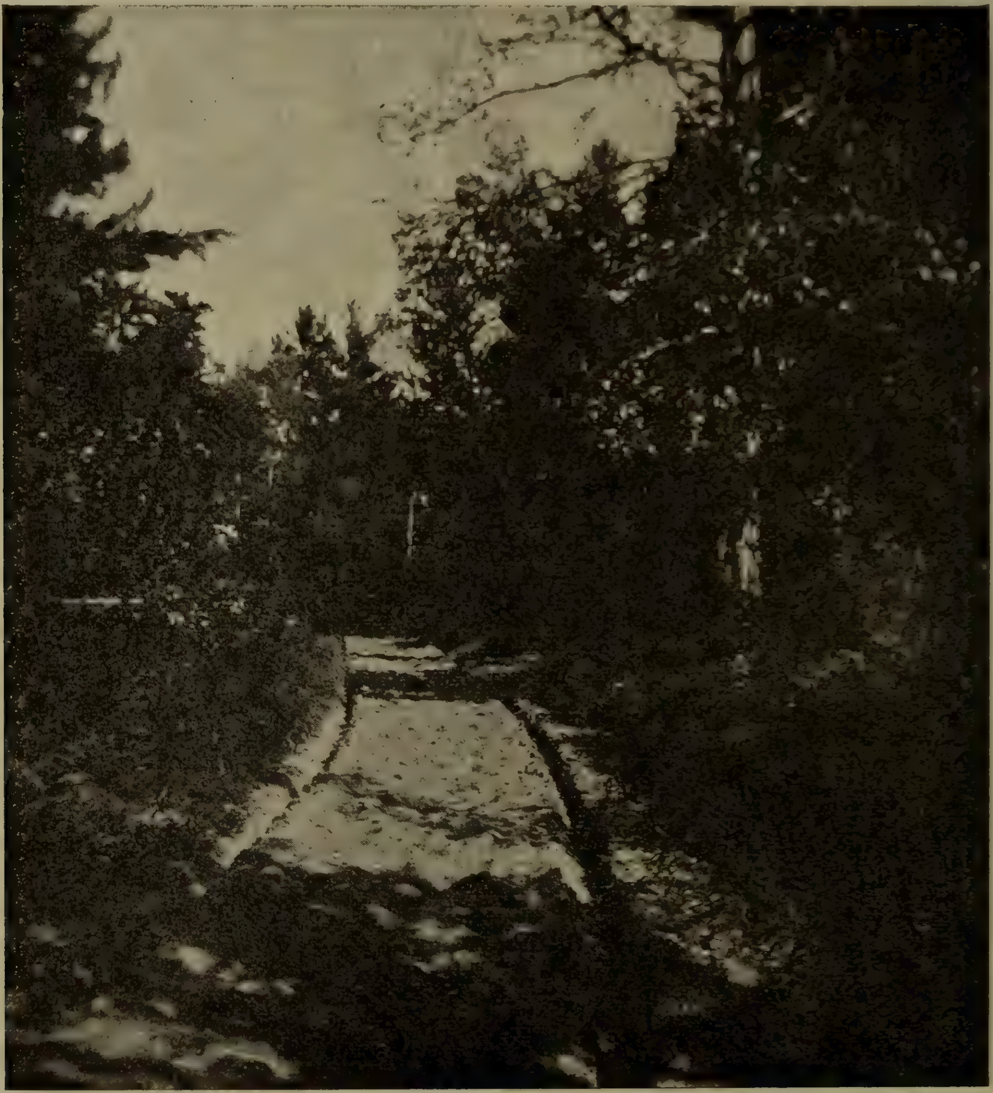
A closer inspection confirmed this opinion and, furthermore, that the shot had penetrated the upper part of the body, as indicated by the height of blood on the bushes. The deer was apparently not hurt in a vital part, for we only found the blood at intervals and its tracks suggested that none of its bones had been broken.

"Suppose we give it up," the guide finally suggested, but I, somewhat impatient for the first deer of the hunt, did not wish to abandon it. After another half mile, however, the trail became so faint that we gave it up and retraced our steps.

It was nearly noon when we overtook the party, to find the men busy with axes clearing the roadway, a recent wind storm having played havoc with what, at best, was little more than a trail. Our journey continued without adventure, save for the too frequent chopping of trees. The sun was just resting its rim upon the hardwoods to the west, when we pitched our tents beside a pool of water which, out of deference to Wisconsin, we denominated a lake.

While the bacon was frying and the grouse broiling, it fell to Emile and me to pick out the hunting-ground, which we located in a northwesterly direction from camp. We first passed through a rather open country, then a half mile of hardwood, with a big marsh intervening and a dense forest of virgin timber beyond.

In the exuberance of my thoughts, when we started out the next morning, I neglected to condole with a sore body, and before we had reached the place of prospective action I had forgotten my long tramp of the day previous. We took the ridges and open places, the guide and I, while the others still-hunted and drove the ravines. This we continued until 10 o'clock, and without the slightest sign of game. Our party met at a point previously designated, and all had an equally discouraging report to make. So we decided upon a change and took a northeasterly direction. The country was unknown to us, even to the guide, who had previously explained that



WHERE THE SUN PEEPS INTO WISCONSIN'S OLD MILITARY ROAD AND THE RUFFED GROUSE BASKS IN ITS BED OF SAND "we must now go by God and by guess." We had proceeded but a short distance when we heard three shots in rapid succession. They were fired by one of our party, but having found many tracks, we had quite enough to occupy our attention. We lost them as suddenly as we had come upon them, however, and having failed to provide lunch, we started for camp, taking a circuitous route.

Observing a small lake in the distance we walked toward it, when a half dozen grouse broke cover and scattered in the trees beyond. We had established a rule that small game might be shot when returning to camp, so we soon contributed a couple to our empty bag. Seeing a third alight in a lone tree on the edge of a windfall, I went after it. While cautiously skirting the tangled trees, I heard a dead bush crack behind me. Thinking it Emile, I did not turn until I heard the report of his rifle, and then just in time to see a "flag" disappear in the underbrush.

The shot was a chance one, the deer being on a line with me, and the guide could not shoot until it was well out of harm's way. The shot had been effective, for we found blood and followed the trail for some distance. Failing to find our game we returned to camp for lunch. Conspicuously displayed was the first deer of the hunt, a 115-pound buck. The three shots we had heard earlier in the morning had been well directed.

Lunch over, we hastened to take up the hunt of the guide's wounded deer. We had little difficulty in finding the point at which we had abandoned it a few hours before, for we had blazed a trail, broken bushes and put stones on stumps, until the way was as well defined as a populated thoroughfare. We followed the trail without a sight of our game until darkness overtook us, and then reluctantly turned toward camp, but with the firm resolve to see the end on the morrow.

Prepared to remain out all day, we early resumed the search next morning. The guide occasionally found something to encourage us, or rather him, for I fear my obtuseness was at times too glaring. These stimulating discoveries seemed to come at intervals of a half hour each. My credulity was being taxed, when the trail turned from the ridge to a swamp below. Emile suggested that I remain on the ridge while he followed the trail to the swamp. I gratefully welcomed the hint, for I am free to confess that my soft muscles had been sorely tried by those of the superior conditioned guide. A convenient log proved a solace to my aching limbs.

Patiently I sat on the log and watched and waited. Then I thought of the one companion that gives comfort at such times, a French briar—darkened by usage and rich with the aroma of long service—and half filled it, only to remember that its fragrance might reach a passing deer, and then regretfully prorogued the pleasure.

The seconds dragged into minutes; the minutes seemed interminable. Autumn had come and gone, the leaves had lost their luster, withered and died; the green pines swayed dismally, making more enunciatory the cheerless prospect. A chipmunk, effervescent, radiant in coloring and good humor, pityingly eyed me from the eminence of a near-by stump. Descending, it danced nearer, then back again. I caught the spirit of its effulgence and was lifted from the passive to the sublime; I was carried back to my boyhood days and could hear the pat of Uncle Bob's foot, while the call of the prompter came resonantly to my ears.

A bush cracked, down the hillside—the past was left to oblivion, and I anxiously fingered the trigger of my rifle. There was a gradual grade from the ridge to the swamp, two hundred yards away. My position gave me a commanding view, and, running my eyes along the slope, I was ready to discredit my sense of hearing, when a buck stepped into the open.

Unconscious of impending peril, graceful, lithe and agile, he neared my place of vantage. Nearer and nearer he came, each step augmenting, if possible, the throb within me. The deer was now nearly opposite, and not thirty yards down the slope. He paused momentarily, lifting his head, and as he gracefully tossed its four prongs back, I knew he had scented danger.

My finger pressed the trigger, the leaden missile penetrated just back of the jaw, nearly cutting the buck's throat. He went down backward, all in a heap. Then I went with my hunting knife to finish that which the bullet had so nearly done, and it was with regret that I drew the blade across my victim's throat.

Now that my craving was humored, I likened myself unto the craven who shoots from ambush, to later lament his lack of courage. I wished that I might give back the life I had taken—not to nurture existence, but to shoot for sport's sake. The sound of the shot had reached Emile, who soon joined me, and after "drawing" the deer, we bound its legs with strips of bark from a near-by mosswood, and started for camp.

The guide had guessed the weight of my deer at two hundred, but after as many yards through the underbrush, we concluded that we would be justified in adding another fifty. We, therefore, left it suspended from a limb, blazed a trail and went for the necessary assistance from camp.

In the excitement of our success, we overlooked the wounded deer, but later consoled ourselves with the thought that it would survive the shot, for it had successfully eluded us for nearly twenty-four hours.

The morning of the fourth day found us in a new country, in a northeasterly direction from the camp. We were in a veritable nest of hunters. All had deer, and while game was seemingly plentiful, we concluded, perhaps wisely, to return to our old territory.

William, one of our party, was raised in a place where the streets have names, the houses numbers, and the intersections policemen, who, if approached with due deference, will condescendingly direct the lost to the proper trail. William's experience as a sportsman had been confined to hunting deer with a camera in Lincoln Park, and it was only natural that he should be anxious to find a wild one.

The fourth day might have passed without adventure had it not fallen to William's lot to be water carrier, an office to which he had been duly elected each evening with solemnity and without pronounced opposition. William's rifle always accompanied him to the spring, not as a matter of protection, but as a precaution in case of a chance shot, as he confided.

What was afterward described as a 250 pound buck preceded William to the spring. William opened fire and the deer retreated, with William in pursuit.

The shadows of darkness gathered about camp, but the fire blazed not for William. The embers of the camp-fire burned low, the pipes had been smoked, and we were being lulled to sleep by the quiet without. A rifle shot, followed a minute later by two in succession—a signal, perhaps, from William, but a signal from some one, lost. Hardly had we reached the dark outside the circle of light from our fire before it was repeated. We waited and listened, and when the signal again sounded it seemed but a few hundred yards away.

We crept cautiously in the direction of the shots, the signals meanwhile being repeated at intervals of five minutes. We shortly reached a half-grown pine that stood separate and apart from the timber surrounding it, and there was William, perched on a limb, alternately burning ammunition, and glancing behind him to see that a passing bear did not add to his discomfort. His chase of the wounded buck was not given the credence he seemed to think it deserved, and he did not urge its acceptance when he found that he was lost on the ground from which he had gathered firewood the same afternoon.

A pair of discarded trousers, stuffed for the occasion, bore unmistakable evidence of the accuracy of William's aim.

I have learned that William has since surrendered the rôle of tenderfoot for that of guide. It is said that experience is the best teacher, though the tuition is sometimes large—but here is hoping that William's flock will never venture forth without a compass.

It may be one of the frailties of human nature to love home, though the domicile be temporary and but a bit of canvas spread in the wilderness. Our camp had become a home to us, and it was with many a regret that we loaded our equipment into the wagon on the seventh day, and turned cityward.

Every man of the party had a deer to his credit, save William, but he was rich in the thought of having exceeded the legal limit—had he only recovered his game.

THE VANISHING PRAIRIE HEN

Its Past, Present and Future—Why It Cannot Survive

BY CLATE TINAN

Editor Kimball (South Dakota) *Graphic*

AT a South Dakota rancher's early morning breakfast table one beautiful August day in the middle eighties I sat opposite a most charming young woman and with ad-admiring side-glances noted the gusto with which she made way with a skilfully broiled young prairie chicken. It did not take me long to reach the conclusion that any girl of city breeding who could arise with the sun and eat a breakfast that would make a harvest hand think he had acute dyspepsia would make a wife that would—in the vernacular of the day—do to "tie to." And many chickens of the kind have since then been jointly discussed across the dining table by the same lady and "yours truly."

It is not strange, then, that the thought comes over me in my musings, that the game bird which indirectly brought me a charming wife is doomed to extinction in the very land where so much contributes to its happiness and, under reasonable conditions, a long life? For be it known, no land between the rising and the setting sun on this continent is so well adapted to the propagation of the pinnated grouse as the sparsely settled prairies of Nebraska and the two Dakotas. But man is much the same wherever you find him—selfish to a degree. He recks not of the morrow, but kills, kills, kills, and with a reckless abandon when game crosses his path that passeth understanding. It is natural to believe that the commercial instinct of the average American would give him pause when the market shooter seeks a profit from the traffic in game birds, for no other class would receive greater financial benefit from a rigid protection of the pinnated grouse.

One consignment of game from Nebraska received in Chicago a few years since contained eighteen barrels of prairie chickens—from a locality where they were and are now comparatively scarce. A rough estimate of the number of these birds killed in Nebraska that year was placed at 5,000,000, of which all but 1,000,000 were for shipment out of the State. The frightful slaughter of the birds in this State, Kansas and the Dakotas during the past five years has told with awful effect upon the supply; and to-day localities which but three years ago gave the finest of sport are almost barren of even one day's fair shooting in the very beginning of the season.

No finer game bird flies the American continent than the pinnated grouse, and it is the wonder of all true sportsmen everywhere that the great West, so generous in its temperament, so indifferent to the dollar, should countenance the destruction of practically the only game bird which the West can really calls its own. And yet it is this generosity, this indifference, which is loth to take action against those responsible for the certain but sure extinction of the prairie chicken, that is slowly, but none the less surely, driving the prairie chickens to final extinction. The violations of the somewhat liberal game laws are winked at when committed by a neighbor, and the stranger is given the freedom of the prairies and the utmost courtesy to do as he likes. He may not only shoot all the birds that he and his companions and their hosts can possibly consume, but backs are turned when he packs for shipment what he cares to transport to his friends at home. If he meets with poor success, the local market shooter and his perfectly trained dogs can be had at a moment's notice to add to his supply. After his departure, and the local hunters have picked off from each covey a reasonably satisfying number of birds and the fever has worn off to a great extent, the market shooter who knows the haunts and habits of practically every covey for miles around goes at his cursed work and exterminates the remainder. The few old cocks left and a badly frightened hen or two get together along about Christmas-time and take an account of stock. They find it bad enough at the best, and when the heavy rains of late May and early June drown the few broods which the survivors of the year before have by much patience and diligence brought into the glad sunlight of spring, the parent birds, with a persistence that deserves the admiration of the most stolid, try once more to raise their little families around the edges of the fast-growing fields of wheat. If successful in this last maternal duty, the broods are but half grown in late August, and it is then that the farmer lad or the "hired man" invariably rides with a loaded shotgun on his mower or binder with which to provide the breakfast table with a toothsome fry.

This is responsible for the rapid extinction of the prairie chicken. Market shooters there are, to be sure, any number of them, but as but few of this class go after the birds until the open season begins, even the most persistent hunting would not have the same effect as the slaughter of the immature birds by those on whose lands they are hatched and who believe that they have a God-given right to them and the "public be damned." The merest tyro of a farm lad, armed with a four-dollar single breech-loader and no dog, can with a season or two of practice do more deadly work on several coveys of prairie chickens than a wagon-load of Gilberts, Crosbys and their kind, led by the best brace of setters or pointers that ever sniffed the morning ozone of a Western prairie, could ever do. He gets in his work at most any old time, while the man from town or distant parts dare do nothing else but wait until the law says he may shoot and at which time the birds are full grown, strong of wing and already familiar with the sound of a gun and the sight of man.

The history of the pinnated grouse is a pathetic one. The destruction of the birds and the extinction of the buffalo are not analogous by any means. The American bison and man never were made to occupy the same territory; and as the rich, grass-covered prairies that were once the feeding grounds of the buffalo have since proven to be the most productive wheat and corn lands on earth, it was but natural that sooner or later the buffalo would have to go. Not so with the prairie chicken. He

By Roy B. Hindmarsh, Lincoln, Neb.

CHICKEN-SHOOTING TO-DAY—AN EARLY MORNING POINT ON THE PRAIRIE, BEFORE THE BIRDS TOOK REFUGE IN THE CORN loves civilization. The true pinnated grouse is never found except where man has broken the sod, sown the wheat and dotted the prairies with groves of trees. From far away Long Island, across the Jersey pines, through Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and across the Missouri into Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas has this beautiful bird followed the toiling and hardy pioneer. "Whither thou goest, I will go; . . . thy people shall be my people." With the exception of the few migratory and uncertain flocks of wildfowl which each fall sped across the country or tarried awhile for a rest and the few seeds floating on the lakes and sloughs of the pioneer's home, the prairie chicken was the sole reminder of the many varieties of game birds that he knew and loved in his early Eastern home. The "booming" of the male birds on a bright spring morning in early April was the first welcome sound of spring, the sure forerunner of those days when the plowman goes afield, and the young broods to fly before the yellow-haired scion, astride a horse at sunset, rounding up the scattered cows and yearlings, the most home-like feature the urchin knew of the land so strange and different from that his infancy knew.

It was half a century since the last survivors of the pinnated grouse in Long Island and northern New Jersey met the fate that since has come to their descendants in the States of the Middle West. Thirty years ago the prime of the shooting and pursuit of them was in western Iowa. Fifteen years later it drifted to Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas. At the present time good hunting of prairie chickens is confined to a limited district in Nebraska and parts of the Dakotas.

What is a correct definition of "good hunting" on prairie chickens? If an old hand at the business may be permitted to give it he will put it at, say, fifty birds per gun. Anyhow, there was a time when nothing less than that would satisfy him. Capt. A. H. Bogardus tells in his book, "Field, Cover and Trap Shooting," that he and Miles Johnson, on a ten days' hunt in McLean County, Ill., in 1872, killed 600 prairie chickens, shooting but mornings and evenings. This was but thirty birds per gun per day; and, while nothing less than wicked slaughter, so plentiful were the birds in Illinois and Iowa at that time that their extermination seemed impossible. In later years, between 1870 and 1880, thirty to fifty birds per gun was a common occurrence any time between August 15 and September 1 in northern and western Iowa. That any have survived in that State seems incredible, yet so hardy are the grouse family that large flocks of prairie chickens are seen frequently during the winter in the immense corn fields of southwestern Iowa, though a fair day's sport on them during the open season is unknown. A few years since, when the hunting of prairie chickens in South Dakota was at its best, a market hunter and his son got after a large pack of a hundred or more prairie chickens in late November. To the uninitiated, it is well enough to explain that the birds begin to assemble in large coveys about the middle of October, if much hunted and scattered a week or two earlier. In localities where the birds are really scarce the number which will gather into what Westerners term a "pack" is really remarkable, every grouse in the country seemingly having joined his fellows. The two hunters referred to chased the pack for miles with a pair of fleet bronchos and a light wagon, flushing them three times before the birds would lie to the dogs. They eventually got them down in some tall prairie grass and well scattered. When they counted the dead birds they had sixty-five. It is unnecessary to state that both men were dead shots, but, altogether, it was the most remarkable, and at the same time most merciless, slaughter of the beautiful pride of the prairies that has ever come to the writer's notice. It is mentioned here to partly illustrate what the prairie chicken has had to contend with and to show what royal sport the pastime of hunting them affords under the best of conditions.

The prairie chicken has no show for his life, compared with his cousins, the ruffed grouse, the sharptail and the sage hen; and in comparison the quail, woodcock, snipe and their kindred of the woods and swamps are almost immune. The prairie chicken builds its nest, from choice, within call of the settler's home, in some grassy edge rank with weeds bordering a grain field, beside a pond that the settler has made by an artificial dam, or, failing in this, on a sunny slope in the heart of a broad prairie. From the time the young birds leave the nest in May or June they are without concealment or hiding places save that which the grasses of their prairie home give them. Frequently—more often than not—the grass is not of sufficient height to cover the half-grown birds standing erect, and they are plainly visible objects to the man afield, or by a roadside to the occupants of a passing vehicle. Later, if the birds escape the rain of leaden hail through September, the neighboring corn fields may give them shelter from the pursuit, but against a good pair of well-trained dogs, a pair of stout legs and a well-aimed gun, there can only be one ending. The prairie chicken has but one recourse—that is, to leave the country. Otherwise he is sooner or later to meet his fate. The ease with which a certain section—say a township of thirty-six square miles—can be cleaned up of prairie chickens in two weeks can only be realized by those who have been on the ground and seen it done. A similar territory in extent in Tennessee Ohio, North Carolina, Arkansas or Missouri, well stocked with ruffed grouse or quail, would stand up under seasons of hard shooting with no preceptible diminution of the supply. The wonder of it is that the prairie chicken has lasted as long as it has. Were it not one of the hardiest game birds that flies it would have been extinct so many years ago that what is here written would be history long past and forgotten of sportsmen.

It is sorrow to think it; it is positive grief to write it, but I can see no hope for the prairie chicken. Under the best game laws that can be devised and under the most rigid enforcement that any community or State could enact and provide, the life of the birds is bound to be a precarious one in the face of the rapid settlement of the lands where it is making its final stand. But the end may be long postponed if those where the birds are now found in the greatest numbers can be made to see the benefit of protecting them and forced by public sentiment into enacting more effective laws. It is the history of every State in the Union that really efficient game laws have only been placed on the statute books after the game the laws sought to conserve was diminished to a point where an increase was hopeless. The man and the gun are not the only enemies of the game birds. A large per cent. meet the fate that comes to all wild life where one preys upon another. The Western States of Nebraska, Kansas, the Dakotas, Minnesota, Colorado and Nevada should join in a movement to make the open season the same in each State and limit the pursuit of the birds to the single month of September. As matters now stand, the open season varies from State to State, from September 1 to October 15 in some States, to September 1 to January 1 in others. It is likely that South Dakota will take the initiative the coming winter in limiting the season to September, and with it frame a law prohibiting all hunting on the Sabbath Day. This latter proposition will, if enacted into a law, do more for the protection of the prairie chickens than any one feature of a game law that can be placed on the statute books.

The people of the Western prairies should realize that all game laws are not in the interest of the few—as some would have them believe—but in the interest of the many, of which they constitute the major part. The prairie chickens should be protected with reasonable assurance of maintaining the supply if for no other reason than the food they furnish to the farmer, to the stockman and to the rancher. With this, the pursuit of them furnishes the youth of the prairie homes about the only recreation with dog and gun that the country affords. The rich and well-to-do can either stock private game preserves or journey afar off to distant lands where game is plentiful. To this latter class the going or coming of the prairie chicken is of small moment, for the whole world is theirs in the pursuit of pleasure. Notwithstanding this, and the further fact that the prairie chicken is the best friend in bird life that the farmer has, destroying, as it does, myriads of bugs and grasshoppers and never molesting standing grain, nine-tenths of the opposition to effective game laws in every legislative assembly comes from the farmer members. There is a feeling among this class of men that game protection is in the sole interest of the city sportsmen, notwithstanding that the laws of most States have stringent trespass laws which give to the farmer absolute control of his lands where the prairie chickens breed and make their home. The city sportsmen are perfectly willing that it should be so, resting in the belief that there will always be enough birds to get over the line to give reasonable sport. The "posting" of farms, too, is approved also by the better class of sportsmen. It is a protection to the birds and a restraint on vandalism. That is to say, it is a protection to the birds if the farmer will let them alone until September 1, and see that his hired help and his son do likewise. There is a feeling among farmers that any law which conserves the game is but the saving of them for the hunters from the towns and cities. They come on to their lands on the opening day and let their dogs run riot, not only cleaning up whole coveys, but doing more or less damage to grain and fences. The provocation is strong, then, to get out a little in advance and get a few messes before the shooting opens in September.

There is only one remedy for this, and that is the appointment of effective game wardens from the farming community. In some of the Western States—notably the Dakotas—there is no State game warden or game commission and but a few county wardens appointed by the Governor, none of whom receive a dollar of compensation. The impossibility of a single county game warden watching from 500 to 1,000 square miles of territory and boarding himself is at once apparent. And yet, when you talk about establishing a corps of game wardens in the new Northwest, who will have supervision over the wild game breeding upon the lands of the farmers and ranches, there is trouble at once. I have in mind now a county political convention of the erstwhile Populist spasm in which the only resolution introduced was one condemning the proposed enactment of a law appointing game wardens. These bewhiskered statesmen looked upon it as a plutocratic move pure and simple.

When I came into the country of which this is written it was primarily for the purpose of passing long days with the prairie chickens. But I landed a little in advance of them and found that one of the best Llewellin setters the late John Davison, of bench show fame, ever bred and raised could not earn his board. So I was forced to wait their coming, which they did in after years in the greatest abundance, and I am now sadly noting their gradual departure. But it is something in any sportsman's life to have been in at the birth and the death of so noble a game bird.

No bird ever lent greater charm to its surroundings than the pinnated grouse to the prairie. Without him it is no more the prairie, but a dismal waste. No bird has so thrilled the novice as the full-grown grouse roaring out of the grass almost at his feet, or caused the experienced sportsmen greater joy than watching a pair of blue-blood setters or pointers in pursuit of him on a cool September morning. And when the ducks have left the frozen slough, the sand-hill crane no longer dots the plain, and the "honk" of the goose has died away in the south, then the grouse is about the only companion left to the dweller of the prairie. Our children and our children's children may yet hear the mellow twitter of the woodcock's wing as he whirls upward through the somber shade, over the harvest field may hear the flute-like voice of little Bob White, and in the tangled brake hear the rushing wings of the ruffed grouse, but few shall see the pinnated grouse except as a rare specimen. For it is a bird that increases with the first stages of civilization, pauses with the second and disappears with the third.

THE ART OF CAMPING

From the Utilitarian Standpoint

BY CHARLES A. BRAMBLE

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IV.—On Making Camp

NOTHING seems simpler, to a person who has never tried it, than the choosing of a campsite, yet an astonishing number of uncomfortable camps are made by men until they have acquired considerable experience. Often, when traveling on some wilderness stream, or with a pack-train in the mountains, I have seen one of the men cast a longing eye at some spot as he passed, and then turn away to regretfully remark that it was a "bully good place to camp." Yet, to the unpracticed eye it would not seem particularly desirable, not more so, perhaps, than a hundred other places seen during the morning's travel, but, had a halt been made, it would no doubt have proved an excellent ground. Men who have lived in the open air seem to know almost instinctively where a camp could be made with comfort. Unfortunately there is a time for traveling and a time for camping, and, although it is wise never to delay until the last minute if you can help it, many a site has to be passed early in the afternoon and an inferior one put up with later on.

The easiest way to indicate a good camping ground, perhaps, is to point out the drawbacks of a bad one. One of the worst camps I have ever made was on the Ottawa River between Mattawa and Lake Timiskaming. This was before the railway had penetrated to that region. I had for guide a well-known hunter and trapper, MacDonald, alias "Jimmie, the Duck," and Jimmie was somewhat notorious for being careless of his comfort; he kept us paddling and portaging until it was almost dark, and then we had to pitch the tent upon a spit of shingle. There was no time to cut brush—it was late in October and twilight is very short in the latitude of upper Ottawa in that month—so we just spread a waterproof sheet on top of the cobblestones and then rolled ourselves in our blankets.

It was simply unbearable. We were dog tired, yet sleep was impossible. The tent had been very badly pitched, there was several degrees of frost, and the keen wind penetrated everywhere, while the stony couch made one's bones ache and rendered sound sleep impossible. The moral of this is: "Don't camp on a bed of shingles." I would also add: "Don't choose pure sand to camp on if you can help it, as it is very cold at night and very warm by day."

Another requisite is a level spot. Twice in my life I have failed to find places to camp in that were sufficiently level to permit of reasonable comfort. Once, on the Tracadie River, in New Brunswick, we ran until long after dark, and ended by camping on a steep bank because we were too tired to carry all the duffle to the plateau above. On another occasion, in northern British Columbia, we left camp at eight o'clock in the evening to climb a mountain that rose 3,000 feet above the valley, with the idea of seeing the sun rise on the Cassear Range. [The sun rose at 1.30 A.M.] We were far above tree line, at the foot of a small glacier, by 10 P. M., so we decided to have an hour's sleep and continue on to the summit in time to see the sun rise; but the ground was so steep that as soon as we began to nod we found ourselves slipping downward into the bed of a tiny stream that trickled from the glacier, so we had no difficulty in making up our minds to start for the summit considerably earlier than we had anticipated. Although neither of us enjoyed the experience at the time, the beauty of that scene and the weird silence of those Northern mountains left an impression that we are not likely to forget.

The three prime necessities for a good camp-site are wood, water and shelter. If you have pack animals, you will have to add a fourth item to this list—grass. Wood is generally very abundant in the North and East, and very often almost entirely lacking on the plains and in the Southwest. Water never fails in the Northern Rockies and Coast Range and in the region north and east of the Great Lakes. But on the prairie it is sometimes extremely difficult to find water that is fit to drink, and in the Southwest it is often impossible to find any. Yet water one must have, and all woodsmen look back with horror upon nights they have passed in "dry camps." In the Southern States much of the water is very dangerous, on account of the bacteria it contains, but even poor water may be rendered safe by boiling, if it is merely microbes that we have to fight. But when the water is strongly alkaline, as is the case on the plains, boiling will not render it fit for human use.

Strangely enough, alkaline water ice is pure and fit for use. In summer the waters of such rivers as the Red River of the North, the Saskatchewan and the Athabasca are very poor, being decidedly alkaline and muddy, but the ice is as clear as crystal, and when melted gives soft water that is fit for culinary uses. One can often tell before coming to a sink, or buffalo wallow, whether the water will be good or bad, by looking at the ring of surrounding vegetation. When the water plants and grass are of a healthy green, the water is generally fit to drink, but when a rusty brown rim surrounds the water, it is, nine times out of ten, brackish. Of course, when a lake is decidedly alkaline it is surrounded by beds of glistening soda, which shine like ice in the sunlight, and then only the wildfowl and the desert animals, whose insides seem to be made of cast iron, are able to make use of it.

Possibly a majority of the readers of this article who have camped in the open do their camping where the canoe is the means of transportation, so that most of the troubles that beset the path of the prairie traveler are unknown to them. Water, and good water, too, pure as crystal and cool as the foaming lager beloved by the Teuton, are theirs by the very nature of things, and wood is not often lacking. Brush and tent poles are also available, and the one trouble they have to face is often the impossibility of getting a good, dry, camping ground, and one yet free from boulders and rocks. It is best to camp at least two full hours before dusk. This gives you time to get your tent properly pitched, your wood cut and your supper cooked. It is miserable work if you find yourself still at it and stumbling about in the dark, and it makes a labor of what an hour or two earlier would have been an amusement. If you are new at camping, be very sure to cut enough wood and a sufficiency of boughs. The form that is accustomed to sleep on a hair mattress does not take kindly to a couch on the bare earth. But I do not think that any one could complain of a bed made of two feet of freshly pulled fir boughs, neatly arranged with the butts all in one direction, and having a spring equal to that of any bed turned out by a factory. Upon these boughs you should lay a waterproof sheet, with the rubber side downward, then, with your blankets or sleeping bag, whichever you prefer, you should not be long in wooing Morpheus when once you turn in. All this providing, of course, that you are cruising where fir trees are abundant. A light rubber "blow bed," or pneumatic mattress, is even then preferred by some campers.

It is always warmer on the top of a knoll than at the foot. The cold air sinks into the hollows, the warmer strata floating above it, and the difference is most preceptible in that chilly hour which precedes the dawn. The canvas of a tent becomes soaked with the dew, and a man who is unaccustomed to sleeping out often awakes shivering, notwithstanding two or three pairs of blankets. The canvas will not become so wet, however, if the tent is pitched under a spreading tree, as this prevents the formation of dew. But again, trees sometimes become conductors for lightning or are blown down in a storm.

If you are traveling by canoe you should try to choose a landing place where you can bring your craft broadside on to the shore, as it does not pay to run a canoe end on against the gravel. If you are careful your birchbark will not leak very badly, even after several days' use, while if you are careless and treat her as you would a ship's jolly boat, she will leak like a sieve, and great will be your discomfort. The correct way to make a landing is to run your canoe in broadside and step out without actually letting her ground. Then remove the load and lift the canoe out; if you are alone, by catching hold of the center bar; carry it a few feet above high water mark, and place it gently, bottom up, seeing that it is secure from damage by wind or water. There is generally little danger of anything happening after doing this here in the East, but once on the Alaskan coast we had a 30-foot dugout, made from a single trunk of the giant cedar, smashed into matchwood under rather peculiar circumstances. Our small party was camped by the shore, our tent being fifty yards or so from the canoe, which was so large and heavy that it required six stout fellows to carry it up from the water. Without any warning a sudden squall came down from the Coast Range, churned up the waters of the little bay, caught our canoe up in its wild embrace as if it were a thing of no weight, rolled it over two or three times, and finally slammed it down on a couple of granite boulders placed there by dear old Dame Nature doubtless for that very purpose.

If you have to leave a bark canoe for any time exposed to the frost, just loosen the ribs, otherwise she will most assuredly crack.

A birchbark canoe should always be sheltered from the sun when not in use. And if you are a fisherman and intend to camp for a day or two in some place where there is good fishing, cut a few forked sticks and drive their points into the ground, aligning the forks carefully; in these you can lay your rods with an assurance that they will not warp, though if they are split bamboos you had better cover them with some strips of bark, either birch or spruce, to keep off the rain and dew. Salmon fishermen never take down their long, heavy rods while they are in camp, as they do not often move their headquarters, and such a rod support as I have described will keep them in excellent condition.

V.—Camp Fires and Cooking Fires

Making a fire may seem a simple matter to one whose experience has been limited to watching the hired girl set the blaze agoing in the parlor grate, but there are occasions, and they come quite frequently when one is leading the simple life, when making a fire is by no means an easy trick. When there is nothing in sight but green wood, and everything is wet and sodden with rain or snow, it takes a pretty good hand in the woods to get a fire started without loss of time. Let me give an instance:

One late November afternoon several years ago I found myself on a hardwood ridge in central New Brunswick, in company with "Billy" Griffin, who has since become well known as a woodsman and guide, but who was then living in comparative obscurity, although I had sometime before found out his excellent knowledge of woodcraft. Daylight was fast fading away; it was bitterly cold, for there was a foot of snow on the ground, and the northwest wind was howling through the leafless hardwoods. Look where we would we could not see a stick of dry wood; in fact, it was about as clear growth of rock maple as I have ever seen. Suddenly Billy stopped, saying: "I think this will do." To me it seemed that it would not do at all, for I could not imagine that he could make a comfortable camp in such a dreary place.

But Billy knew his business.

Throwing down our packs we lost no time in pitching camp. I cut a few young maples and put up our lean-to with its back to the wind; cleared away the snow from beneath it and from the spot where the fire was to be built, banking it up at the back of the tent as a protection, although it seemed but a slight one, and by the time I had finished I could hear Billy's axe beating a regular tattoo upon one of the largest maples that grew in the immediate vicinity of our camp. Presently it fell with a crash that shook the hillside, and my stalwart companion began to log it up in the approved backwoods manner, so that shortly both trunk and branches were in lengths that could be conveniently handled. Here I was of some slight assistance, and together we rolled or carried the result of Billy's chopping to our camp-site. There was enough wood to have warmed a poor city family half through a Canadian winter. We were to burn it up in a single night.

Now my curiosity was intense, for there was no dry wood to start the blaze, and I had never seen a fire kindled from a green hardwood. Billy soon solved the problem, however, by quartering one of the smaller branches, then splitting one of these quarters still further, and, finally, making a lot of shavings which he was very careful to keep out of the snow and wet. At first his blaze was a tiny thing, and he had to nurse it with great care, shielding it from every gust, until he was rewarded by a flame that could defy the elements. After our cooking was done—I should have said that he found water just where he expected it would be, although nothing showed to my less practiced eye—the flames were forking and twisting ten feet in the air, and during the long winter night our fire consumed the whole of that great maple.

In a country where birchbark is to be found the traveler should always carry a supply of it, for though it may be ever such an abundant tree you often fail to find it just when it is most needed. As every one knows, the bark of a birch is a highly inflammable substance, and will start a fire under the most adverse conditions. To feed the flame you should have a supply of dry wood, and the best of all is furnished by a dry pine stub. For backlogs you need something green, and I know of nothing to beat yellow or gray birch; the smaller branches make excellent hand-junks, as the two side pieces are called. These in their turn support a straight log of small dimensions known as a fore-stick. The space between the fore-stick and the back logs is filled in with the dry wood, and as this catches more fuel is added, until a fire of the requisite size is obtained.

Woods vary very much in their value. White birch is a very poor wood, so is poplar or aspen, though each of these may be used when thoroughly dry. But they do not give out the heat that some other woods do. Pine is very good, so are maple and birch. Spruce sparks too much, oftentimes burning holes in your blankets and tent, and cedar also develops this defect, though I, for one, enjoy its fragrance.

On the Pacific Coast and in the mountains our Eastern woods are not available, but there are others fully as good, if not better. In southern British Columbia and in the States of Idaho and Washington there is the bull pine, which is as good as our Eastern white pine, and very much larger. Along the Pacific side of the Coast Range one gets the Douglas fir, and farther north the Sitkan spruce, each of which will make a fire fit for a hunter. The Sitkan spruce is very full of sap, and I once saw a curious experiment made with it. We had sawn down a small specimen, perhaps six feet through, and measuring a hundred feet to the first limb, and noticed, after it had been down a little time that a nick in the rough bark had become full of some kind of resin that had exuded from the wood. One of our party applied a match to this, and after a little coaxing we got it to burn, with the result that we started a fire that smouldered in that log for days, finally consuming it entirely. I have heard that the housewives of the British Columbian cities complain that the Douglas fir makes too hot a fire, burning out their stoves. This is, however, a fault on the right side from the campers' point of view, as a good, hot fire is thoroughly appreciated in a winter camp, when the squalls come tearing down from the lofty Coast Range, and the nipping and eager air seems to find its way through the thickest mackinaw jacket as if it were a shoddy garment.

Novices usually take parlor matches into the woods. Here they make a great mistake, for matches usually become more or less damp and under those conditions parlor matches are not sure fire. The best matches are the little sulphur sticks made on the Pacific Coast, and known there as "Chinese matches." They will light even after having been dipped in water. Next to these are the ordinary sulphur matches that are rarely found now in the houses of the well-to-do, on account of their abominable odor and general unpleasantness. These will, however, stand a good deal more moisture than the parlor match, and even after being wet may be made serviceable again through drying. A match has been recently placed on the market known as the "Searchlight." This is a giant among matches, being about five inches long and very costly, but as it is warranted to burn for several seconds in the fiercest rain storm that ever was, it is good to have some of these packed away in a tin can as a reserve. In fact, all matches, excepting those that are for immediate use, should be carried in friction-top tin cans, such as are sometimes used for tobacco. But a thing to be remembered is that you should not carry matches in a metal match-case in very cold weather. Use a wide-mouth glass bottle. If your match-case should become very cold, as is quite possible, and you then take it into a warm camp, the metal will condense moisture and very possibly ruin your matches. This may sometimes be a serious matter, for to be caught far from the home camp on a really cold winter's night without the means of making fire may mean death. A leather match-case, such as can be bought for 25 cents, will, especially if treated to a dose of neatsfoot oil, keep matches in excellent condition.

Intimately connected with the subject of fire is the axe. "Don't know how them old fellows got along without an axe; don't know anyhow." Thus an Indian replied when I asked him how the ancients managed before the white men struck this continent.

I, certainly, should be very averse to making even a one-night camp without my axe. And when I say axe, I mean axe, and not hatchet. Those cute, little, ingenious hatchets, about the size of the family tack-hammer, are very poor weapons with which to attack even the smallest birch or maple. They may have their uses, but I have not discovered them. The smallest axe that is of any practical use is one with a 2½-pound head and a handle at least 24 inches long. Such an axe will do everything that is required 'round camps, though it will not do it so well nor so quickly as a heavier axe. It is a great blessing to have one heavy axe in the outfit—something with a 4- or 5-pound head, that will bite deep at each blow and bring the big trees down in a twinkling; but, of course, on ordinary hunting expeditions, where traveling light is the order of the day, one may have to forego this luxury.

A good woodsman is fully as critical in the choice of his axe as he is of his rifle—sometimes more so. There is a great difference in axes, and the best are those made by blacksmiths who have served an apprenticeship in the lumber woods and whose customers are lumbermen. They know how to shape and temper an axe, while those that are bought in the hardware stores are often too brittle and too thin in the bit, so that they splinter like glass upon a frozen knot.

But if the ordinary axe of commerce is not a very perfect weapon, what shall we say of the handle? This is generally deplorably bad. In Europe, American axe-handles are looked upon almost with veneration, and are acknowledged to be far ahead of anything over there, yet those same axe-handles find but small favor with our best woodsmen. In the Middle States they make their own axe-handles of hickory, and in the North they use rock maple, birch or ironwood, rock maple being a wood selected when it is available. Most good choppers prefer an almost straight handle, and they generally use one that is long in proportion to their own height. Of course, the longer the handle, in reason, the greater the momentum and the harder the blow. See that your axes are sharp when you go into the woods, and that they are not too highly tempered for a file to bite. If they are sufficiently soft, and you have a file and a pocket oilstone, you can keep your axe in fairly good condition for several weeks, though the time will come when the bit will be too thick for the shortened length, and then nothing but a grindstone will put it in first-rate condition once more.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FIRST-RATE QUAIL DOG

Pointers Versus Setters—A Family Controversy Which Resulted in the Regeneration of a Sportsman Who Knew

BY J. A. RUTHERFORD

THE first bird-dog I ever had experience with was an old pointer that belonged to my father. Spot was colored liver-and-white, with "ticked" legs and slight tick markings over the body; his nose was full and large, his chest deep, and he was a well-muscled dog, weighing, I should judge, about forty pounds when in hunting trim. But though I knew him well, and loved him perhaps more than was good for him, I had never seen him at work until I became the possessor of a gun and father desired me to join him in the field at the opening of the quail season.

We drove for several miles that morning, a glorious autumn day in Virginia, and it seemed to me father would never stop, before the horse was hitched by the roadside and Spot was told to "Go on."

We were not yet in the field, when the dog pointed, and we made haste to load our guns—at least, father did the loading. The guns were muzzle-loaders, and I fear the old dog thought father exasperatingly long, for I had to be shown how to load my gun.

We flushed a fine covey of birds, and though we both fired twice, only the two birds that father shot at fell. And then, although he was very anxious to retrieve the dead bird, Spot was not allowed to go on till the guns were once more loaded, it being the practice of the hunters of those days to reload always before allowing the dog to advance a step. And when the hammers were drawn back, with their double clicks, for capping the nipples, the old dog was poised like a sprinter at the mark, and whining his eagerness to go. He had the dead birds spotted, and he brought them in turn to father with a fine show of pride, and sat down, as he always did, to deliver them.

I thought Spot a very remarkable dog, then. But before father decided to quit for the day, saying, "We'll save some fun for the next time," I saw the old dog point a single quail when he was in the act of retrieving and had a dead bird in his mouth, and several times I saw him, after a bird had been flushed, merely move up a few steps and point again. The dog was uniformly fast in finding, and cautious when the birds were scattered, and, of course, I thought him the finest quail dog in Virginia—although I had not yet managed to kill a single quail over him.

But on a subsequent trip I caught the hang of wing shooting, and I do not know which was the prouder of it, myself, my father or the old dog.

I was not satisfied with my muzzle-loader, and soon I got hold of an old pin-fire breech-loader, which was a very great improvement. The shells were equipped with a pin an inch long, which stuck up on the top side of the breech of the gun, and if one slipped from your pocket, or you were so careless as to drop it while handling it, and the pin should strike against something solid, the shell would very likely explode. The hammers of the gun, when cocked, lay back against the buttstock, and described a big half-circle when released—they would look like small sledgehammers nowadays.

Soon I commenced taking Spot a-hunting myself, and although I sometimes managed to kill as many as two birds in half a day, he never seemed to mind it; he appeared to enjoy finding the birds and hearing me shoot, and I believe he liked going with me particularly because he didn't have to wait so long for me to reload.

A severe winter succeeded the fall that

. . . *he was among the best of them*

year, and the quail were almost exterminated; so, wisely enough, the good sportsmen of Virginia arose as one man and had a law placed on the statutes of the commonwealth forbidding the killing of quail for several years. And so it was that before I again went afield for quail I had parted company with the clumsy pin-fire gun, and poor old Spot was no more.

In the meantime, I had heard a great deal about setters, and being young, I got the impression that a setter must be as superior to a pointer as a breech-loader to a muzzle-loader. And so, to be prepared for the opening of quail-shooting once more, nothing would do but I should have a setter. I got hold of a black Gordon setter; he was the blackest puppy I ever saw, and for this reason I deemed it fitting to name him Satan.

Satan had a business look about his face, and he was built strong, like a shire horse. He was long in body and legs, with a full nose and a well-shaped head, and he had plenty of bird sense. I began training him about the yard, by making him "stand" his feed, and charge at command and at the sound of a pistol. And when the hunting season opened he knew just what he was about when I took him out where birds were.

I hunted this black setter wonder of mine with most of the dogs about town that fall, and he was among the best of them. Late in the season, my father took a notion to go quail-shooting—he had dropped out of the sport of late years, and asked me to take him out. As he was one of the old-timers, I thought to show him a few new things about hunting dogs. The black setter worked well, birds were plentiful and we killed a fine bag. I was triumphant, and asked father what he thought of setters in general and of my dog Satan in particular. Much to my surprise he answered that the dog had done nicely, but that he was only a second- or a third-class dog, as compared with the pointers he used to hunt over. He further stated that he knew where he could get a puppy of the old stock, a good one, and he would get him and train him so he would be ready for the next hunting season, when he would turn him over to me, so I would have a really first-class dog.

Father brought the pointer puppy home in the early summer. It was shortly after Admiral Dewey won his memorable victory in Manila Harbor, and so father named the puppy after the great sailor. And that puppy was as much like the dear old Spot of years gone by as he could well be; only he was a little more generously ticked and the liver spots were larger. Father began training the little fellow, and soon had him so he would stand his feed, fetch a ball or a glove, charge, and do several other things at command. And when the little rascal was six months old he would stand birds like an old-timer. When the season opened I was much surprised to see the puppy find as many birds as a three-year-old and thoroughly broken setter that I had procured especially for the hunting season. And he was much easier to handle than the older dog: when the birds were flushed he would never move until told to, and the more he hunted the better he performed, and the more he liked it.

The season closed about the middle of December, and by the time another season drew near Dewey was a full-grown dog and would weigh fifty pounds in good hunting trim. And he was gifted with some power or knowledge of finding birds that I have never seen another dog have. Frequently when hunting in company with several good dogs, I saw him toss his big nose up in the wind and go straight to the birds as if he had seen them, and meanwhile the other dogs were covering the entire field at high speed. Often toward the middle of the day he showed his knowledge of the habits of the birds by hunting around brier patches or along the edge of the field next to the woods, and if the birds had sneaked out of the field he would take up their trail and find them in some brush-heap or cozy corner where they had gone to hide.

When the covey has been flushed is the time a dog has the best chance to show his ability. I have often seen reputed crackerjack hunters go tearing off through the brush so far ahead of their masters that the only knowledge of the scattered birds being now and then found that came to us was from the occasional whir of wings and the glimpse of a bird rising some seventy or eighty yards away. But not so Dewey. When he gets into a scattered covey, in the woods, he is as careful as if he were hunting ruffed grouse. Often he stands his birds at a considerable distance, under these circumstances, and then he will move up

. . . *he answered that . . . he was only a second- or third-class dog* slowly as I draw near. And after that bird is flushed and shot he will hunt for it very carefully, so not to raise any other without first giving me good warning by a steady point.

Dewey has been hunted in the far South several winters now, and where they follow the dogs on horseback. When thus hunted he showed himself much faster, but he still retained his carefulness and never ran over or flushed a bird.

And now, having shown that much depends upon the stock, and upon the dog's individuality, for the development of a first-rate quail dog, let me say a word in conclusion about my father's methods of training—it is his due, since he has shown me the development of the best quail dog I ever saw from a wabbly puppy to the finished article.

Father's greatest aids in training Dewey were patience and kindliness; perhaps these traits are the more pronounced in an elderly man. His love for a dog is overpowering, and yet at the same time he never forgets that a bird-dog is in the field for business, and he makes a very strong point of giving a puppy ample opportunity to romp in the field and hunt unrestrained whatever he will. He demands above all else that a dog be a hard worker, and this giving the puppy liberty to hunt in his own way is certainly productive of the right spirit. On these early trips afield, during the close season, my father makes no effort at keeping the puppy under control—he only requires the youngster to keep within sound of his whistle and is more interested, seemingly, in watching him unlimber himself than anything else. And, of course, he is merely allowing the puppy to develop his speed, stamina and hunting qualities. This was contrary to my earlier methods, as it is, no doubt, to those of the average "dog trainer," who believes "training" to consist in keeping the puppy under constant restraint—a procedure which invariably results in stunting rather than aiding the dog's development.

In the course of yard training Dewey, father resorted to the check cord only to teach the puppy to drop to shot, and to respond instantly to the command, "Come here." He did not use a spike collar, but used a simple noose in the rope to get the desired result in a more humane manner. The check cord was not required in teaching Dewey to retrieve—force of will and an all-powerful patience did it. And by the time the quail season drew near the youngster behaved himself amazingly well, obeying his master's every command like a machine, and showing no end of ambition. The finishing touch could not be made till the quail season opened.

. . . *as careful as if he were hunting grouse*

Father took the youngster afield where quail were to be found when at last the season opened, and the first bird the puppy found he killed and the next, and the next. That ended the training.

"Get a puppy with hunting instinct bred right in him, teach him to be gun-wise and to obey promptly and explicitly the commands, 'Heel,' 'Go on,' 'Come here' and 'Charge,' and with kindness and patience, and good backing, he'll make a hunter. If you teach him to retrieve he will be the more valuable. But you cannot teach him to find birds, and much less can you get him to obey you, if you are unkind to him." So says my father.

HUNTING CALIFORNIA QUAIL

With Some Observations on Dogs

BY W. J. BURKE

HAVING spent many seasons with the bob-white quail on Iowa's stubble-fields before coming West, I speak from experience when I pronounce the little blue-plumed native of the cactus and sage brush the gamest bird that flies. Not only is he fleet of wing and foot, but in emergency his strategic proclivities are a never-ending study to the most experienced hunter, and often thwart the sagacity of the keenest pointer. Unlike the bob-white, he never flies in a direct line, but continues to rise from the moment he is flushed until he begins to drop to the cover, with always a curve to the left or right. This little trick has many times cost the expert gunner, fresh from the East, fully a hundred shells and as many ejaculations bordering upon profanity before he has bagged his first bird. And again, the fact that he is brought down, leaving in his wake enough feathers for a small mattress, does not always signify that he is a "dead bird"; no sooner do his feet touch the ground than they take up the flight where his broken wing relinquished it, and he will continue to put space behind him so long as life exists in his body.

If captured after being wounded, never for a moment does this bird "lose his head" nor fail to take every advantage of existing circumstances. Many a time have I taken a wounded blue quail from my retriever and given it water, which the little fellow drank from the palm of my hand. But I have never known the California valley quail to become thoroughly domesticated or "tamed." Even birds hatched under a hen and reared to run at large about the farmyard will eventually flush at some unaccustomed noise or movement and depart without further notice. Once in the sage brush they quickly adopt the life and methods of the wild birds, and thenceforth show no evidence of having ever known civilization.

It is somewhat strenuous work hunting these quail, for the little rascals will sometimes run and run, before taking flight. After being shot at on the first rise, they will do any amount of sprinting rather than fly. The hunter must needs have a good pair of lungs, a small girth and a good determination to get a fair bag. And because of this running habit of the blue quail, featherweight guns of 16-gauge, and even smaller, are becoming more used. This, to my mind, is well for both the sportsman and the game. The smaller gun, while easier to carry and to get on the bird with in quick shooting, has at the same time a restricted danger zone. And in this day of disappearing game and yearly increased numbers of sportsmen, we must give our game good odds.

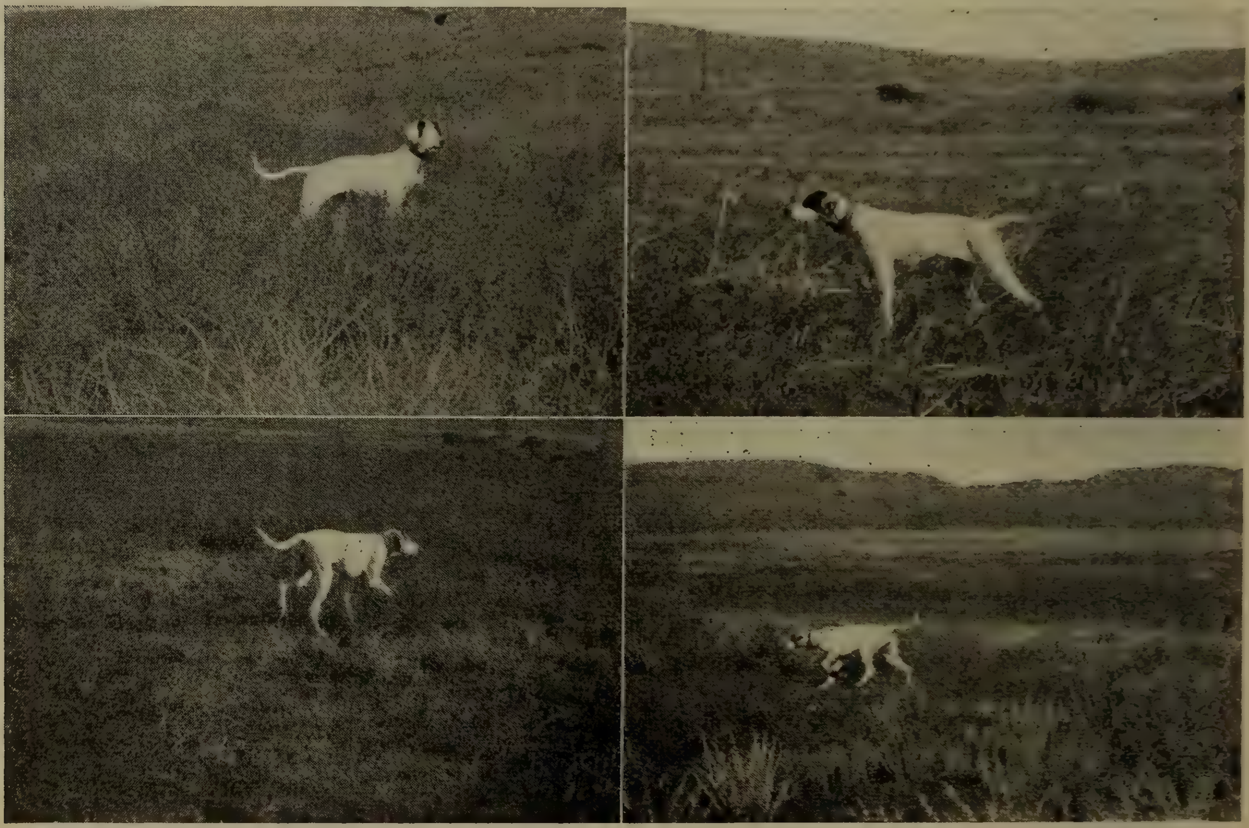
The abundance of green food in the hills during the past spring and summer, as a result of the early and generous winter rains, caused the bands of quail to scatter, and their early mating, already begun, bespeaks a great increase of birds for the coming October's sport.

While quail-shooting is considered the finest sport in California fields, yet the hunter might as well go forth with a bow and arrow as to be in the fields without a good dog. It is quite possible to find birds plentiful without a dog's help, but it is a conservative estimate that without a retriever the shooter will not recover more than one out of every five birds killed. They are such little terrors to run the instant they touch the ground, and so completely does the color of their plumage blend with their surroundings, that the hunter is scarcely ever sure of his bird until he has it in his hand. So, as I have said, a good retriever is a necessity. But here, I might almost say, the dog's usefulness stops. The average dog may find a covey, but he cannot hold it "fast." And our blue quail are hard to scatter. With any other than a first-class dog, it is best to keep him in hand for retrieving only.

There is much controversy among sportsmen as to the merits and demerits of the long-haired and the short-haired dog for field work. Out of five dogs—two setters and three pointers—which I trained during the past season, I am still unable to choose between them for all-around work. They have all worked in the same field and I believe that any well-bred, sensible dog can be easily broken to stand and retrieve the same bird if properly and patiently handled. My dogs work almost perfectly in water or field, but they receive their primary lessons as soon as they are old enough to know when they are spoken to. I never use a whip or spike collar on a dog. If your dog cannot be won over to a desire to please his trainer, give him to a Chinaman—perhaps he is intended for a watch-dog.

The accompanying set of photographic snap-shots are of an eight-months-old puppy owned by Police Sergeant Frank Northern, of San Diego, a typical Western sportsman. The dog is one of the five mentioned above, and the photographs were made by Mr. Northern while we were shooting over her, the four pictures being made within a space of thirty minutes. No. 1 shows her first "turn" when the game was scented. No. 2 is of the first point, nearly 100 yards from the former position. No. 3 shows her just after the birds were flushed, and No. 4 shows the second point. This puppy had been in the field but three times prior to the day mentioned, and she finished the season one of the best quail dogs I have ever shot over.

I do not train dogs for profit, but it is one of my greatest pleasures to hunt with an intelligent young dog. I do not profess to teach the dog, but after winning his friendship and confidence I simply study his nature, take advantage of his characteristics, help him to develop them and turn them to profit. Bad temper and stubbornness in a dog ofttimes but reflects the characteristics of his master. Dogs are not human, but I sometimes think they give greater returns for humane treatment.



The first turn
Off again

Got 'em fast
Nailed again

A TYPICAL CALIFORNIA POINTER AT WORK

EDITORIAL

Game Protection for Oklahoma

Just after the forms of our August number had gone to press, we were advised by General J. C. Jamison, of Guthrie, Okla., that, although his heart was in the work, owing to his crippled condition he was too much confined at home to give the movement we had started for an Oklahoma game and fish protective association the attention it required of a leader. And so, at his suggestion, we wrote to Judge S. H. Harris, of Perry, Okla., a leading citizen and prominent among sportsmen, asking him to take up the work. His reply, dated August 5, was as follows:

EDITOR RECREATION:

Your recent letter and telegram came in during my absence. I am just now removing to Oklahoma City and very much pressed for time. I desire to take up the work you refer to, at least to a limited extent, and will avail myself of your kind offices in the matter of suggestions at an early date.

Very truly yours.

S. H. HARRIS.

We immediately sent a letter to every newspaper of any importance circulating in Oklahoma, asking them to give their aid and urge sportsmen to communicate with Judge Harris.

In a letter to the editor dated July 13, Mr. J. F. Henry, editor of the *Fort Smith Times*, Fort Smith, Ark., said in part:

"I will be glad to cooperate in any possible way with your movement for the protection of Territory game.

"Of course, you understand there is really no close season on game in the Territory; the only restrictions are as to shipping game from the Territory, and that requiring nonresidents to procure permits to hunt, both of which are largely dead letters. To secure any support from local sportsmen, who are many and very influential, the law would necessarily be drafted to restrict shipments by professional hunters or for sale."

That is just the point we made in our editorial in the August number. We suggested that the first work of the new game and fish protective association should be to arouse public sentiment against the practices of professional market hunters. That such a sentiment already exists there is no doubt; the thing to do is to add fuel to the blaze, that at the first session of the Legislature of the State of Oklahoma the said sentiment may be so strong as to render the enacting of restrictive laws imperative. And as bearing out our contention that Oklahoma is being systematically robbed of her quail supply, apart from the drain caused by excessive shooting both in and out of season by sportsmen, we need only point to the seizure, under the Lacey law, in Guthrie, in the middle of July, of a shipment of live quail, which were consigned to a commission dealer in Wichita, Kans. A dispatch to the Chicago *Record-Herald*, dated July 22, gave the number of birds seized as being 2,000!

That there is need of such an association in Oklahoma as we are working for there can be no question. It is needed to father a bill for the protection of the game and fish of the commonwealth, to be introduced in the first session of the Legislature. With the collaboration of the best minds in the association Judge Harris, or any other who may elect, should be able to draft a bill which, on becoming a law, will work wonders for the future of sport with gun and rod in Oklahoma.

We respectfully submit to the sportsmen of the State of Oklahoma that they have a duty to perform, a duty which they owe to themselves individually and to the future of shooting and fishing in Oklahoma; and that is to signify to Judge S. H. Harris, of Oklahoma City, by letter their willingness to join an organization for the protection of Oklahoma's game and fish. It is not enough that the first Legislature of the State of Oklahoma *may* enact a law concerning the taking of fish and game. The sportsmen of the State must organize and demand the enactment of an *up-to-date* game and fish law, with the necessary provisions for its *proper* enforcement. The Act of 1899 on the Oklahoma statutes has been, as Editor Henry has said, a dead letter, and Section 2137 of the Revised Statutes of the Federal Government has been literally useless for protecting the game and fish of the Indian Territory. Yet the sportsmen may look for a simple following of precedent by the first State Legislature of Oklahoma, unless they demand something better.

Rediscovering the East

We are told that, as a people, we pursue an ever vanishing homing place; that the old word friend is changed for acquaintance, and no village or town or city block knows us for long; our children are often unable to tell where they come from and, more's the pity, they grow up without the home sentiment.

Perhaps so, but if we have sacrificed the individual home, we are at least loyal to our green hills, our smiling valleys, our lakes, our rivers and our forests, so dear to memory, so beloved of the aged. For if, in our pursuit of fortune, we have ever followed the course of empire, and in our search for recreation have spent much of our time and more of our money overseas, it shall not be said of us that we have deserted the old home for good and all. If you will but look, you may see us now rediscovering and rehabitating—with a substantial assurance of having come to stay—our long deserted thirteen original States.

The prestige and prosperity of the New England States, of Maryland, of Virginia, of the Carolinas, are returning to them with a new generation of home builders, a generation with fat pocketbooks and a vast leisure. Industrially, there is no rejuvenation, but these States are becoming the sailor's snug harbor for the far-journeyed ships of our skippers who have "made good." And as an appreciation of this homecoming, we look to these States of the East to tidy up their out-of-doors, build good roads, protect their fish and game, establish State forest reserves and game parks and make life within their boundaries worth while. There shall be gatherings of wealth and culture, deep-rooted and assertive, where conditions favorable to recreation and leisure are advanced, and the effete East may smile again in all her pristine pastoral charm.

Accidental Shooting

Early in the autumn the daily newspapers yearly chronicle instances of the accidental shooting of persons in the woods, and most often the unfortunate has been shot for a deer. It not infrequently happens that the individual who fires the shot is a near relative or a friend of his victim, and this, so the newspapers say, brings "inexpressible sorrow" to the man who is guilty of the "unintentional act."

A good example of accidents of the kind was the shooting in October last of Jesse Hodges, a young rancher of Montana, by his friend and hunting companion, Mellie Baker.

According to the newspaper report, Hodges, the two Baker boys and Claude West were all up in the Snowy Mountains at the head of Cottonwood Cañon, deer hunting, early in the morning, when they caught sight of five deer. Hodges went up on the mountain around them, while the three others remained in the cañon. After a few moments Mellie Baker saw the bushes within a few yards of him move and the next instant sighted a grayish-looking object, which he took for a deer, and instantly fired.

A cry followed the shot, and when he ran to the spot it was to find that he had sent a bullet through the body of Hodges, one of his most intimate friends. The bullet, which was from a .30-30 rifle, and of the soft-nose sort, which expands after it strikes a body, inflicted a terrible wound, entering the middle of the back and coming out just above the heart. Death came several hours afterward, and the unfortunate man was conscious till the last.

Hodges, about ten months before, had married Miss Kate Mahanna, the daughter of Charles Mahanna, of near Cottonwood. He had acquired a ranch on Upper Cottonwood and was working hard to build a permanent home for his bride.

It is not possible in any Anglo-Saxon community to punish a man for the purely accidental killing of another, but, in our opinion, restrictive game laws and their more vigorous enforcement should have a strong influence, as impelling rattle-brained hunters to *see what they aim at* before they pull trigger. For instance, had Mellie Baker been impressed of the certainty of a severe fine and imprisonment (Montana's laws are excellent, as far as they go) if he should shoot other than a buck deer, it is not probable he would have shot his friend. But it seems the perverse decree of an unfortunate condition that hunters are allowed to kill does where the game laws are fairly well enforced, as in Montana, and where it is illegal to shoot does or fawns, it is no great risk to disregard the law

Impossible, almost, we have said, to convict a man of manslaughter for accidentally shooting another. And how shall we discriminate between the man who did not know the other was in the way of his bullet and the man who did not care? It would seem the strict enforcement of laws forbidding the shooting of does and fawns, of cow moose and elk and their calves, and the punishment of reckless shooters at the hands of their more sane companions constitute, for the present, the nearest approach to a remedy. If, by and by, we advance to the stage of issuing gun licenses wherever big game is to be had, a clause may be added to the section of the law pertaining to the issuance of such licenses that will make it possible to have the license of any shooter who shows himself unfit to carry a gun denied or revoked.

THE GAME FIELD

The Wichita Buffalo Range

Mr. J. Alden Loring made a most favorable report to the New York Zoological Society of his examination, for the society, of the Wichita Forest and Game Reserve, in Oklahoma, with a view to the selection of a suitable range on this federal forest reservation on which to confine and propagate American bison. That part of Mr. Loring's report to the society which will be of most interest to our readers is substantially as follows:

Arriving at Cache, Okla., on November 24th, I spent the three following days riding over the reserve. These three trips, together with two others that were made to ride over the boundary line and explore the territory that was finally chosen, covered about 150 miles. I think I am safe in saying that all of the country within the reserve that is suitable for a buffalo range was either ridden over or observed carefully from the tops of mountains. Whenever a location met with approval, it was afterward inspected closely.

Although I was charged with locating a buffalo range only, the pasturage and character of the country were so admirably adapted for other big game mammals that it was possible to locate a site suitable for elk, deer and antelope as well, and that without in the least interfering with the rights of the buffalo. In a certain large area, wherein prairies, hills, gullies, ravines and mountains occur, there is ample opportunity for animals to escape from the attacks of each other.

The buffalo range, as it is now mapped, embraces about twelve square miles. It is situated in the western center of the Wichita Reserve. Although there is enough grazing land outside the range to supply the cattle now feeding there, the preserve includes the choicest grazing sections within the reserve. If at any time it is deemed necessary to enlarge the range, it may be done by including the land north of the northern boundary.

The range is 12 miles northwest of Cache and 24 miles west of Fort Sill.

With the exception of a valley three-fourths of a mile wide, which leads out of the southeast corner of the range, and a few narrow valleys of little consequence, the range is practically surrounded by mountains, hills and ridges, which afford protection from storms. These mountains are from 100 to 600 feet high, and while the boundary line does not always run at the foot of them, the peaks are so close that as a whole they shelter the range.

Occupying about the center of the range is a cluster of mountains, hills and ridges that completely surround a beautiful valley about a mile long and three-quarters of a mile wide. The highest peaks are fully 600 feet, and they shut out the storms from the north and west—the directions from which the worst storms blow. The top of one of these mountains is flat, well grassed with blue-stem and mesquite grass, and during all but the dry season water can be found upon it. This plateau would make an excellent retreat for antelope, elk or buffalo during the hot weather, as it is easily accessible through the draws and passes that lead up to it from the valley. A story is told of a cattleman who searched six weeks for a bunch of thirty cattle, and finally found them on this mountain in excellent condition.

The valley surrounded by these mountains I have named "Winter Valley," because it makes such an excellent winter range. In it we found many buffalo wallows, and mesquite grass in sufficient quantities to winter such a herd of buffalo as it is proposed to place on the range.

Passes lead from this valley in all directions, some into the open prairie country to the northwest and southwest, others into smaller valleys, and still others to rough-timbered draws or gullies, where the shelter of the high hills and timber gives fine protection from sun and storms, and where there is plenty of fine grazing. The most notable of these draws leads to a fine sheltered gully through which Cache Creek flows, and where water of the finest quality can be had at all times of the year. Properly speaking, it is a timbered "coulee" cut into the prairie.

The bulk of the grazing country on the proposed range is gently rolling prairie, three-fourths of a mile wide, that extends over the southern part (4 miles) of the range, and a flat of about two and a-half square miles in the northwest corner of the preserve. While there is no section on which mesquite grass grew in such abundance as I found it on Mr. Charles Goodnight's ranch, the grazing on that ranch seemed to be confined to one area, outside of which little of the choice mesquite and buffalo grass were found. On the Wichita buffalo range, however, the mesquite grass is mixed with the blue-stem. Sometimes a patch of an acre or more will be found. Even on the mountains and hillsides this favorite grass is found in abundance, and on the prairie, where at a glance there seems to be blue-stem only, careful examination will reveal small bunches of mesquite grass mixed with the former; in fact, on the greater portion of the range an animal can, without moving from its tracks, crop several mouthfuls of mesquite grass. Even in the fall and winter, when the mesquite grass appears too dry and brittle for food value, it has fattening properties that are truly wonderful and it is the grass that is most esteemed by cattle-raisers as well as propagators of buffalo.

After one or two fall rains or snow storms green blades begin to appear about the roots of the mesquite grass, and naturally the buffalo begin at once to feed on it. The grass known locally as "blue-stem" grows in rank profusion all over the range. This grass is a kind of bunch-grass, and makes excellent hay. Mr. Goodnight says that buffalo will eat it, and do well upon it, when better grass is not to be had. A kind of salt grass grows on the moist flats, both in the foothills and on the sides and tops of the mountains. This grass is eaten in the spring, when green, and before the other grass begins to grow; but as soon as it has dried the cattle do not touch it.

There is no impure water on the range. The most important announcement regarding water is that all springs and streams that supply the range head on it and flow out of it. Therefore, there is no danger of contaminated water reaching the animals. The chief water supply is Cache Creek, which heads in the center of the range, about a-quarter mile from the northern boundary. The spring that forms its source, though small, can easily be dug out and covered, so that the animals cannot get into it. The water could then be run into troughs, and the overflow allowed to continue down the stream bed. I drank from this spring, and found it clear, cold and delightful.

From this spring Cache Creek winds southward through the center of the range for about three miles. At the time of my visit there was plenty of water throughout its entire length, and during the rainy season this is always the case. There are times, however, during July, August and September when the creek goes dry in places, the water sinking and reappearing. But during the dryest seasons water in abundance can always be found in pools and rivulets not farther than a quarter of a mile apart.

In the extreme southwest corner of the range perpetual water is found in Sugar Creek, which also has a spring for its source. Again, in the cañon on the west side of the range there is permanent water; and on section 7, in the center of the range, and a mile east of Cachė Creek, permanent water exists. In fact, during the dry season an animal cannot get more than one and a-half miles from water. In late November, 1905 (there had been several rains of late), there was plenty of water all over the range.

Water is always found close to the surface, and wells can easily be driven if they become necessary.

The boundary line of the proposed buffalo range runs as follows:

Beginning at the southeast corner of the reserve, the line passes through prairie country one and a-half miles in a northwesterly direction; thence west one and a-half miles to the base of a high, rocky mountain. Thence it skirts along the foot of this mountain, winding in and out among the post-oak and black-jack trees in a northwesterly direction for another mile. There it turns due north through an open flat and enters the timber at the foot of another mountain. The timber for the next mile, while scrubby, affords shelter from the summer sun. After crossing the gully marked on the map on section 2 there is another open flat of about a-quarter mile, and again the fence will run through scrub black-jack oak trees, some of which can carry a wire fence. This stretch is about half a mile long, and the remainder of the distance (about a mile), to the northwest corner of the range, is over open rolling and broken country.

The northern boundary runs two miles east through sections 26 and 25, inclosing a strip of jack-oak timber about 150 feet wide. This lies at the foot of a high, rocky, timbered ridge that extends northward as far as the eye can reach. At the east end there is a narrow valley of probably 200 yards. From the southern turning point to the southeast corner of section 25 the line runs half the distance through a prairie and the rest of the way through timber. Here it turns southeast through timber and a narrow-timbered pass, cutting across the southwest corner of section 32. Thence it runs east a-quarter mile and southeast for a mile to the southeast corner of section 5. This stretch also leads most of the way through timber. It is thickly strewn with large boulders, to avoid which, and still take advantage of the trees for posts, it will be somewhat difficult to run the fence. The country just outside of the range, from the turn at the southeast corner of section 25 to the southeast corner of section 5, is hilly and mountainous and timber covered. Here the line turns due south, and runs over the prairie one and a-quarter miles to the starting point—the middle of the dividing line of sections 16 and 17.

The object in running the line through the timber is to minimize the expense of supplying posts and at the same time give the animals shade and shelter. About half of the west, north and southeast line runs through timber that can be used as fence timber by supplying a few posts here and there; and there are many places where even the black-jack oak can be worked in to good advantage.

Posts can be cut outside of the range, very near the locations where they are needed, with the exception of the southern line, where it may be necessary to haul them two or three miles.

From all accounts buffalo in large numbers traveled over the proposed buffalo range during their northward and southward migrations, and doubtless many of them wintered in the foothills of the Wichita Mountains. From information gained from the old settlers, both white and Indian, it seems that the buffaloes were hunted so persistently that they were not allowed to winter in peace in this locality. Buffalo wallows were found all over the prairie and level country on the range, and buffalo bones and horns were found on the range by Mr. E. F. Morrissey when he first came there as supervisor of the reserve.

During my stay in Oklahoma I interviewed many old-time plainsmen and Indians. Among them were Charles Goodnight; Ben Clark, the old Government scout who hunted buffalo during the days of Custer's campaign on the Canadian River;

Quinnah Parker, Chief of the Comanches; Kiawa Dutch Pennah, a man 80 years old, who had been captured by the Indians when a child, and had lived with them almost continually since then. All of these men had hunted buffalo in the early days—some of them on the very land now being considered for a buffalo range.

Although I questioned all of them closely, with but one exception I was unable to learn that buffalo in those days had died of any contagious disease. Mr. Goodnight said that when cattle came into Texas the buffalo died of Texas fever. Aside from this report, all agreed that there were few deaths among the herds outside of the regular mortality among the old bulls and cows, or the very young calves that occasionally died during severe winters.

Texas fever is the only questionable point worthy of consideration in connection with propagating buffalo in Oklahoma. Just how serious it will prove to be can be told only after the buffalo have been put on the range. There may be ways of treating the buffalo so that they will be immune to the disease.

From the time that I arrived at Cache I heard of Texas fever among cattle. Naturally the question arose, "Are buffalo susceptible to Texas fever?" The only way to settle the question was to talk with men who had raised buffalo in or near the fever district. Accordingly, I decided to visit Mr. Charles Goodnight, of Goodnight, Tex., the 101 Ranch at Bliss, Okla., and Major Gordon W. Lillie at Pawnee, Okla. The information gained from these gentlemen was as follows:

While Mr. Goodnight had never lost buffalo from Texas fever, he feels convinced that they are susceptible to it, basing his belief on the experience of others. Mr. C. J. Jones ("Buffalo Jones") took two of Mr. Goodnight's buffalo to Sherman, Tex. (in the fever district), and they were there just long enough to get the fever, which killed them. On the other hand, Mr. Goodnight sent four buffaloes to San Antonio, which is also in the fever district, and he thinks they are still living.

Mr. Joseph Miller, president of the 101 Ranch at Bliss, bought a herd of buffalo in the fall of 1904. He has never taken buffalo into the fever district. The fever quarantine line is about a mile west of his buffalo pasture, yet Texas fever has not affected his herd. The buffalo that he got in the spring of 1905 he bought from the Allard ranch in Montana, and soon after arriving they began to die, and he had lost 15. They would first refuse to eat, stood alone with heads down, and seldom lasted more than two or three days.

All of those that died were examined by a Dr. Johnson, of the United States Department of Agriculture, who failed to discover any ticks. He pronounced their death due to "change of altitude, excitement of being transferred and climatic fever."

From Major Gordon W. Lillie ("Pawnee Bill") I learned more of Texas fever affecting buffalo than from any other person. Major Lillie says that in 1895 he had with his Wild West Show 7 head of buffalo. He took them on a trip through Texas, entered at Dennison, and traveled through Dallas, Temple and Wahatche, coming out at Shreveport, La. The trip consumed six weeks, and all seven of the buffalo died. They came originally from the Jones herd at Garden City, Kans. The State Veterinarian pronounced the cases Texas fever.

In 1905 Major Lillie showed within five miles of the Texas line. He had with him five buffalo. All were taken sick, and two died. His show was about to go into winter quarters, so he hurried the three sick ones to Ohio, where, he thinks, the cold weather killed the ticks and saved them. The Ohio State Veterinarian pronounced the disease Texas fever. A taxidermist that examined the skins of the two that died said they were literally covered with ticks.

Major Lillie says that cattle die of Texas fever all about Pawnee, some but a few yards from the range in which his buffalo are kept; but his buffalo in a fenced range at Pawnee have seemed to be immune. Thus far Texas fever has not affected his herd. To his knowledge Colonel Cody lost eight or ten buffalo during one of his trips through Texas, and Major Lillie is sure that it was Texas fever. The second time that Colonel Cody went to Texas with his show he left all of his buffalo at Guthrie, Okla. From this it will be seen that buffalo are susceptible to the Texas fever tick. Buffalo have never been kept in the Wichita section of Oklahoma since fever-stricken cattle have been brought there. Cattle die of the fever in this section by the hundreds. It now remains for some of the Government experts on this disease to tell us whether there is any way out of the difficulty. I have stated the facts as I found them and as they were told to me by men of truth and experience.

If buffalo are brought to this range Mr. W. H. Quinette, of Fort Sill, an experienced cattle dealer, says that he thinks it advisable to unload them at Fort Sill and haul them in from there. The danger of the animals becoming infested with the fever ticks would be less than if they were unloaded elsewhere, for the Government is careful not to bring infected cattle on the military reserve through which the buffalo would pass.

Next to Texas fever, the wolf question is of greatest importance. Up to the time that Mr. Morrissey was appointed supervisor, wolves had been held in check by the ranchmen and hunters; therefore, there were few complaints of cattle being killed. Since then all hunting has been stopped and the wolves have increased, until now they are one of the worst enemies to the cattlemen. On the reserve alone 72 head of stock had been killed by wolves within the last six months.

Mr. Morrissey estimates that there are probably ten or fifteen wolves on the reserve. As evening draws near the wolves leave the rocks and hills and seek the open countries to hunt for stock. They seem more active after rain storms. As many as four or five have been seen in a bunch, but they usually hunt in pairs. Cattle at once attack a wolf, and while one wolf leads the cattle away the other follows in the rear and picks up any calf or two-year-old that has been left behind.

During one of our trips over the range we came upon the body of a two-year-old steer that had lately been killed by wolves. Scarcely more than the skin and skeleton remained. That wolves will kill game animals, even buffalo calves several months old, there is no question. The wolf in the Oklahoma buffalo range, unless he is exterminated, will take the place of the cougar in the Yellowstone Park. As it now stands, the Wichita Forest Reserve is a breeding ground for wolves and coyotes; consequently, it is a breeding ground for discontent among the ranchmen and cattlemen who suffer by their depredations.

Inquiries among the old settlers of the region established the fact that, with the exception of last winter, the winters nowadays are milder than they were during the days when buffalo roamed over the range. Last winter was the severest winter the country has experienced in twenty years. It was particularly hard on cattle. A thick sleet over a fall of snow prevented stock from grazing, and many animals died in consequence. In anticipation of a winter of this kind it seems advisable to lay in a stock of wild hay, which can be cut inside the range or just beyond its bounds. Grass cut in July will spring up again, and by September is good winter grazing. For the first winter, at least, the buffalo should be fed on harvested hay in addition to the food they can secure by grazing.

The snowfall in a season is light, and it usually melts as fast as it falls. Two or three inches is about the limit, and that which falls seldom remains more than two or three days. It seldom snows before January, and the severest storms come from the Northwest. New grass appears about the 1st of April, and by the 1st of May grazing is good, and continues so until August, when it becomes dry.

With July comes the first hot weather, and it continues for eight weeks. The mercury at times reaches 118°, with a very slight degree of humidity. During this period the cattle feed on the slopes and tops of the mountains, where there is usually a breeze.

Upon Mr. Loring's report the Department of Agriculture took action, and as a result the agricultural appropriation bill passed at the last session of Congress contained an item of $15,000 to be expended in fencing the game preserve in the Wichita Forest Reserve.

As soon as the fence is completed, the New York Zoological Society will ship the herd of fifteen or more buffalo to the preserve, the society having last fall offered to donate the buffalo if the Government would fence the range.

Hon. John F. Lacey, assemblyman from Iowa, recently inspected the Wichita Game Preserve, and will report at the next session of Congress the result of his finding of the condition of buffalo in Oklahoma, and what, in his opinion, is needed to insure a bright future for the herd which will be established on the Wichita Preserve.

Join the Bison Society

The first appeal for the preservation of the buffalo which the American Bison Society has issued, to be sent to individual people in printed form, is now being circulated. We quote it in full:

The American bison or buffalo, our grandest native animal, is in grave danger of becoming extinct; and it is the duty of the people of to-day to preserve, for future generations, this picturesque wild creature which has played so conspicuous a part in the history of America. We owe it to our descendants that all possible effort shall now be made looking to the perpetual increase and preservation of this noble animal, whose passing must otherwise soon be a matter of universal and lasting regret.

It is conceded, practically by all authorities, that, owing to the uncertainties of human life and the changes in fortune and in policy among private individuals and private corporations, the buffalo cannot be perpetuated for centuries and preserved from ultimate extinction save under Government auspices. At present nearly all the buffaloes in the United States are in private hands, and with few exceptions are for sale to any one offering a reasonable price. Many are sold every year, some for propagating purposes and others to the butcher and the taxidermist. Moreover, most of them are in a few comparatively large herds, and should contagious disease at any time strike one of these, so great a percentage of the now remaining buffaloes might be wiped out at one blow as to make the perpetuation of the remainder practically an impossibility.

In the belief that Americans generally will be found in sympathy with a carefully planned movement to save what might well be termed their national animal, and in order that all who desire may take part in the work of preservation, there was recently organized, in New York City, The American Bison Society, which, in accordance with its constitution, has for its object "the permanent preservation and increase of the American bison."

This society will seek to have established in widely separated localities, under Government auspices, several herds of buffalo, on suitable ranges (preferably Government land), such ranges to be chosen from a large number that have been recommended by competent persons. These herds, under proper management, should increase until the race is no longer in danger of extinction.

With this end in view, The American Bison Society is now beginning an active campaign. A bill calling for national aid in the establishing of several buffalo herds is already under consideration. In the meantime, the society purposes to make a determined effort to organize the interest of the public in the fate of the American buffalo, and presently bring it to bear in such a manner that it will result in the Governments of both the United States and Canada taking active measures to insure that animal's preservation and increase. The officers of the society are prepared to do the work incidental to this campaign, but in order that this work may be carried on promptly and vigorously, they must have the support of those whom they believe to be in sympathy with them. This support can best be given by joining The American Bison Society, and by urging others to join it. The work to be done requires money, and for this the society depends entirely upon membership fees and dues, and occasional private subscriptions.

Several forms of membership have been created, and the fees and dues have been arranged with a view to enabling each person to contribute whatever he or she can afford. All members will be kept in touch with the society's work and informed of its progress. If those who love our native animals will stand together now, the buffalo can be saved; in a few years it may be too late.

We do not think it necessary to ask Americans to perpetuate the buffalo because of its commercial value. To be sure its flesh very closely resembles domestic beef, and its hide is much more valuable than that of any domestic animal we have. Moreover, the results of the few experiments which have been made in cross-breeding seem to indicate that by crossing the buffalo with certain breeds of cattle, it may be possible to produce a new and valuable farm animal, with a thick coat of fine soft hair. But we believe that the famous old buffalo has a far stronger hold on the American people than can be estimated in dollars and cents. We know that he is a typical American animal—the most conspicuous that ever trod the soil of this continent, and, all things considered, perhaps the grandest bovine animal of our time. Americans will remember that his history is interwoven with their own—with the development of the great West, and with the history of our Indians and of the pioneers. They must never forget the part played by the buffalo in those rough times when the comfort, and even the very existence, of thousands of men depended on the presence of this huge and shaggy beast.

The extinction of the buffalo would be an irreparable loss to American fauna; more than that, it would be a disgrace to our country. The passing of any great and noble animal is a calamity which all thoughtful persons should seek to avert. But the buffalo has a special claim upon us, inasmuch as the great services he rendered the country in early times were repaid with indescribable brutality and persecution. By a series of cold-blooded massacres never equaled by any other nation calling itself civilized, a great race of animals numbering countless millions was reduced to numbers so pitifully small that for a time it was regarded as practically extinct. The least we can do now to partly atone for this ruthless slaughter is to join in measures to prevent what must otherwise be the final result of perhaps the greatest wrong ever inflicted by man upon a valuable wild animal.

Recreation bespeaks a substantial response. Copies of the circular, with membership blanks, etc., may be obtained by addressing the Secretary of The American Bison Society, Meriden, N. H.

Alabamans Are Organized

Mr. John H. Wallace, Jr., of Huntsville, Ala., has been successful in organizing the Game and Fish Protective Association of Alabama, and reports a rapidly growing membership and increase of sentiment in favor of game and fish protection throughout the State.

While Mr. Wallace is the author of the present game law of Alabama, he will, backed by the new association, introduce a new bill in the next Legislature, which, if it becomes a law, will create the office of a State game and fish warden and establish a game and fish protection fund. The new bill as outlined provides that the State shall have title to all fish and game not owned by private individuals, reduces the quail- and dove-shooting season to three months a year, the wild turkey season to two months, squirrel six months, deer two months and protects Mongolian pheasants until 1907. Twenty-five quail are to be the limit of a day's bag and shipping of game out of the State is to be prohibited. A non-resident license tax of $15 will be imposed upon all outsiders for the privilege of hunting in Alabama.

The bill would make it unlawful to catch fish except with hook and line, forbid the damming of streams except when a fish chute is provided and provide a penalty for throwing dyestuffs, tar or other injurious substances into streams.

Unsafe for Pot Hunters

Executive Agent S. F. Fullerton, of the Minnesota Game and Fish Commission, who has gained fame as a squelcher of game-law violators, is not resting on his laurels, Ah, no. Of late he has been clearing up Itasca County, and, early in July, through one of his wardens, A. S. Rutledge, he rounded up one Cochrane and had him fined in the sum of $115 and sentenced to seventy-five days in jail for killing deer out of season.

Game Preserve for Pennsylvania

The Pennsylvania Game Commission is the latest to fall in line and commence establishing State game preserves. Action was taken early in July, in accordance with the provisions of the Act of May 11, 1905, whereby the Game Commission was given authority, in cooperation with the State Forestry Commission, to establish such preserves with the idea of propagating wild game.

Three preserves, each from two to two and one-half miles square, in size, will be established at once. One will be in Franklin County, near Mont Alto, and one each in Clinton and Clearfield counties, where the State owns many acres of forest land. It is proposed to surround these preserves with a single wire with notices of the reservation every 100 feet or so, the idea being that the wire will serve as a warning to hunters that they are the State reserves, the common sense and public spirit of the hunter being trusted to prevent him from entering or shooting game therein. There is to be an absolutely close season for all kinds of game in these preserves for six years, and, of course, the surrounding country will greatly benefit by the overflow of game from these refuges.

Quail Abundant in Illinois

According to reports from central Illinois, bob-white quail are very abundant thereabout this year. Large coveys are seen in every quarter section, and Bob White's voice is loud in the land. If these reports are accurate, it would seem that Commissioner John A. Wheeler's efforts to restock the State with quail have not been in vain—so far, for there is a shooting season at hand to be reckoned with.

Commissioner Wheeler sends us some interesting information relating to the consignment of 5,500 English pheasant eggs imported by his department from a preserve in England and which were hatched at the State Game Propagating Farm, located twenty-three miles south of Springfield. The eggs were in transit from England to the game farm ten days. The following table shows the result of the consignment:

Number broken in shipping from preserve in England to game farm....	8
Number broken in unpacking, setting and by hens........................	100
Number not fertile....................	809
Number of rotten eggs................	1,000
Number crushed and killed by hens, one hen destroying 22 chicks that were placed with her....................	583
Number live, healthy chicks placed in runs with hens.....................	3,000
Total........................	5,500

There were also imported, this season, 135 English ring-neck pheasants from a large preserve in England, the birds arriving at the game farm about two weeks after leaving the preserve. Five birds were lost out of this entire consignment.

There are, at present, on the game farm, about 8,000 young English ring-neck and Chinese pheasants, besides a number of Mexican blue quail, a few wild turkeys and prairie chickens. The native bob-white quail and those bought in Alabama, Commissioner Wheeler says, did not lay well in confinement, although his assistants brought out a few settings with bantam hens. The Mexican blue quail laid fairly well in confinement and a number of bevies were hatched out by bantam hens.

One hundred and sixty-two thousand resident and 500 non-resident hunters' licenses were issued during the year ended June 1, 1906, in this State.

To Protect Mountain Sheep

Game Warden W. E. Griffin, of New Mexico, did a creditable thing when he solicited the aid of the New York Zoological Society in his effort to preserve the band of mountain sheep in the Guadalupe Mountains in Eddy County, and which is said to be the only band of bighorns in the Territory.

The territorial game law not providing a reward for the conviction of any one found guilty of illegally shooting mountain sheep or other game, and believing that the posting of a substantial reward would be an incentive and probably result in the conviction of violators of the law, Warden Griffin has succeeded in obtaining the offer of the above-named society to pay $50 each to any one for conviction for killing mountain sheep contrary to law in Texas or New Mexico.

Against the Law

Dr. Cecil French, of Washington, D. C., has given cause for wrath to many British Columbia sportsmen, according to advices from that province. A correspondent writes:

"The following advertisement has appeared in many of the papers in this province:

"'Wanted for the Zoological Parks, living Rocky Mountain goats, marten, beaver, otter, grizzly bears, wolverines and other birds and animals.'

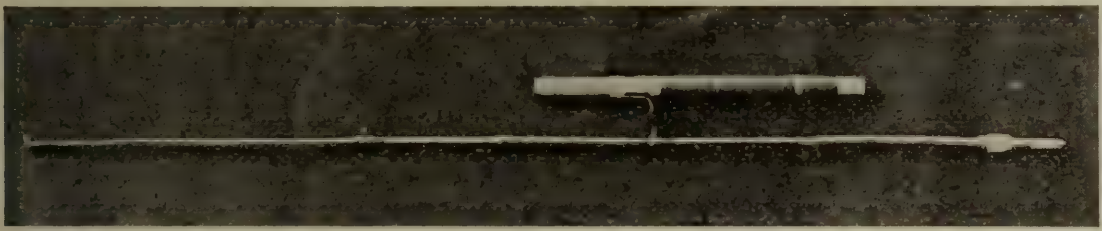
"Section 4 of the British Columbia Game Acts prohibits the export of any of the game mentioned in this advertisement, except in the case of a licensed, non-resident hunter, who is allowed to take out his own game. Bear, marten and otter are, however, allowed to be taken out of the province. The fine for a contravention of this act is $100 for each offense. While many may try to send Dr. French what he asks for, they will do so at their peril, for the sportsmen of this province will see that the game wardens do their duty, and that the transportation companies are warned that a heavy fine awaits them if they carry any forbidden game animals out of British Columbia. The principle we are fighting for is too sound to be broken."

FISHING

Some Bait-Casting Pointers

BY W. B. COATS

Fishing is preeminently the recreation of the man of modest means. His tackle may be as unpretentious or as elaborate as his taste and purse determine, and the enjoyment derived from its use may be in an inverse ratio to its costliness. Perfect tackle is a perfect joy even to look at, and the pleasure of using it is admittedly great. Then, too, good tools are a wonderful aid to doing good work; indeed, it can scarcely be done without them. But good tools are often exceedingly cheap and the higher priced article may be no better for actual use. This I think is especially true of fishing tackle. I have read many articles regarding what to buy for artificial or live-bait casting and all advise getting a rod of split bamboo or some imported wood, like bethabara or lancewood, price from five dollars up; generally up. Also a reel from eight or ten dollars and upward. But to the man whose dollar looks as big as a millstone these prices are simply appalling. Behold I bring you tidings of great joy; they are unnecessary expenditures. A much smaller sum will outfit one to cast far and wide and, what is more, to get the fish. If I am searched I will be "found with the goods on me" to prove it. I know very little of the tournaments and competitive casting, but I have caught a few fish and for this work my own low-priced armament pleases me much.



DR. COATS'S HOME-MADE BAIT-CASTING ROD

It was made from the tip of an ordinary bamboo pole and a cast-off handle; the guides were made by hand, of stiff brass wire, and the total net cost was, say, twenty-five cents

My rod? It is four feet ten inches long, and in two pieces. The butt, with the reel-seat, was given me several years ago by a friend. It was the only part left in existence of what had once been a split bamboo. Any tackle store will sell you a butt just like it for fifty cents, and new at that. The tip is forty-four inches long above the butt. I cut it from the tip of an ordinary cane pole (tackle catalogues call them Japanese bamboo), costing fifteen cents. In selecting this be sure there are no worm holes and that it is straight and has not twisted in growing. Get a piece that has the "joints" close as possible. A little practice will enable one to select the portion giving just the right amount of spring. Should you fail the first time you will know better the next. The guides I made from rather stiff brass wire and fashioned by winding around a stick. They should have three or four turns each, the first guide being about half an inch in diameter and the others a little smaller. Each side of the turns the wire should have a straight part which lies on the rod and is tied to it by linen thread, which is waxed and shellacked.

The top guide is made the same, with the exception, of course, that both ends of the wire after forming the loops are brought backward along the sides of the tip and tied as are the others. The tip will be more resilient if the guides are not tied on the flat part of the cane, nor opposite, but on the side between these points. The wire should be heavy enough to stand firmly when once thoroughly tied. When complete, shellac the whole. An extra tip may be carried for long trips in case of breakage. It will occupy very little room and requires very little care. They seldom break and will endure the hardest sort of usage. This rod of mine is not pretty. It lacks considerable of being perfectly straight, but it does excellent work. It is much stronger than any cheap split bamboo that I have seen and at the same time the spring, the "feel," the "hang" is perfect. No one is likely to steal it, and should I break it, fifteen cents and half an hour's work will replace it. I like it very much on the lake or river, and so I am sure will any one who gets one made that just "fits" him. Such a rod is stronger than any other—save the highest priced split bamboo.

One of the best features of my rod is the fact that it has no joint. It can, therefore, be made shorter, as you get the benefit of the spring throughout the whole length of the rod. There is no unyielding ferrule just where you wish for elasticity. The tip is simply pushed into the butt, which has been bored out to receive it, some cord or a bit of cloth being wound on the inserted end to make it fit tightly. Possibly some casters may prefer a longer rod, but I consider a suitable "spring" and "hang" more essential than a certain length. Your rod should fit you, and its length is very largely a matter of individual preference. But by all means have no joint. For casting, its length should at least not exceed your height.

My reel was bought several years ago, and although it has had much hard use it seems to be as good to-day as ever. It spins like a top and makes no noise. It is a quadruple, 100 yards, with hard rubber plates, and cost me three dollars. It is strong, light, silent and almost frictionless. Perhaps even a cheaper one might give satisfaction, but an easy runner is absolutely essential. Without this very necessary quality your reel is only a clumsy windlass. That it may last well the gears should be of brass, meshing with steel. This reduces wear and friction to a minimum. Eighty or 100 yards is the proper size.

Have line enough to nicely fill the spool of the reel. That next the shaft may be any strong cotton line you may secure. But the outer part should be of strong silk, solid, hard braided and without a core. When you throw half a dollar's worth of artificial bait fifty feet out in the lake you want to feel reasonably sure of reeling it in again. So I buy twenty-four-pound test line. Twenty-five yards will do for practical fishing, though twice that amount is sometimes convenient, especially if you chance to break off a few feet. In fishing in pike-infested water, use a small copper wire leader twelve to fifteen inches long. If you do not some day you will lose a big fellow and bait of more or less value. You are also quite likely to lose your temper at the same time.

The tackle described is equally satisfactory for live or for artificial bait-casting, though for smallish live minnows or frogs the tip should be less stiff than for the usual wooden minnow.

Finally, on figuring up, the account will stand about as follows: Butt 50c., tip 15c., reel $1.50 to $3, line 50c., wooden minnow 50c., spoon 10c., weedless and other hooks 25c.; total, $3.50 to $5. You need spend no more to have efficient and good-working tackle, and you are prepared for almost all sorts of inland lake and river fishing.

Now may success attend you.

Autumn Fishing

BY JACK A. DOW

When the glories of summer have departed, and the salmon, instead of being a bar of silver and a vigorous gladiator, has become a slimy, misshapen thing, hideous to behold and unfit for food; when the brook trout is no longer jumping at the fly, but is seeking the spawning beds and is disdainful of any lure, the angler turns his attention to fish that he would not have condescended to fish for early in the season. Then it is that Brother Pike comes into the game, for the pike and the pickerel, also that nearly extinct fish the mascalonge, are at their best during the cool autumn days when the waters are as calm as glass and as cold as steel, and the brown leaves are being scattered by each chilly gust. It is well that things are thus, for many men would rather fish than eat, and if it were not for the pike family there would be very little to fish for at that season.

Let us take the pike as a representative of his family, though to our taste the pike-perch is a better fish. He is found from the extreme North to the Middle States and wherever he is found he is fished for with more or less enthusiasm. The biggest I ever saw weighed 18 pounds, but trustworthy authorities say they have grown to much heavier weights, and, according to some English writers, have been taken heavier than an ordinary ten-year-old boy. Whether they are good eating or not depends upon the waters they inhabit. If you catch them in a clear Northern lake late in the fall, I think they are every bit as good as black bass; on the other hand, taken from some warm, muddy pond in the height of summer, their flesh would not be considered appetizing except by a half-starved man. Then the cooking makes quite a difference. In Europe the monks and friars used to cultivate the pike because he would live in a fish-stew in the priory grounds, and in course of time they developed wonderful methods of cooking the fish. After reading some of their descriptions one feels that the pike was but a small component of the dish. When you take a fish and stuff it full of chopped beef and herbs and then souse it with wine before serving, even a pike out of a muddy pond may become very respectable eating. But it is about the fishing that we would write. You will never catch as many pike on a trolling spoon as you will if you use live bait. In most places a small frog is an excellent bait, and so is a minnow hooked through the lips. A large multiplying reel, a braided line and a good sized hook make the best combination. In some places a long strip of bacon rind is a very attractive bait, either casting or trolling. Often in summer a pike will rise at a big gaudy fly, but not always, and, moreover, the pike is then hardly fit to catch.

I have heard of pike that were so game that they leaped from the water and put up a tremendous fight before being mastered, but from my own experience I should say that a pike that did this was probably not a pike, but a mascalonge. All the pike that I have taken, and I have fished in some of the best pike waters of the continent, while they might put up a good fight for a few minutes, always ended by permitting themselves to be pulled in like a water-soaked log and never by any chance jumped. Sometimes when there was a great strain on the line and they had turned suddenly toward the boat, I have pulled them above the surface, and a person with a more vivid imagination than mine might have persuaded himself that they had jumped, but I never could. Yet the pike is not by any means a sluggish fish. For a short burst he can travel so fast through the water that the eye can hardly follow him; this is his method of catching his prey. He lurks among the weeds, motionless but alert, ready to dash out and seize any unfortunate fish that he can master. So, when you hook him, he makes one or two wild dashes for liberty, and then gives up the fight and allows you to tow him in without further resistance.

Where they are found together, the pike-perch is invariably considered the better fish. In the towns bordering the St. Lawrence the pike-perch generally sells for several cents a pound more than the pike, in open market, and he is a very game fish and is found in more open water than the pike. The best bait for him is undoubtedly a lively minnow, though in waters where he is little fished he will take a small spoon admirably.

I do not know what the record weight of the pike-perch may be, but I think I have seen, perhaps, one of the largest ever taken. This fish was captured in a net in Lake St. Louis, an enlargement of the St. Lawrence River, and weighed 17 pounds. The usual run of pike-perch weigh from one and a-half to two pounds, and a three-pound fish is a very large one in most waters.

Although all the pike family are coarse fish they certainly afford a lot of fun and are by no means to be despised. The fact that they are at their best when the choice species are at their worst counts for much, and we should be sorry to see them diminish in numbers except where they interfere with other species that are more valuable. Happily there is very little fear that the pike will ever disappear from any water that suits them, for they are well able to take care of themselves. If they should get into a pond where there are trout, you would have to drain the water off and keep the bed dry for several weeks before you could be quite sure that you had got rid of the intruders. So be very careful to not let them get a finhold where they are not wanted.

A Big Mascalonge

One of the heaviest mascalonge taken of late was landed by a New York angler, Mr. W. P. Carveth, near Petersborough, Ont. The fish, which is now in the care of a local taxidermist, weighed 40 pounds 8 ounces some hours after capture. Two pike, together weighing four pounds, were taken from it, showing the incarnate rapacity of the mascalonge. It is, indeed, the shark of the fresh waters. It was killed on an 8-ounce trolling rod.

Pickerel, Pike and 'Longe

Mr. H. R. Flint, of West Union, Minn., asks for an explanation of the difference between the three varieties of fish known as the pickerel, the Northern pike and the mascalonge, saying many anglers in Minnesota are at sea as to how to properly distinguish them.

In his "Bass, Pike, Perch and Others," of the American Sportsman's Library, Dr. James A. Henshall distinguishes these fishes as follows:

"The mascalonge (*Esox nobilior*) has the upper part of both the cheeks and gill-covers scaly, while the lower half of both cheeks and gill-covers is naked; it has from 17 to 19 branchiostegal rays (the rays on the under side of the gill cover that, like the ribs of an umbrella, assist in opening and closing it during breathing). Its coloration is of a uniform grayish hue, or when marked with spots or bars, they are always of a much darker color or shade than the ground color.

"The pike (*Esox lucius*) has the cheeks entirely scaly, but only the upper part of the gill-cover, the lower half being naked; it has from 14 to 16 branchiostegal rays; its coloration is a bluish or greenish gray, with elongated or pear-shaped spots covering the sides, and which are always of a lighter hue than the ground color.

"The little Western pickerel (*Esox vermiculatus*) has both cheeks and gill-covers entirely scaly, as have all the pickerels; it has from 11 to 13, usually 12, branchiostegal rays; its coloration is greenish or grayish, with curved streaks on the sides forming bars or reticulations; the color is quite variable, sometimes plain olive."

Take Your Choice

Mr. A. P. Stedman, of Minneapolis, Minn., points out that, in spite of our saying in a recent number that live minnows have the call as bait for black bass, in his opinion "live frogs have the best of it a hundred to one." He further states that "in northern Minnesota, where the lakes are all teeming with largemouth bass, no angler would think of going after them with any other bait."

No doubt Mr. Stedman is right, in so far as his observations have extended. But there are places outside of Minnesota where black bass are caught, where frogs are not nearly so successful as even the lowly helgramite, or "clipper." And taken as a whole, the country over, for both varieties of the black bass, there is no doubt that the live minnow is the most popular lure.

As for ourselves, taking things as they come, in all black bass waters and under any conditions, our preference is the artificial minnow of best make and equipped with three detachable single hooks. We will even go Mr. Stedman one better and say we can catch more bass in a given time with one such bait than he can with 200 best Minnesota frogs. And look at the frog's legs we'd save!

Bad Day's Fishing

Joseph Kobshinsky is languishing in the county jail at Ashland, Pa., serving a sentence of 290 days, or almost ten months, for having caught and kept twenty-nine bass contrary to the fish laws of Pennsylvania. When Warden Rinkenburger surprised Kobshinsky he found him with a string of bass ranging in length from four to six inches. The law says you must not save a bass under seven inches, and Justice of the Peace Brennan gave the law-breaker the limit, of $10 per fish. Joseph had not the wherewithal to liquidate, hence he will be unable to go fishing for the nice little bass for quite a while. It is hard, but Commissioner Meehan says he just has to make an example of somebody once in awhile or the laws will avail nothing.

Nibbles

Not a few fishermen who are not devotees of bait-casting declare it is too difficult to learn, and that they "have not been able to get the line to behave half way decent on the reel and running through the guides." The trouble is that most often these men have tried to use a twisted enameled or waterproofed line instead of a braided line of undressed silk. A twisted line kinks too much, and if enameled or oil-dressed it will not spool well, being too stiff.

In using artificial bait for bass, either wooden minnow or the fly, it is necessary to strike immediately the fish bites, otherwise he will thrown the lure out at once, unless hooked by a taut line. Mr. Bass mouths his food before swallowing it, and he won't hold an imitation of the real minnow or fly an instant.

Go over your tackle carefully before you put it away for the season. Clean and oil the reel. The rod will not be so liable to take set if jointed and hung up to a peg by the top.

In casting either artificial fly or minnow, a short line well handled is more successful than long, bungling casts.

Tobacco leaf will keep moths away, as a general thing, but moth-balls are far better. Cedar boughs and boxes made of cedar wood are often efficacious, though not sure preventives.

For some unknown reason, very many fishermen like to impale a strip of bacon rind, or a minnow or a piece from a fish's belly on the hook of a trolling spoon. If they meet with success, they lay it to their superior "fixing" of the lure. As a matter of fact, either the spoon or the other baits mentioned will take more fish if used separately. And what is more, a good spoon will be more successful and more satisfactory to handle without the senseless bunch of feathers trailing behind them that manufacturers equip them with. A gang of three hooks snuggled away in a sheaf of red and white feathers may look attractive coupled with a trolling spoon, when displayed in a tackle dealer's show case, but a single bare hook is preferable for fishing.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Conducted by George W. Kellogg

Sport with a Camera

We know of no sport more fascinating, none more commendable, than "hunting" with a camera. It inflicts no injury, and causes neither pain nor loss of life. It requires more effort, more nerve, more patience and more skill than hunting with a gun. The hunter with a camera, to be successful, must have some knowledge of the creatures he is hunting. He must know where to look for them and become familiar with their habits. He must be the master of his apparatus and skilled in dark-room manipulations. The photographer of wild life should be an advanced worker. Judgment, experience, wits and brains are essential to his success. Exposure meters in the field, time and factorial development in the dark room and other brain and labor saving devices should not be relied upon. The opportunity for exposure which may come and be gone in an instant may never come again. What might have been a good negative may be damaged or ruined by careless or brainless development.

We would encourage the beginner to qualify himself, the worker with some experience to start. Those pioneers in nature photography who have acquired distinction have been liberal and broadminded enough, not only to give us the benefit of their experiences, but to help substantially with explicit descriptions of the methods by which they attained success. From them and from others whose work is equally commendable, though it may not have come into prominence, we can draw much that will be of value.

Apparatus need not be a bugbear. While it is conceded that in some instances there are certain types of cameras better adapted for the work than are others, and that it is advantageous to have one of the very rapid modern lenses, yet, with the possible exception of those cameras having fixed focus lenses, the ingenious amateur can make such as he possesses or may be able to procure meet his requirements. We have seen the successful work of one amateur who used a 4 by 5 view camera and a good rectilinear lens of the same size; that of another who used a 5 by 7 camera fitted with an 8 by 10 lens, and still another who had only a small hand camera with a short bellows and an ordinary rectilinear lens. Cameras of the reflecting type, in which the operator can see the image right side up till the instant of exposure, if fitted with anastigmat lenses and having focal plane shutters, are the best for catching near-by animals in rapid motion or birds on the wing. On other occasions this type of a camera will be the most convenient, but for an all-round hunting camera it is less desirable than some of the more common styles. So the amateur who cannot afford the extra outlay of over one hundred dollars for such an addition to his outfit need not consider himself inadequately equipped.

With the best equipment obtainable the most skilful photographer who has no knowledge of the game he is hunting will have little, possibly no, success. Whether he is in search of birds or animals, he must know something of their habits, where to look for their nests or haunts.

To get within a camera shot of wild birds, the most opportune occasions are during the nesting season; and during the winter, when, naturally, there is a scarcity of their food supply. On the one hand, a natural instinct to preserve their homes, on the other hunger, makes them less timid, less fearful. During one period you may approach closely without scaring the birds from their nests; in the other, you can with bits of food decoy the birds toward you. A shallow dish containing fresh water placed on a post, stump, rock or other conspicuous place in summer will soon prove an attraction to many of the smaller birds. The camera can be set up and focused; plate holder inserted and slide drawn; shutter set and connected with a large, strong bulb, or, preferably, a bicycle foot-pump, by long rubber tubing, and the photographer retire some distance to wait. The presence of the camera may cause the birds to be a little shy, but probably not for a long time. The camera can be masked easily with a few light branches and green leaves, care being taken that nothing is placed between the lens and the point where it is expected the birds will alight. Eventually the birds will be posing in the desired place. By being careful, so as not to frighten them, they in time will give little attention to the photographer, who, having acquired their confidence, will be enabled to make such a series of small birds pictures that, from an educational viewpoint, shall have more than an ordinary value.

If the hunter for nesting birds is a poor climber, and cannot crawl along the large branches without fear or dizziness, he may confine his work to such birds as nest low, or even on the ground. When the nest is located the apparatus should be got in readiness for an exposure and masked. If the old birds have flown, the photographer should retire some distance, where he can watch the nest, but concealing himself as well as he can. He must wait quietly and motionless as possible for the return of the birds. Pictures of the young birds and the nests will be less difficult to secure. The methods for getting them will suggest themselves when the photographer has the nests located.

One of the most difficult problems in bird photography is to get good pictures of birds that spend their lives on and about the water, nesting in remote marshes, or in high, inaccessible cliffs. It requires more than ordinary enthusiasm, more grit than the average hunter possesses, to remain in chilly, filthy swamp water, concealed, perhaps for hours, a hundred feet or more from the camera, waiting for the one chance to pull the string or press the large bulb when the wildest of birds shall return to the nest from which it had flown on the intruder's approach.

It requires a man of extraordinary nerve to dangle at the end of a rope lowered over a precipice or to pick his way along the edge of some tall cliff, where a slip or a misstep means a plunge into the unknown, until he is within a camera shot of his subjects, and then to successfully photograph the wild sea birds there, nesting. It has been done. It can be done again. But this is the work for a few.

Photographing wild animals at large, with the exception of those that burrow, is a harder task. It requires persistency, tenacity and the endurance of much hardship to successfully take the larger game; when in pursuit of the smaller, there will be many a disappointment. In either the chances for success are few. A few have succeeded. Not many will imitate or follow them.

Among the animals in captivity there are opportunities for good workers. In some of the zoos, where the use of cameras is permitted, it is possible to make pictures that fairly well represent the occupants in their native wilds. The amateur looking for excitement can find it here, especially if he brush against a too friendly bear, approach too near an unfriendly buffalo or get into the enclosure with an elk whose antlers are out of the velvet. But he can secure studies that would be impossible were the animals in their wild state. He can select an animal from a group, record its appearance at different periods and show it in its various moods. He will have opportunities to illustrate the growth and development of young animals He can show the rapidity of growth in the antlers of deer, elk and kindred animals, as well as the differences in their dispositions while the antlers are growing and when they are grown. As his experiences increase he will perceive new opportunities that might have been impossible were he hunting in the wilds.

Unfortunately, there are some public zoos where there is a perpetually closed season for the camera, a condition that ought to be modified, so that without detriment to the institution or annoyance to the public the photographer who has the requisite qualifications and who will not abuse the privileges conceded to him shall, under proper restrictions, be permitted to avail himself of the opportunities which the zoo affords.

In outlining these few out of the many possibilities for the photographer who will hunt with his camera, our trouble has been, not what to write, but how to prune and condense what we would write so as to convey to the reader such information as shall be of the greatest value to him in the actual work, and to work in as much that might be of practical use as the limitations of a brief article will permit. We have made little reference to special apparatus, as it is our desire not to teach the amateur how to spend the most, but how to get the most out of his investment. Experience, the best and often the most severe of teachers, will make known to him who takes up this work what additional equipment will enable him to facilitate his operations.

Nature photography being yet in its infancy, its devotees who have become prominent and have given so generously of the knowledge they have acquired to their less fortunate fellow workers may yet not have had some of the needful experiences that some more obscure workers have stumbled upon. So it is desirable that there shall be a friendly interchange of experiences. This field of photographic opportunities has too long been neglected, and has never received the recognition it deserves; while the esthetic, the impressionistic, the dreamy and the poetic has been boomed too long and too much, until it has usurped and monopolized those high places in photography of which other branches should be entitled to a share. There should be a reversal of things, and this class of pictures should be made to stand back, giving to the real, the natural, the solid, the

By Geo. W. Kellogg

"Thus, perchance, the Indian hunter, many a lagging year agone".

scientific and the educational, which requires more labor, more skill and more brains, and has a more practical, a more permanent value, not only for the present, but for the future, the highest and most conspicuous place in the photographic world.

They who through the camera reveal nature's secrets rather than they who with the camera make nature unnatural should be the leaders. Let them come to the front and give the better photography a boost.

The Amateur and the Anastigmat

Let none who fail to do satisfactory work with a rectilinear or even a lens of a cheaper grade deceive themselves into the belief that the fault is "all in the lens." Nor should they jump at the conclusion that, by the substitution of a modern anastigmat, a better quality of work will be produced. Such a change, especially in those cases where a hand camera and a focusing scale are used, would probably result in the production of poorer work, an increase of troubles for the worker and a regard for the modern lens that would be everything but complimentary. In the majority of such cases the user, not the lens, is at fault, due to a lack of knowledge of the possibilities and impossibilities of the instrument he is using.

A lens, to be of extreme rapidity, must have a large working aperture, and as that aperture is increased, so, in exact proportion, will the depth of the lens decrease; whether the lens be a single, rectilinear, portrait or anastigmat, the law is the same. Because of its double meaning the term depth is a misleading one. Depth of focus occurs within the camera; depth of field, without. Depth of focus is that distance which either the front or the back of the camera can be moved forward or backward, without making any one object visibly out of focus; the smaller the stop in the lens the greater will this depth be. By depth of field, usually, but erroneously, called depth of focus, is meant the clear definition of objects at various distances from the lens, and, like depth of focus, depth of field is increased as the lens is stopped down. Take any anastigmat and compare it with a rectilinear of the same focal length, using stops of the same value; the depth of both will be the same. When a lens is represented to have unusual depth, it and its advertiser can, without injustice, be regarded with suspicion. For depth, the anastigmat is no better than any other lens, and when working it with a larger aperture than is possible with the other types of lenses, greater accuracy in focusing is necessary.

There are few amateurs who can afford a genuine, high-grade anastigmat that would not own one. When properly focused, an anastigmat will cut sharply, with a large aperture, a larger plate than will a rectilinear of the same focal length; when stopped down, the anastigmat will cover a much larger plate than the size for which it is listed, becoming thereby useful as a wide angle lens. In all cases where uniformly sharp definition is essential, for copying and enlarging, especially maps and line drawings, there is no other lens that can compare with a good anastigmat, and no bit of rubbish more worthless than a poor one.

There are occasions when the purchase of a lens is like buying a ticket in a lottery. The purchaser may get a bargain or he may himself be the bargain. The word "anastigmat" engraved on the mount does not make the lens an anastigmat in fact. Spurious lenses are not uncommon. There are counterfeits and imitations. This is not conjecture, not hearsay. The writer has had the goods and tested them. A portrait lens, purporting to be of a reputable and standard European make, would give no image, for it consisted of two back combinations. Another lens, supposed to be from a standard maker, would not cut sharply, even when used with the smallest stop; the mount was genuine, the lenses spurious. A lens that was sold for an anastigmat would not cut sharply any part of the plate, even when stopped down to f/22.6, while another from the same house, represented to be of the same make and of the same grade, was equal to the representations made for it. Both were represented to be of one make, but were fitted in barrels on which was engraved the name of another maker.

When an amateur asks our opinion in reference to the purchase of an anastigmat, or the exchange of a rectilinear that does good work for an anastigmat, we have two things to take into consideration: Is an anastigmat essential to the work that is proposed to be done? Can the extra outlay that will be required for an anastigmat be afforded? Except for very rapid exposures and for technical work in which it is necessary to have sharp definition at the margins of the negatives when it is desirable to work with large stops, there will be few occasions when a good rectilinear will not satisfactorily meet the amateur's requirements.

We have no prejudice against the modern lens; we would have a set of the highest grade if we could. We would be the first to welcome good anastigmats from any reliable house, and at a price within every amateur's ability to buy. But, until we know of such a lens from a house that we can recommend with confidence, we shall continue to advise those amateurs to whom the prices of standard anastigmats are prohibitory to be content with their rectilinears.

As to Competitions

Our attention has been directed to the announcement of another photographic competition, for amateurs exclusively, that is being promoted by a well-known Boston publication. We wish it success. We are firm believers in such contests, provided they are conducted fairly and the awards are made solely on merit. But we share the growing opinion that the interest in these competitions is waning; that many of recent years have resulted in disappointment to the promoters and injustice to the contestants. Promoters who publicly invite, contestants who voluntarily respond, judges who accept the responsibility of making the awards—all become subjects for the criticism as well as the approbation of the public.

Whatever is due let it not be withheld, be it commendation or condemnation. Many are wondering at the non-appearance of promised posters, covers and brochures—mementos of contests which closed so long ago that the memory of them is fading as an old sulphur-toned p.o.p. print. Regardless of what the quality of the prize-winner's work may have been or the effect its publicity will have upon promoters, contestants or judges, let all that has been promised be produced.

Notes

Some ray filters, like some lenses, are not worth the postage nor the express charges on them. From a personal experience we can recommend the bichromate of potash liquid filter, and, from reports, we believe the Ideal filter, which is less expensive, to be deserving of the amateur's confidence. But we have seen some of so pale a color as to be of no value, except to the seller, and in the imagination of the user.

Because of what you read in reference to the possibilities of the portrait attachment, don't spend a lot of money for a set of supplementary lenses. One at a time, and stick to it until you are skilled in its use, is the better way. You may not need the others.

Exposure meters are sold for various prices up to five dollars. With the best a certain amount of judgment must be used. None is infallible, and in some instances the meter is useless. No amateur needs one. A few such experiments as suggested in the June number, and costing but a few cents each, will be of greater benefit to the amateur than all the exposure meters on the market. The necessary individual skill can be acquired. Its possession is more to be desired and will be of greater service than any mechanical contrivance.

A subscriber in Roosevelt, Idaho, reminds us that the promised article on anastigmatic lenses has not appeared. The subject is discussed in this issue. But, very likely, our treatment of it has been different than the one who made the promise intended.

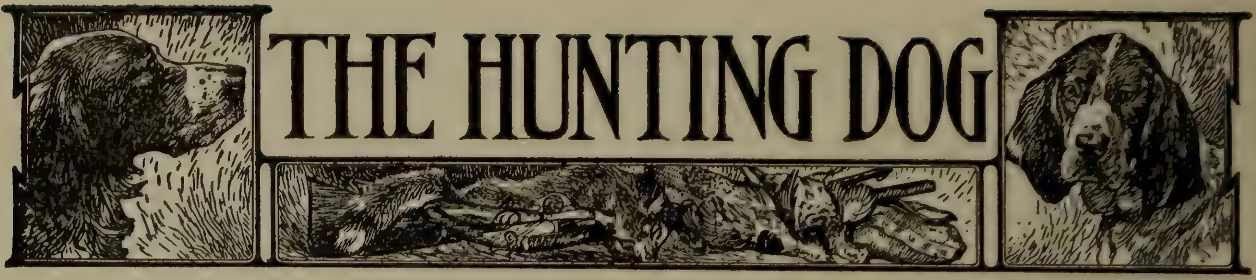
Amateurs who are hunting for lively subjects will have plenty of entertainment, acquire a vast amount of information and be living again in the memories of boyhood's happy days, if they will go to work seriously to illustrate the habits of the honey bee. This is no joke. The writer spent an afternoon recently with an enthusiastic apiarist who demonstrated some surprising possibilities for the clever worker with the camera—and there were no unpleasant sensations experienced.

Occasionally get out in company with those who have other hobbies than photography. You will get new ideas and a new line of subjects to work on. Collectors of shells, plants, fossils, aboriginal relics, are usually pleased to have the companionship of a good cameraist on their outings, and will suggest subjects of a scientific and historical value. Fishermen, hunters, canoeists, campers, automobilists, athletes, horsemen and others will furnish a lot of opportunities to record interesting incidents and to render pictorial effects.

Equal parts of beeswax and rosin melted and applied hot to the part of a tray where there is a leak is one of the best of remedies, and when used to fill in where the enamel has chipped off, it will add much to the period of usefulness of the enameled iron tray.

Mr. Edwin Hauck, of New York City, sends us the following formula for photo paste, and writes that he has given it a trial and finds it O. K.:

Take one ounce of gum tragacanth, and after picking out all the unclean pieces, put the clean gum into a quart preserving jar and pour over it one and one-half pints of cold soft water. Cover the jar and let it stand twenty-four hours. Then stir the contents thoroughly and add four drops of oil of wintergreen to prevent souring. Stir four times the first day cover tightly, and use as needed.



THE HUNTING DOG

Kennel Management

BY MORTIMER BROWNE

Every one who owns a dog is fond of it, but not every one knows how to house it. The old-fashioned watch dog used to be chained to a kennel year in and year out, until he almost rotted for want of exercise. No wonder the poor brute was fierce; you or I would be fierce, too, were we treated half so badly. The modern dog owner, if he knows his business, sees that his favorites are handled in a more humane manner.

The best of all is a kennel with a run, that is, a space fenced in, in which the dog may exercise himself and enjoy a reasonable amount of liberty. Preferably the shelter should be a small, comfortable shed-like kennel, with a part, at least, of the run covered in. This keeps off rain and snow and does much to preserve a dog in health. It is almost as disagreeable for a dog as for a man to have a damp coat continually, and the more highly bred the dog, the more susceptible he is to the weather

The sleeping place should always be raised above the ground, though not so high that he can crawl underneath. In summer a thick covering of sawdust is cool, and tends to keep away vermin, but in winter a good bed of wheat straw is warmer and better in every way. Each year the inside of the kennel, as well as the outside, should be covered with a coat of lime wash, and if the run is not floored with asphalt, or concrete, or bricks, but consists merely of earth, it should be dug deeply and thoroughly well mixed with lime, as this destroys the eggs of parasites, and does away with much of the risk of infection that is sure to follow if a dog is kept upon foul ground.

Usually there is some small outbuilding that can be converted into a kennel, and several dogs may be kept together to better advantage than a single one, as the dog is an animal that loves company, and never seems to do so well as when he has others of his own kind near him, provided they are all healthy and have no infectious disease.

The position of the kennel should depend upon the climate. In the North it should face the southerly points of the compass, from southeast to southwest, but it must never face the direction from which the prevailing winds blow. In the Southern States a northerly aspect would be better, and the wind need not be avoided so carefully. The roof of the shed should be sound, and if double, with a layer of tarred paper between the boards, it will afford considerable protection. On the score of safety, if the runs are not roofed in, they should at least be covered with a wire netting; breeders will understand why. The best floor is undoubtedly concrete, being durable and clean, but as it costs about a dollar a square yard, not every owner would care to go to this expense. In large kennels, troughs for holding the food are sometimes preferred, but there is really nothing so good as large, brown, earthenware pans, which are cheap and easily cleaned.

Food should never be left about the kennel, as it attracts flies, and, moreover, tends to put a delicate dog off its feed. If you should have an animal that is a poor eater and does not clean up what you give it, be very careful to remove all that is left, and do not on any account give it anything until the next mealtime is due; and, by the way, twice a day is enough to feed any dog—a light meal in the morning and a heavy one about six or seven in the evening. The vessels containing water should be always clean and never empty, as it is essential to a dog's good condition that he should have an abundance of pure water.

In the North one of the greatest difficulties is to keep a kennel moderately warm in the winter. Some breeds, it is true, will get along without any heat whatsoever, even in the Northern prairie States, but pointers, fox terriers and other short-haired dogs should have some artificial warmth when the temperature has gone down far below the freezing point. The best heater is, of course, a regular hot-water arrangement such as is used in a house, and many of our largest kennels are fitted up in this manner, but, of course, such luxury is out of the question in the case of the ordinary dog owner with a small kennel, so we must fall back upon the good, old, wood-burning stove of our forefathers. It is, however, necessary to surround it with a wire grating, or something that will keep the dogs at respectful distance.

Many people would look upon all these directions as superfluous. "Any old place is good enough for a dog." Let me retort by saying that any old dog is good enough for them. If a man has a fine one, it will pay him to take care of it, and if it is a well-broken pointer or setter, he may be very sure that proper kennel management will make his dog much more useful in the field. The shooting season is so short in most States, and the closed season is so long, that a dog is very likely to get entirely out of condition if you keep him in too small a kennel. On the other hand, if you give him the run of the house and let the women pamper him and the children play with him, his usefulness in the field will diminish somewhat rapidly.

By J. J. Gromme

IRISH SETTER PUPPIES AT WORK ON MINNESOTA CHICKENS

In large kennels there is usually some room to be set aside for the use of the kennelman, and near at hand he has cupboards where he can keep a few simple medicines—though the dosing of dogs should never be encouraged—together with an assortment of combs, brushes and disinfectants.

Owing to the practice of keeping packs of foxhounds on oatmeal, there is a tendency among dog owners to feed too much farinaceous food; there can be no reasonable doubt that the natural food of the dog, who was probably originally a wolf, is meat, and it would appear to be a grave mistake to feed him on mushy foods too persistently. Of course, the dog in his natural state was obliged to take an immense amount of exercise, while the civilized dog is too often debarred from taking any, yet it may be reasonably doubted if his internal economy is adapted to a starchy diet. Give your dog plenty of exercise, and then you may allow him a fair amount of meat without hurt. This is, possibly, the chief reason why dogs improve so much when they are taken from a sedentary life and put into an active one. Again, never give a dog meat because it is putrid and cannot be cooked for your own table. Almost any flesh is good, provided it be fresh. When you do feed oatmeal, make it stiff and thick, and do not burn it. Stale bread mixed in with meat is good food occasionally, and large bones that the dog cannot swallow are always useful. Better to give them raw than cooked, as after boiling nothing but the lime is left, and the dog can crunch and swallow them, when they are pretty sure to produce indigestion and other evils.

The old worthies used to recommend a liberal diet of vegetables in summer, but our own impression is that vegetables are not very necessary to a dog, notwithstanding that he will eat quantities of grass if his stomach is out of order with improper feeding. Dogs that are living almost in a state of nature do not eat grass; at least, we have never seen them do so.

The great curse of a large kennel is often eczema, or some other kind of so-called "mange," but if you examine every dog thoroughly before you admit him to your kennel and keep him in solitary confinement for a sufficiently long time to be sure he is in good health and free from vermin, you need not have much trouble on this score. Of course, if you send your dogs around to the shows they are likely to catch anything that is going, and dogs that have been on the circuit should certainly be kept apart from the others for a week or ten days after their return home.

CLOSE SEASONS FOR GAME IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA, 1906

COMPILED BY T. S. PALMER AND R. W. WILLIAMS, JR., for the UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, BIOLOGICAL SURVEY.

The first date of the close season and the first date of the open season are given; open seasons may be found by reversing the dates.

The term rabbit includes "hare" of the Canadian laws; quail, the bird known as "partridge" in the South; grouse, includes Canada grouse, sharp-tailed grouse, ruffed grouse (known as "partridge" in the North and "pheasant" in the South), and all other members of the family except prairie chickens, ptarmigan and sage hens; introduced pheasant is restricted to the Old World pheasants; and goose includes "brant." [Revised to August 1, 1906.]

		BIRDS.												
		STATE.	QUAIL.	GROUSE.	PRAIRIE CHICKEN.	WILD TURKEY.	DOVE.	PLOVER.[3]	SNIPE.[3]	WOODCOCK.[3]	RAIL.[3]	DUCK.[3]	GOOSE, SWAN.[3]	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	All the year	Dec. 1–Sept. 15			All the year	May 1–Aug. 1	May 1–Aug. 1	Dec. 1–Sept. 15		Dec. 1–Sept. 1[2]		1
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 15–Oct. 1	Dec. 15–Oct. 1			All the year	Feb. 1–Aug. 1[1]	Dec. 15–Oct. 1[1]	Dec. 15–Oct. 1	Feb. 1–Aug. 1	Feb. 1–Aug. 1[2]		2
	3	Vermont	Jan. 1–Sept. 1	Jan. 1–Sept. 1			All the year	Jan. 1–Sept. 1[2, 19]	Jan. 1–Sept. 1	Jan. 1–Sept. 1		Jan. 1–Sept. 1	Jan 1–Sept. 1[13]	3
	4	Massachusetts	Dec. 1–Nov. 1[1]	Dec. 1–Oct. 1[1]	All the year		All the year	Mar. 1–July 15[19]	Mar. 1–July 15	Dec. 1–Oct. 1[1]	Mar. 1–July 15	Mar. 1–Sept. 1[2, 19]		4
	5	Rhode Island	Jan. 1–Nov. 1	Jan. 1–Nov. 1			All the year			Jan. 1–Nov. 1		Apr. 1–Aug. 15[2]		5
	6	Connecticut	Dec. 1–Oct. 1	Dec. 1–Oct. 1			All the year	Apr. 1–Sept. 1	May 1–Aug. 1	Dec. 1–Oct. 1	Apr. 1–Sept. 1	May 1–Sept. 1	May 1–Sept. 1	6
	7	New York[1]	Dec. 1–Nov. 1[1]	Dec. 1–Sept. 16[1]			All the year	Jan. 1–Aug. 16	Jan. 1–Sept. 16	Dec. 1–Sept. 16[1]	Jan. 1–Sept. 16	Jan. 1–Sept. 16	Jan. 1–Sept. 16	7
	8	Long Island	Jan. 1–Nov. 1	Jan. 1–Nov. 1			All the year	Jan. 1–July 16	Jan. 1–July 16	Jan. 1–Aug. 1	Jan. 1–July 16	Jan. 1–Oct. 1	Jan. 1–Oct. 1[24]	8
	9	New Jersey	Jan. 1–Nov. 10	Jan. 1–Nov. 10	Jan. 1–Nov. 10	Jan. 1–Nov. 10	All the year	Jan. 1–May 1[19]	Jan. 1–Sept. 1[2, 3]	Jan. 1–Oct. 1[3]	Jan. 1–Sept. 1	May 1–Sept. 1	May 1–Sept. 1	9
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1–Nov. 1	Dec. 1–Oct. 15	Dec. 1–Oct. 15	Dec. 1–Oct. 15	Jan. 1–Sept. 1	Dec. 1–July 15[10]	May. 1–Sept. 1[2]	Dec. 1–Oct. 1	Jan. 1–Sept. 1	Jan. 1–Sept. 1[3]	Jan. 1–Sept. 1[5]	10
	11	Delaware	Jan. 1–Nov. 15	Jan. 1–Nov. 15			All the year				Feb. 2–Sept. 1	Apr. 16–Oct. 1[2]	Apr. 16–Oct. 1	11
	12	Maryland[1]	Dec. 25–Nov. 1	Dec. 25–Nov. 1		Dec. 25–Nov. 1	Dec. 25–Aug. 15	May 1–Aug. 15	May 1–Aug 15	Dec. 25–Nov. 1[3]	Nov. 1–Sept. 1	Apr. 10–Nov. 1	Apr. 10–Nov. 1	12
	13	Dist. Columbia[25]	Mar. 15–Nov. 1	Dec. 26–Nov. 1	Mar. 15–Sept. 1	Dec. 26–Nov. 1	All the year	Apr. 1–Sept. 1	Apr. 1–Sept. 1	Jan. 1–July 1	Feb. 1–Sept. 1	Apr. 1–Sept. 1	Apr. 1–Sept. 1[13]	13
	14	Virginia	Feb. 1–Nov. 1[4]	Feb. 1–Nov. 1[1, 4]		Feb. 1–Nov. 1[4]	All the year	Jan. 1–July 20[2]	Jan. 1–July 20[2]	Feb. 1–Nov. 1[4]	Jan. 1–July 20[11]	Apr. 1–Oct. 15[19]	Apr. 1–Oct 15	14
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 20–Nov. 1	Dec. 15–Oct. 15	Dec. 15–Oct. 15	Dec. 15–Oct. 15	All the year		July 1–Mar. 1	Nov. 2–July 15		Apr. 1–Oct. 1	Apr. 1–Oct. 1[13]	15
	16	Kentucky	Jan. 1–Nov. 15	Jan. 1–Nov. 15		Feb. 1–Sept. 1	Feb. 1–Aug. 1			Feb. 1–June 20		Apr. 1–Aug. 15	Apr. 1–Aug. 15[13]	16
	17	Ohio	Dec. 5–Nov. 15	To Nov. 10, 1908			Dec. 1–Sept. 1	Dec. 1–Sept. 1[3]	Dec. 1–Sept. 1[3]	Dec. 1–Sept. 1	Dec. 1–Sept. 1[3]	Dec. 1–Sept. 1[3]	Dec. 1–Sept. 1[3]	17
	18	Michigan	To Oct. 15, 1907	Dec. 1–Oct. 15[1, 2]	To 1910	To 1910	All the year	Jan. 1–Sept. 2	Jan. 1–Sept. 2	Jan. 1–Sept. 2		Jan. 2–Sept. 1[3]	Jan. 2–Sept. 1[3]	18
	19	Indiana[22]	Jan. 1–Nov. 10	Jan. 1–Nov. 10	Jan. 1–Nov. 10	All the year	Jan. 1–Nov. 10[3]	Oct. 1–Nov. 10[22]	Oct. 1–Nov. 10[22]	Oct. 1–Nov. 10[22]	Oct. 1–Nov. 10[22]	Apr. 15–Sept. 1	Apr. 15–Sept. 1	19
	20	Illinois	Dec. 20–Nov. 10	To May 18, 1909	To May 18, 1909	To Apr. 28, 1908	Dec. 1–Aug. 1	May 1–Sept. 1	May 1–Sept. 1	Dec. 1–Aug. 1		Apr. 15–Sept. 1	Apr. 15–Sept. 1	20
	21	Wisconsin	To Oct. 1, 1910	Dec. 1–Sept. 1	Oct. 15–Sept. 1[1]		All the year	Dec. 1–Sept. 1	Dec. 1–Sept. 1	Dec. 1–Sept. 1		Jan. 1–Sept. 1	Apr. 1–Sept. 1[15]	21
	22	Minnesota	Dec. 1–Oct. 1	Dec. 1–Oct. 1[3]	Nov. 1–Sept. 1		Nov. 1–Sept. 1	Nov. 1–Sept. 1[3]	Nov. 1–Sept. 1	Nov. 1–Sept. 1		Dec. 1–Sept. 1	Dec. 1–Sept. 1	22
	23	Iowa	Dec. 15–Nov. 1	Dec. 15–Nov. 1	Dec. 1–Sept. 1	Dec. 15–Nov. 1	All the year	Apr. 15–Sept. 1		Jan. 1–July 10	Apr. 15–Sept. 1	Apr. 15–Sept. 1	Apr. 15–Sept. 1[13]	23
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1–Nov. 1	To Dec. 1, 1910	Dec. 15–Nov. 15	Jan. 1–Nov. 1	Jan. 1–Aug. 1	Jan. 1–Aug. 1	May 1–Sept. 15	Jan. 1–Aug. 1		May 1–Sept. 15	May 1–Sept. 15[13]	24
	25	Kansas	Dec. 15–Nov. 15[5]	Oct. 15–Sept. 15	Oct. 15–Sept. 15[5]		Sept. 15–Aug. 1	Sept. 15–July 15				Apr. 15–Sept. 1	Apr. 15–Sept. 1[13]	25
	26	Nebraska	Dec. 1–Nov. 15	Dec. 1–Sept. 1	Dec. 1–Sept. 1	All the year	Aug. 1–July 1	Aug. 1–July 1	May 16–Sept. 1[2]			Apr. 16–Sept. 1	Apr. 16–Sept. 1	26
	27	South Dakota	Jan. 1–Sept. 1	Jan. 1–Sept. 1	Jan. 1–Sept. 1			May 15–Sept. 1		Jan. 1–Sept. 1		May 1–Sept. 1	May 1–Sept. 1[13]	27
	28	North Dakota	Oct. 15–Sept. 1	Oct. 15–Sept. 1	Oct. 15–Sept. 1					Oct. 15–Sept. 1		May 1–Sept. 1	May 1–Sept. 1[13]	28
	29	Montana	All the year	Dec. 1–Sept. 1	Dec. 1–Sept. 1		Dec. 1–Sept. 1					Dec. 1–Sept. 1	Dec. 1–Sept. 1	29
	30	Wyoming	All the year	Dec. 1–Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 1–Sept. 1		All the year	May 1–Sept. 1	May 1–Sept. 1		May 1–Sept. 1	May 1–Sept. 1	May 1 Sept. 1[13]	30
	31	Colorado	To Oct. 1, 1920[3]	Oct. 21–Sept. 1	Oct. 21–Sept. 1	To Sept. 1, 1907	Aug. 16–Aug. 1		Apr. 16–Sept. 10[6]			Apr. 16–Sept. 10[6]	Apr. 16–Sept. 10[6]	31
SOUTHERN.	32	North Carolina[1]	Mar. 1–Nov. 1	13 local laws		Mar. 1–Nov. 1	Mar. 1–Nov. 1		10 local laws	12 local laws	7 local laws	13 local laws	13 local laws	32
	33	South Carolina	Apr. 1–Nov. 1	Apr. 1–Nov. 1		Apr. 1–Nov. 1	Mar. 1–Nov. 1			Apr. 1–Nov. 1				33
	34	Georgia*	Mar. 15–Nov. 1	Mar. 15–Nov. 1		Mar. 15–Nov. 1	Mar. 15–Sept. 1		Mar. 15–Sept. 1	Feb. 1–Sept. 1	Mar. 15–July 15[2]	Feb. 1–Sept. 1[2]		34
	35	Florida	Mar. 1–Nov. 1			Mar. 1–Nov. 1						Apr. 1–Oct. 1		35
	36	Alabama	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws			Local laws				36
	37	Mississippi	Mar. 1–Nov. 1			May 1–Jan. 1	Mar. 1–Aug. 1	Mar. 1–Sept. 1	Mar. 1–Sept. 1[3]		Mar. 1–Sept. 1	Mar. 1–Sept. 1	Mar. 1–Sept. 1	37
	38	Tennessee	Mar. 1–Nov. 1	Mar. 1–Nov. 1		Mar. 1–Nov. 1[1]	Apr. 15–Aug. 1[1]	Apr. 15–Oct. 1[1]	Apr. 15–Oct. 1[1]	Apr. 15–Oct. 1[1]	Apr. 15–Oct. 1[1]	Apr. 15–Oct. 1[1]	Apr. 15–Oct. 1	38
	39	Arkansas	Mar. 1–Nov. 1[1]		Dec. 1–Oct. 31	May 1–Sept. 1	All the year							39
	40	Louisiana	Mar. 1–Nov. 1		To July, 1909	Apr. 1–Dec. 1	Mar. 1–Aug. 1	Mar. 1–Aug. 1	May 1–Sept. 1	All the year	Mar. 1–Aug. 1	Apr. 15–Sept. 1[19]	Apr. 15–Sept. 1	40
	41	Texas	Feb. 1–Nov. 1		Feb. 1–Nov. 1	Feb. 1–Nov. 1	Feb. 1–Sept. 1							41
	42	Oklahoma	Feb. 1–Oct. 15	All the year	Jan. 1–Sept. 1	Jan. 1–Sept. 1	Jan. 1–Aug. 1	Jan. 1–Aug. 1						42
	43	New Mexico	Jan. 1–Oct. 1[3]	Jan. 1–Oct. 1	Jan. 1–Oct. 1	Jan. 1–Oct. 1	Oct. 1–Aug. 1							43
	44	Arizona	Mar. 1–Oct. 15	Mar. 1–Oct. 15		Dec. 1–Sept. 15			Mar. 1–Oct. 15		Mar. 1–Oct. 15			44
PACIFIC.	45	California[1]	Feb. 15–Oct. 15[2]	Feb. 15–Sept. 1			Feb. 15–July 1	Feb. 15–Oct. 15	Apr. 1–Oct. 15[2]		Feb. 15–Oct. 15	Feb. 15–Oct. 15	All the year[14]	45
	46	Nevada	Mar. 1–Sept. 15	Mar. 1–Sept. 15	Mar. 1–Sept. 15		Nov. 2–July 15	Mar. 1–Sept. 15	Mar. 1–Sept. 15	Mar. 1–Sept. 15		Mar. 1–Sept. 15	All the year[14]	46
	47	Utah	All the year[1]	Dec. 1–Aug. 15	Dec. 1–Aug. 15		Dec. 1–Aug. 15	Jan. 1–Oct. 1	Jan. 1–Oct. 1			Jan. 1–Oct. 1	Jan. 1–Oct. 1	47
	48	Idaho	Dec. 1–Nov. 1	Dec. 1–Aug. 15	Dec. 1–Aug. 15		Nov. 1–Aug. 1	Nov. 1–Aug. 1	Nov. 1–Aug. 1			Feb. 1–Sept. 1	Feb. 1–Sept. 1	48
	49	Washington	Jan. 1–Oct. 1[1]	Jan. 1–Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1–Sept. 1[1]		All the year	Mar. 1–Aug. 15	Mar. 1–Sept. 1		Mar. 1–Aug. 15	Mar. 1–Sept. 1[1]	May 1–Sept. 1[1]	49
	50	Oregon[1]	Dec. 1–Oct. 1[21]	Dec. 1–Oct. 1[1]	To Sept. 15, 1909[1]	Dec. 1–Oct. 1	All the year	Jan. 1–Aug. 1[10]		Dec. 1–Oct. 1	Jan. 1–Aug. 1	Feb. 1–Sept. 1[1]	Feb. 1–Sept. 1[1]	50
	51	Alaska		Dec. 16–Sept. 1				Dec. 16–Sept. 1	Dec. 16–Sept. 1			Feb. 1–Sept. 1	Feb. 1–Sept. 1	51
	52	Hawaii	Mar. 1–Sept. 16				Feb. 1–July 1	May 1–Sept. 16[2]	May 1–Sept. 16			Feb. 1–Sept. 16[2]	Feb. 1–Sept. 16	52
CANADA.	53	British Columbia[1]	All the year	Jan. 1–Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1–Sept. 1[1]			Mar. 1–Sept. 1	Mar. 1–Sept. 1			Mar. 1–Sept. 1[1]	All the year[16]	53
	54	Yukon*		Jan. 15–Oct. 1	Jan. 15–Oct. 1				June 1–Sept. 1			June 1–Sept. 1	June 1–Sept. 1	54
	55	Alberta*		Dec. 15–Sept. 15	Dec. 15–Sept. 15			May 5–Aug. 23	May 5–Aug. 23		May 5–Aug. 23	May 5–Aug. 23		55
	56	Saskatchewan		Dec. 15–Sept. 15	Dec. 15–Sept. 15			May 5–Aug. 23	May 5–Aug. 23		May 5–Aug. 23	May 5–Aug. 23		56
	57	Unorganized Ter.		Jan. 1–Sept. 1	Jan. 1–Sept. 1							Jan. 15–Sept. 1	Jan. 15–Sept. 1	57
	58	Manitoba*	Jan. 1–Aug. 1	Nov. 15–Sept. 15	Nov. 15–Sept. 15		All the year	Jan. 1–Aug. 1[19]	Jan. 1–Aug. 1	Jan. 1–Aug. 1		Jan. 1–Sept. 15		58
	59	Ontario	Dec. 1–Nov. 1	Dec. 16–Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1910	Dec. 1–Nov. 1	All the year	Dec. 16–Sept. 15	Dec. 16–Sept. 15	Dec. 16–Sept. 15	Dec. 16–Sept. 15	Dec. 16–Sept. 1	May 1–Sept. 15	59
	60	Quebec		Dec. 15–Sept. 1[1]				Feb. 1–Sept. 1	Feb. 1–Sept. 1	Feb. 1–Sept. 1		Mar. 1–Sept. 1[2]		60
	61	New Brunswick		Dec. 1–Sept. 16				Jan. 1–Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 2–Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 2–Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1–Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 2–Sept. 1[1, 2]	Dec. 2–Sept. 1[1, 13]	61
	62	Nova Scotia		Nov. 1–Oct. 1[2]					Mar. 1–Aug. 20[1]	Mar. 1–Aug. 20[1]		Mar. 1–Aug. 20[1, 2]		62
	63	Pr. Edward Isl.		To Oct. 1, 1908				Jan. 1–Aug. 20	Jan. 1–Oct. 1	Jan. 1–Oct. 1		Jan. 1–Aug. 20[2]	May 10–Sept. 15[20]	63
	64	Newfoundland*		Jan. 12–Oct. 1				Jan. 12–Aug. 21	Jan. 12–Aug. 21			Jan. 12–Aug. 21	Jan 12–Aug. 21[14]	64

MAMMALS.

		State.	Deer.[3]	Elk.[3]	Moose.[3]	Caribou.[3]	Antelope.	Sheep, Goat.[3]	Squirrel.[2] [3]	Rabbit.	Introduced Pheasant.[2]	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	Dec. 16-Oct. 1[1]		Dec. 1-Oct. 15	To Oct. 15, 1911				Apr. 1-Sept. 1	To Apr. 28, 1913	1
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]	All the year	All the year	All the year			Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 1		2
	3	Vermont	Exc'pt Oct. 22-28		All the year	All the year				May 1-Sept. 1	To Oct. 1, 1909	3
	4	Massachusetts	To Nov. 1, 1908						Mar. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Mar. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	4
	5	Rhode Island	To Jan. 1, 1908						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Oct. 15, 1910	5
	6	Connecticut	To June 1, 1911						Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	6
	7	New York[1]	Nov. 16-Oct. 1[1]	All the year	All the year	All the year	All the year		Dec. 1-Sept. 16[1]	Local laws	To 1910	7
	8	Long Island	Ex. 4 days Nov.[23]						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1[1]	8
	9	New Jersey	To Nov. 10, 1909						Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	9
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 15						Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	10
	11	Delaware							Jan. 1-Nov. 15[1]	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		11
	12	Maryland[1]	Local laws						Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	12
	13	Dist. Columbia[25]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1						Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		13
	14	Virginia	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Three local laws	Local laws	To Jan. 1, 1909	14
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 16-Oct. 15						Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 15		15
	16	Kentucky	Mar. 1-Sept. 1						Feb. 1-Nov. 15[5]	Sept. 15-Nov. 15[16]	All the year	16
	17	Ohio							Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 5-Nov. 15[16]	To Nov. 10, 1908	17
	18	Michigan	Dec. 1-Nov. 10[1]	To June 16, 1913	To June 16, 1913	To June 16, 1913			Dec. 1-Oct. 15		To 1910	18
	19	Indiana[22]	All the year						Jan. 1-Nov. 10[2] [22]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[22]	To Feb. 24, 1911[9]	19
	20	Illinois	To Apr. 28, 1913						Jan. 1-July 1		To Apr. 28, 1908	20
	21	Wisconsin	Dec. 1-Nov. 11[1]						Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	To Oct. 1, 1910	21
	22	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year					To Jan. 1, 1910	22
	23	Iowa	All the year	All the year					Jan. 1-Sept. 1			23
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov. 1						Jan. 1-July 1		To Dec. 1, 1910	24
	25	Kansas					To Mar. 18, 1908		All the year[1]		To Feb. 28, 1907	25
	26	Nebraska	Nov. 16-Aug. 15	All the year			Nov. 16-Aug. 15		All the year		All the year	26
	27	South Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1			To Jan. 1, 1911	Dec. 1-Nov. 1[17]				27
	28	North Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	All the year	All the year	To Jan. 1, 1911	All the year[17]			Oct. 15-Sept. 1	28
	29	Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	All the year	All the year	Dec 1-Sept. 1			All the year	29
	30	Wyoming	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1913		Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15[17]				30
	31	Colorado	Oct. 11-Sept. 25	To Nov. 1, 1907			To Oct. 15, 1907	All the year[17]			All the year	31
SOUTHERN.	32	North Carolina[1]	Feb. 1-Oct. 1						Local laws			32
	33	South Carolina	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]									33
	34	Georgia*	Jan. 1-Sept. 1									34
	35	Florida	Feb. 1-Nov. 1									35
	36	Alabama	Local laws						Local laws		Local laws	36
	37	Mississippi	Mar. 1-Nov. 15									37
	38	Tennessee	To Oct. 1, 1907[1]						Mar. 1-June 1[1]		To Nov. 1, 1907[1]	38
	39	Arkansas	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]								To Mar. 14, 1913	39
	40	Louisiana	Local laws									40
	41	Texas	Jan. 1-Nov. 1				To July 1, 1908	To July 1, 1908[17]			To July 1, 1908	41
	42	Oklahoma	All the year				All the year				Jan. 1-Dec. 1	42
	43	New Mexico	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	All tne year			To Mar. 18, 1910	All the year[17]			To Mar. 18, 1910	43
	44	Arizona	Dec. 1-Sept. 15	All the year			To Mar. 1, 1911	All the year			To Mar. 1, 1911	44
PACIFIC.	45	California[1]	Oct. 15-Aug. 1	All the year			All the year	All the year[17]	All the year		All the year	45
	46	Nevada	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	All the year		All the year	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	All the year			To Sept. 1, 1906	46
	47	Utah	To Mar. 17, 1909	To Mar. 17, 1909			To Mar. 17, 1909	To Mar. 17, 1909[17]			All the year	47
	48	Idaho	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	All the year	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			To Mar. 6, 1909	48
	49	Washington	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	To Oct. 1, 1915	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15			Jan. 1-Oct. 15[1]	49
	50	Oregon	Nov. 1-Aug. 15[1]	To Sept. 15, 1907					Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Dec. 1-Oct. 1	50
	51	Alaska	Feb. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[18]				51
	52	Hawaii									Mar. 1-Sept. 16	52
CANADA.	53	British Columbia	Dec. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	53
	54	Yukon*	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Jan. 1-Oct. 1				54
	55	Alberta*	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[20]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[20]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[20]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[20]	Nov. 15-Oct. 1[20]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[20]				55
	56	Saskatchewan	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[20]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[20]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[20]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[20]	Nov. 15-Oct. 1[20]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[20]				56
	57	Unorganized Ter.	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[5]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[5]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[5]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[5]		Apr. 1-Dec. 1[5]				57
	58	Manitoba*	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1				To Sept. 15, 1909	58
	59	Ontario	Nov. 16-Nov. 1	All the year	Nov. 16-Oct. 16[8]	Nov. 16-Oct. 16[8]			Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	To Sept. 15, 1910	59
	60	Quebec	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]				Feb. 1-Dec. 1[1]		60
	61	New Brunswick	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 15					All the year	61
	62	Nova Scotia	To Oct. 1, 1910		Dec. 15-Sept. 15	To Oct. 1, 1910				Mar. 1-Nov. 1	All the year	62
	63	Pr. Edward Isl								Mar. 1-Sept. 1		63
	64	Newfoundland*		To Jan. 1, 1913	To Jan. 1, 1913	Feb. 1-Oct. 21[5]						64

Birds Protected in a few States only.	
Ptarmigan.	
Nebraska	All the year.
Colorado	All the year.
Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.[1]
New Mexico	All the year.
Alaska	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
British Columbia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.[1]
Yukon*	Jan. 15-Oct. 1.
Alberta*	Dec. 15-Sept. 15.
Saskatchewan	Dec. 15-Sept. 15.
Quebec	Feb. 1-Nov. 1.[1]
Nova Scotia	All the year.
Newfoundland	Jan. 12-Oct. 1.
Sage Hen.	
Nebraska	Dec. 1-Sept. 1
Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1.
Wyoming	Oct. 15-Aug. 1.
Colorado	Oct. 2-Aug. 1.
California	Feb. 15-Sept. 1.
Nevada	Feb. 16-July 15.
Utah	Dec. 1-Aug. 15.
Idaho	Dec. 1-July 15.
Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.[1]
Oregon	Dec. 1-Aug. 15.
Reedbird.	
New Jersey	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
Pennsylvania	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
Delaware	Feb. 2-Sept. 1.
Maryland	Nov. 1-Sept. 1.[1]
Dist. Columbia	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.[25]
Curlew.	
New Jersey	Jan. 1-May 1.
New York	Jan. 1-Sept. 16.
Long Island	Jan. 1-July 16.
Pennsylvania	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
South Dakota	May 15-Sept. 1.
Nebraska	All the year.
Wyoming	May 1-Sept. 1.
Colorado	Apr. 16-Sept. 10.[6]
Tennessee	Apr. 15-Oct. 1.
Louisiana	Mar. 1-Aug. 1.
California	Feb. 15-Oct. 15.
Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15.
Hawaii	May 1-Sept. 16.
Alberta*	May 5-Aug. 23.
Saskatchewan	May 5-Aug. 23.
Quebec	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
Newfoundland	Jan. 12-Aug. 21.
Crane.	
Nebraska	Apr. 16-Sept. 1.
South Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1.
North Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1.
Colorado	All the year.
Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15.
Washington	Mar. 1-Sept. 1.
Alberta*	Jan. 1-Aug. 1.
Saskatchewan	Jan. 1-Aug. 1.
Yukon*	June 1-Sept. 1.

1. Certain local exceptions. 2. Certain species. 3. Additional open seasons, included in following list: Dove: Indiana, Aug. 15-Oct. 1. Plover, Rail: Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 20. Snipe: New Jersey, Mar. 1-May 1 (Wilson snipe only); Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 20. Woodcock: New Jersey, Maryland, July 1-Aug. 1. Duck, Goose, Swan: Pennsylvania Apr. 1-16: Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 20; Indiana, Oct. 1-Nov. 10; Michigan (bluebill, butter ball, canvasback, pintail, redhead, spoonbill, whistler, widgeon, and sawbill ducks, goose, brant), Mar. 15-to Apr. 11. Big Game: Unorganized Territories, July 15-Oct. 1. Caribou: Newfoundland, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. Squirrel: Kentucky, June 15-Sept. 15; Indiana, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. 4. Except west of Blue Ridge, Jan. 1-Nov. 1. 5. In 19 counties to Mar. 11, 1908. 6. Altitudes above 7,000 feet, May 1-Sept. 15. 7. Alexandria County, to Sept. 1, 1910. Isle of Wight and Southampton counties, Jan. 15-Sept. 1. 8. Except south of Canadian Pacific Railroad between Mattawa and Manitoba boundary, Nov. 16-Nov. 1. 9. Except crested quail, to Nov. 1, 1907. 10. Upland plover only. 11. Except sora. 12. Except wood duck, Louisiana, to July, 1909; Massachusetts, to Sept. 1, 1911; Virginia, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 13. Goose only. 14. Swan only. 15. Except swan: North Dakota, Oct. 15-Sept. 1; Wisconsin and Wyoming, all the year. 16. Except with dogs or snares. 17. Sheep only. 18. Except goat, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 19. Except upland plover: Massachusetts, until July 15, 1910; New Jersey, Oct. 1-Aug. 1; Vermont, Dec. 1-Aug. 15; Manitoba, Jan. 1-July 1. 20. Except in southeastern Saskatchewan, Dec. 15-Dec. 1. 21. Except quail east of the Cascades, in 1906, Sept. 8-18. 22. Sec. 608, ch. 169, Laws of 1905, prohibits hunting any game except waterfowl, Oct. 1-Nov. 10. 23. Nov. 7, 9, 14, 16. 24. Except brant, Long Island, May 1-Oct. 1; Prince Edward Island, June 10-Oct. 1. 25. Hunting prohibited in the District of Columbia except on the marshes of the Eastern Branch north of the Anacostia Bridge and on the Virginia shore of the Potomac.

*Laws of 1906 not received.

THE REFERENDUM

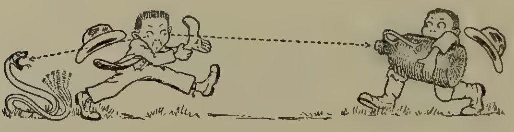
A Black Woodchuck

We have great numbers of woodchucks here and they furnish much sport for every one, from the small boy to the summer boarder, and they are very fair game, too. Last week a neighbor killed a coal-black woodchuck, and it being such a freak, I bought the pelt of him. Has any of the readers of RECREATION ever seen or killed a black woodchuck? If so, I would like to hear about it through the columns of the magazine.

In hunting chucks I use a .38 Winchester, and have very good results. I have a .38 Iver Johnson safety hammer revolver, 5-inch barrel, which I use at short range, and obtain very good results up to 50 and 60 yards. For an all-round revolver in these parts I consider it as good as a man needs. I have carried mine in the deer country for three years and would not think of going deer hunting without it now.

CHAS. R. LA BARRE.

Harford, Pa., July 30, '06.



Remedies for Rattlesnake Bite

We have so many remedies out here in South Dakota for the bite of a rattlesnake that we are left to "pay our money and take our choice." The Indians, of late years, employ quite a simple remedy, which has the advantage of being nearly always available—namely, soda and kerosene. An incision—a deep one—is made in the wounded place as soon as possible, the saleratus put on liberally and pressed into the wound, and then they directly begin pouring on the oil; meanwhile the patient is imbibing freely of whisky. When the oil runs clear and not green, the remedy has taken effect and the danger is past.

Have never tried this nor known it to be tried, but the Indian will tell you that this is his remedy. What he did before the day of kerosene, history makes no modern record.

Another remedy is carbolic acid applied as quickly as possible after the bite. A generous wound is made with a sharp knife and the acid poured in. Meanwhile the patient is imbibing, etc. Whisky—lots of it—is the old remedy, and in the main is still the standby; at least, it seems to be in evidence in connection with all other remedies. A hypodermic injection of strychnine is used also. But the best remedy of all is not to be bitten, that is, take such care that the liability to be bitten is so minimized that the chances for the need of a remedy are not great. The homesteaders—in the main, tenderfeet—go armed with a stick or a hoe and generally carry with them some antidote. A handy string or strap may generally be found upon their person to bind leg or arm above wound, to keep the poisoned blood from too free circulation.

S. B. MCMANUS.

Stearnes, Stanley County, S. Dak.

Defends the Repeater

I have noticed that some have expressed themselves in RECREATION as being in favor of single-shot rifles for hunting. Considering the question from all points of view, I fail to see it in that light. A man that wants to be a game butcher can, if he wishes, slaughter as much game with a single-shot as many can with a repeater. It is not the gun that does the harm, but the man behind it.

I strongly advocate the repeater for hunting, for if used as it should be, it is the most humane. With a single-shot a man may do his best to place a bullet in a vital spot and then fail so to do, and the animal, although badly wounded, may get away before he can reload, while if he had used a repeater, of good make, he would have had four or five shots at his command, and his chance of getting the game would have been much better than if he used a single shot. Moreover, the game would not die a lingering death.

In regard to metal patched bullets, some say that they leave a copper coating in the barrel, and eventually this coating peels off and the barrel is rusted and pitted, and if that is so, it is a serious drawback to their use. I, at any rate, refuse to use them in any form, as they certainly shorten the life of a rifle barrel, and as my little .25-20 Marlin repeater is about as near perfection as can be made at the present time, I prefer to have it remain so if possible.

It is amusing to read of some fellow hunter that thinks the .32-40 and .303 caliber just right for woodchucks. It seems strange that an animal as small as a woodchuck, although hard to kill, should need a bullet that is powerful enough to bring down moose and bear. I think a .25-20 plenty large enough. I expect next to read of some one using a .405 or a .50-110-300.

I should like to ask some of the readers of RECREATION who have used the .32 Colt's automatic pistol if it is a perfectly safe arm to carry in the pocket, if carried at full cock? Is not the safety slide liable to work down, and release the action slide? It seems to me that in drawing from the pocket the finger might touch the trigger and the pressure of the hand might compress the automatic safety and discharge the arm.

Will some one kindly enlighten me?

"SMALL CALIBER."

Elyria, Ohio.

Many There Be

I am going to buy a rifle soon, and if you could give me a little information through your columns it would be much appreciated. I want a gun that I can use most of the time for small game. I want to use shells that will not spoil a ten-cent piece every time I shoot the gun off—in other words, I want to use low-priced ammunition. But further, I want a gun that I can on occasion take along when I go through a deer or bear country and feel assured that, by using the high-pressure smokeless powder ammunition, I am prepared for either. What gun will fill the bill?

I am not much of an expert in rifle lore and am at present wavering between the .32-40 and the .38-55. Will both of these guns shoot the ordinary cheap cartridge, that is, the straight .32 and .38?

I presume the high-power ammunition will do the business in either arm. Will it be necessary to specify a nickel steel barrel in ordering or are the regular rifles, say, the Winchester, built for smokeless powder?

F. T. WOOD.

Vegreville, Alberta, Canada.

[There are many American rifles that fulfill all the qualities you demand. The Marlin, Winchester, Remington and Savage factories each turn out rifles that would suit you. Write to them, and also to the Ideal Manufacturing Company of New Haven, for their latest catalogue. We think the .38-55, for both high-power and black powder loads, would suit you the best. It is the favorite caliber in Canada; next coming the .30-30, then the .303, and after that the .32 Special. In the mountains a few heavier rifles are carried, such as the .35 and .405, but they are in the minority.—ED.]

An All-round Revolver

I have three revolvers—one .38 Colt's D. A., one .38 Colt's S. A., 1871 model, and a .32 Colt's New Police. For target practice I like the old S. A. 7½-inch barrel the best, but for "toting round" the D. A. .38 is my gun. For game, from wild goats to cattle, it can't be beat. I use the S. & W. special cartridges in the gun and find it kills as well as a .44 or a .45. But for smaller game it's no good. I shot a quail the other day and had some skin and feathers left—the bullet took the rest.

If a new gun is to be built, I should like one made to use the .25–20 W. C. F. cartridge, also the W. H. V. This, to my mind, would be a good all-round gun—suitable for small and large game—the gun to be built on the lines of the old S. A. Frontier, with swing-out cylinder.

I should like to hear from readers of RECREATION who have used the gun what they think of the Luger automatic pistol, as I am thinking of getting one. ERIC S. EDWARDS.

Hoopuloa P. O., South Korea, Hawaii.

Likes the .32 H. P. Best

In answer to my inquiry why any one should prefer the .32 H. P. Special cartridge to the .32-40 H. P., the editor's note says, "The reason many prefer the .32 Special is because it has 300 foot-seconds higher velocity and 300 foot-pounds more energy."

That may be true, and according to the tables of velocity and energy, is true of these two cartridges when one uses the low pressure smokeless powder in the one and H. P. powder in the other, but load them both with high-pressure powder as the regular .32-40 H. P. *is* loaded and it has greater velocity and more energy than the .32 Special. Their velocity and energy, as given by the U. M. C. Co. in listing these cartridges, are as follows: .32 Winchester Special, muzzle energy 1,550 foot-pounds, muzzle velocity 2,057 feet, trajectory 200 yards height at 100 yards, 5.790 inches. For the .32-40 Mar. H. P., muzzle energy 1,558 foot-pounds, muzzle velocity 2,065 feet, trajectory 200 yards height at 100 yards, 5.474 inches. One may readily see that the .32-40 has the advantage to a slight degree in energy, velocity and trajectory at 200 yards. The .32-40 has the same advantage as the .32 Special in the use of black and low-pressure smokeless powder loads, also short range and miniature loads. In short, if there is any sufficient reason why any one would choose a .32 S. in preference to the .32-40 H. P., I am unable to find it.

In answer to Roy Buffenmeyer, who wants an all-round rifle, I would say that what the editor says is true; there is no all-round rifle, and I doubt if there ever will be. But in my opinion the .32-40 H. P. Marlin is as near to it as any one rifle can be. With it and the different loads one may use in it you have a rifle suitable for game from a rat to a moose or a grizzly bear. Quite a wide range I'll admit, but look at the range in loads, from the round ball of 49 grains and very few grains of powder, to the full H. P. load of 24.5 grains L. & R. Lightning powder and 165-grain soft-nose bullet with a velocity of over 2,000 feet per second.

Of course, if one prefers he may choose a Winchester or Savage of the same caliber. I do not pretend to say that any one of these will shoot any better than the others, but I like the Marlin action best.

I would recommend a repeater in almost every instance, and fitted with Marble's rear sight, Lyman folding slot sight and either Marble's or Lyman's front sight, with ivory or gold bead. O. A. R.

Springville, Ind.

Would Reload His .30-30 Shells

I have a .30-30 Marlin, model 1893, and should like to know if the factory-loaded smokeless cartridges can be reloaded with black powder and lead bullets. If so, what charge of powder should I use to obtain a point-blank range of 100 yards?

I should like to hear from some one who has used the Winchester supplemental chamber and the .32 Smith & Wesson or .32 short Colt's cartridge. Does the repeating arrangement work well? N. O. NELSON.

Braye, Wash.

[There is unfortunately no such thing as a point-blank range, consequently you cannot obtain it. All you can do is to decide what trajectory you can content yourself with, and then figure out a load to suit. Remember, however, that you can carry high velocity too far, in the end losing more by the inaccuracy of your charge than you gain by its extreme velocity. Write to the Ideal Manufacturing Company, of New Haven, for their latest handbook and catalogue.

The Winchester supplemental chamber works well when used as a single loader. We have done good shooting with the .32 short S. & W. as well as with the .32 short Colt.—ED.]

Why He Prefers the .32 W. S.

As an interested reader of your magazine and a user and upholder of a .32 W. S. Winchester rifle, I would reply to O. R. A., of Springfield, Mass., as follows: I owned a Marlin .32-40 rifle with special smokeless steel barrel up till two years ago, when I sold it and bought a Winchester 1894 model .32 Special.

To give the .32-40 H. P. all credit due, I found it to be a very accurate and powerful cartridge, but, like all rifle cranks, to satisfy my curiosity I sold it and purchased the much-talked-of .32 W. S., and must say that I am more than pleased with the trade, because I am satisfied that I got my money's worth.

Now, the reasons why I prefer the .32 Special to the .32 H. P. (from the experience I have had and the manufacturer's figures) are as follows: Comparing the two cartridges for velocity—at 50 feet—the .32 Special figures at 2,050 feet per second, whereas the .32-40 H. P. gives but a little over 1,700 feet per second

The striking energy of the .32 Special at 20 feet is 1,585 foot-pounds, while the .32-40 H. P. is about 1,300 foot-pounds. The .32 Special bullet (as loaded by the W. R. A. Co.) is 170 grains in weight and the .32-40 H. P. 165 grains; the diameter of the bullets are about the same; if there is any difference the .32 Special is a little the larger.

Again, a .32 W. S. Winchester, nickel-steel barrel, will wear longer than the carbon steel used in "Special Smokeless" barrels.

Loaded with black powder (40 grains) the velocity of both cartridges are about the same—1,385 feet per second. A .32 Special shell will hold about 3 or 4 grains (black powder) more than the .32-40.

I like the .32-40 shell better than the Special when it comes to reloading. As we all know, a straight taper shell is not so apt to buckle, and will permit reloading more often than a shell with a bottle neck. I had a little trouble in those respects with the Special shells at first, but after paying a little more attention to the cleaning of the same, I found they could be reloaded quite a number of times.

For short range target practice or for small game the Winchester supplementary chambers for the .32 W. S. list at but 60 cents, and .32

S. & W. or Colt's pistol cartridges are within the reach of every sportsman.

The .32 Special is a very accurate cartridge, with high velocity, flat trajectory and great striking energy. It ranks among the modern, high-power, smokeless ammunition loads. It permits the use of miniature loads for small game, or target work, a full black powder load, and lead bullet, or the full high-power smokeless load, with metal patched soft-point bullet.

It is adapted to any game from a little red squirrel to a grizzly. Who could ask more? To my mind it is the best rifle ever placed on the market. There are other good calibers, but the "Special" is in a class by itself.

I have used mine on the big game of this province (Quebec), and we have some fairly good-sized deer, bear, caribou and moose. It shoots where I hold it, and kills what it hits quicker than my old .45-90 ever did, and I never think of raising a sight up to 250 yards.

My advice to O. R. A. is to sell his .32-40 H. P. rifle and buy a Special; that is, if he is going to do any big game shooting, and after he has turned her loose on a good big buck, or a moose, and the bullet has gone home, he will not part with the Special for any other caliber, nor ask why its users prefer it to the .32-40 H. P. cartridge. W. R. D.

Richmond, Que.

Satisfied with His Savage

Regarding the statement of a contributor to RECREATION in a recent number with reference to the .22 repeating Savage rifle, he clearly demonstrates that he understands the subject under consideration. I fully corroborate, from experience, his statement in all particulars, both as to his knowledge of the rifle and also the ammunition used.

I have one of these rifles, and with the .22 short or .22 Long Rifle cartridges, loaded with *black* powder (not smokeless), can make targets at short range equal to any gun on the market.

It is equipped with Lyman rear and front sights, and for distances up to 20 rods cannot be excelled (using the long rifle cartridge) for squirrels, woodchucks and other small game. Owing to its wonderful accuracy, a woodchuck can be hit in the head at 20 rods without difficulty, in which case the .22 is equally as effective as the larger calibers. During my vacation on a camping expedition our guide, an expert rifle shot, informed me he thought the rifle was sufficiently large for deer shooting.

To demonstrate the shooting qualities of this arm at 100 feet, off hand, I placed five consecutive bullets in a target the size of a small cent, each cutting into the other. The two shots remaining in the magazine were fired at the tack, each bullet breaking a small piece from the tack-head. This shooting was done in the presence of witnesses, and will be vouched for if this statement is questioned by RECREATION'S readers.

Come around and try the Savage, with the .22 Long Rifle cartridge and black powder. At all reasonable distances the .22 repeating Savage is, all things considered, the best rifle for practical purposes, but the .22 long cartridge, or any .22, loaded with *smokeless* powder is of no practical use. J. D.

Hamden, N. Y.

The Missis's Boat

Up in the wilds of northern Minnesota lie two pretty little lakes, connected by a creek, and both draining into a larger one. Their Chippewa names are, "Shing-wauk-a-mees," which means literally "Pine Island" (but the Indians apply it not only to the island, but to the lake also), and "Kay-wy-ag-emo," or "Round Lake." On a promontory in the latter lake, and 25 or 30 feet above the water, among the pines and white birches, nestles a little log cottage where three happy people spend their summers—the Man of the House, the Missis (that's me) and Daughterkin.

"The Missis's boat" has been my pet and constant companion for nearly 25 summers. It is a little Racine boat, built to carry two in a pinch, but more comfortable for one. Alas! after all these years of service she is beginning to show signs of age and decrepitude.

For the last four or five years the Man of the House has strenuously objected to my using the old boat another season. "It is a perfect wonder you don't go through the bottom every time you step into it." But each recurring spring do I carefully bind up her gaping wounds. Each spring have I tenderly stuffed her seams with oakum and candle wick—and the holes where the nails have dropped out with putty. Over the worst abrasions have I each spring nailed little tin patches, cut from tomato cans, and given my boat two good coats of paint, inside and out.

But this last spring, alas! nothing would stop the leaking. Even a week's scraping didn't make her watertight. In despair I appealed to the Man of the House, who said I had used every kind of gum stickum *he* could think of, except library paste and chewing gum, and he could not conscientiously recommend those. At last I thought of pitch—such pitch as is used for birch-bark canoes. I immediately sent for five pounds of pitch and half a pound of rosin, and for five mortal hours I boiled that witch's broth over an outdoors fire, stirring it all the time (I thought my arm would drop off) until the One Who Knows said it was of the proper consistency. Then, with great care (and an iron spoon), I dribbled it along the leaking seams—first on the outside and then on the inside. When it was finished the Man of the House said she should now be called Noah's Ark, because, like the Ark, she was "pitched within and without." But my irreverent daughter giggled and said, "No! Her name is the Tar Baby! Just look at mother's hands! Just like 'Br'er Rabbit's' paws when he 'blipped' the Tar Baby."

Well, suppose I *did* get a little pitch on my hands. But all came off—in time.

She don't leak!

MARY D. ROSEBORM.

Nichols, Minn.

For a .25-20 Savage

I shoot a .303 Savage rifle and I think it is large enough for any game in this country. I use the Ideal new metal gas check bullets and get as good a target as I could get with factory ammunition.

I don't want any metal patched bullets to go through my rifle and make a shotgun of it.

I should like to see the Savage Company put out a rifle to handle the .25-20 and .32-20 calibers. About 6½ pounds would be right, and we hunters could then have a good shooter, well balanced and handsome.

Let us hear more about such a gun from other shooters. ED. C. BEECHING.

South Edmeston, N. Y.

Wind-gauge or No Wind-gauge

I enclose a clipping from a daily paper, as I believe the subject is one of interest to many riflemen. I have long thought that this refinement of sights was merely foolishness. Men in the heat of action will never be able to make a good use of it, and the very rough work a rifle has to face in active service will put most of the weapons out of gear if they are provided with wind-gauges.

And what will be of no use in the field should not be put on a soldier's rifle in time of peace. No doubt scores will be lower without the wind-gauge, but if the soldier learns to estimate wind and hold off the correct allowance, he will be more efficient in the field than if he had been otherwise trained.

Sport is but the mimicry of war, and the same argument applies, excepting that the sportsman is likely to be cooler than the soldier (unless he has an attack of buck fever), seeing that he is not being shot at in return. I would not use either a wind-gauge or telescope sight in game shooting, and I have never met a really good hunter who would.

TOM ELSON.

Butte, Mont.

The United States Army authorities are considering the abandonment of the wind-gauge feature of their new rifle. Critics of the sight claim that a wind-gauge is entirely out of place on a military rifle; that it is a needless complication of no possible use under any service condition, and that its presence is a positive detriment to the efficiency of the troops.

Practice with a wind-gauge on the ranges is effort thrown away. The conditions of the target practice should be made as near as possible the same as those met with in the field of action.

Ready for Everything

I noticed Mr. Rogers' article on ball and shot guns, and think a double-barreled gun, with one of the barrels rifled, would fill the bill.

I have seen such, but not recently. Do you know where they make such a gun? I think I would like one for my own use. A gun of this sort at a moderate price ought to be a big seller.

M. TALMAGE.

242 East 104th Street, New York.

[If you write to Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway, or to Von Lengerke & Detmold, 349 Fifth Avenue, New York, you will learn about the guns they carry of the sort you mention.—ED.]

Loyal to the "Pump-gun"

I would not have one of the much-talked-of auto-loading guns, not because they are "slaughter machines," but because they will not kill. The force of the recoil is thrown back into the breech mechanism and is taken away from its rightful place behind the shot charge, and makes for a weak shot, poor penetration and a very inferior pattern.

The same is true of the auto-loading rifle. I have seen one fired at 50 yards at a dry oak plank, and the .35 caliber ball did not stick in the plank, but rebounded, and I picked it up.

As for the repeating shotgun, or "pump," so-called, if any one will produce one game butcher who uses one of this style of gun I will produce a hundred that use Greeners, Lefevers, Ithacas and other high-grade double-barreled guns.

The fight is not so much on the repeater as a "slaughter gun" as it is against it being a low-priced high-grade gun. The manufacturers of the $50, $75 and $100 double-barreled guns no doubt are very anxious to see the repeater go, as they do not feel like cutting their prices to $20.

I am a carpenter and have hunted game big and small for thirty years, and have never sold a bird nor an animal, and never had one spoil in my larder. I have had an extensive experience trapping fur-bearing animals, and have noticed from careful study of all game birds that some of the so-called sportsmen of this country would do more for game protection if they would provide proper cover for shelter, brooding and mating, and do less shouting about stricter game laws and more antiquated firearms. L. E. Burkett.

Ellwood City, Pa.

Not a Treasure

I have a Col. Samuel Colt's six-shot muzzle loading revolver. It was patented September 10, 1850. Length of barrel is eight inches, and detachable. The gun is in good condition.

Are these weapons very numerous? What value has it as a relic, and where might I get a good price for it? Was it ever a Government arm? When was an improvement over this arm first made? E. G. Argraves.

Muskogee, Ind. T.

[The weapon is of very small value. Colonel Colt patented his revolver in 1835, so that your pistol is not one of the earliest by a good deal. The model you have was never adopted by the United States military authorities.—Ed.]

Write to Liege, Belgium

Can you give me the address of the Pieper Arms Co.? Also, do you know anything about the Pieper gun? What standard are they; are they a high-grade gun? If you can tell me anything about the gun and can give me the address I shall be thankful to you.

J. W. Shane.

Toronto, Ohio.

[The Pieper factory is one of the largest in Liège, Belgium. The guns vary in quality according to price. The better grades are strictly reliable, serviceable guns. We think if you will write as above, and mention Recreation, Messrs. Pieper will send you a catalogue, and refer you to their agents in the U. S.—Ed.]

For a New Auto-Loader

While the new auto-loading rifles put out by the Winchester people are very pleasant little weapons, for big game shooting something more powerful is demanded. I think a rifle less than the .30 U. S. caliber and yet more of a gun than the .30-30 would meet "a long-felt want."

Suppose we decide that it should have an energy of about 1,850-1,900 foot-pounds, with a fairly large cross section? We shall find that this will be given by a bullet of 300 grains, traveling at about 1,800 foot-seconds. This is shown by the formula:

$$E = \frac{300 \times (1{,}800)^2}{2G.}$$

$$= 1{,}885 \text{ foot-pounds.}$$

So that the rifle we require could well be made .40 caliber—as a 300-grain bullet would shoot well out of such a bore, provided the pitch of the rifling and its depth suited the projectile.

There might be a good demand for such a rifle, especially in the North and West.

H. W. V.

St. Paul, Minn.

Has a Good Ithaca

I notice frequent requests by readers of Recreation for other readers to give their experiences with their favorite shotguns for this or that kind of shooting—one such being from "Black Duck," in the January issue.

"Black Duck" desires a good gun for duck shooting; and I, for one, would strongly advise the selection of a 12-bore, hammerless Ithaca. I should suggest 30-inch barrels—both to be full-choke, or left full and right modified—gun to weigh a trifle under eight pounds. As to the grade of gun to buy, the No. 2, $60 list, is one of extraordinary value, and as regards shooting power, strength and durability, it is probably very nearly the equal of any shotgun of the same gauge in the world regardless of make or price.

I have bought a good many guns of different sorts, four of them being Ithacas, and have always found it a good one to swear by and one you rarely swear at. I now use a $200 list, 12-gauge Ithaca, which I had made nearly six years ago, and it shoots fully as close and hard, so far as I can determine, as it ever did; in fact, it is about as good in every respect as when new. It has never failed to explode a good primer, and it is to be remembered that the springs of a hammerless are at full tension during all the time the gun is in use.

This gun weighs but little over seven pounds, and light barrels have to be very hard and strong to hold the choke perfectly through years of hard usage.

The Ithaca cannot be shot loose with nitro or any other powder, is as even, close and hard a shooter as I have ever seen tested, is remarkably strong and simple in construction and, in the higher grades, is superbly finished.

I have owned two Smiths, and the Smith is a reliable gun, and the Parker is a good shooter and very beautiful, and the Lefever, and the Baker and the Remington are good, but I should suggest the Ithaca to "Black Duck," because it combines so many good features, and in price it is by far the best value of all.

I think a sportsman makes a mistake when he exercises too much economy in the purchase of a gun, because, although the lower grades in the heavy or medium weights are strong and shoot well, yet a degree of pride and confidence in one's weapon, the sense of pleasure from the fine balance and outline, the easy-working mechanism and all the perfections of real art in gun-making are conducive to a good score at the traps or to real sport in the field.

I have been reading the pistol talk and want to say a word for the 1905 Model Smith & Wesson in the .38 Special. What's the matter with the stock of that gun? The Smith & Wesson is built like a Geneva watch. A ten-year-old Smith & Wesson is usually tighter everywhere than, and will outshoot, a new Colt!

W. M. Byram, M. D.

Richmond, Mo.

Outdoor Cooking Pointer

The choicest morsel incident to the dietary of the camper is evidently something which Mr. Bramble has had the great misfortune to miss in his apparently extensive and varied camping career. Had he any experience in the proper manner of preparing game and fish in camping he would have recommended that game of all kinds, whether feather bearing or fur bearing, or of the finny tribe, should just have the entrails removed and well washed inside, then with a little salting, the whole carcass just wrapped up in wet paper and buried in hot ashes for from thirty minutes to one and a half hours, according to the size of the roast, and the heat of the ashes, and he would then find the best dish he ever tasted while camping. The skin with the feathers, fur or scales, will just drop off when removed from the paper, and all the sweet juices of the body will be retained, and if any dish ever was "fit for a king," the one here described is. In the absence of the hot ashes just bury it under the fire for the proper time, and that will soon be evident to the observing camper. Let Mr. Bramble try the plan and his next article will highly recommend it. No better dish was ever served, or ever can be, at the most expensive caterer's.

J. S. Kilmer.

South Bend, Ind.

Wants Partridge Sights

Will the writer who told about the Partridge sights in the July number please advise me if these sights can be adapted to the .32 Colt's automatic, and very much oblige?

C. P. Winther.

Hamilton, Mont.

Desires Company

I would like to join one or two sportsmen who are going up New York State this fall for deer or bear, also small game.

"Blue Grouse."

New York, N. Y.

A Good Tomahawk

I see a great deal of discussion concerning guns and ammunition by readers of Recreation, but I never see anything about an implement that is equally as important as the rifle—the hunter's axe. If you do not depend upon a guide to lead you about in the woods, make your bed for you and cook your meals, you will know this is true.

For a belt axe that is there with the goods when it is wanted, I can find nothing that equals a Colclesser tomahawk. I prefer one weighing 12 ounces, and with a hatchet handle. I don't want a crooked handle in any belt axe I carry. An axe and a tomahawk are two different instruments, and there is no use putting a miniature axe handle in a tomahawk just because it looks cute.

I filed the handle of my little Colclesser down and wound it with cord, like the handle of a fishing rod, and this makes it easy to hold securely when chopping.

The Colclesser Brothers put real steel into their axes, and although I have had other makes, I must say I have found nothing but their axes that gave good service. I have one of their grown-up axes for heavy chopping, and I never saw a better one—and I was raised in a ship timber country, and served my apprenticeship down to making my own axe handles.

W. Brownridge.

South Orange, N. J.

PARAGRAPHS FOR PURCHASERS

A SPORTSMAN should be as particular about selecting his footwear as he is about choosing a gun. The old fellows know why. And even the first-tripper will tumble to it in short order if he has shod himself unwisely. In the woods you cannot afford to have any trouble with your feet, for you generally want to use them. Hence it pays to get a good article in a boot, such as Putman makes, for instance. Better write for the catalogue right now. Address H. J. Putman & Co., 36 Hennepin Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn. Putman hunting boots are made to order, they fit and they stay fit; furthermore, they are light weight, hand sewed and water proof.

In March last the S. W. Cole Company, 141-145 Broadway, New York, offered a prize of $50 for the best new use of the "3 in One" oil manufactured by the company. Among the hundreds of answers there were many excellent ones, and these have been made into a little folder, which will be sent free on request. "3 in One" is an excellent oil for guns, fishing reels, etc.

The Matchless cigar lighter is built on correct principles; therefore, it has become popular among all outdoor men. A light is produced by quickly lifting a ratchet, which rapidly revolves a steel wheel against a small cube of flint—the sparks lighting the charred end of the wick—and the "harder it blows the brighter it glows." There is nothing to wear out, except the wick and flint cube, both of which can be replaced at nominal cost. A dozen wicks will last for months in daily use, while the flint cube will last for years. Guaranteed for two years by the manufacturers, the Matchless Cigar Lighter Company, 16 John Street, New York.

For squirrel hunting with a .22 caliber rifle, and especially where the squirrels are scarce and very wild, a rifle telescope is an excellent thing. It enables you to examine the treetops carefully, and saves you many a squirrel that you would not see without it, and also saves ammunition by aiding you to distinguish between a dry leaf and a squirrel. It enables you to hit your game in the head, and, with practice, helps you in estimating distances. The Stevens Arms and Tool Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass., now manufactures a full line of up-to-date telescopes for rifles and pistols, and for a really clever little squirrel rifle nothing better can be had than their "New Model" pocket rifle and telescope. You can get it in any length barrel, from 10 inches to 18 inches, and the 'scope has a large, flat field, well corrected, and with power of either 3 or 4 diameters. The company has just published a neat little catalogue telling all about the Stevens telescopes, which will be mailed free on request if you mention RECREATION.

With the dawning of the football season and the indoor athletic season, there will be a demand for new equipment—moths will have put last year's gym shirt out of business, the old football shoes will be too badly warped and mildewed to be forced into commission and the old football pants just simply won't answer. Better get a Spalding catalogue and stock up. A postal will bring it. Address A. G. Spalding & Bros., 126 Nassau Street, New York, and mention this magazine.

Try some shells loaded with Dead Shot smokeless. Write to the American Powder Mills, Boston, Mass., for the booklet—it tells why.

For dry days or wet, fair days or foul, there is no better hunting coat than the celebrated Duxbak. The game wardens, who are outdoors all the time, use them; trousers, too. The Duxbak clothing is water proofed, but not with rubber or paraffine. Soft and pliable. Ask the manufacturers, Bird, Jones & Kenyon, 1 Blandina Street, Utica, N. Y., for catalogue and samples of goods, and mention RECREATION.

Annie Oakley, the famous trick shot with rifle and shotgun, who for so many years was one of the features of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, is once more appearing before the public in company with her husband, F. E. Butler, who managed her shooting performances when they were with Buffalo Bill. Annie Oakley is now traveling in Maine and the Adirondacks, and will later appear in the Northwest, where she will perform her old feats and many new ones, shooting all kinds of guns, and thus demonstrating that U. M. C. cartridges shoot well in any firearm for which they are adapted. The American people can now see Annie Oakley without paying any admission fee, as her entire expenses are being borne by The Union Metallic Cartridge Company, of Bridgeport, Conn.

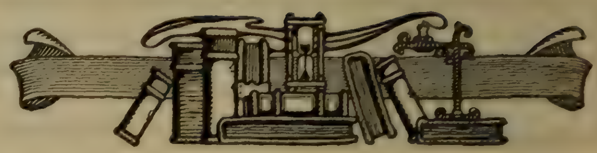
Marble's new adjustable leaf sight is firmly held in position by the spring of the long flat part when either up or down, and can instantly be put in either position. When folded down it permits free use of a peep-sight. The new catalogue describes it, and also the many other useful Marble "tricks" for sportsmen. Catalogue sent free by Marble Safety Axe Company, Gladstone, Mich., if mention is made of this magazine.

The Hunter Arms Company, Fulton, N. Y., manufacturer of the celebrated L. C. Smith and Hunter one-trigger guns, has just recently published as a large hanger a beautiful reproduction of one of Edmund H. Osthaus's best paintings. It is in full colors and shows a superb pointer in action, as only Osthaus can paint them. A few more of these handsome, large hangers than were required were struck off by the lithographer, and as they were not sent to the printer, they are suitable for framing. They may be had for 25 cents each—as long as they last.

Although the summer has waned, and the trout fisherman must put away his tackle, excellent sport in black bass-fishing may still be had; in fact, there are anglers who prefer late September and early October to any other time for bass-fishing. If you have been fishing the old-fashioned way all summer, and with consequent indifferent success, why not try bait-casting with an up-to-date outfit? Wm. Mills & Son, 21 Park Place, New York, have just issued a little catalogue of their bait-casting tackle, and you can get a good outfit to begin with for a very moderate outlay. Bait-casting the Kalamazoo way, with artificial baits, gets the fish, and it is sport. Drop a card to the Messrs. Mills and ask for the little bait-casting tackle catalogue, and don't forget to mention RECREATION.

ROUGHING IT

soon grows tiresome unless the food is good. Good milk is one item indispensable to a cheerful camp, and Borden's solves the problem. Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Evaporated-Cream keep indefinitely, anywhere, and fill every milk requirement. Beware of cheap imitations.



NEW BOOKS

It was not so long ago that we used to hear the books of Winston Churchill criticised right and left for their great length; folks said that it took too long to read them, and critics, while compelled to admit their merit, did not fail to say that "Richard Carvel" or "The Crisis" or "The Crossing" made them tired. Now, however, on the production of another book equally as "tiresome," Mr. Churchill seems to be coming into his own; for we hear "Coniston" spoken of by good readers as being a book worth while. Some of the best critics have even discovered that Mr. Churchill is the only present-day novelist in this country that gives the reader a fair chance to know the characters in his books—other authors ring the curtain down before one has had time to get well acquainted with the players on their stage.

Of course, there is sound truth in this, and it is but another instance of the world-wide trait of honoring a man when there is nothing else left but to do so.

"Coniston" is a most enjoyable love story, and while following the fortunes of the most charming of all Mr. Churchill's heroines—Cynthia Wetherell—the reader finds the whole book has an irresistible grip upon his emotions. It is the broadest kind of a broad-gauge romance, and impresses itself on the reader as but few novels can. And at the same time there is nothing crude about it because of its bigness, no axemarks; it is a wonderful piece of work. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

A most valuable addition to the literature of rugged outdoor sport is "In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies," by James Outram. While the author apologizes for its existence, stating that the brain collapse from overwork, which first impelled him to the mountain heights for mental rest and physical recuperation, throughout hampered its production, it is nevertheless a very readable book. The author has combined some of the most striking narratives of others with a considerable fund of his own experiences "gained in the exploration of hitherto untrodden peaks and passes, and, from an intimate acquaintance with almost all of the loftiest mountains along the chain, from Mt. Assiniboine to Mt. Columbia." The Macmillan Company, New York.

ON THE LEE SHORE

BY BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG

WHEN the business day was over and the lights were lit in the peaceful valley town that lay at the foot of the hill, it was an unfailing sign of the hour that Col. Denby Grier should come in a slow dignified fashion out of the great door of the hill house and seating himself in a big roomy porch chair light a long cigar which glowed through the evening like a great rosy firefly in the soft dark.

From my window a little farther down on the opposite side of the street I have watched the old banker countless times as he sat there tilted back, his foot against one of the huge colonial pillars, and on the steps descending to the terraced lawn before him would be the dim group of white and color, his three daughters and some of their friends. Perhaps the tall, graceful slender white figures moving about among the peony beds would be Grace and Carolyn, the older girls, while the animated elf that always clung close to her father's place in the evening time was certain to be Mildred, the child who in that day was shyly entering the mysterious world of womanhood. But no matter where they were dispersed at dusk, the later dark always found them clustered about their father's feet and ever and anon till a late hour I could hear his resonant, drawling voice in one of those stories which had made him famous throughout the State.

The last time I was in Virginia I passed up the street and by the door of the old mansion. I stopped abruptly as it came into view above the thicket of lilac bushes that hedged the lower corner of the ground. A ruthless, marring hand seemed to have wiped from its prospect all of its rare old spirit, charm and beauty.

The imposing white gate-posts with their capitals were gone. The peony beds lay fallow, the steps were sagged, the pillars were hacked and scarred, the walks and the terraces sadly unkempt, and the sign of a boarding-house hung before the open door. The familiar chair and its venerable occupant, the master of the house, the gay friends and the stately daughters were gone. I knew the story well. I was informed of each detail of the thing that had befallen the family on the lee shore, for the wreck is spoken of to this day in all the region, and so I was, I thought, fully prepared for the sight of the place, but I confess that I stopped short with a quick choke and stood for a moment looking abstractedly at the ghost of what had been.

It was the final chapter in a long lesson of protection of all that any man loves from what may befall it when he is no longer able to stand between his dearest and most treasured and the steady march of attacking circumstance. I am going to tell this story with its two wings that touch in conclusion. In fact in these latter days it has seemed to me that there was a commanding excuse for its being written and now it shall be set down, perhaps spread broadcast, and may it do the good that seems to me to lie within its scope.

I first knew the old colonel and his attractive family through his sister, one of the finest types of the southern gentlewoman it has ever been my privilege to encounter. She had married a New York broker, Edward Raymond, sprung of Connecticut Yankee stock and a member of one of the best known firms in Wall Street. Their house on Madison Avenue was one in which the gracious unobtrusive hospitality of the South was blended perfectly with the exact and brilliant life habits of New York. There one met people who were distinctly interesting on their own account, and with Mrs. Raymond the power to attract a coterie which any woman of society might envy was never used for any purposes of family aggrandizement but was merely recognized as the factor that brought to her door the friends about whom she really cared. Her days at home were a pleasure where with other hostesses they might have been regarded as mildly unfortunate but necessary occasions.

Raymond in those days was, outside of his home, a hard bold man of business, intent on building up a great fortune. I have been in his office at more than one critical hour on 'Change when he sat at his desk, quietly giving brief succinct orders whose success or failure meant almost everything to him, and yet his voice never seemed to change in those times, his kindly eyes rarely lifted from the papers before him, his unlit cigar was set at a precise right angle to the firm line of his mouth and jaw and when his hands passed to execute some detail, to pick up a pen or a telephone receiver, they moved with the steady manner that meant certainty combined with wonderful alertness. He was the highest type of the efficient American business man in the crux of battle. When the crisis was over he would lean back, strike a match slowly, light his cigar and let his mouth relax into an easy smile. This picture of him in that day I have drawn in this manner because I must pair it with another and a sadly different one later on.

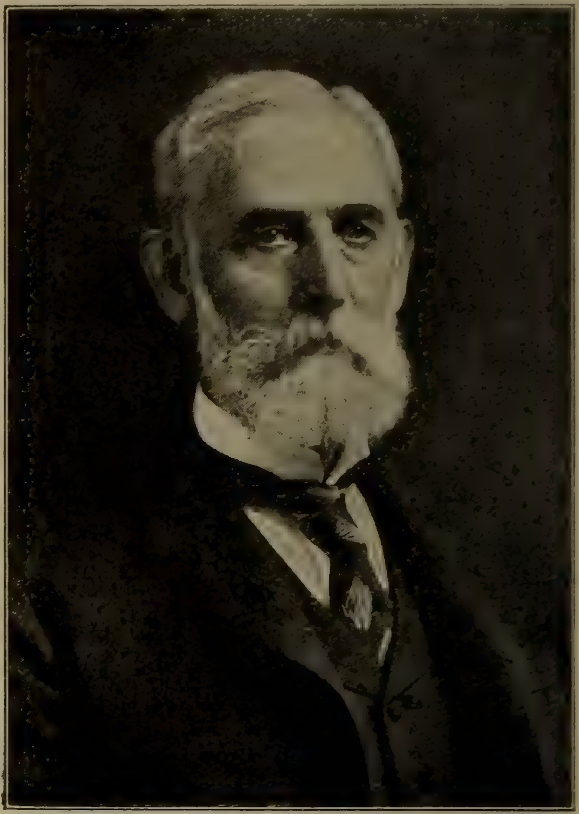
One evening at a club dinner he met Senator John F. Dryden, of New Jersey, the head of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, and they spent some little time in the discussion of conservative New England investments in which both were deeply interested. Raymond in telling me of the occurrence next day said:

"I had always thought of insurance as a sound business, good enough for those whose families are dependent on their efforts, and also the cause of a violent mania which possessed certain persons called agents and evidenced principally by an unfailing persistence. No *personal* application of it had ever occurred to me. Of insurance officials I have had little acquaintance and mentally pigeon-holed them as benevolent old gentlemen who would not discount twenty dollar gold pieces under thirty days' notice, but in the Senator I found a man of fire and steel, just as keen as I or any one I know in the accomplishment of his hands and brains and within himself a perfect business dynamo, well-governed and secure. Now, you know every man stands for a principle in his life work. Senator Dryden impressed me wonderfully and I decided to do honor to his principle, the principle of sound life-insurance. I asked a friend to do me the favor of finding out for me, if I could get written up for twenty-five thousand in his company."

It was not a difficult matter, Raymond being physically what is termed a good risk, in fact when I knew him many years later he still seemed such in every way. The policy was of the twenty year endowment sort and, as indicated above, was taken out in the Prudential Company.

It was merely a matter of chance that Raymond took this step and I know to a certainty that he forgot it completely only at stated periods, because matters, seemingly, a score of times of more importance were constantly before him. Quite different were the events which form the connecting link between this consideration and the pathetic story of the Griers.

The old colonel was of that provincial type of business man with an ancient style of letter book, and to whom the conduct of no deal was so important as to prevent the introduction of some long, whimsical, highly irrelevant darky story. He drove down to the bank an hour after it had opened each morning and at noon climbed into the antique rockaway and went home. Perhaps he came down in the afternoon, perhaps he was off astride of Bay Ben visiting some of his many farms or galloping furiously along some of the hill roads laughing with the exhilaration of a boy.



U. S. SENATOR JOHN F. DRYDEN

President of the Prudential Insurance Company of America

One of the young clerks in the bank was the son of an old friend and was supplementing his slender pay by collecting commissions for northern business houses, representing tobacco buyers in making contracts and soliciting life-insurance. He was a reckless youngster and had asked the old colonel so frequently for the hand of Mildred and had been told with such regularity and emphasis that her father was not yet ready to give up his baby and certainly not "to a cussed young splinter like him," that he had no hesitancy about approaching him on any subject.

One spring Colonel Grier had found that with his knowledge of tobacco growing conditions, his widespread friendships with Virginia growers and his excellent location, he could venture into speculation on the crop with much assurance of large profits. This he did and one day when he had cleared a hundred thousand for a month's efforts, the clerk went into his desk and the following conversation ensued, according to the colonel's gleeful relation of it many times thereafter.

"Colonel, I thought I would come in to see you about something that concerns Miss Mildred's future."

"You just let her alone, young man, and the devil will lose his best means of harming her future."

"Well, *I* am interested in this, too. What right have *I* to allow you to fail to protect the future of the girl I am going to marry? Suppose you shot me in a moment of self forgetfulness some day, as you have said you might do. Suppose business reverses and your being hanged should leave her penniless——"

"You audacious little cub——" gasped the nearly speechless colonel.

"I may be audacious but those are cold facts, and I have come to ask you to take out a life-insurance policy in my company."

When the old banker had recovered from his rage, the whimsical humor and certain salt of sense in the situation appealed to him strongly and recalling the youngster he authorized him to procure a policy for $5,000. The examiner found Grier to be a good risk. He was written up and more as a joke than anything else signed it over jointly to the young lover and his daughter, telling them they might have a basket picnic and a month's house party if they should come into the money by his demise. It was all done in his capricious jocular way.

A few months went by and again the wheel of fortune had turned up for the colonel in still more extended tobacco speculations and one day the young man broached the subject of increasing the amount of the policy.

One of the colonel's oldest friends Judge Sam Tucker was sitting with him swapping tales of their boyhood and both were in rare spirits. The visitor asked to see the policy, read it carefully, and then said:

"Denby, I never saw one of these before, but I tell you it is a fine thing. You can do it. Build it up to $50,000 for the three girls. You are taking long chances on everything else. Give them a little protection."

"By George, I'll do it, Judge Sam," answered the colonel with a bang of his fist on the desk, and he did.

Raymond was handling the New York end of the successive deals that were being put through in tobacco by his brother-in-law, and spurred on by Raymond's boldness the colonel went farther and farther afield in his operations. The little bank and the farming business of his numerous tracts became very minor matters indeed. The people of the South were beginning to call Col. Denby Grier, the "Virginia Tobacco King," when suddenly the scene changed.

The spring of the year following the increase of the policy, the New York stock market turned on Raymond to pay up its old scores of raiding he had perpetrated upon it. His enemies saw he was hit and gathered together their full forces to batter and crush him if they could. In two weeks he was crippled. In a month he was approaching a crisis, and early in June he took train one Saturday after the close of the Exchange and hurried away to Virginia for a Sunday morning conference with Colonel Grier, who had not known thus far that Raymond was in any real danger.

It was a morning that I shall never forget. The beauty of the valley, clean washed by a heavy rain the night before, was that radiance of yellow sunshine, that white flecked blue sky and those stretches of brilliant varying green with white houses picked out among it, which have made June in that region famous. All the flowers but the tardy roses were in full bloom; the peonies made the terraces before the hill house seem one enormous burst of color hurled on a green velvet tapestry. The quiet of the Sabbath lay brooding over the town, and coming up the hill were little groups of neighbors returning from church. Mrs. Raymond had been staying with the Griers for the month and she and the girls with some friends were just turning into the gate when she caught sight of her husband's white face as he and the colonel, standing before an upper window, saw our party and turned away to come down. Instinctively she ran a little way up the walk to the wide open door within which we could see the double stair and its old-fashioned turn and landing.

Vividly, as if it were an hour ago, I see the two men, so different in type, so utterly unlike in life, descending the steps, care and anxiety written on every feature of their faces.

Just at the landing, the colonel reeled, caught feebly at the rail, pitched forward as Raymond cried out in horror and caught vainly at his arm, and came crashing down the flight to lie bleeding and dead across his own threshold.

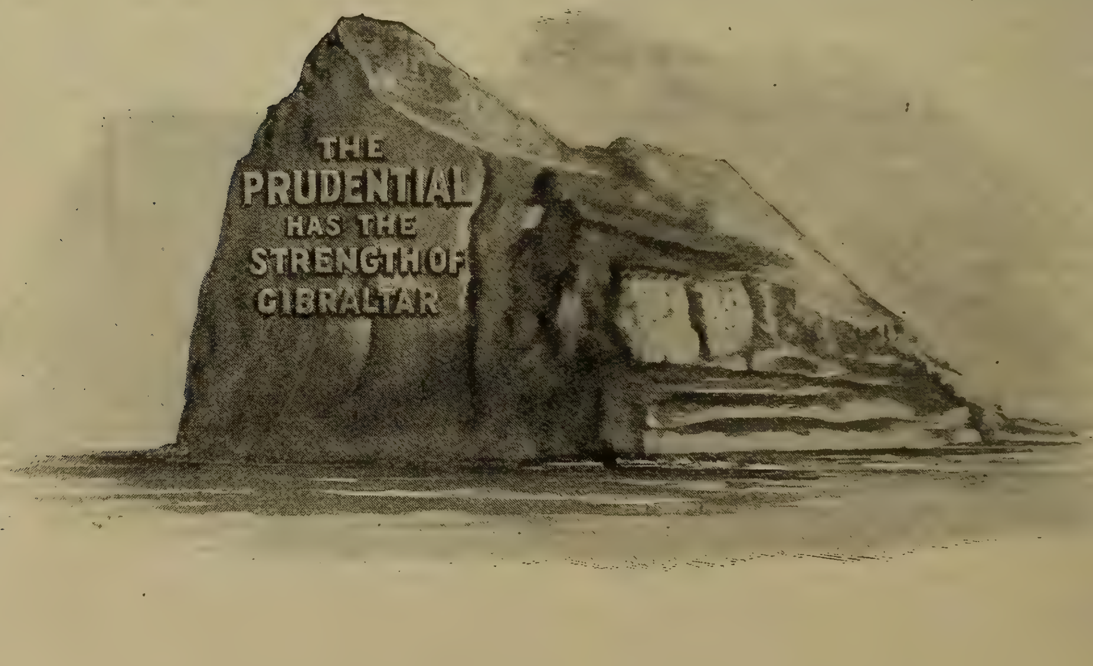
Still in my mind's eye I see the hurrying figures, hear the bitter cries of anguish, and watch the startled neighbors coming to tender their aid to the stricken household. Leaning against one of the pillars, looking off across the far hills of the old state, stood Raymond, his face like white clay and every line of his mouth and jaw so changed that I knew Fate held the victory over him.

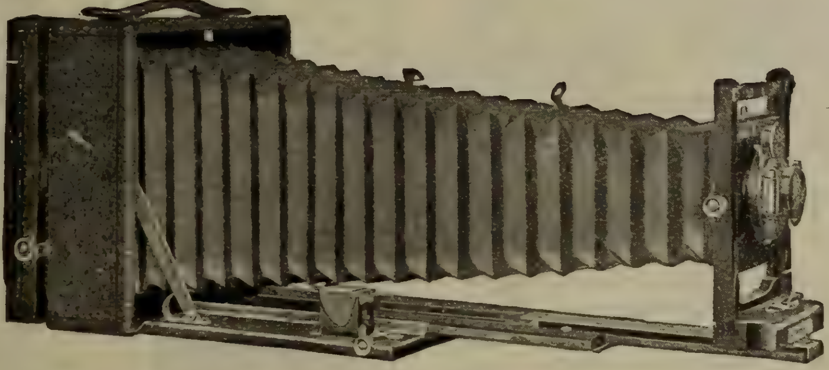
The next day he was of necessity in the saddle again in New York, but all the tide was against him, his last bulwark was gone and when the Exchange opened the next morning the first feature of the day was the announcement of the failure of the old firm of which he was the real head and among the brokers who paused a moment—a moment only in their own affairs—the whispered truth went abroad that Edward Raymond had collapsed physically and mentally and was at that moment battling with death in an uptown sanitarium.

Strange to say he survived, but all his former powers of aggression were gone. When the entangled affairs of his house were straightened out it was found that the ruin was complete and when the courts were through all that was left of the splendid fortune was a little house in a suburb of Brooklyn, in his wife's name, something she had bought intending to give it to a faithful servant some years before. There I saw them the last time. She sewing peacefully on the little porch, he pottering around the small lawn looking after his pet plants and shrubs, the two of them living quietly and perhaps more happily than ever before on the $1,200 per year which comes in from the investment of the $25,000 which they received last winter when the endowment policy matured.

Of course the colonel's death left his tobacco deals half finished, his estate losses through Raymond's failure did the remaining execution and when the administration had cleared up the affairs of Col. Denby Grier, the sole ward between his children and complete dependency, the only thing to keep his daughters from going into the town mills to earn their own living was the $50,000 Prudential Insurance policy. In the words of old Judge Sam, the colonel's lifelong friend, a poor man himself, "It stood out like a chimney tower above the blackened ruins of a mansion that had been swept by fire."

So, it seems to me the lesson is complete. In setting it forth I am glad it redounds to the benefit of that great institution which in the stress of a late hysterical day has not been found vulnerable to assault any more than that mighty rock, the impregnable Gibraltar, the Keeper of the Eastern Gate, whose staunchness it has taken for its emblem. The principle is good and the millions who have their welfare bound up in the conduct of this company have shown their complete approval of that same conduct. I cannot forget the monition in the sight of Col. Denby Grier at the height of a noble and unsullied career of success, plunging down to lie white and silent before the eyes of those entirely dependent on his continued existence.





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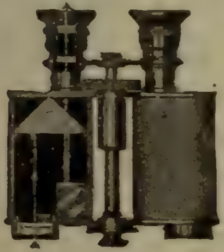

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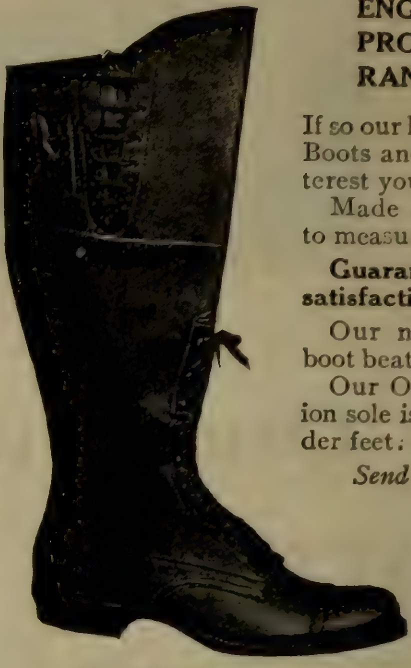

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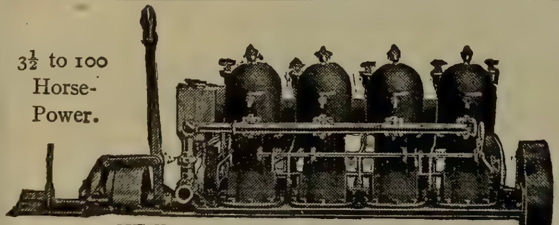

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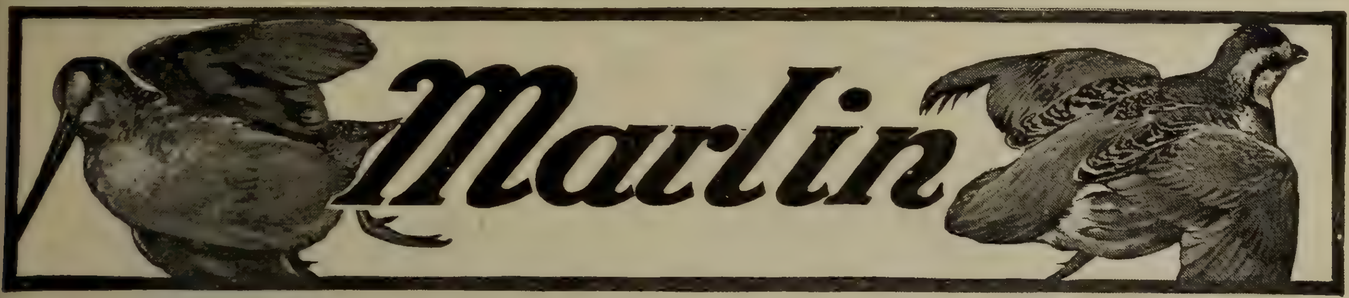


Model 16, Light-Weight 16-Gauge Shotgun. The lightest gun and the lightest load that will do the work, mark the greatest pleasure for the sportsman; the reduced weight of gun and shells to be carried is truly a blessing, readily appreciated by the experienced hunter.

The *Marlin* Model 16 is the only light-weight repeating shotgun made, and so well is it built of selected material, with the special *Marlin* method of boring and choking, that it is actually more effective than most of the 12-gauge guns of a few years ago.

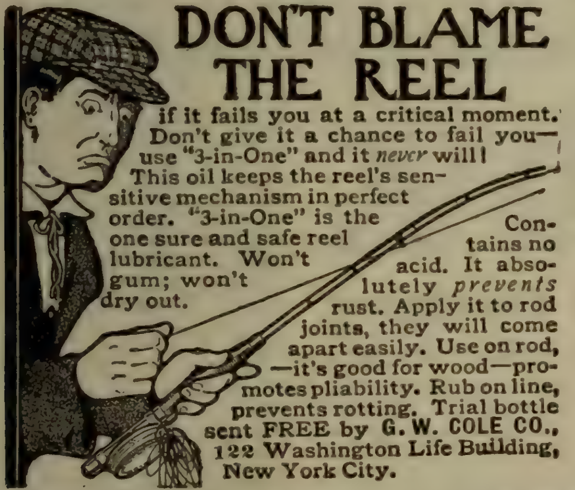
All the features of the famous *Marlin* 12-gauge are present in the Model 16. The solid top and side ejector—the automatic hang-fire safety recoil block—the "Special Smokeless Steel" barrel—the solid matted rib on the frame—the beautiful hang and finish—but each part is made a little smaller, a little lighter and a little neater.

All the parts of the breech and the closed-in action are made of the time-tried *Marlin* steel drop forgings and are very strong.

The barrel is guaranteed to pattern over 240 pellets No. 7½ shot in a 30-in. circle at 35 yards. No quail or woodcock can get through a pattern like this, and for grouse, prairie chickens, teal, wood ducks, squirrels, rabbits, etc., this gun is unsurpassed.

Write TO-DAY for our Catalog, which describes in detail the Model 16, as well as the full *Marlin* line of guns; mailed free for six cents in stamps.

The Marlin Firearms Co., 30 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.



DON'T BLAME THE REEL

if it fails you at a critical moment. Don't give it a chance to fail you—use "3-in-One" and it *never* will! This oil keeps the reel's sensitive mechanism in perfect order. "3-in-One" is the one sure and safe reel lubricant. Won't gum; won't dry out. Contains no acid. It absolutely *prevents* rust. Apply it to rod joints, they will come apart easily. Use on rod,—it's good for wood—promotes pliability. Rub on line, prevents rotting. Trial bottle sent FREE by G. W. COLE CO., 122 Washington Life Building, New York City.

LEARN How To MOUNT Game Heads, Birds, Animals, Fishes, Etc.

Be a taxidermist. We can teach you by **Mail** to stuff specimens of birds, animals, fishes and reptiles; also to tan skins, make rugs, etc. (This is a most profitable and fascinating business). Easily and quickly learned in your own home, during your spare time. Adapted to **Men, Women and Boys. Standard Methods**, low rates, satisfaction **Guaranteed**. If you are a sportsman, naturalist or nature lover, you should be able to save your fine trophies. Adorn your home, office or den with beautiful mounted specimens. Double your income by mounting for your friends. Are you interested? If so, send for our beautiful catalog, and the Taxidermy Magazine—*both free*. Ask today.

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There are many fishing rods on the market that are good, really good; but no other rod combines so many of the best qualities of all rods as does the

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Steel Fishing Rod

To see it — to fish with it — to know it — is to appreciate its strength, lightness, pliancy, casting power and to be sure of results.

They may be seen at your dealers'— but insist on the rod with "Bristol" stamped on the reel-seat. That's for your protection.

Send for our beautiful color catalog—it's free. Page 28 has a special "Bristol" feature—may be found only on "Bristol" Rods.

THE HORTON MFG. CO.

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FIFTY YEARS' TEST PROVES

HUNTER RYE

BEST.

FINE, RICH FLAVOR

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

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Sportsmen's Clothing

Sheds Water like a Duck's Back

Combines the advantage of perfect tailoring with perfect protection against rain. Waterproofed by a patent process, permitting thorough ventilation. Cloth as soft as chamois, yet rain cannot penetrate it, whether in driving downpour or dreary all-day drizzle. Equally appropriate to fair or rainy weather. Fit, finish and waterproof qualities guaranteed. Sightly and durable.

Coat double stitched and lined throughout with same material. Reinforced shoulder cap. Patent bellows under arm gives extra ventilation, and freedom of movement with paddle, rod or gun. Pockets everywhere.

Trousers reinforced from hip to knee. Double seat.

Give snug breast measure, height, and length of arm from center of back. Waist and leg for trousers.

Light, tan or dead grass green.

Coat, $5; trousers, $3; hat $1. Express prepaid.

FOR LADIES' WEAR

Neatly tailored coat and skirt. Gives absolute protection on any outing trip. Suitable for gunning, fishing, tramping, boating, climbing. Coat, $5.00; skirt, $4.00. Express prepaid. Booklet, with samples of material and directions for self measurement sent free.

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LIGHT WEIGHT MODEL 1886 RIFLES

.45-70 GOV'T. CALIBER

Big game hunters who cling to the old reliable .45-70 Government cartridge will find that Winchester Model 1886 Light Weight Rifles made in that caliber will suit them in every way. They are lighter and handier than other rifles handling this cartridge, and, like all Winchester rifles, shoot strong and accurately and wear well. They are made with 22-inch round nickel steel barrels, in Solid Frame and Take-Down styles. The former weighs only about 6 3-4 pounds and the latter about 7 pounds. This rifle and Winchester High Velocity Cartridges, which are made for it, make a very effective combination.

Send for catalogue describing this and all
Winchester Rifles and Ammunition.

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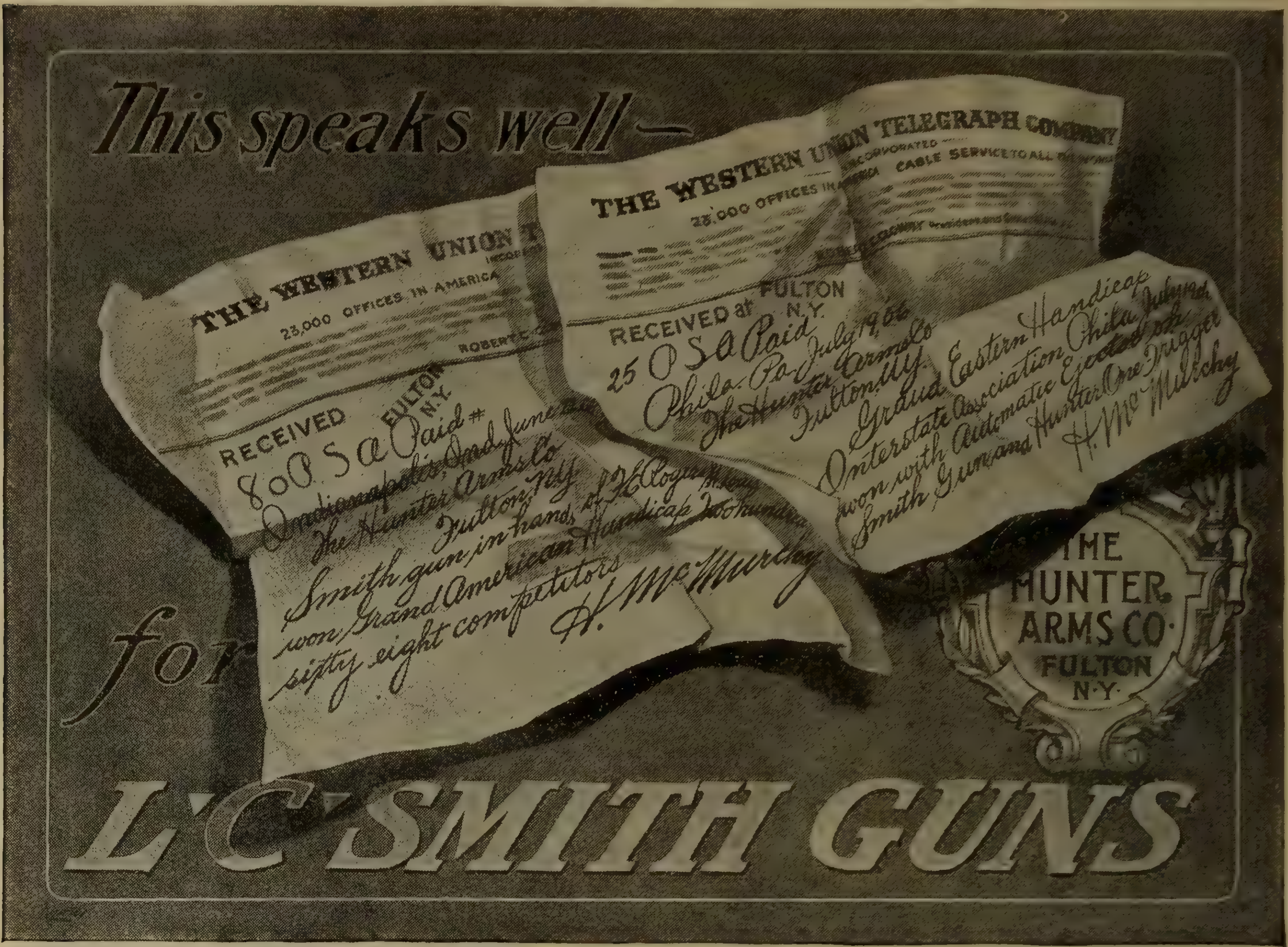
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THE HUNTER ARMS CO. FULTON N.Y.

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won Grand American Handicap two hundred
sixty eight competitors
H. McMurchy

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY
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25 O S a Paid
Phila. Pa. July 1906
The Hunter Arms Co
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Grand Eastern Handicap
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AUTOMATIC EJECTORS
SINGLE TRIGGER
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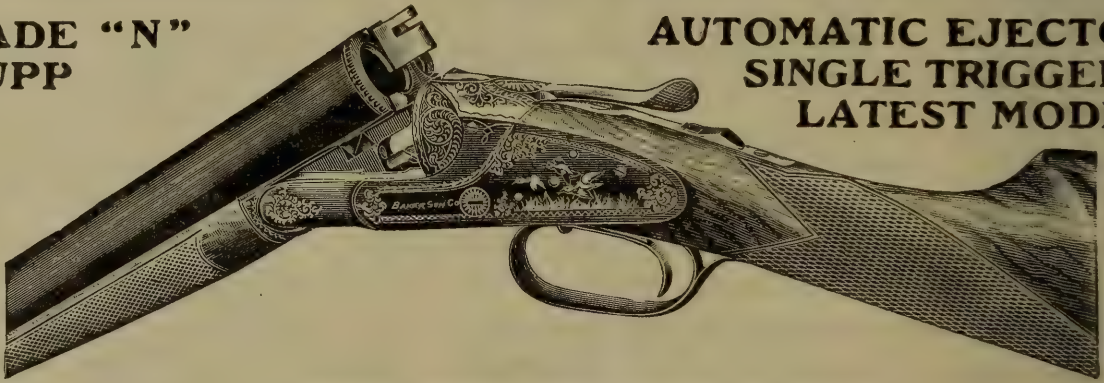
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Send for free copy of the "Baker Gunner," fully descriptive and interesting to sportsmen.

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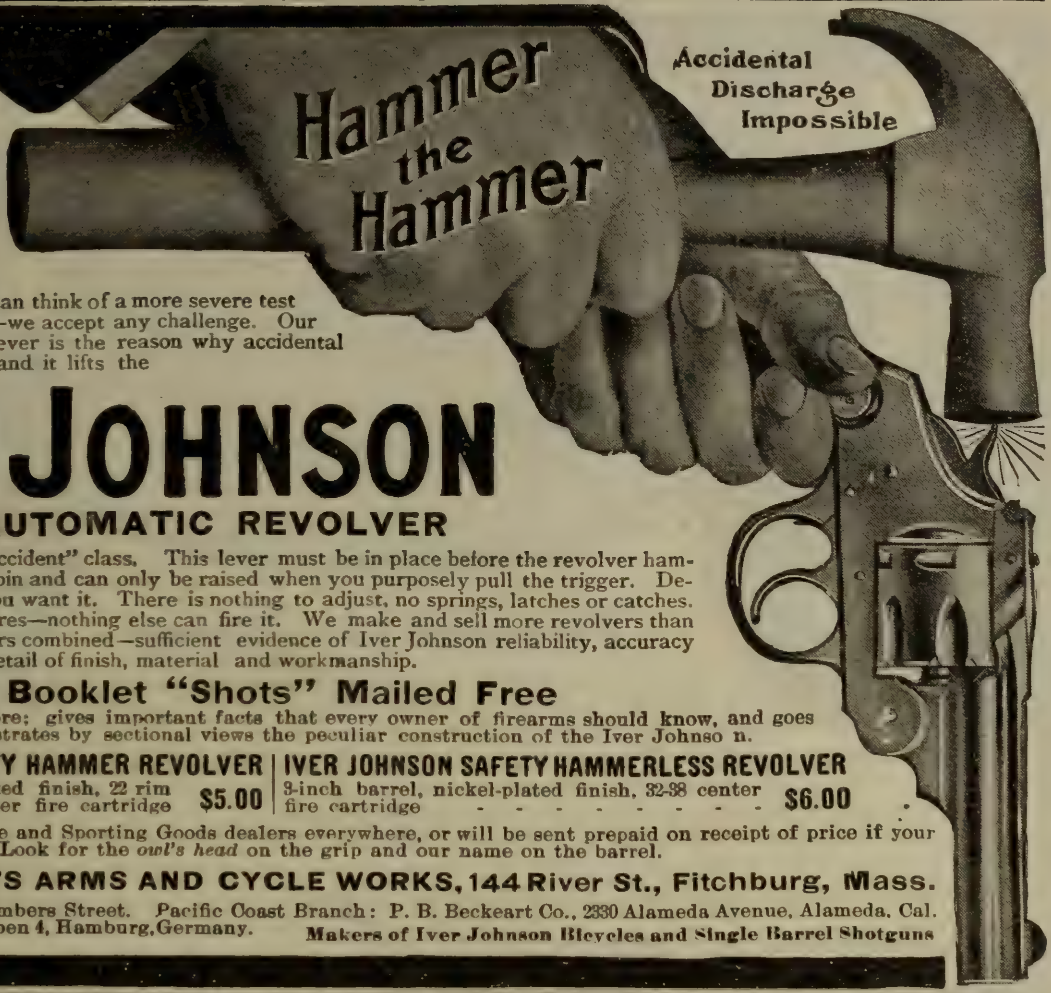

drop it, kick it, or if you can think of a more severe test of safety, please make it—we accept any challenge. Our exclusive patent safety lever is the reason why accidental discharge is impossible, and it lifts the

IVER JOHNSON

SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

out of the "went-off-by-accident" class. This lever must be in place before the revolver hammer can touch the firing pin and can only be raised when you purposely pull the trigger. Depend on it to fire when you want it. There is nothing to adjust, no springs, latches or catches. Pull the trigger and it fires—nothing else can fire it. We make and sell more revolvers than all other American makers combined—sufficient evidence of Iver Johnson reliability, accuracy and perfection in every detail of finish, material and workmanship.

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It's full of firearm lore; gives important facts that every owner of firearms should know, and goes into the details and illustrates by sectional views the peculiar construction of the Iver Johnson.

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMER REVOLVER
3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim fire cartridge, 32-38 center fire cartridge **$5.00**

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3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 32-38 center fire cartridge - - - - - - - - - **$6.00**

For sale by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or will be sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply. Look for the *owl's head* on the grip and our name on the barrel.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS, 144 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.

New York Office: 99 Chambers Street. Pacific Coast Branch: P. B. Beckeart Co., 2330 Alameda Avenue, Alameda, Cal.
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The 25, 30 and 33 now does the work of the 45.

WILL MUSHROOM upon slight resistance, and yet has **GREATER PENETRATION** than the regular soft-nose bullet. You are not trailing blood, but are sure of your game without a long chase. First cost is greater than the regular soft-nose ammunition, but One Hoxie Bullet often does the work of ten regulars. **The remembrance of results remains long after the price has been forgotten.**

Mr. Big Game Hunter, let us hear from you

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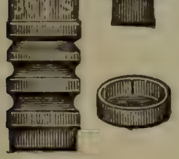

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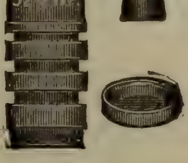

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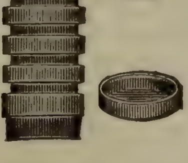

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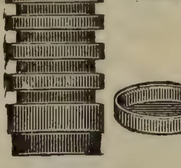

HUNTERS can make their own **High Power** hard or soft point bullets, with two moulds, and keep some **Cash** in their pocketbooks for powder, instead of spending it all for high-priced metal covered bullets that **wear out the barrels.** Send us the calibre of your rifle with three two-cent stamps for sample bullet and descriptive circular. **The Phil. B. Bekeart Co., of San Francisco, Cal., Agents for Pacific Coast.** When you write please mention RECREATION.

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in any land under all kinds of conditions are possible only when your camera has a fine lens of the quality of TESSAR. It pays in getting good results every time and in material saved to spend more money for *the Lens* when buying your camera. TESSAR requires less than half the light needed by the lenses ordinarily supplied with cameras, to make good pictures. TESSAR will make pictures of the children *in the house*, portraits *in the home*, as well as race horses, athletes, landscapes, interiors, live animals. TESSAR is now supplied by the makers on such standard cameras as Kodaks, Premos, Centuries, Hawkeyes, Graflex, etc. Have the dealer show you a camera with TESSAR Lens.

There are more Bausch & Lomb Lenses in actual use than of all others combined.

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¶ Those who have tried Peters Shells or Cartridges pronounce them incomparably superior to other makes. ¶ Peters Cartridges have been used by the winners of the **U. S. Indoor Rifle Championship** nine successive years. ¶ Peters Shells have made many notable records in 1906, recent ones being the Eastern Handicap, Championships of Ohio, Illinois, Kentucky, Minnesota, etc. ¶ These victories translated into plain truth mean that you can shoot better than you ever did before if you will only use Peters ammunition.

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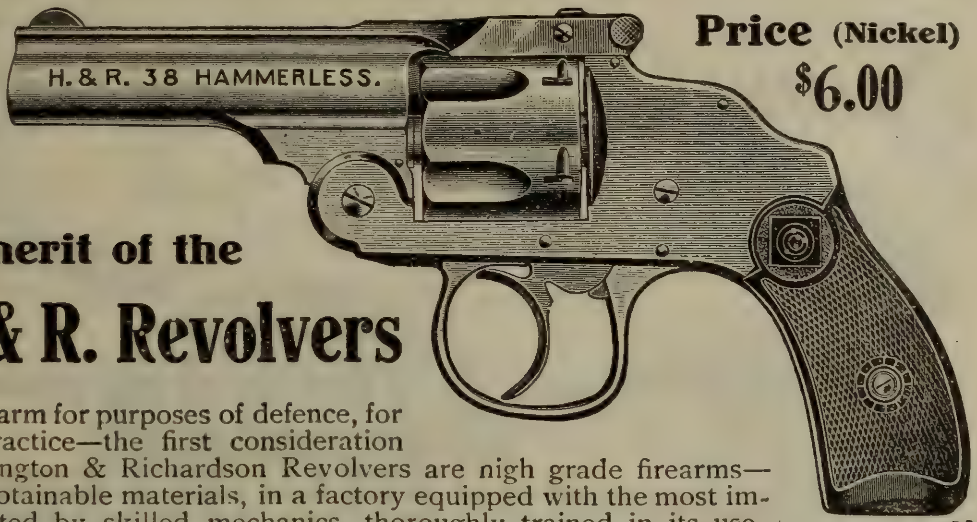
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Price (Nickel)
$6.00

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When selecting a firearm for purposes of defence, for hunting or for target practice—the first consideration should be safety. Harrington & Richardson Revolvers are nigh grade firearms—made of the very best obtainable materials, in a factory equipped with the most improved machinery operated by skilled mechanics, thoroughly trained in its use. Every part is rigidly inspected and every finished revolver thoroughly tested to insure absolute freedom from flaws of any kind. The construction of H. & R. Revolvers is accurate to the thousandth part of an inch. There is none of the shake or rattle you will notice in cheap revolvers. They are built for business and if properly cared for will last a life time.

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H. & R. Revolvers are sold by all dealers in reliable sporting goods, or will be sent expressage paid on receipt of price.

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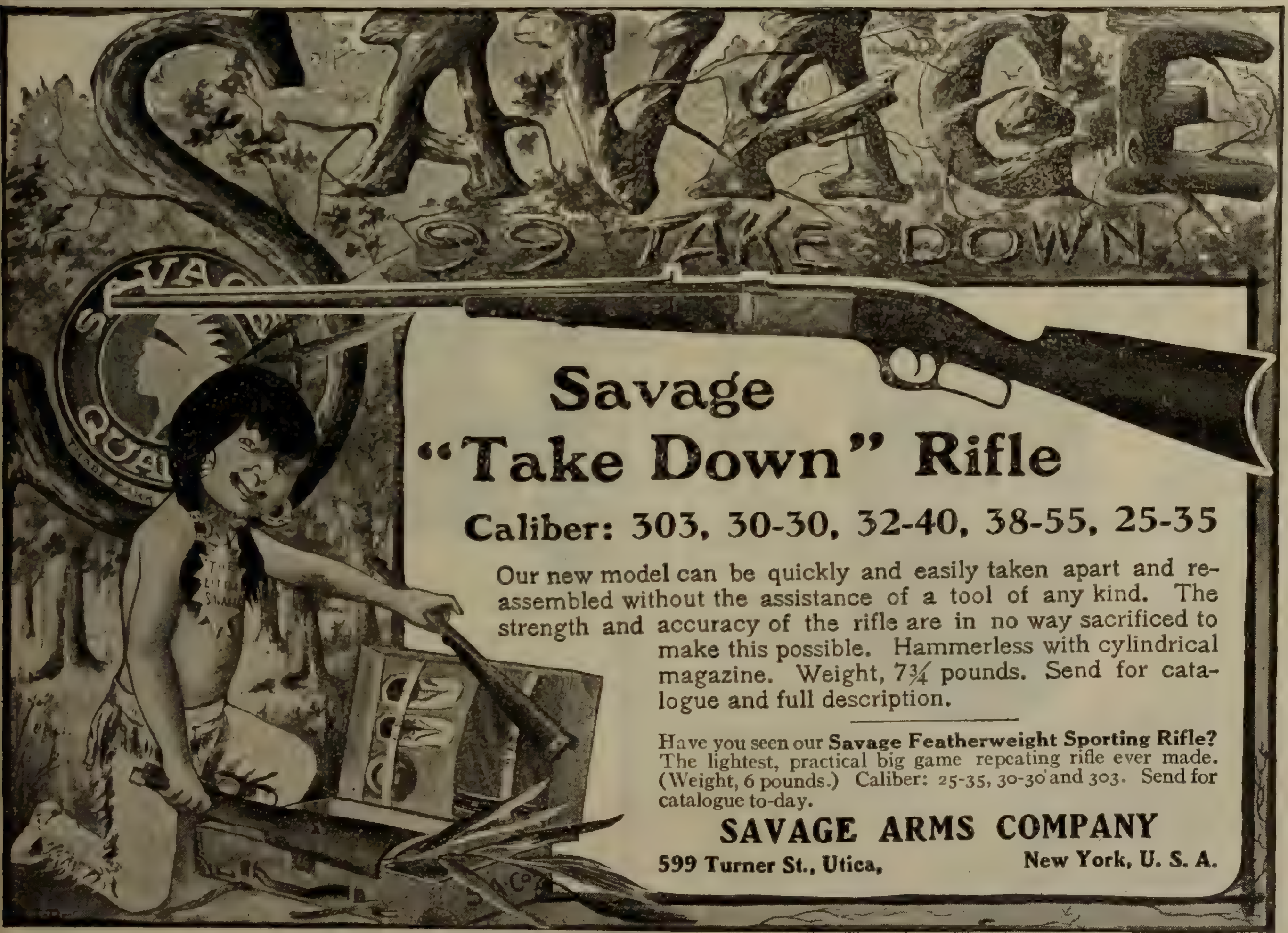


Savage "Take Down" Rifle

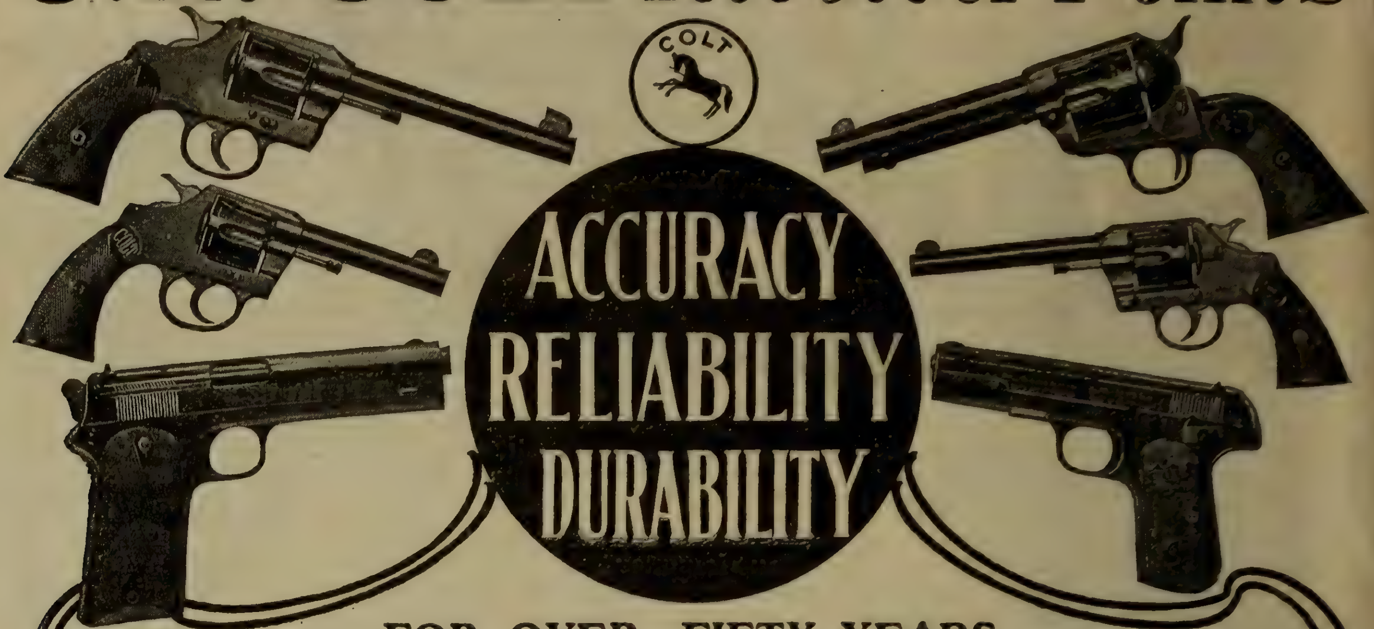
Caliber: 303, 30-30, 32-40, 38-55, 25-35

Our new model can be quickly and easily taken apart and reassembled without the assistance of a tool of any kind. The strength and accuracy of the rifle are in no way sacrificed to make this possible. Hammerless with cylindrical magazine. Weight, 7¾ pounds. Send for catalogue and full description.

Have you seen our **Savage Featherweight Sporting Rifle?** The lightest, practical big game repeating rifle ever made. (Weight, 6 pounds.) Caliber: 25-35, 30-30 and 303. Send for catalogue to-day.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY
599 Turner St., Utica, New York, U. S. A.

Some COLT Revolver Points



ACCURACY
RELIABILITY
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FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS
these features have been the first and foremost consideration in the production of these famous arms. As a result, Governments and Police Departments of the world have adopted them. All Colt Revolvers are 6 shot.

COLT Revolvers and Automatic Pistols are made for use

Catalog "Positive" describes all models. Mailed on request.

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HARTFORD, CONN.
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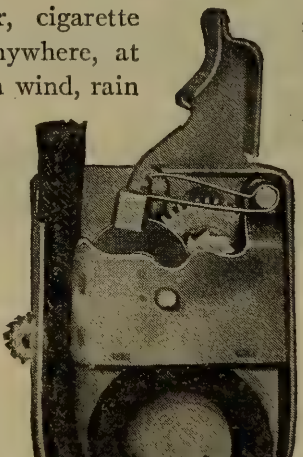
THE Matchless (Practically Indestructible) Cigar Lighter

Lights cigar, cigarette and pipe anywhere, at any time—in wind, rain or snow—on land or sea.



⅔ Actual size—With side removed, showing fuse in position to light cigar, cigarette or pipe.

The Matchless Cigar Lighter

Fits the vest-pocket like a match box. Is always ready and never fails to work. It's guaranteed for two years.

The Matchless Cigar Lighter

Is a necessity to the smoker, especially the Automobilist, Yachtsman, Golfer or Sportsman.

Your dealer has (or can get) "The Matchless Cigar Lighter"—if he won't, we will mail you one post-paid with instructions for use and our two year guarantee—on receipt of price, 50 cents. Illustrated and descriptive circulars on application.

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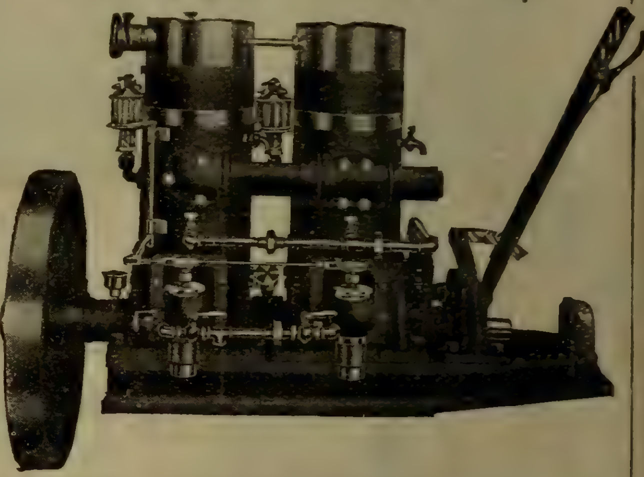
A Fay & Bowen Engine

Took One First and One Second Prize in the Palm Beach Races in February.



A FAY & BOWEN ENGINE came in first in the Chicago-Mackinaw Endurance run last summer, running the 39 hours without a single stop.

A Reliable Two-Cycle Machine started without a crank.

Our unique Make-and-Break Sparker is admitted to be the best.

Write for free catalogue of Motors and Fine Boats.

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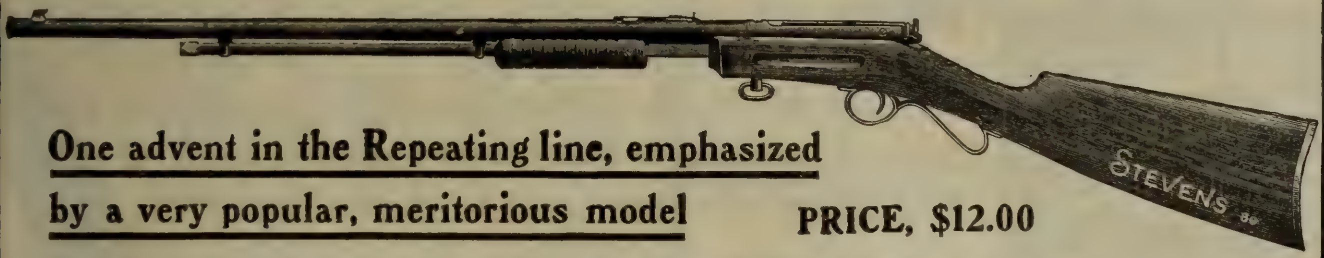
STEVENS

Repeating Gallery Rifle No. 80



One advent in the Repeating line, emphasized by a very popular, meritorious model

PRICE, $12.00

Bolt Type action operated by sliding fore-end. Breech Bolt in Action works Block Lever, first upward, then back, ejecting the empty shell, its forward motion forcing a fresh cartridge into Barrel. Action when closed presents a solid top, preventing dirt or any obstruction entering to clog it. ¶Very simple mechanism. Drop forged parts. When rifle is "taken down" these parts can be readily cleaned and oiled. Barrel can be cleaned by drawing rod through without taking mechanism apart. ¶For .22 Short R. F. cartridges. Magazine holds fifteen cartridges, besides one in the chamber; 24-inch Round Barrel; extreme length 41½ inches. Bead Front and Sporting Rear Sights. Varnished Black Walnut Stock; Blued Trigger Guard; Aluminum Butt Plate.

Ask your dealer and insist on the STEVENS. If you cannot obtain, we ship direct, *express prepaid*, on receipt of catalog price.

Beautiful Hanger will be forwarded for 10 cents in stamps.

Send 4c. in stamps for 140-page catalog describing the entire STEVENS line. Profusely illustrated, and contains points on Shooting, Ammunition, etc.

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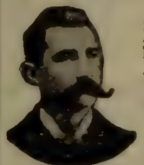
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS., U. S. A.

After Shaving
use

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



and insist that your barber use it also. **It is Antiseptic,** and will **prevent** any of the skin diseases often contracted.

A positive relief for **Sunburn, Chafing,** and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. **Get Mennen's**—the original. Sold everywhere or mailed for **25** cents. *Sample free.*

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) *Talcum.*

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and you will see that, unlike all other Collar Buttons,

The One-Piece

Krementz

is double thick where double strength is needed—in the shank. Not a weak spot in it. Made of one piece only. Hammered into graceful shape that makes it easy to button and unbutton. 21 models for ladies and gentlemen. Gold, Silver or Rolled Plate. Free booklet, **"The Story of a Collar Button,"** gives entertaining information. Want one?

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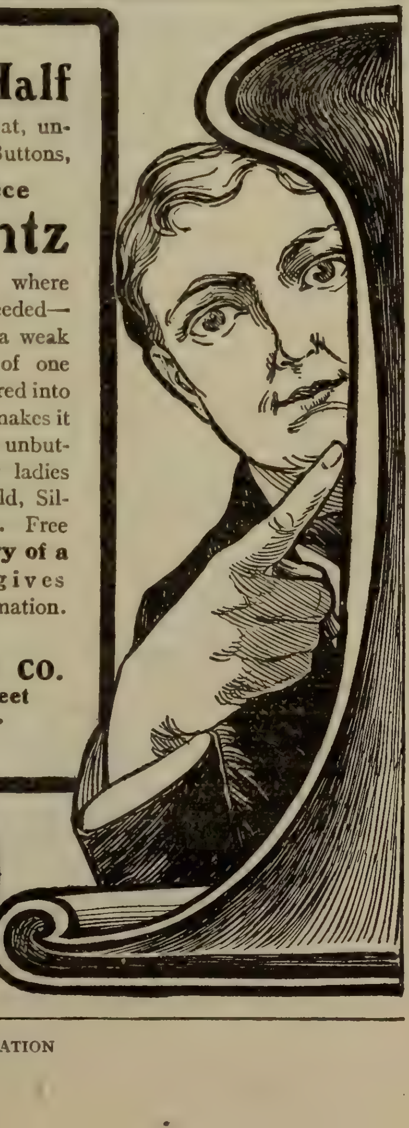

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AMERICAN POWDER MILLS

SMOKELESS

A Bulk Powder for Shot Guns of Guaranteed . . . Stability

"June 1st, at an exhibition Shoot at San Antonio, Texas, Mrs. Ad. Topperwein shot at **500 targets in two hours and 25 minutes**, making the remarkable record of **485 breaks** without inconvenience from recoil. She chose to use Dead Shot Smokeless powder."

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Dead Shot Smokeless thoroughly meets the requirements of discriminating sportsmen. Branded with the name of a house whose goods are most favorably known, it will always be the powder of a "known quantity," unsurpassed in any particular.

Clean Shooting, makes a perfect pattern, high velocity, safe, is unaffected by climate.

Have your shells loaded with "Dead Shot Smokeless." Your dealer will gladly supply it. If you are in doubt write to us. Write to us any way for booklet.

AMERICAN POWDER MILLS, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

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DIRECT FROM THE RANCH IN CALIFORNIA

Sylmar Olive Oil was awarded the Grand Prize (highest award) at the St. Louis World's Fair in competition with all other olive oils.

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Sylmar Olive Oil retains all the rich, fruity flavor of ripe California olives and is most palatable. Sylmar will keep longer than any other olive oil without turning rancid. Sylmar can be purchased with the confidence that every bottle will stand the most rigid chemical analysis and be proven free from adulterants.

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OLIVE OIL
SYLMAR BRAND
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Pure Olive Oil is universally recognized as a highly nutritious form of food, easily digested and almost wholly assimilated, while its therapeutic values are agreed upon by all leading physicians.

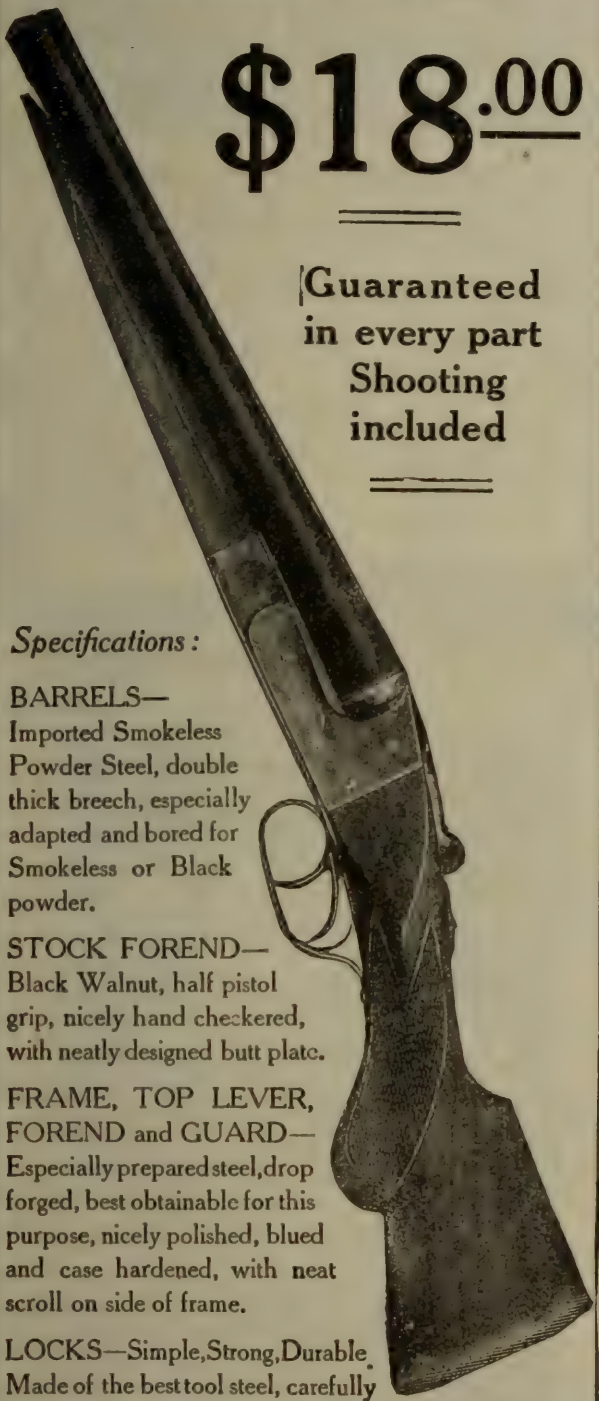
We publish a booklet containing physicians' directions for medicinal uses of olive oil, cooking recipes, government recommendations, descriptions of our process and directions for detecting adulterants in olive oil. We will send this booklet and a sample bottle of the oil to any address for 10c. postage.

Send postoffice or express money order for $3.00 for three quart-size bottles, and we will deliver them to you express prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. You take no risk when you buy Sylmar Olive Oil.

Los Angeles Olive Growers' Ass'n, 308 Bradbury Bldg. Los Angeles, Cal.

ITHACA

New Model Field Gun



$18.00

Guaranteed in every part Shooting included

Specifications:

BARRELS—Imported Smokeless Powder Steel, double thick breech, especially adapted and bored for Smokeless or Black powder.

STOCK FOREND—Black Walnut, half pistol grip, nicely hand checkered, with neatly designed butt plate.

FRAME, TOP LEVER, FOREND and GUARD—Especially prepared steel, drop forged, best obtainable for this purpose, nicely polished, blued and case hardened, with neat scroll on side of frame.

LOCKS—Simple, Strong, Durable. Made of the best tool steel, carefully hardened and tempered. Made in 10, 12 and 16 gauge, any weight, length or choke.

Send for Art Catalog describing our full line of guns—seventeen grades in all, ranging in price from $17.75 net to $300 list.

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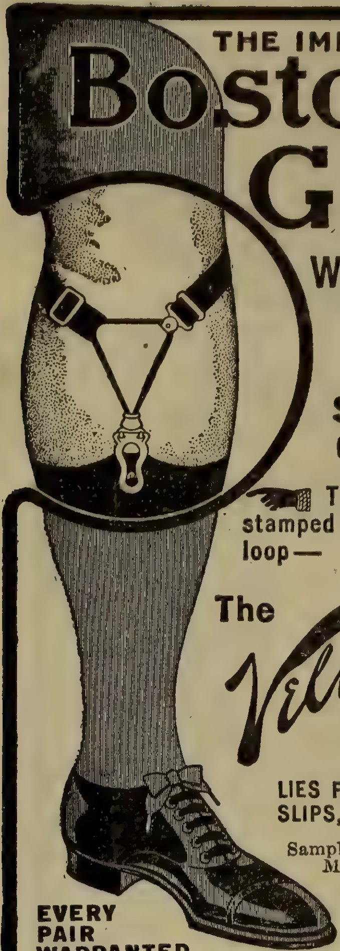

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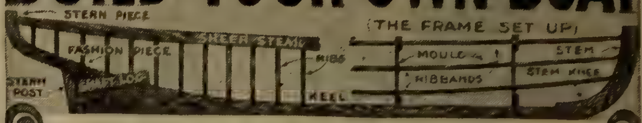

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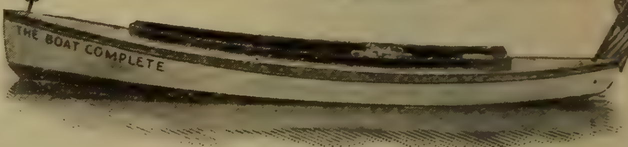

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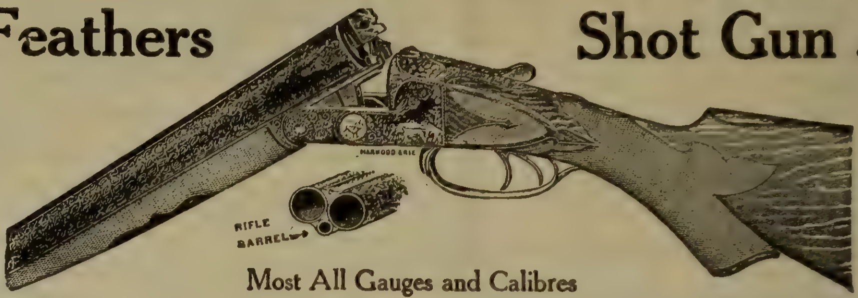

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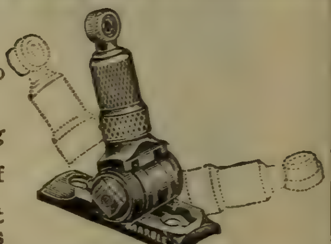

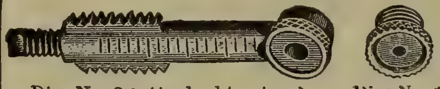

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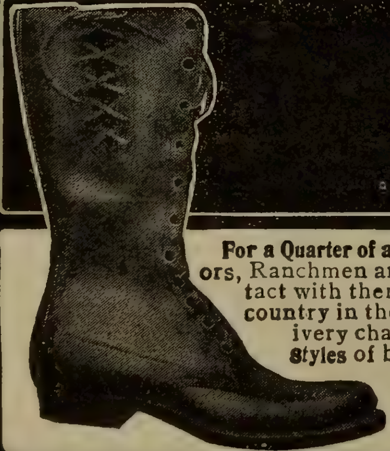

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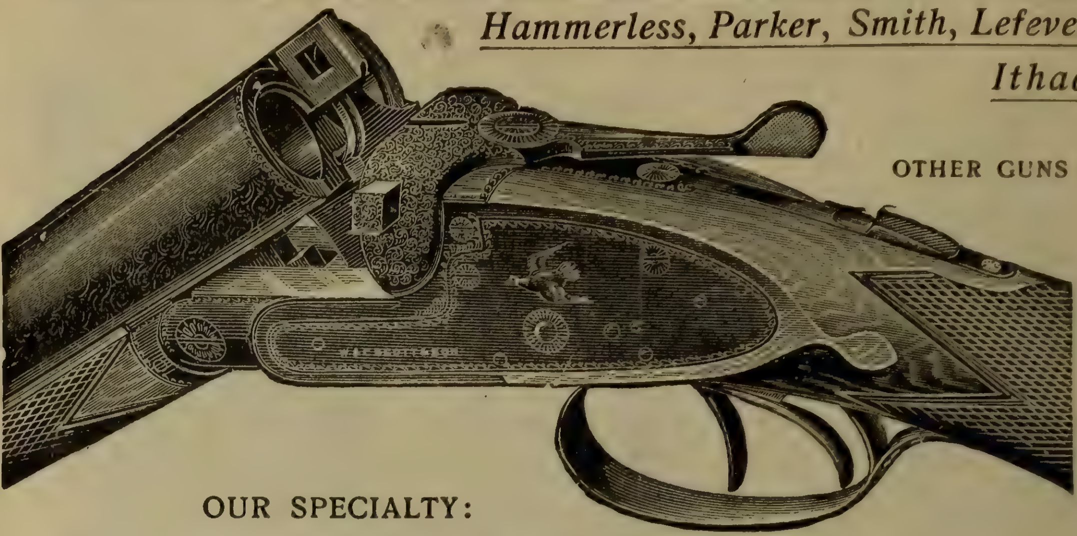

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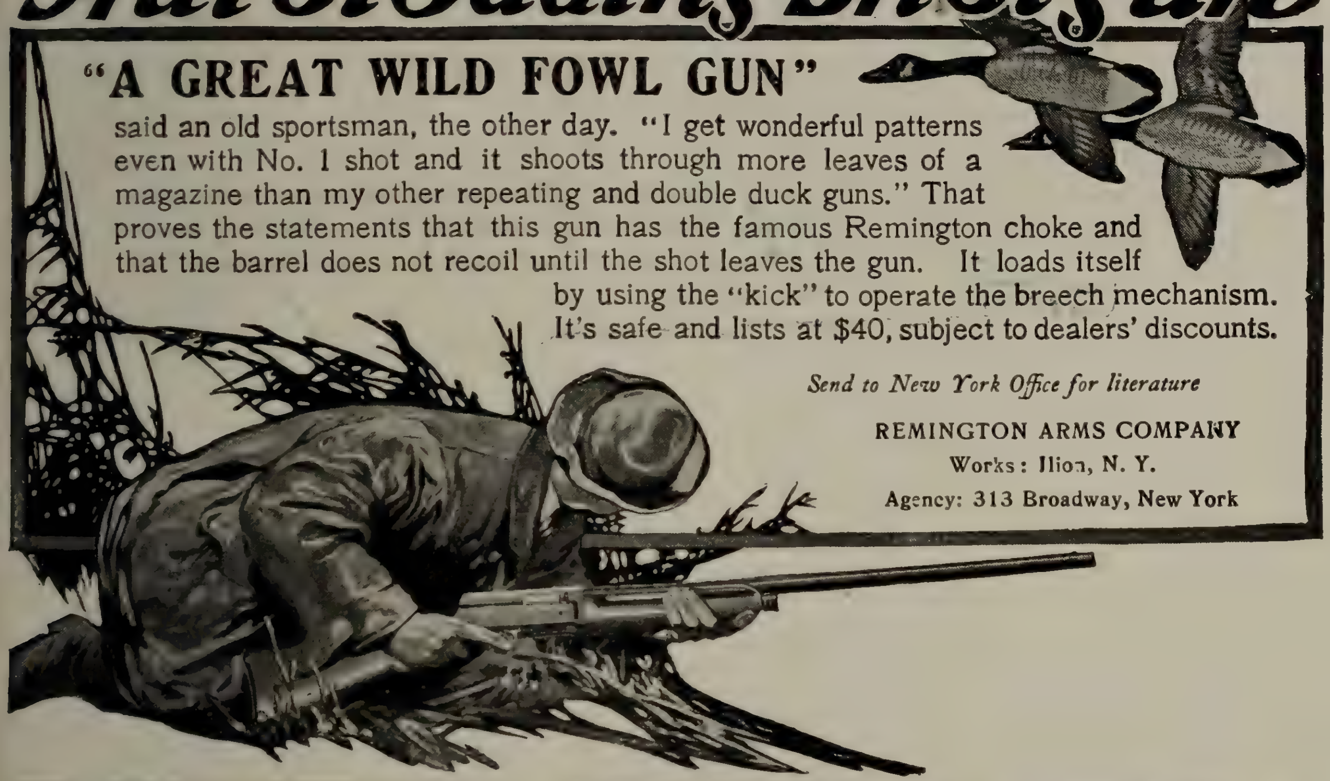

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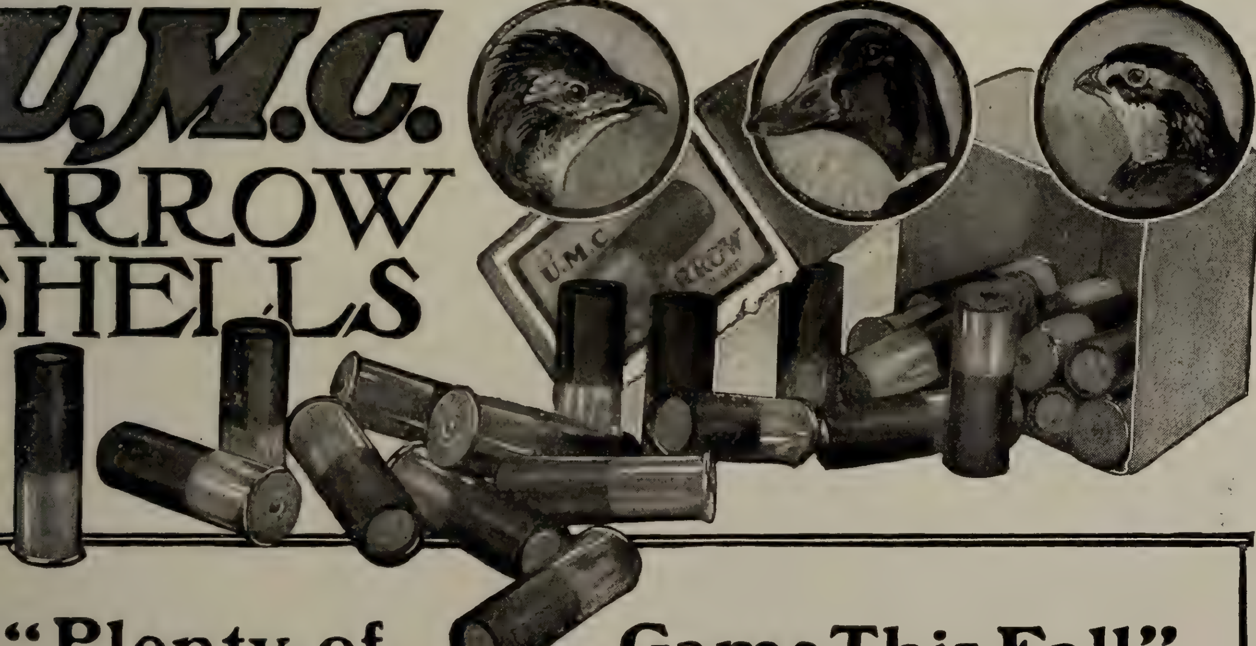

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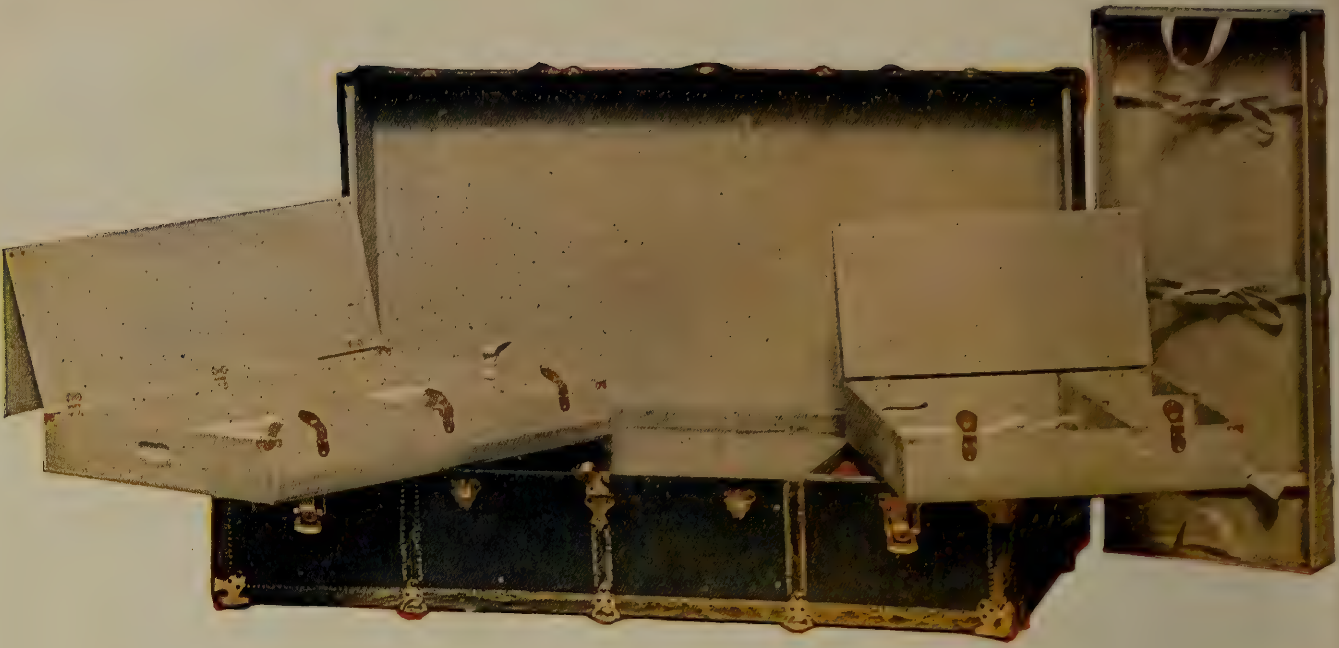

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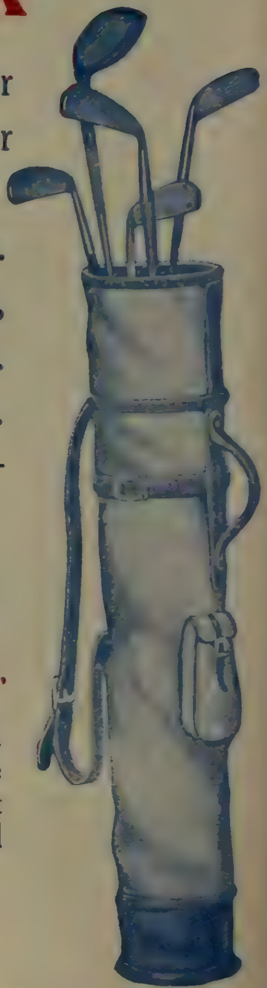

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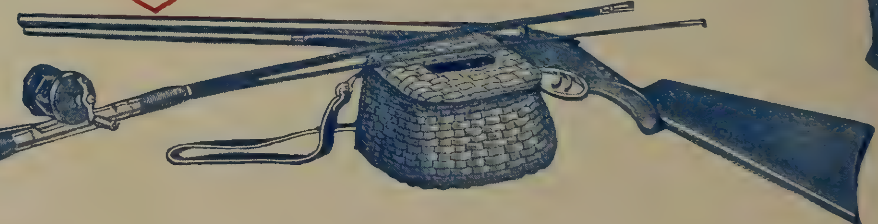

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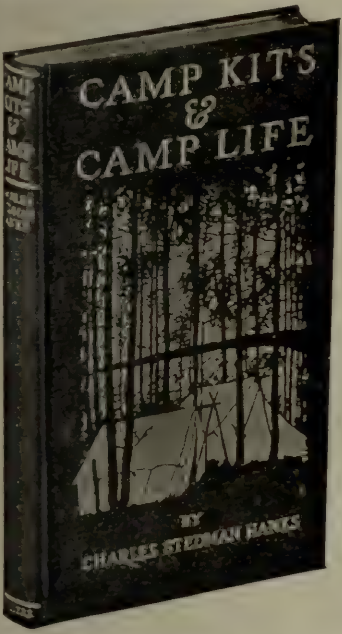

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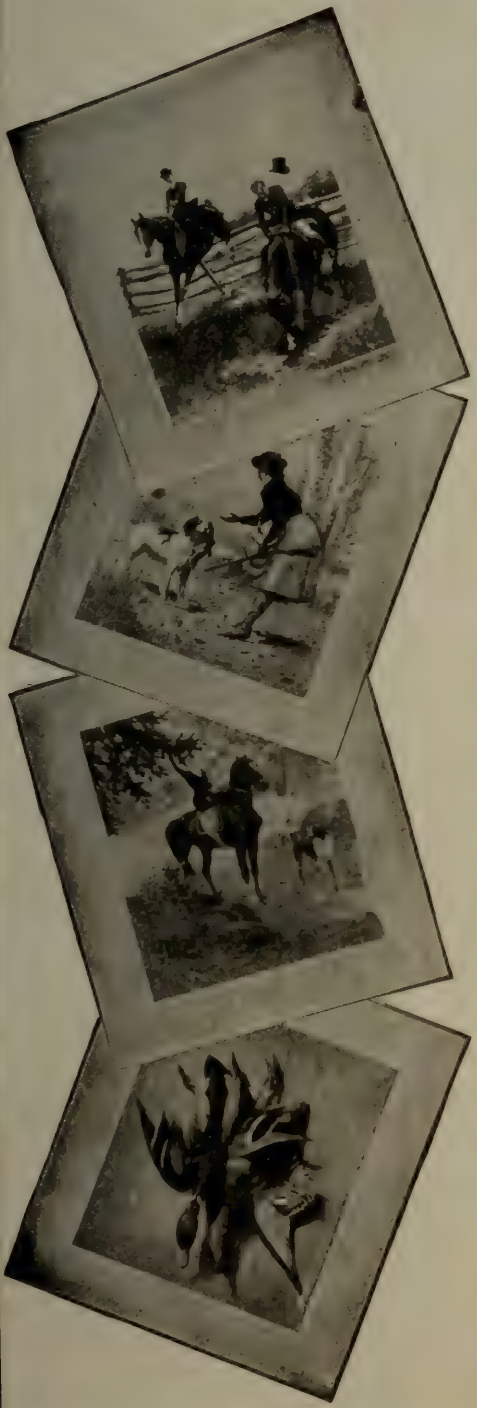

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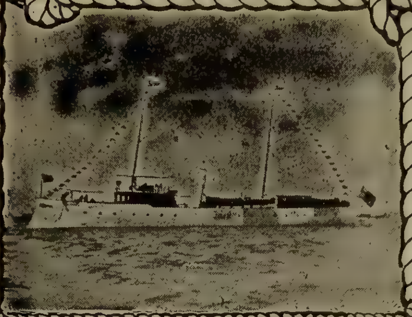

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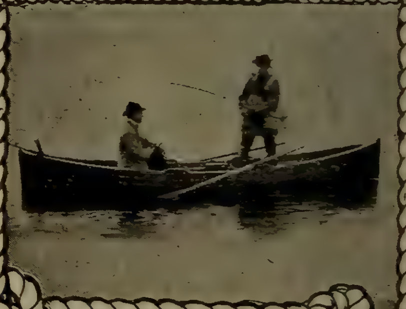

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WM. E. ANNIS, *Publisher*, 23 West Twenty-fourth Street, New York

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AROUND OUR CAMP-FIRE

A TALK WITH THE READER

"By George, that's just what I'd like to do!"

Does that sound familiar to you? Have you not often heard that identical exclamation from the lips of an acquaintance who had been reading RECREATION? Have you not sometimes used those or similar words yourself, on finishing a particularly interesting story of hunting, fishing or camping, such as appear in RECREATION from month to month? Of course you have!

Perhaps you are so situated that you have been able to gratify your desire to "go and do likewise." But the other fellow, is he still ardently wishing? Suppose that you have tasted of the joys that have been forbidden him—wouldn't you like to help him to his little round of pleasure? Of course you would, for the tie that binds together all sportsmen for all the best there is in life is Generosity.

There is a way. Be you one of the fortunate ones, or yourself a wisher for the seemingly unattainable, you should know about RECREATION'S subscription premiums. Let us tell you about the young sportsman whose "camp" is pictured on this page; it should prove an inspiration. James F. Griffin, of North Bay, N. Y., was unable to indulge himself in long hunting trips, or to join a sportsmen's club; he was unable even to have what he desired in the way of equipment. But he was ambitious, and when he found he could earn a good gun, a fishing-rod, a canoe, anything he needed for the following of sports afield by taking subscriptions to RECREATION, he took off his coat, figuratively speaking, and pitched in. The result of his energy and enthusiasm was such that he is now the owner of a complete outfit, and so pleased is he that he has named his little hunting lodge "Recreation."

RECREATION

James F. Griffin's Camp

Mr. Griffin is only one of hundreds whom RECREATION has helped to get a complete sporting equipment. Recently our circulation manager made a short tour through some of the Eastern States to better acquaint himself with the conditions with which our "premium solicitors" have to contend, and with a view to improving, if possible, this branch of his campaign. He came back wearing a rich walnut tan; there was a merry twinkle in his eye, and even his shoes squeaked good-naturedly as he came striding into his office. And though his desk was piled high with an accumulation of work that his assistants perforce had saved for him, he found time for an interview. "Say," said he, rolling up his sleeves, and with an apprehensive glance at his calendar, "those fellows can teach one a few things! Why, everywhere I went I was all cocked and primed with encouragement, but they didn't want that. 'What's going to be in next month's magazine?' That's what they'd say before I'd get a chance with my cheer-up story. 'What you got that's new for about ten subscriptions? What rifle do you advise for deer?' Why, say, I was standing leaning on a showcase just inside a sporting goods store in Bennington, Vt., waiting for the boss to come in, to have a talk with him and get a line on the local shooting and fishing fraternity, when a fellow came in and in less than a minute had engaged me in conversation. And what do you think? Blamed if he didn't start right in and buttonhole me to subscribe to RECREATION! It was funny, so I argued with him and abused the magazine every way I could. We had it hot and heavy, and, will you believe it, that fellow made me dig up a dollar and a half and subscribe! Well, when he asked for my name and address, I had my little fun with him. He didn't believe me till I wrote my name out for him, and, of course, he knew my signature. That was Dan Rifenburgh and I believe he is the best solicitor I ever met. Well, maybe I didn't make him take me fishing!

"Another fellow I met took me out in his premium canoe, gave me his premium fishing-rod to fish with and made a picture of me with his premium camera.

"I had a good time, but I didn't get rid of any of my encouragement; they only wanted to know what was going to be in the magazine. Some of them were quite young boys, some of them eighteen or twenty, and a few older. The boys go in for the smaller premiums, but nothing's too good for the older fellows. I had to give one of them exclusive rights for three counties—he wants an automobile!"

This merely to show what is accomplished by those who try. And so we will conclude with the suggestion that, if you neither care to nor need to solicit subscriptions to get your sporting equipment, in view of the very promising prospect for future numbers of RECREATION, you will be doing a kindness by giving your subscription to some ambitious young friend—and you will be guilty of no "sin of omission" against him if you will but ask your sportsmen friends and acquaintances to follow your example. If you would be a "premium-made" sportsman, write to us to-day for full instructions and our catalogue of premiums.

THE MAIZE HARVEST

Far through the quiet twilight of the cool October dawn
Spreads a rumbling, as of chariots in an army moving on.
Toward the fertile river-bottoms, toward the poorer clay-capped hills,
Toward each quarter of the country that the ample corn crop fills,
Out of every barn-yard gateway, out of every farmhouse road,
You can hear the hollow wagons rolling to their morning load.

There are orchards in the Westland; wheat-fields wave and ripen there;
Classic harvests draw, in season, songs of plenty from the air.
Red Pomona shakes the branches, yellow Ceres binds the grain
To delight the poet's fancy, and the farmer's hope of gain.
But in this native maize-land the year no poem yields
Like the sound of all the wagons rolling to the husking-fields.

—*John Brown Jewett*

SHOOTING PINTAILS IN THE TIMBER

This is picture No.1 of the series, the only one out of the first dozen that was a success. It is all the more remarkable in that the shooter himself operated the camera, squeezing the bulb that released the shutter immediately after shooting the duck which is seen falling a little to the left of the line of the gun barrels.

RECREATION

Vol. XXV | OCTOBER, 1906 | No. 4

DUCK-SHOOTING WITH GUN AND CAMERA

A Single-Handed Triumph

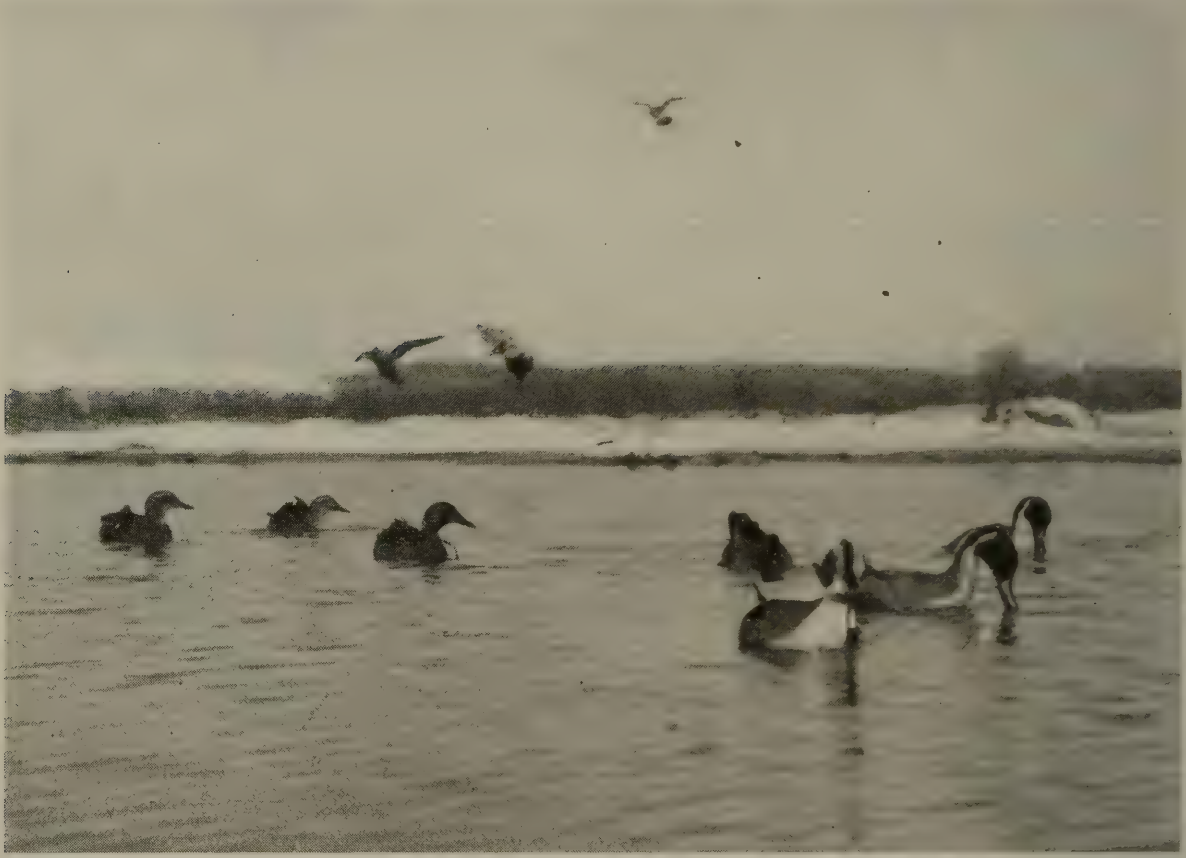
BY C. S. CUMMINGS

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE present writer had been for some time an intensely interested reader of the literature of "hunting with a camera." Being first an ardent sportsman—ardent is the proper word, I believe, to express a state of hunter's enthusiasm variously denominated "crazy," "nutty," etc., by persons who from choice never allow their feet to touch the Mother Earth and in whose philosophy of life the rocking-chair habit is ingrained—and having more recently arrived at some proficiency with a camera, he was as ready for the Idea as a hungry Adirondack trout for the first shad-fly. The Idea came, and the result was decidedly the most resultful day's duck-shooting in all his experience.

I sat at my desk one November day, when the Storm King was paying an early visit to Missouri. Being more or less weatherwise from years of prognosticating the coming of the cold-weather ducks, I knew that this was a day to be in the timber to meet the mallards and the pintails and the spoonbills. But with a foresight that was really ninety per cent. guesswork I arrived at a conclusion that the morrow would see the ducks still with us, and fair skies—and with that thought I had clinched with the Idea. I would go to Rondo Lake and out-Carlin Carlin, out-Dugmore Dugmore, out-Shiras Shiras ; I would outdo all the wild game photographers that ever lived by making photographs of myself in the act of shooting wild ducks—the real thing, ducks falling through space and all!

The Idea thus suddenly conceived was to set up my camera behind my place of concealment and operate it by means of a long rubber hose with a large bulb, the latter being held in my left hand, underneath the gun as I grasped the barrels. I would first focus the camera and set the shutter, then get into my hiding place, and when the ducks decoyed to my live mallard decoys I would shoot the gun and squeeze the bulb simultaneously, getting a duck and a photograph at one and the same time!



No. 8—A WIDGEON DRAKE AND A PAIR OF PINTAILS DECOYING

What seemed easy in theory turned out in practice, however, to be decidedly difficult. When I got home with my additional photographic equipment and had the wires all strung, I found that objects of the size of a duck when viewed at forty yards through the ground-glass of the camera were hardly discernible. At what I estimated to be thirty yards, a hat was just nicely discernible on the ground-glass by the aid of a reading-glass—that is to say, I could see a little black spot against the sky, but the species could not be determined through the camera. This was certainly a setback.

It was now midafternoon and some chillisome in the back yard, so I cut short my experimenting and turned to the more cheerful prospect of a good morning's shooting. A conference by telephone was most satisfying, and I started out that evening to take the train to the lake, 43 miles from St. Louis, with the comforting knowledge that the ducks were on the ground and seemingly content to stay for awhile.

For once I had made an accurate forecast of the weather. The morning broke clear, and I knew that ere seven of the clock it would be moderately fair, though not too fine a day for duck-shooting. I was in the timber at dawn, and by the time the ducks began to come in I had the camera set up and was ready in my blind by a pond-hole that I knew would surely be a popular one early in the day. But I had grave fears for the success of the photographs—the light in the timber would be bad even at midday. At an early hour the gun certainly had all the best of the camera. It was so dark I could see nothing on the ground-glass, and I had to focus the

No. 2—*But the camera caught him—it makes a wider pattern than a gun*

No. 3—*The camera caught me deliberately squeezing the bulb . . . after I had fired the gun*

No. 5—A WIDGEON ABOUT TO ALIGHT AMONG THE DECOYS

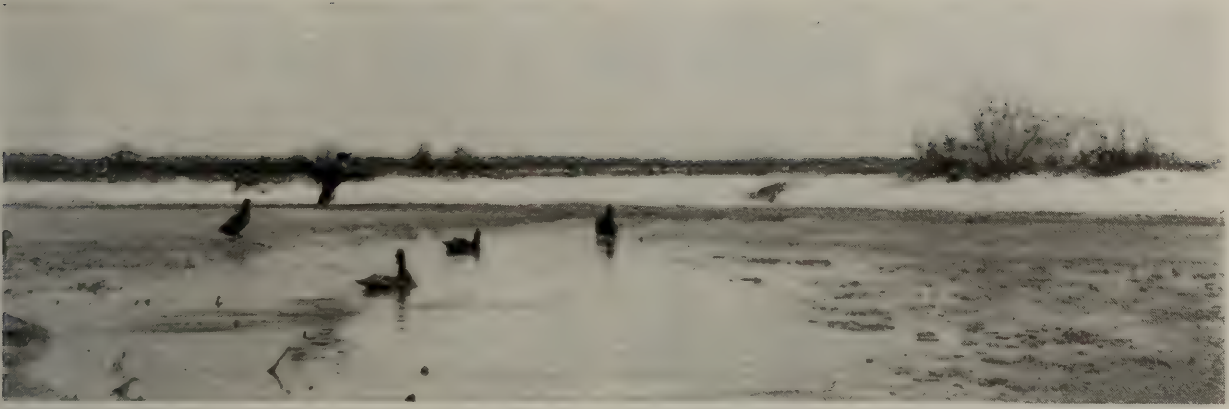
camera by the scale instead. Meanwhile ducks were heard, and shortly things were happening as they never happened before. What with getting from the blind to the camera to change the film and set the shutter for another picture, shooting over the crippled ducks and retrieving the dead ones, and constantly being compelled to scuttle back into the blind to avoid being seen by the incoming fowl, it was indeed a busy time. No wonder that there were times when I forgot to set the shutter, and so spoiled two exposures by having them on the one film; no wonder that I sometimes forgot to change the films, with the same disastrous result; no wonder that I invariably shot before the flying fowl were within the field of view of the little camera waiting patiently behind me.

I stayed until eight o'clock, and then I changed the dozen exposed films for a fresh set, and gathering up my bag and my decoys changed my field of operations. And it is well I did; for when later those first films were developed only one of the lot was a good one. This picture is shown as No. 1, and as will be seen, the ducks were coming in well. Needless to say, no attempt was made to make a double with the gun, despite the great temptation, when that picture was made.

I had better success in the open, as will be seen from the pictures. But there, also, I had much better shooting than the camera recorded. Many ducks were flying, but the flocks would not come in close enough to be photographed. Smaller bunches and pairs gave better results, decoying well, as there was ample open water in the small outlet to attract a few, if not so interesting to a large flock. There was snow everywhere, and as I made use of a bed-sheet for my "hide," the wary ones came in without the least suspicion; in fact, so well was I hidden that once a gadwall drake swam ashore and almost walked over my feet without seeing me.

The first picture made here caught me just as my pride received a severe jolt. This is No. 2, and I missed that pintail

No. 6—A PINTAIL DRAKE TAKES ALARM AND "SKIDOOS"



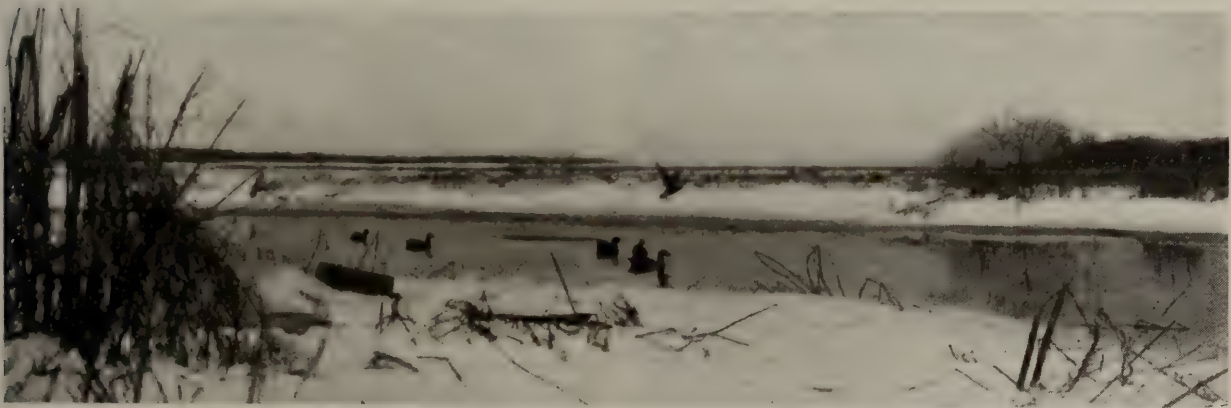
No. 1—ANOTHER PINTAIL DRAKE ANSWERS THE DECOYS

drake clean with both barrels. But the camera caught him—it makes a wider pattern than the gun. The bulb was squeezed almost simultaneously with the pulling of the second trigger, and probably this accounts for the miss with the second barrel. The first barrel missed simply because I was too sure of my bird.

I was extremely fortunate, I think, to get picture No. 3, for it shows that I made the picture myself as described. The sprig, which is shown getting the whole load from the gun, was not killed outright, although it scarcely moved after striking the water. The camera caught me deliberately squeezing the bulb to release the shutter after I had fired the gun. Four similar pictures were made, but these two were the best. No. 4 was caught by chance.

After this, having shot a nice bag of ducks, and having only five films left, I changed the position of the camera, setting it up on its tripod out in the water, in order to get larger pictures of the flying ducks. The result is shown in pictures Nos. 5, 6, 7 and 8. One picture was spoiled through a duck flying very close to the camera, and as soon as I had squeezed the bulb for the last one, No. 8, I unlimbered the gun again, and killed the widgeon drake, but missed the sprigs. Meanwhile one of my decoys in "tipping" up to feed, had found the small hose from the camera and was having a great time with it, probably thinking it the granddaddy of all worms.

Needless to say, I made haste to get home to my dark-room. And it is recorded in the domestic history of my immediate family that never before did I come home from a hunting trip so full of the tales of my adventures. However, should I talk never so fast, nor so earnestly, should I write on and on to the exasperation of all who might read, I should fail to describe the fascinating uncertainty, the supreme test of deft hands, quick wits and a surpassing constraint that attend the successful shooting of wild ducks simultaneously with gun and camera.



No. 4—A PINTAIL DRAKE WHICH DECOYED WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS ATTENDING THE CAMERA

THE BIRD OF THE HOUR

The Canada Goose

BY REGINALD GOURLAY

JUST about the craftiest, the most wary of all his wary kind—and having moreover the merit of being remarkably good to eat, unless he happens to have been "a many wintered bird that led his clanging legions home" from North to South and *vice versa* for years and years, when he is tough beyond words—your Canada goose is surely, at this time of year, "the bird of the hour."

Tough and useless a fowl as he is except as a trophy, the knowing hunter always tries to bag the "leader," or the old gander in the van of a flock, first of all if he can; knowing that without him, the others will be—comparatively speaking—"as sheep without a shepherd." But it is not easy to bag the leader of a regiment of wild geese. It is, of course, easier than finding the North Pole or leading a Christian life, but not much.

I did it once (shot the old gander leading a flock of wild geese, I mean) in a dense fog, when for the time the cunning of these fowl is comparatively useless, and they fly about in bewildered and noisy circles. After bagging this Nestor, I acquired seven of his younger relatives with comparatively singular ease. I will never forget the wild commotion in that great flock of wild geese—their startled "honking" and cackling as they flew about in wild and devious circles through the dense bank of fog, only lighted up by the pink flashes of the hunter's destroying gun, and only visible even to him when no farther than twelve or fifteen yards off. But such scenes and chances rarely occur.

There are many other species of wild geese in North America besides *B. canadensis* for this instance, the greater snow goose, the white-fronted goose, mostly abundant in the West and Northwest; the brant goose of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and the North Atlantic seacoast, and the Hutchins goose, abundant in Manitoba. However, as the Canada, or gray, goose is the finest, most abundant and most widely distributed, and moreover because it is the fowl most frequently shot by the sportsman of the Eastern and Middle States and Canada, I shall speak solely of it in this paper.

The vast multitudes of these splendid fowl that I have seen in the Northeastern wilderness of rivers, marshes and muskegs on the slope toward Hudson's Bay and about Abittibi Lake and River almost passes belief. I am told that they abound just the same in Alaska and in the far Northwest; in fact, that the wild goose is to be found during the summer and early fall in similar vast hordes on a certain area practically right across the great American continent. I know that in the Abittibi region, where I had the pleasure of beholding the Canada goose on his native heath or muskeg, there was no hour in early October—night or day—when the sonorous clang of this noble wildfowl could not be heard. And even so far south as Jack's Lake, beyond Peterboro, Ontario, when I was there with a party deer-hunting in early November, a good many years ago, the belated flocks of wild geese flew over our camp southward night and day; and one of my comrades brought down two or three by perseveringly firing his rifle into their dense flocks.

Now it may be asked, "Why if they swarm so in the North are not more of them seen in their annual migrations over the States?" For several reasons. For one, the aerial roads they follow in their long migratory voyages are not confined to the seashore or its vicinity; the flocks pass over the interior of the whole vast continent, and being thus widely distributed, their great numbers are not observed. Then again, the innumerable flocks that follow the shores of the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, nowadays, instead of skirting the coastline under a dropping fusillade for two thousand miles or so, have, no doubt after giving the matter some consideration, resolved to go farther out to sea, almost out of sight of land, as being a much healthier route.

The wild goose, as I observed early in this article, is a fowl of some intelligence, and in his wisdom he has of late years taken to passing over the interior as high up as possible, as well as to going as far out to sea on the coasts as is practicable. In both cases he is far out of shot, or even observation—unless driven down by storms or by want of food.

It is when halting to feed (which they sometimes do for some weeks in a given locality) that most Canada geese are shot in the States and Canada. A stormy period (especially when accompanied or followed by driving snow or dense mist) is the time of all times to bag wild geese. When feeding, geese are difficult, almost impossible, to stalk, as they select for feeding grounds wheat, rye or buckwheat stubbles, or the young crops of fall wheat and rye, and take remarkably good care to feed out of range of any cover that could shelter a prowling enemy, besides having a squad of vigilant sentries always on the alert. Even at night, whether they abide on some sandbar, some flat, desolate dune or sea-meadow sprinkled with tufts of faded marsh grass and situated on what Swinburne calls, "the wrathful, woeful marge of earth and sea," or out on the ice of some frozen bay or small lake, or on the shallow, reed-lined waters of some great lagoon, there are always the vigilant old ganders posted at regular intervals all round the great flocks, and ready at the slightest provocation to raise their sonorous cry of alarm.

It is not quite impossible to stalk feeding wild geese if you can find any cover to conceal you during the process. But the trouble is there seldom or never is any cover that will hide a cat—far less a man—near places where wild geese generally feed. Out West they often successfully stalk wild geese by getting on the far side of some quiet old ox or horse (of a white color if attainable) and moving the animal around them in gradually decreasing circles till within range. I never tried this myself, but once I got a double shot at a large flock in the open by keeping in the rear of a bunch of scrub cattle that were obligingly feeding in the direction of the game. I got so near that my two shots knocked over five geese before they got out of the treacherous neighborhood of those cows. A chance like this, however, might not happen again in a hundred years.

The true method of making an impression on a flock of wild geese whose feeding grounds you have reconnoitered is to ascertain accurately the line of their flight to and from those feeding grounds (a not very difficult matter), and ambush them somewhere on it, which latter will prove a much more difficult task. It is better for many reasons to intercept them while entering the fields where they have been in the habit of feeding, or while they are making those investigatory circles round and round the feeding grounds, which wild geese never omit before settling down. There is a good chance that somewhere on this line of flight there may be some clump of bushes, heap of straw, or pile of stones or rails, which the wild geese have been accustomed to see there, and which, therefore, they do not suspect. If the hunter gets behind such a shelter, keeps very quiet and has fair good luck, he may get a shot. Any attempt to construct an artificial blind or shelter on the ground after these geese have been frequenting it long enough to be familiar with its features would be foolhardy.

In the wilderness of northeast Ontario and northwest Quebec, where I have mostly shot the good gray goose, and where, in certain regions, his numbers are enormous, he is far more easy to approach than when he enters civilization beset with snares, but he is even there a wild, wary bird. He appears in these Northern regions from the beginning of April till about the middle of May, which is the time of his vernal flight and is called by the Indians, "the goose moon." He leaves them and comes South from the middle of October till the middle of November.

In the vast territories presided over by the Hudson's Bay Company, the goose—and not the song bird or the swallow—is the real harbinger of spring. And he is there welcome for other and less sentimental reasons. In many parts of the Company's territories, one Canada goose was served out as "an equivalent for one day's rations," and was reckoned at "the same ration as two snow or arctic geese would be; or three ducks, or eight pounds of moose meat, or two pounds of pemmican and a pint of maize and four pounds of suet." Now, as a full-grown specimen of *A. canadensis* in good condition weighs nine or more pounds, those who haven't seen the Indian or halfbreed of the Northeast or Northwest eat on festive occasions would consider this an ample ration. But it isn't. It's just about right, no more. The brown man of the North has contracted the habit of eating largely when he gets the chance, on account of being sometimes constrained by circumstances over which he has no control to go for two or three days between meals.

One best appreciates the wild goose's peculiar, resonant cry, which has in it the true spirit of the mighty, untamed wilderness, which is his home, when one hears it north of "fifty-three." There are three sounds that preëminently have this spirit of the wilderness in them: the weird laugh of the loon as it rings out of the morning mists of some lonely, unnamed lake; the night-howl of the great timber wolf, and the clangorous cry of the wild goose, as he wings his way over the desolate muskeg, tundra and swamp of the vast Northland wilderness.

Geese can be approached even in civilized regions, but the task, which is a good deal harder than stalking a deer in the open, is one I would hardly advise the sportsman to attempt except by way of a strenuous gymnastic exercise which, like virtue, "is its own reward." It is far better, as I have already said, to lie in wait for them in some place of concealment on or near their favorite feeding grounds. To be prepared to do this with some facility, it is a good plan to place heaps of pea haulm, or straw, or even brush, for "hides" on favorable spots about these grounds. These must be placed in position before the geese arrive for the season or begin to feed on these spots. If they are placed after, the wary fowl will at once recognize something new and thenceforth give the dangerous place wide berth.

The sportsman, can, however, take advantage of this reprehensibly suspicious temperament of his game, and turn the tables on him in one way. Suppose—as often happens—a flock of wild geese have several good feeding grounds near together. The sportsman can, of course, only watch one, being unable, unlike Sir Boyle Roeche's bird, to be "in two places at once." Let him place on some conspicuous knoll or rising ground on the wheat or rye stubbles, which he does not find it convenient to watch, a bunch of old newspapers, with a large stone on them to keep them from blowing away before the wind. The flutter of these novel objects will effectually prevent the too clever fowl from alighting on the grounds so "papered," and they will accordingly repair to the particular field which presents no such suspicious appearance, and where the sportsman will probably be waiting for them.

You can also sometimes approach these wise fowl in a well-handled canoe on the great shallow marshes they often frequent, where you can cautiously push your craft through the tall rushes and marsh grass, and through devious channels where "the sword grass, and the spear grass, and the bulrush in the pool," form a shelter, and finally have the pleasure of drawing a bead on the heads and necks of several and of giving them the second barrel as they rise with a pandemonium of startled cackling. Then when the alarmed "honking" of the survivors is dying away in the distance, you must proceed to pick the crippled up with what speed you may, for if one of them gains the shelter of the tall reeds, you are not likely to see him again unless you have a strong retriever with you.

You can also lie in wait behind decoys on land or in water, or out on the ice, as they do in the Maritime Provinces of Canada, covered with canvas to make you appear like a lump of snow. During this

By T. W. Ingersoll

Sometimes you come across wild geese when out after something else

cheerful pastime, you look and feel like the frozen murderers in the Eternal Lake of ice described in the last part of Dante's Inferno; but you sometimes get geese—and you deserve all you get.

Sometimes you come across wild geese when out after something else. I once happened to be shooting Wilson's snipe by a marshy creek at quite a distance from any large piece of water, when I was startled by a loud "Honk" of alarm. Looking around, I saw seven geese, which had just flown in over a dense belt of wood just behind me and not thirty yards off, and at the sight of me had doubled back on one another, making a mark as difficult to miss as a barn door. I gave them the contents of the No. 10 shot cartridges in my gun, with about as much effect as if I had puffed dust at them out of a pea-shooter—their thick-fitted plumage being quite impervious to the tiny pellets—and they flew away, leaving me looking after them "like one awakened from an horrent dream." This was provoking, but not so bad as the accident which befell a gallant captain in one of her late Majesty Queen Victoria's West Indian regiments while shooting in Manitoba. The captain, a native of Ireland, was returning on a country cart with a friend and driver from a day's prairie chicken-shooting, when they observed through the growing twilight a large flock of wild geese (about sixty of them) feeding on a stubble within easy range of a large grass-and reed-covered slough. The marsh grass was in most places two or three feet high, and it was at once suggested by the driver that "Those geese could be stalked."

With Milesian impetuosity the gallant captain, uttering the uncompromising words, "Let me at 'em," plunged out of the vehicle, and proceeded to make the attempt. Now the captain was a man of imposing stature, so was compelled to crawl "sinuous and snakelike" for over eighty yards. At last he got within thirty yards of the unsuspecting flock, and then, like the good sportsman he was, scorning to shoot them sitting, he rose majestically from the long grass, remarking as he did so, "Shoo-o! ye divils."

The geese rose instantly in clamorous masses. The captain took deadly aim. Snap went the lock of the right barrel. An imperceptible pause. Then snap went the lock of the left one. No discharge had followed the pulling of either trigger. The geese faded rapidly away. It seems the captain in getting into the cart to drive home had (as every careful sportsman invariably does) taken the cartridges out of his gun; and with the impetuosity of his nation, and in the hurry of the moment, had quite forgotten to put them back when he started on his wild goose chase. It is said that the superstitious driver for a time declined to let the captain into the cart when he came back, on the ground that the objurgatory remarks which flowed in an uninterrupted stream from the discomfited warrior's lips might "bring down a jedgement" on 'em.

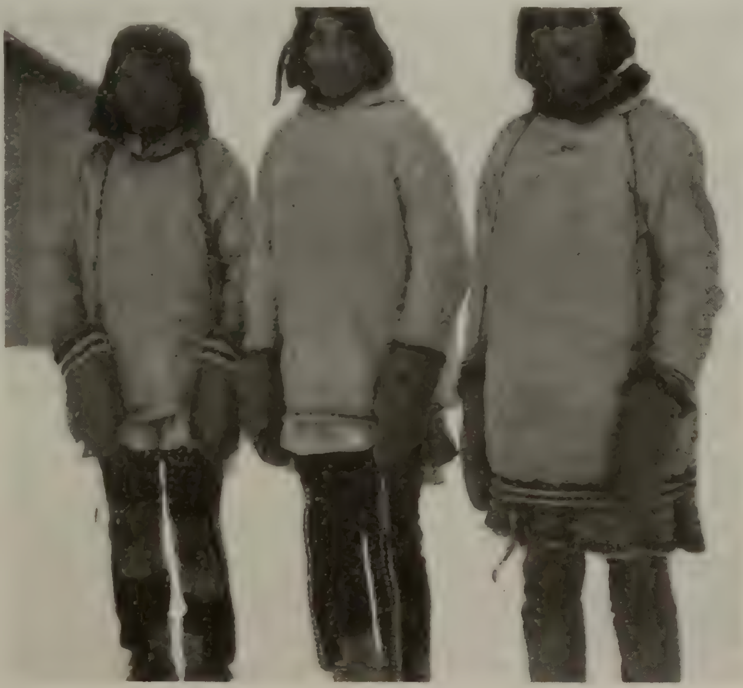
Another painful case of mishap while pursuing these wary fowl came under my own observation. An enthusiastic but unpracticed sportsman, the very first time he ever engaged in the gentle pastime of wild goose hunting, mortally wounded one, which fell on the other side of a deep and muddy morass bounded by a fringe of swampy forest. The newly made sportsman waded through the swamp, and struggled through the forest, just in time to see his goose carried off by a stalwart and facetious farmer, who in reply to his agonized appeals and imprecations merely requested him to "go and soak himself," a proceeding which his passage through the swamp had rendered quite superfluous. But I will not dwell on such painful incidents. Shooting the wild goose is a hardy and fascinating sport which calls for both endurance and intelligence, and which should, therefore, be a favorite with American sportsmen. And I can only add, by way of epilogue, that the hints and suggestions in this article are the fruits of experience, which, if we may believe Mr. Herbert Spencer, is the only form of knowledge worth having. So I say to you who have persisted thus far in the search for wild goose lore, "Go you and be a goose-hunter—you shall then learn something worth the while, if it be only how much wiser than you could have otherwise possibly believed is "a silly goose."

THE INDIANS OF THE LABRADOR

BY CLIFFORD H. EASTON

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

AT EARLY dawn of the September "ship day" at Fort Chimo, "on the Labrador," as they say in that country, one may see a sight which will readily suggest a scene 500 years old—the coming to America of the great ships of the palefaces and the consequent consternation of the savage population. Long before the smoke of the steamer is descried, even, the Indians are abustle striking camp, and soon the entire tribe are off up the river in their canoes, not to return for a long twelve months. There may be the flutter of a gaudy cambric handkerchief, a crimson-striped shirt ballooning in the breeze with tail flapping unrestrained, to tell of contact with civilization; otherwise the flotilla might belong to the country and the time before Acadia.



YOUNG MEN OF THE NASCAUPEES AT FORT CHIMO IN WINTER

Why this running away at the very time when everybody thereabout is congregating at the Post? Ask the Factor, and he will tell you the Indians fear a priest may be on board. And why should they run away from a priest? Well, that also is easily explained by the Factor, who will inform you that several years ago the Rev. Father Le Moine visited Fort Chimo, and meeting the Indians congregated there, started in to convert them, men, women and children. All went smoothly until the subject of wives arose, and the good Father forbade more than one wife to each hunter. This was more than the Indians would stand, for the best hunters have two and even three wives, the number depending upon their ability to support a large family; so ever since they have carefully avoided meeting the ship. They now solemnly affirm that they do not wish a priest to visit them under any circumstances, as they experienced very bad luck with their traps during the year the missionary lived among them.

In addition to the Nascaupees there are the Montagnais, quite a different people. These are the principal tribes on the Labrador, and both are of Algonquin origin. The Montagnais inhabit the southern part of the peninsula, while the Nascaupees, or Barren Ground Indians, hunt over the central and northern sections, extending as far north as Ungava Bay on the east and the region surrounding Richmond Gulf, on Hudson's Bay, which forms the southwestern boundary of the Eskimo hunting ground.

The two tribes are more or less closely connected by intermarriage, though entirely different in physique. The Montagnais have apparently a large admixture of white blood, having intermarried with old *courieur du bois* and the French and English traders; the result is seen in the better physique of the tribe, the men being much more muscular than their northern relatives. The Nascaupees, as they inhabit the interior, have come in contact with the white man but little, and exhibit more the characteristic build of the pure-blooded Indian. The northern Nascaupees are, as a rule, the tallest men in Labrador, many of them being six feet and over in height, but slightly built and incapable of carrying half the loads of the more stockily built Montagnais. They still have a tradition that their people originally dwelt far to the south on the north side of a great river and were driven northward by the Iroquois.

The language of all the Labrador Indians is various dialects of Cree, or a mixture of Cree and Ojibwa; the differences in dialect in the same tribe are slight, so that an Indian speaking pure Cree can make himself understood among all the Indians of the coast and interior.

The majority of the Montagnais spend the entire summer on the Gulf coast, coming out early in the spring and remaining until late fall. Brought in contact with the white trader for such lengths of time, they have lost many of their primitive traits and customs, given up, to a large extent, their nomadic life and settled down in log houses that frequently are furnished with many of the comforts of civilization. From these permanent settlements, during the winter they make their annual hunt into the back country, subsisting at such times principally upon supplies hauled from the coast, and thus, unlike their northern kindred, being practically independent of the movements of the deer.*

Though professing Christianity, the Montagnais still adhere to many old superstitions and beliefs—the conjurers, or medicine men, of the heathen Nascaupees, who they secretly believe can, if they wish, work harm by the aid of the evil spirits, still maintain great influence over them. During the past winter a young man killed his father in accordance with an ancient superstition that, if the old become demented they turn cannibal; the father himself urged the deed, threatening in a period of madness to kill the whole family if his son did not comply with his wishes. The young fellow on his arrival at the Post told the Factor, with tears in his eyes, how he had made three attempts before he summoned courage to do as his father wished. And yet these same Montagnais travel hundreds of miles every year to meet their priest and are very strict in the observance of the rites and ceremonies of the Church.

One branch of the Montagnais has encroached on Nascaupee territory to the north, which is supposed to be bounded by the region surrounding Hamilton Inlet on the southeast. These families seldom visit the coast, their only communication with the traders being flying visits of the young men, who tramp to Davis Inlet on the Atlantic coast to trade for tea, tobacco and ammunition. This branch, hunting in the vicinity of Lake Michikamats, is much less civilized than that of the coast country, and has an even thinner veneer of Christianity, though professing the Roman Catholic religion and wearing the emblems of that faith. Their very existence depends solely on one thing, the deer, and should they miss these in their annual migration they are soon reduced to starvation, and many die. Even when in dire need they refuse to act as guides into the interior of the country, but whether this is due to laziness or fear of having their hunting territory opened up to trappers and prospectors I cannot say. Their demands for articles obtainable at the posts are confined to tea, tobacco, rifles, ammunition and articles of summer clothing which are procured in trade. The materials for winter clothing are furnished mainly by the chase. In the curing of skins the women are very expert, reducing them to the softness and pliability of chamois. Their snowshoes are of the finest workmanship, the weave being very close, fine and strong, while the frames are tough and well shaped.

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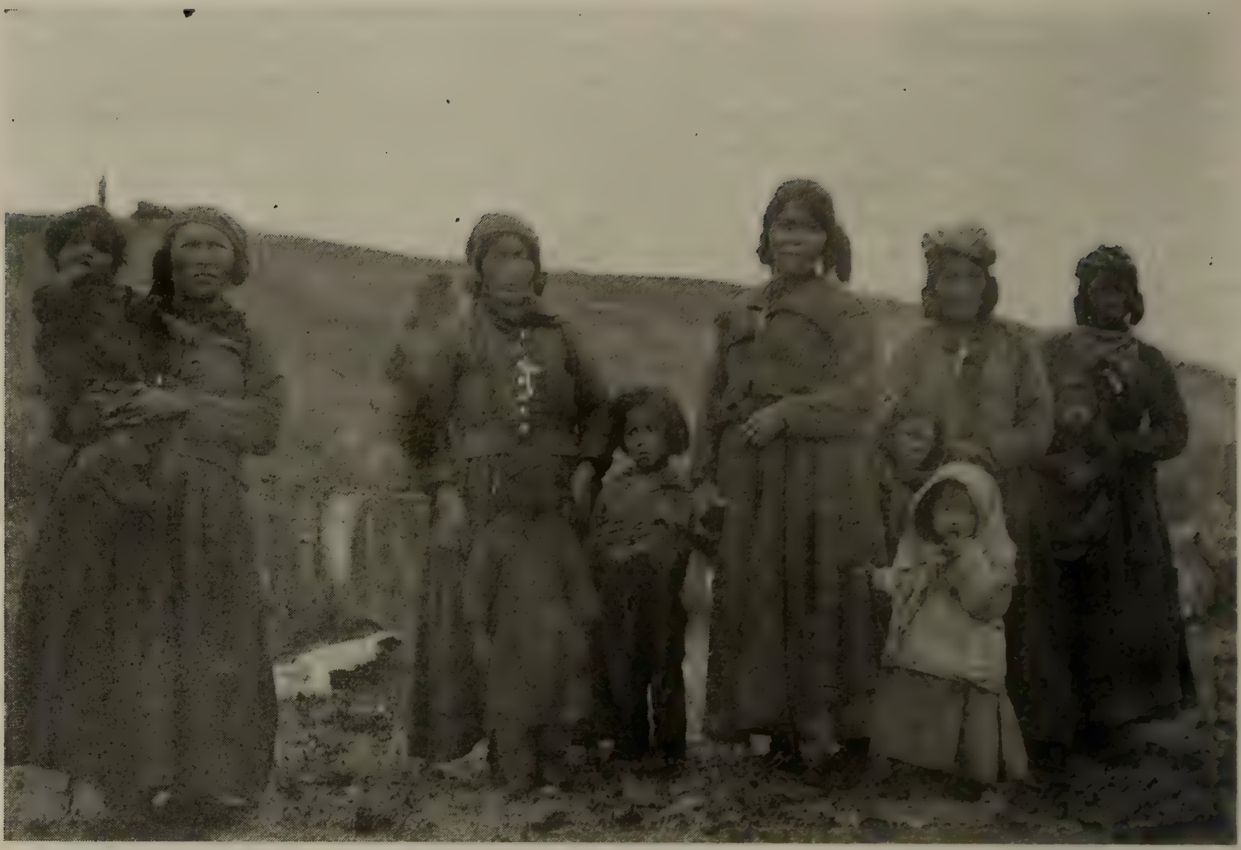
*Caribou.

The summer camp of these Montagnais of the interior is usually pitched on a high, barren hill, close to a river, from which miles of valley, hill and lake may be seen and the movements of the deer noted. When deer are sighted an interesting scene occurs; the whole community, including men, women, children and dogs, makes its way to the lookout, and though the deer may be several miles distant, everything is hushed; the squaws quiet the papooses, the boys hold the dogs, the men talk in low-pitched voices, while the chief gives his opinion as to the chances of success, depending on the wind and the distance to be covered. Should conditions prove favorable the canoes are manned without a sound, and with quick, noiseless strokes the flotilla slips away to leeward under cover of the bank. Every one remaining then returns to his or her appointed task and the work of the camp is resumed as if nothing unusual had happened. Nevertheless, the return of the hunters is anxiously awaited, as might be expected.

When camping with them on the George River our outfit was thoroughly investigated, everything from a camera to a jack-knife being passed around among men, women and children; but down to the smallest article, all were returned. Everything in our possession came in for its share of fingering, curiosity being aroused over the merest trifle, as a safety pin, pencil, etc. My automatic pistol aroused a storm of jabbering, the men fairly prancing with glee like so many children as the hammer flew back after each discharge, enabling me to empty the magazine as fast as I could pull trigger. When one realizes how invaluable a modern rifle or knife is to these people, this trait of honesty seems remarkable; but theft is unknown among the interior Indians, and caches of provisions may be left anywhere inland with the assurance that only in case of absolute need will anything be taken. A noticeable characteristic is the inborn watchfulness of the men. No matter how interested they might be, and when even posing before the camera, their eyes were almost constantly searching shore, hill and river, not a moving object escaping their keen sight. Their life is a continual vigil, for they must not miss the deer.

The stranger living among these people must be impressed of their honesty,

THE STOCKILY BUILT MONTAGNAIS WHO SUMMER ON THE GULF COAST—THEY ARE REALLY HALFBREEDS, AND, CONSIDERING THEIR ENVIRONMENT, AN INTELLIGENT PEOPLE



WOMEN OF THE NORTHERN MONTAGNAIS TRIBE

hospitality and good nature being sincere, while the plucky fight they continually carry on against that gaunt fiend starvation requires qualities of manhood and strength found among few peoples.

For a true appreciation, however, of the hard and bitter fight carried on for the necessaries of life on the Labrador, one must go farther north and see the Nascaupees of the Barren Grounds; perhaps, nowhere in the world is such a war waged for mere existence as among these people. They afford an excellent opportunity to study the Indian in his primitive state, untouched by any of the influences of civilization, and guided by the same old customs and superstitions that governed his forefathers. The word Nascaupee, in the Montagnais dialect, signifies "the ignorant ones," given on account of their lack of knowledge of the ways of civilization.

The Nascaupees visit the post but once a year, except in case of extremity, when the younger men tramp hundreds of miles to Fort Chimo in search of relief, hauling their purchases home on long, narrow toboggans. Their speed and endurance is marvelous, and even with a heavily loaded toboggan they will cover twice as much ground in a day as a white man.

The annual visit with their families is made in August, when the entire tribe of two hundred descend the Koksoak River in canoes and remain at the post for two weeks trading their stock of furs for guns, ammunition, tea, tobacco, etc., leaving, as has been said, just before the company's ship arrives. They are keen traders, resorting to all manner of tricks to obtain overvalue for their furs; and, though property is perfectly safe in their camps or cached in the country, they must be constantly watched while trading in the stores, as they consider it a mark of great cleverness to steal, provided they are not caught, and if detected laugh heartily, not a whit abashed by the exposure. Very little flour or cloth is "taken up" in trade by the Nascaupees; their furs are exchanged for such luxuries as tea, tobacco and sugar; and they are thus dependent entirely upon the caribou for most of the necessaries of life. Were these animals exterminated, the Nascaupees would not long survive, as their habitations,

MONTAGNAIS OF THE LAKE MICHIKAMATS COUNTRY

clothing and snowshoes are manufactured from the hides of caribou; the sinews furnish thread, the intestines provide waterproof bags in which the fat and marrow are preserved, while the meat constitutes their principal food the year round.

Modern breech-loading firearms are now used extensively by these Indians, though a few muzzle-loaders are still seen. With the repeating rifle the men when successful in intercepting the deer are able to kill them by scores. One old chief, being asked by the Factor how many he had killed, replied that, though he was a very old man, he had been lively enough when the deer were sighted, and with his two sons had secured about two hundred and fifty! In spite of repeated warnings from the Factor as to the danger of extermination the Indians slaughter many more caribou than they can possibly use, frequently spearing them in the streams, and after cutting out the tongues, letting the current carry away the bodies. An idea of the immense number of caribou sometimes slaughtered may be obtained from the site of some old camps, where the heaps of cracked bones from which the marrow has been extracted are often ten feet in diameter and two or three feet high. A these camping places I have counted as many as two hundred antlers in a single pile, and five or six of these piles.

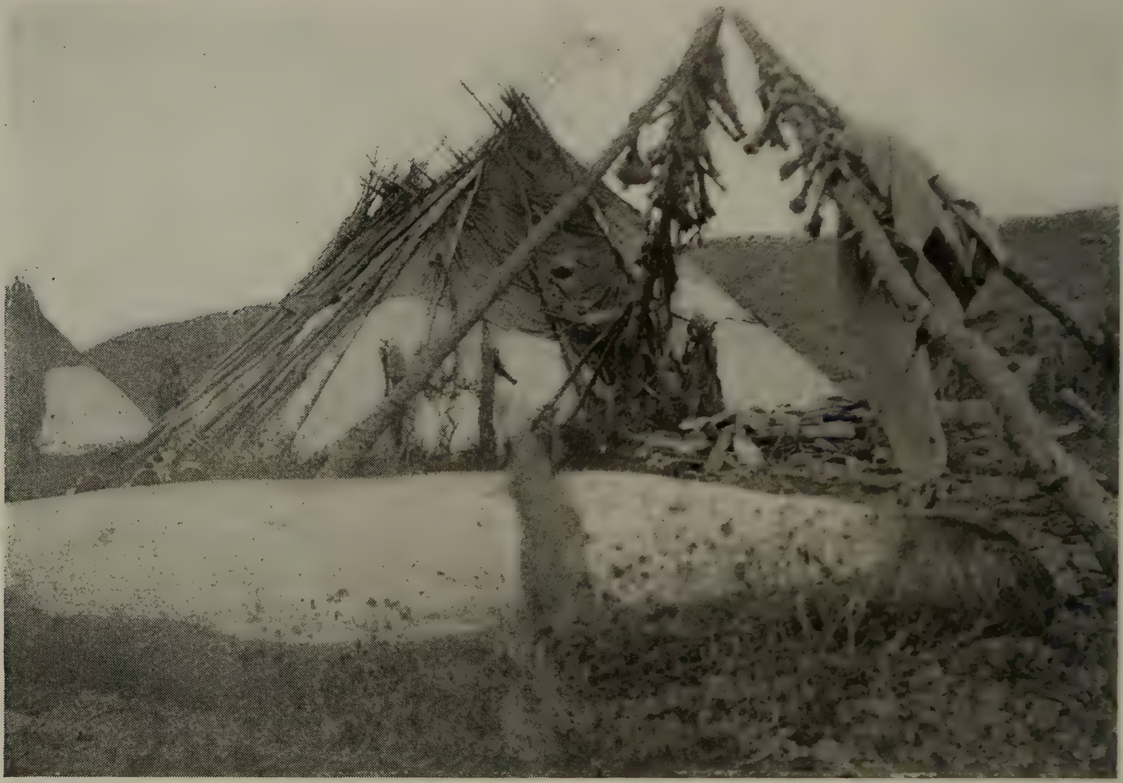
When the hunters intercept the caribou migration and make a big kill, there are busy times, indeed. The deer must be dressed immediately, as they soon freeze solid and remain frozen and in a good state of preservation until late in May. If the hunt has been a success the Indians are assured of food and clothing for the long, cold winter. Camp is now moved to the neighborhood of the slaughter, and a quantity of the fresh meat is kept by smoking. It is first cut into strips, then hung about the smoke-hole of the tepee; when cured it forms a light, nourishing food to be carried on long tramps. This is the work of the women. Meanwhile the men are setting out the traps, since the smell of the freshly slaughtered meat and the refuse serve as a lure to wolves, wolverines and other furbearing animals.

The meat of the deer killed during the summer months is all preserved by the smoke process, five or six days' smoking curing it so that it will keep indefinitely. The shank bones are carefully saved and roasted, and the cooked marrow packed into small bags or pouches made from the intestines; the fat is also fried out of all refuse, and the brains are used in curing skins. Thus all parts of the animal are utilized.

In times of plenty pemmican is manufactured in large quantities from dried meat, fat, marrow and berries; this is formed into cakes, after which it is taken to the posts and stored against a time of famine. Several years ago it was the custom to hold a great feast at Fort Chimo on New Year's Day, the Indians hoarding up quantities of meat, pemmican, etc., for months, and then eating and drinking themselves into a state of coma. This barbecue has been given up, due to a change in the route of the caribou migration, and the winter camps are now, as a rule, too far from the post for the men to make the journey.

In the winter of 1892-93 many of the Nascaupees starved to death, as the caribou hunt was a failure. The tribe was far in the interior and unable to reach the post, where relief might have been obtained, and at one point nineteen families perished in a body. At another point six families met a like fate, while many others died as a result of the hardships and semistarvation of the winter, leaving out of two hundred and fifty persons formerly trading at Fort Chimo scarcely one hundred and fifty.

In the winter the men trap mainly marten, foxes, wolves and wolverines, and during the intense cold of January and February trapping is unprofitable, as the wild animals are little abroad. At this time the Indians hunt only to help out the larder with ptarmigan, grouse and rabbits. When the streams break up in the spring, beaver, otter and bear are shot or trapped.



CAMP OF THE MONTAGNAIS OF THE INTERIOR—MARROW BONES DRYING ON TEPEE POLES

The winter tepee is made of dressed deerskin. A circle twelve feet in diameter is cleared in the snow, about the circumference of which poles are set eight inches apart, forming a cone-shaped skeleton over which the skins are stretched, a hole two feet in diameter being left at the top for the escape of the smoke of the fire. The sloping sides are then banked with snow half way up to keep out the cold, and a thick bed of fresh spruce boughs is laid over the floor. The removal of a pole makes an opening for entrance, which is closed by a deerskin, fastened at three corners to keep it in position. A few of the Indians now use folding sheet-iron stoves furnished by the Hudson's Bay Company, thus avoiding the constant smoke which fills the interior when the open fire is used, but by far the greatest number still cling to the tepee fire built on a platform of stones in the center of the tent. In a permanent encampment, five or six families sometimes occupy one large lodge, about thirty feet long, divided by partitions of deerskin. The summer tepee is practically the same in construction, being made of dressed deerskins and odds and ends of cloth or bark. Light is furnished by a lamp similar to those used by the Eskimo; it is usually made of soapstone hollowed out so as to form a shallow dish in which caribou tallow is burned. Candles are also used by some of the Indians.

The Nascaupee depends almost entirely upon the deer for his clothing. The principal garment for winter wear consists of a long, tight-fitting coat of finely dressed caribou skin with the hair worn inside, and reaching almost to the knees. The outside is ornamented around the bottom, on the sleeves and up the front with various designs in colored dyes made from fish-skins and bark. These designs are often very pretty; the combination of colors is harmonious and the patterns unique, the whole presenting an artistic appearance. But the Nascaupee brave in his untutored desire to copy his white brother will often spoil this artistic effect by putting on a cheap cotton shirt of flaming color over his native dress. Long leggins of deerskin or red cloth ornamented with embroidery and colored beads reach from the hips, where they are held in position by thongs, to the moccasins, which are made with high tops and bound tightly about the leg; long mittens of dressed skin with the hair next the hand, and a cap or hood of fur, complete a costume which is often picturesque and certainly well adapted to the climate.

During our stay at Fort Chimo I met a party of five men coming into the post, and was particularly struck with the fine appearance of one young fellow dressed completely in skins with a hood formed by the skin of a large wolf's head, the sharp-pointed ears standing erect. The next morning I encountered the same man, who in the meantime had evidently traded his stock of furs for European clothing, as he was togged out in a cheap suit of black with a bright blue handkerchief about his neck. And though the thermometer stood at thirty below zero and his teeth were playing together like castanets he seemed exceedingly proud of his attire and paraded around for the benefit of every one in sight. By dint of much persuasion, I induced him to don his skin coat and stand for a picture, but his frigid attitude due to the half hour in civilized dress rather spoiled the effect.

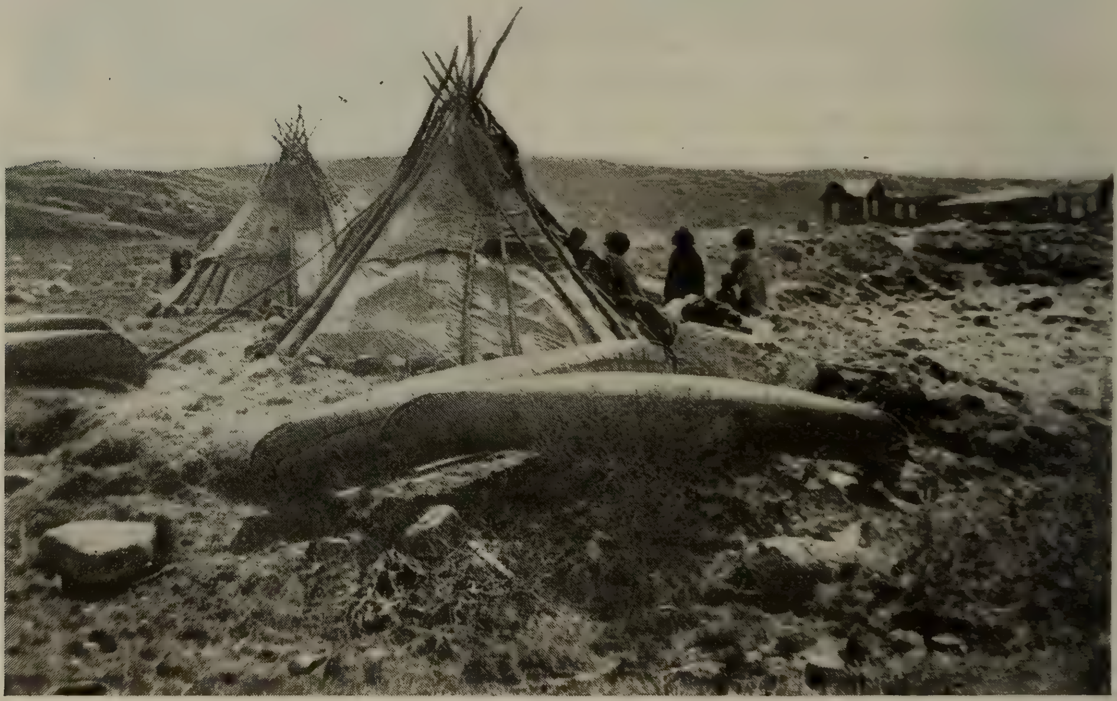
These men have great endurance, and in times of stress, unlike their neighbors the

. . . *I induced him to don his skin coat and stand for a picture*

Eskimos, will tramp for miles in search of game, never giving up until forced by weakness to yield in the unequal fight. They are able to withstand the severest cold, and after walking from thirty to forty miles a day on snowshoes in the coldest weather, will scrape a hole in the snow, build a fire in one end, throw down several armfuls of brush in the other end, and sleep peacefully throughout the long night, rising occasionally to replenish the fire. They are, as a rule, tall men, and, as I have said, are slightly built, with fine, clear-cut features; it is exceedingly difficult to guess their ages, the hair seldom turning gray, and a man of forty or fifty is often as agile and strong as one of twenty-five. They make their own pipes of stone, working them down to one-tenth of an inch in thickness on the bowl, and turning out a piece of work which looks as if it were machine made.

The lot of the women, as among most uncivilized peoples, is hard, all the drudgery falling upon their shoulders; in contrast to the men, they are short, thickset and inclined to corpulency after the age of thirty. Yet, with all their drudgery and their seeming dulness, they have their fine qualities and, no doubt, a very commendable philosophy of life. They are good to their children and they do beautiful embroidery, in which the colors are well blended and the work equal to that done in more civilized communities. I have a pair of Nascaupee moccasins made of smoked skin with white tongues, on which is worked a design in colored silks equaling any Persian embroidery I have seen.

The Nascaupees, when they are able to, bury their dead in graves, which they enclose by palings of rough stakes; and the custom still prevails of placing the weapons and personal belongings of the deceased upon the graves for use in the future world. The future world—yes, these people who will have nothing to do with our so-called Christianity have still a very fair substitute. I have said they are honest among themselves, kindly and peace-loving. And they share and share alike in their hours of ease and pleasure as they stand together in the time of adversity. They live in the hope of a time of plenty, when there shall always be caribou not far from the white man's storehouse of good things, when the marten and the fox and the beaver, the otter and the bear shall be in great abundance. They do not look forward to a time of rest and idleness, but live and die in hope of—the Happy Hunting Ground.



A NASCAUPEE CAMP AT FORT CHIMO

MALLARD-SHOOTING IN THE TIMBER

BY ERNEST McGAFFEY

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY N. L. HOYT

THE mallard is a shoal-water duck, and, barring the wood-duck, no fowl of his kind loves the timber better. Even in the spring, when the pintail, redhead and other ducks are flying over submerged prairies, and alighting in vast flocks in the open, the mallards hug the woods. They are, like all ducks, great gormandizers, and will do more damage to a cornfield than a wilderness of pigs; but after they have fed, and rise to seek the marshes, you will see them string for the timber, and the pond-holes in among the willows and the taller trees. Where the oak timber has been submerged, and the acorns lie thick in shallow water, the mallards will come in with such pertinacity that they can scarcely be driven away, and fortunate is the hunter who runs into this combination.

To get a good bag of these fowl requires very moderate ability as a shot, but the wisest kind of hunting. The mallard is not a bird which is hard to kill once he is brought into range, but he is a wary and suspicious bird unless the preparations made to entice him are scientifically and alluringly complete. He will come in to wooden decoys, and particularly if the hunter is an adept at "calling" with a duck "call." Good shooting is had in

Some men are "pushed" to the timber

this way, and this is the manner in which the bulk of mallard-shooting is done.

It requires skill to set the decoys out properly, so that the flying mallards will be deceived by the naturalness of the appearance of the wooden counterfeits; for no ordinary tossing out of decoys will make a flock look like the real thing. A few birds set out right will beat a big flock disposed of clumsily. A couple of "leaders," strung out ahead of the main bunch of decoys, even when out of fair gunshot of the "blind," will aid in drawing the birds in until they catch sight of the main body of decoys. An artistic irregularity, a clustering which only an experienced duck-shooter is able to impart to the decoys, is of the utmost possible importance in luring the mallards in.

Of course, there are days in the timber when a man runs into a spot where the ducks have been feeding on acorns, and drives them out and sets up his decoys, when the dispossessed mallards will come back and drop in pairs, little and big bunches, and you can't drive them out with artillery. And there are other days when a hunter will chop a hole in some ice-covered pond late in the fall, put in a pair of live decoys, or a small bunch of wooden decoys, and shoot so fast that his gun-barrels will get too hot to hold. But these are exceptional days, and as a rule the man who makes a good bag of mallards in country which is pretty well hunted earns his birds.

The mallard, often so shy and retiring a fowl, is of the most sociable and even foolish companionability when once his confidence has been gained. When he does make up his mind that the "signs are right" he will set his wings and come in almost on top of the blind. Once he is fairly within range he is a good-sized mark, and not anything like so tenacious of life as the bluebill, redhead, goldeneye, canvas-back, etc., the deep-water ducks, which can carry off almost as much shot as a small boy at times. But a crippled mallard is one of the slyest birds in existence. How he can hide! He will disappear as he strikes the shallow water, and if there is any cover at all, nothing but a first-class retriever has any business looking for him.

It will pay better to wait for another shot rather than to flounder round a marsh

A DUCK-HUNTERS' CAMP ON THE ILLINOIS RIVER

THE RETURN FROM THE MORNING'S SHOOT IN THE TIMBER

looking for a winged mallard drake. He is more cunning than the ruffed grouse, as wily as a fox, and the way he can creep away from where he fell, and conceal himself beyond all hope of detection, has been the disgust of many a duck-shooter.

I have seen them hit the water in an almost open space and not come to the surface at all; at least, not in the open water. It might be thirty to fifty yards to cover, and whether they swam under water to the wild rice and rushes or dove to the bottom and clung to the weeds and grass underneath was a puzzle. One rule is always safe to follow—give a crippled mallard another barrel just as quickly as you can. Don't wait a second, if you can help it.

In this country, along the Illinois River, more mallards are probably shot than anywhere else in the United States. The flight varies, some years more, others less, but always there is shooting here if anywhere, and as the cornfields and the "mast" always afford plenty of feed, the mallards follow this waterway to the South in the fall, and thousands of them fall to the hunters in the timber, in the pond-holes in the timber and in submerged cornfields.

A corn-fed mallard is a very fine table fowl, but lacks the juice of a blue-wing teal. When he once gets the taste of acorns in his crop, or corn, he will travel many miles to get at either food. Here in the Illinois River country the overflow often takes in pecan timber, and where it does the mallards are usually certain to find it out and swing in to feed on these delicious nuts.

When "duck calls" are used over wooden decoys it requires expert use to make them answer their purpose. A soft, mellow note is preferable, and there are a number of calls which have their different uses, such as the louder, hailing call, and the lower, chuckling, feeding note which is more effective as the birds draw nearer. When wooden decoys are used, great success can be had by skilfully setting up dead birds, with a twig supporting their heads, and making decoys of them. Awkward placing of these dead birds will do more harm than good, but when they are set up properly, they add very much indeed to the alluring look of the wooden decoys. Dead ducks should never be left floating. And wooden decoys which have been overturned should be set right side up at once.

These little details are of the utmost importance in mallard-shooting, especially where the birds have been shot at more or less. Strict attention to such details will often bring fowl in which have swung wide of blinds where the occupants have been careless of such minutiæ. Sink your discharged shells; their bright colors may be seen by the ducks' sharp eyes. Keep absolutely motionless in the blind, even

WOODEN DECOYS SKILFULLY ARRANGED

No ordinary tossing out of the wooden counterfeits will suffice to make them attract flying mallards; the work must be done carefully.

if you were thoughtlessly exposing yourself when the game came in sight. Ducking down out of sight is more than likely to attract their attention. And if you are properly clothed in yellowish-brown hunting "togs," with your cap or hat of the same hue, they are not apt to see you, even if you are in sight, as they are if you attempt to "juke" down out of the way when you see them.

Never hunt ducks with a "tenderfoot." Life is too short. He will drive you wild with his talk, his restlessness, his jumping up to shoot before the ducks are in range, his peeping over the blind when the fowl have swung to come back, his funny stories, his getting hungry, his wanting a drink, his getting cold or tired, his shooting at your ducks instead of his ducks when a flock comes in and other little peculiarities he has.

When two men are in a blind together —and that is the ideal number—the man who is first to the flock as it comes in will take the rear ducks and let the second man shoot at the leaders. If a pair come in he will take the hind bird and let the second man take the front bird. If the ducks swing in from the front each man will pick the birds to his side. All this, if the men are hunters. But your tenderfoot blazes at the flock, often deafening you by turning loose within a foot of your head, and sometimes he varies the monotony by shooting a hole in the boat.

The recipe for a blind varies with the locality. But it is safe to say this: Make your blind as inconspicuous as possible, building it, of course, to blend with the surroundings. If in the willows, make it of willows. Don't make it too high

SETTING UP DEAD BIRDS

Awkward placing of these will do more harm than good, but if properly set up they are very attractive to the flying fowl.

nor too heavy. Depend somewhat on the color of your clothing to blend with the surroundings, and somewhat on being quiet. If you build it around a boat, make it so that you can slip the boat out for the purpose of gathering the birds if the water is too deep for waders. Build a good blind and don't try to do the job in a few seconds so that you can get to shooting right away. Make the sitting as comfortable as possible, for duck-shooting requires plenty of patience, and to wait four or five hours without a shot is comparatively every duck-shooter's experience some time during every season.

Chilled "sixes" and any good powder is good enough ammunition for mallard-shooting. Gun gauges are changing with times. There was a day when a 12-gauge was a rarity, all the old shooters using 10-gauges. Now the 10-gauge is the curiosity. Is the time coming when the 16-gauge will supersede the 12-gauge? Time alone will solve this problem, but one thing is certain, and that is, the 16-gauge is here to stay as a gun for duck-shooters. From actual experience I know it will kill as far and as clean as either the 10-gauge or the 12-gauge. The killing circle is not as big, but in penetration it takes its hat off to no gun.

Of course, the rarest of all timber shooting is that which is had with live decoys. Here is where the wild mallard's social instincts really shine. What could you expect? He sees five or six bona fide wild fowl of his species playing, paddling, quacking in a pond-hole in the timber, and one of them even raises its head and salutes him as he swings over the space. He drops his wings and hurries in to greet his comrades. A spurt of fire leaps out and the shot meets him in midair. He collapses stone-dead, and a figure in rubber waders comes out and picks him up. The figure disappears in the edge of the pond-hole, and other unsuspicious mallards swing, drop in, are fired at, rise, and leave their toll on the water.

One pair even of live decoys will toll in the game, and sometimes, when the visitors are close up to their alluring and faithless brethren, the hunters will stand up in the blind and "shoo" them up, to be shot at on the wing. Sometimes they will hesitate, even then, looking at their tame betrayers as much as to say, "Well, what do you think of this?" before rising on dripping wings to seek safety. With live decoys the mallards have no hesitancy, but will plump down within ten feet of the hunters when the blind is in deep timber.

Sometimes an old "wild" female decoy will be stalked out, and the rest of the tame mallards will swim around near her, and when she is taken up at night the rest of the flock of live decoys will come and allow themselves to be taken into the boat. They seem to enjoy the hunting, and will call down the flocks all day for the hunters.

Mallard-shooting in the timber is royal sport. Only canvasback shooting from a shore blind beats it. A man must go warmly clad, be able to stand hardship, and be a hunter, to get results. To be a good shot is one requisite, but the main thing is to know the birds, whether the red-leg mallards, the first-flight birds, or the ice-mallards as they are called, the ones with the yellow legs, that come in almost till Christmas. To know their habits, to watch where they are feeding, to get in where they feed and play, even at the expense of herculean effort—this is what counts in mallard-shooting.

Some hunters take tents, and camp out in the timber. Others shoot from the clubhouses scattered along the river. Some men come in to lunch; others stay out all day. Some men are "pushed" to the timber, and others do their own pushing. Some men load a boat down with a morning's shoot; others quit with half of the limit killed. It's take your choice, but under all conditions it is worth half a man's lifetime to be in a good pond-hole with some live decoys out, and the mallards coming in from the North.

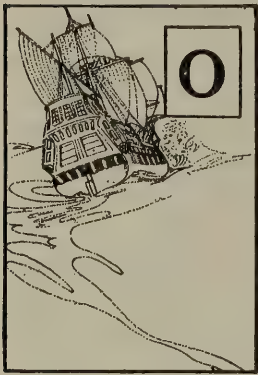
CRUISING THE FJORDS OF NORTH PACIFIC

With Inland Trips for Variety

BY D. W. AND A. S. IDDINGS

Fellows of the American Geographic Society and of the Royal Geographical Society

II—From the Roadstead of Fort Rupert to Knight's Inlet

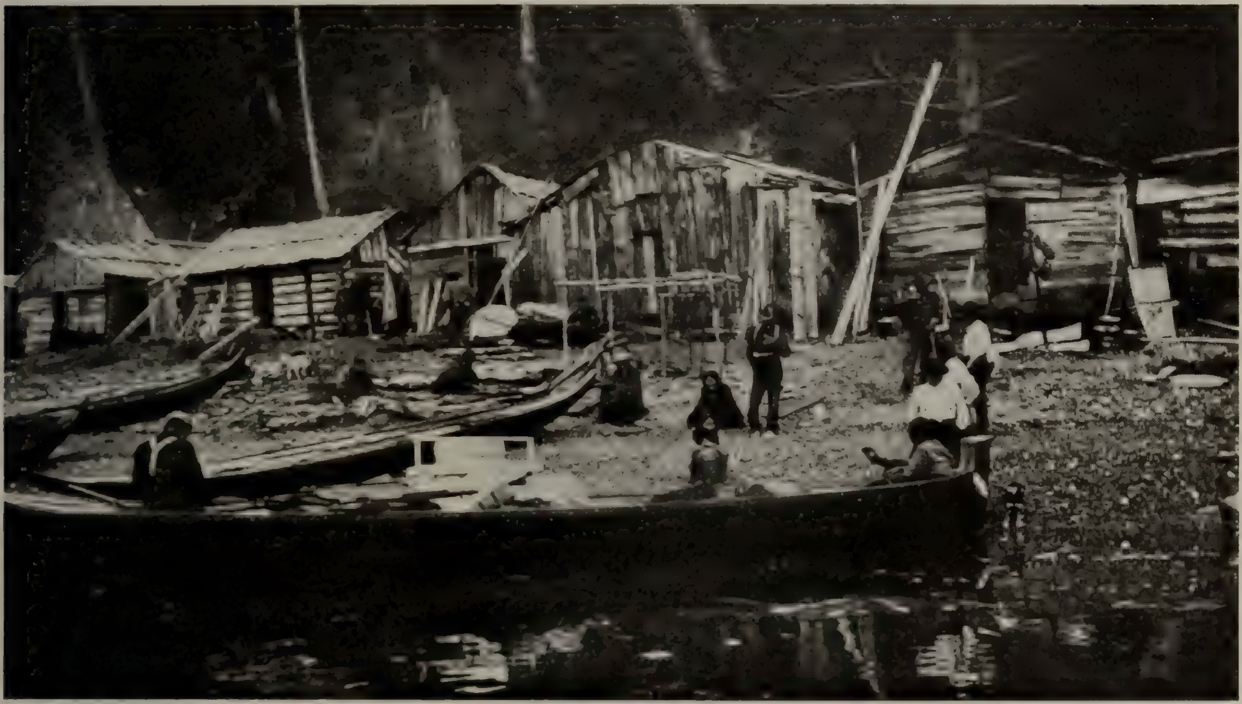


ON THE low, sandy beach of Beaver Harbor, on the lee side of Vancouver's Island, and near its northern extremity, stands a group of barnlike houses, the Indian village of Fort Rupert. Bleached white by the sun and weather these rude dwellings stand out in striking contrast against a deep green background formed by the impenetrable semitropical forest which everywhere covers the island's rugged face, a virgin forest indeed, such as the schoolgirl defined as "one in which the hand of man has never dared to put his foot into it." Once a mightier village, the population of Fort Rupert at present consists of some twenty or more families of the tribe of Indians known as the Fort Ruperts. They are a short, squat, stockily built people, of an olive color and features indicating their supposed Mongolian origin. Dressed in Japanese clothing the disguise would be complete. As it is, they mostly affect the white man's clothes, though in many cases in an abbreviated form; for instance, a gaudy pair of drawers quite often suffices a man for the trousers which seem so essential to us, while some of the older people still cling to the blanket as their sole apparel. They are mainly a fishing folk, and through unknown centuries of such life have become most proficient canoeists and sailors, even daring the voyage to distant Japan in their homemade barques in quest of seal and whales. Salmon, fresh as taken in the spawning season, when they run up the creeks and streams from the salt of the sea, and cured during the remainder of the year, form the basis of their sustenance. Halibut, cod, herring, oolakan and other sea fishes are likewise taken and domestically consumed. This fish diet is varied by venison in the families of the more energetic, who care to hunt for the countless deer that abound in the wilderness of woods on all hands. And yet more fortunate is the occasional family which possesses a hunter of sufficient prowess and ambition to fetch home a fat wapiti (elk) from the mountain fastnesses of the interior.

SAM HUNT, THE HALFBREED SKIPPER OF THE "JOSEPHINE"

The family home is a unique affair of roughly split slabs and slats, spread over a massive frame-work of huge fir trees, felled near-by, and as a rule strangely carved and wrought after the fashion of the family totem-pole, which guards the only opening in the house, a small, rude doorway, always facing the beach. The structure thus formed is an oblong building of proportions suggesting a meeting-house rather than the shelter for a single family. Mother Earth furnishes the mosaic for the floor, in the center of which the fire, which serves at once for cooking and heating, is kindled. A hole in the roof relieves in a measure the atmosphere of smoke, and lets in the only daylight they enjoy indoors. Suspended from the huge rafters overhead hang hundreds of fish, sun-cured in part, receiving their final curing in the dense smoke near the roof. They are hospitable people, these Siwashes, and benches for the seating of the guests at their potlatches, or feasts, run round the four walls of every home; in fact, the houses are built rather for feast purposes than to meet the mere requirements of a dwelling. At these potlatches there often gather within a single house the entire population of several villages, so the buildings must needs be large.

Such were the simple homes of the Hunts, a family of halfbreeds of dominating influence among the Fort Rupert and neighboring Indian tribes. Their grandfather, a hardy Scot, came to Fort Rupert in the early days, one of the very first sent out by the Hudson's Bay Company to trade thereabouts. He wooed and won, as has many a Northern trader, an Indian belle. And from this union came the present stock—shrewd traders, daring sailors, successful fishers and crafty woodsmen and hunters.



A VIEW OF THE INDIAN VILLAGE OF KLOWICH, OF HARBLEDOWN ISLAND

We were fortunate in having under engagement one of these Hunts, Sam, a grandson of the original sire, together with his sailing sloop, for our cruise of the fjords of the opposite British Columbian mainland and thence down coast to Vancouver.

We spent several days at anchor off Fort Rupert, busily engaged at overhauling our little vessel, which, though already fairly fitted for commission by Sam, still lacked a few finishing touches to suit our more esthetic white tastes. Then, besides, our provisions and outfit had to be carefully cut out and so stowed away as to economize space and at the same time to be readily accessible. We had also to gather and split a supply of resinous firewood for the small cooking stove which contended with us for the possession of the scant cabin. These preliminaries, together with numerous trips ashore and parleying with the inquisitive villagers, readily took up the time until the sailing day.

The evening previous, at near dusk, while entertaining on board a Fort Rupert caller, our attention was attracted to the swift approach of a huge dugout canoe manned by a crew of twenty swarthy paddlers. With the speed of a screw-propeller the craft noiselessly advanced to the village beach. There, without disembarking, an Indian in the prow arose, and in a peculiarly sonorous voice drew the villagers from their houses, and in the strange melody of his native tongue harangued them respecting the death and approaching burial at Alert Bay, some fifty miles to the south, of a relative of one of the Fort Rupert Indians. His speech concluded, the headman, or chief, of the Fort Ruperts responded in a voice choked with emotion, and invited the visitors in to sup, which from the alacrity of the response must not have been altogether unexpected. The feast was an elaborate one, as Siwash feasts go, and they made a night of it, paddling away toward home at dawn.

Our own departure came a few hours later, after the sun was well up in a cloudless sky. A fresh breeze off the shore gave us a fair wind for our objective, the mouth of Knight's Inlet, some seventy-five miles to the southeast. Amid the "*Ala-kaslas*" (good-bys) of the natives we weighed anchor, and giving the Stars and Stripes to the breezes from the masthead, set sail,—

> "And madly danced our hearts with joy,
>   As fast we fleeted to the South;
> How fresh was every sight and sound
>   On open main or winding shore!
> We knew the merry world was round,
>   And we might sail for evermore."

The breeze lightened as we progressed, until shortly after noon, when we were becalmed against the tide and hence compelled to man the sweeps while rounding Malcolm Island. Once fairly out of the shelter of this island we again drew a stout, fair wind which carried us down Broughton Strait at a fast clip, though still stemming the tide. It was a wonderland of primeval nature we were sailing through, green isles and islets dotting the broad expanse of the strait. The west wind, already strong, freshened as the day waned, stirring the green waters into rollicking waves that ran playfully with us as we skimmed along, an occasional comber, less friendly inclined, now and again tossing us exhilaratingly.

Once or twice when our course lay close inshore we saw deer feeding fearlessly near the water's edge. Around us huge salmon,

MAGGIE, A KLOWICH BELLE

She owes her good looks to her "Hudson's Bay ancestry.

silvered in the sunlight, were leaping high out of the water, a happy suggestion for the evening meal near-to-hand. So we tried a troll at our stern, with good success, and soon rich red salmon steaks were frying.

As darkness came on we made a little bay on Hanson Island, off Baronet Passage, and anchored safely for the night in about four fathoms of water. As we dropped sail several deer, alarmed by our intrusion upon the quiet of the scene, disappeared in the bush. We had no fresh meat aboard, so our appetites, already whetted by the pure Northland ozone, prompted us to immediate effort. We put off in the dingey and, skirting the shore line with muffled oars, came soon upon a fine young buck, but dimly outlined in the falling night as he stood upon a moss-covered cliff. A single shot brought him down, and we returned to the sloop with his carcass—quick work, indeed, for the whole operation had consumed little more than fifteen minutes. We might elaborate the incident and thus make it more interesting and less like fiction of the Robinson Crusoe sort, but we went for meat and it happened just so.

The next morning we were up with six o'clock and weighed anchor. There being no wind at all we pulled through the beautiful canal-like waters of Baronet Passage, calling in near its mouth at a fishing village of Klowich Indians on Harbledown Island. Some fifteen families of them reside here during the salmon-fishing season, inhabiting small, ill-fashioned shacks. In appearance and habits they resemble their Fort Rupert brothers. It was a busy scene that morning, the men in dugout canoes making the round of their nets, collecting the catch, and bringing it in to the women, who squatted on the beach over their task of beheading, gutting and cleaning the fish, the old hags crooning over their gory work. We tarried with them to fill our water casks from their spring, and then pulled along down the Passage into Clio Channel, a huge amphitheater of the sea hemmed in by the high rock walls of Turner and Cracroft islands. Here in the early afternoon a stiff gale filled our sail, and we bore swiftly down upon Minstrel Island, which apparently blocked the channel ahead. It was glorious sport! Here and there whales spouted or rent the air with their huge flukes as they "turned tail" and disappeared. Some more bombastic than the rest leaped clear of the water and fell full length into it again with a report like the roar of cannon that echoed and reechoed.

SAM HUNT'S COMELY SISTER

As we neared Minstrel Island two narrow channels around it were disclosed. We took the starboard course and, losing our wind by reason of the narrowness of the pass, were compelled to pull through it into the waters of Knight's Inlet just beyond.

As we came into the broad expanse of the Inlet a splendid picture of natural grandeur greeted us. Before us for a hundred miles the mighty Fjord of fjords stretched away, cutting in twain the majestic, snow-capped mountains of the Coast Range, its two-mile breadth of water walled by bold basaltic cliffs that rose sheer from the sea.

SOME DUCKS OF THE DRYLANDS

BY EDWYN SANDYS

Author of "Upland Game Birds," "Sporting Sketches," etc.

THIS yarn does not pertain to either the heavy-sterned white ducks of the Staten Island breeders, who produce astonishingly large fowl for the Gotham market, nor yet to those numerous and, as a rule, very light-sterned white ducks of certain youths who pretend to go to sea, but really cruise on foot or *via* street-car. The ducks I shall write about are those which are shot during what is termed "flight" and perhaps miles away from any water.

Of course, every shooting man knows that all duck-shooting is not over or even near water. It is true that for canvas-backs, redheads, bluebills, ruddy-ducks, butterballs, and those other species usually termed "fish-ducks," *i. e.*, the goosander, the mergansers, and so on, the gunner needs must seek creek, river or broad open water; yet thousands of fowl are shot each season in places which a man might traverse dry footed in such footgear as he would wear on a city street.

I have shot ducks many a time and oft in places where anything like waders would have been a worse than useless encumbrance, in fact, in spots where a man would have had to go a long distance for a drink of water, and I'm no stickler for *aqua pura*. The slimiest of moss and weeds, a floating, turn-bellied dead carp or two, or even a very much defunct domestic critter, had no terrors, providing I could get well upstream of the horror.

In the East the would-be dry-footed duck-shooter, of course excepting those who go forth in some sort of boat, most probably would be the man who devoted himself to the wood-duck. This loveliest of all American ducks, except the Harlequin, is in many of its habits more like a pigeon than a duck. It is a tree duck, that is, it rests in hollow trees and will perch upon a branch as unconcernedly as any perching species, such as a robin or other thrush. On the old inland grounds, such as the country contiguous to lakes St. Clair and Erie, we used to fare forth for wood-ducks afoot. This form of sport meant dry-foot walking of the river bank and speaking earnestly and rapidly to such fowl as flushed from under the tangled growth, which marked the banks of the waterway. It was good, snappy shooting, too, for when one is atop of a twenty-foot bank and a wood-duck "O-eeks" out from below, one needs must act swiftly and hold straight to score. The old dog did the rest. I had a varmint of a pointer that imagined he was a spaniel half his time, and he would gravely steam out and grab ducks in a fashion which left nothing to be desired. While prowling the bank of the stream during the day, I might get from four to ten ducks. But there was another and far more delightful phase of the shooting.

There was a chain of ponds in that country, to which, as the shadows lengthened and the twilight fell, the wood-ducks would come speeding down with singing wings and musical calls, and I would be there, old dog and all, at the point where the swift-winged beauties crossed. Some evenings I might get five fowl, again seven or eight, but every one was fairly earned, for, be it known, the man who can lift a wood-duck six feet out of his chosen track has to shoot a trifle better than ordinary. This long twilight work was to me the perfection of dry-land duck-shooting. The fowl, hustling in to their night resort, traveled like bullets; they were either missed clean or killed clean, and one of the most gratifying sounds was the coughing of the old dog through the darkness as he nobly toiled to retrieve the dead and the ever-troublesome wounded.

All of that made a most pleasant experience, but while I blithely bagged my half-dozen of gorgeously plumaged victims of an evening, I had no idea of the sport proper—of the shooting of the far West, and all that it meant.

"Come you West!" said the voice; "Get you West!" urged the haunting spirit, and I went. I had but vague ideas of what it would be like, but I was full of the insatiable curiosity of an elephant's child, so I traveled fifteen hundred miles to the nor'rard, and thence with the good people to Lake Manitoba.

Now be it understood that there was decoy shooting aplenty—in fact, there was all sorts of shooting—chicken-shooting, snipe-shooting, duck-shooting and plover-shooting, but of it all I liked the sport with the ducks of the drylands the best. To me it was the cream of the Northern sport, and evening after evening I'd be at the old stand ready to do business with whatever came along.

And it came along. Never had I seen such a flight. That prince of good fellows, "Tom" Johnson, loaned me a gun that could eat anything in sight, and truly we had fun together, that gun and I. It is likely that the celebrated "Tom's" handling of that gun had taught it wisdom, for I didn't seem to know how to ask it anything which it could not do. If I pulled on a gadwall at impossible range, that gadwall folded his longish neck and came down like a package from a department store, making a whop one could hear for fifty yards.

Our temporary headquarters was between two lakes, and of an evening there was nothing better to do than to take position on the dry prairie about half way between the two waters and converse with such ducks as passed. And not all of them passed. It was the cleanest, driest duck-shooting ever I saw; for so far as wet was concerned, a man might have gone out into the prairie grass in dancing pumps. It was hard shooting, too, in a way. Ducks headed for a known resort, and going at top speed, while usually flying rather high, are not such easy propositions. Then, if ever, is the time for the man who holds well ahead, and I found that my usual rather liberal allowance was none too much.

We killed many. We were shooting well; the guns were good, while the fowl just boomed in and took chances. That sort of shooting, once one has caught the hang of it, is not nearly so difficult as the Eastern across open water work. It is mainly straight overhead, and when fowl chiefly of one kind are flying, an average shot soon gets the proper idea of swing and allowance. I, dyed-in-the-wool upland shooter as I am, had little difficulty in making close connections with about half of the intended victims. The other members of the party did much better, but concerning this little point I worried not at all, for no Eastern tenderfoot has a license to go North and teach those gentlemanly brigands how to shoot. Thanks to my friend's courtesy in the matter of firearm, I was perhaps the best gunned man in the party, yet that advantage was not quite enough for a province like Manitoba. To be candid, I think they could have put it all over me, but at the same time that trifling matter had nothing to do with my sincere enjoyment both of royal entertainment and my introduction to some ducks of the drylands.

The typical sport was as lively, clean and interesting as could be imagined. Far west of our camp lay the feeding grounds of half a dozen species of desirable waterfowl, while a few hundred yards to the eastward spread the broad lake, the chosen rendezvous of everything webfooted—swan, goose and duck—for miles around.

It certainly was very pretty shooting. About midafternoon I would stroll over to a slight elevation some half-mile from camp, and there prepare for war. I builded no "hide." Garbed from crown to heels in the dead grass shade of which every wild-fowler knows the value, all I had to do was to lie in the short, faded grass and bide the coming of the feathered hosts. And they came, in flocks, in pairs, and in the devil's own hurry—racing to reach the swinging, white-waved waters of the sweet, all-gathering lake. Then, if ever, was the time of the right-and-left-shoulder man who could spring to his knees and send in the rapid right-and-left and hear the quick "prut-prut" as the chilled shot went home and the loud "prop-flop" as fat fowl plunged two hundred feet and hit the dry sod with a force which not seldom meant a fat young duck split wide open from stem to stern. "Stem to stern" may sound a bit too aquatic for ducks of the drylands, yet they are more aquatic than yachts.

The sole secrets of the successful shooting of the ducks of the drylands simply are: to correctly garb yourself, which means to wear clothes which closely correspond with the faded tint of the autumn grasses; to get down and stay down from the instant a flock is sighted till that flock is well within range, and then to shoot swiftly and accurately at certain individual birds, and not at the flock as a whole. Far too many men hide well and wait until the proper moment, only to spring to their knees and blaze away at the whole flock, instead of carefully selecting a single bird.

As a veteran in this sport of the uplands, who has killed, and missed, hundreds of ducks, I would say: Carefully select your bird, and never let go slam-bang at a flock merely because it looms large and looks easy. To clean miss a large flock of ducks is much easier than some folks imagine, and only the man who marks and shoots at an individual flier can hope for anything approaching uniform success. Therefore, pick your bird, and make it a leader, for shot takes time to travel fifty or sixty yards, and ducks are remarkably swift of wing. Make plenty of allowance for the leading bird, and if the rest choose to fly into it, why, well and good. I have picked the leader of a flock, have allowed him perhaps a foot of swing, kept the gun going till the second barrel had its say, then gathered—and that's what talks in duck-shooting on the drylands. As the flocks come, pick your bird, and a leading bird, and maybe after the sport is over, you may have the pleasant task of picking several birds as the result of one shot, after the camp-fire has reddened the dusk and unseen wings rip the blackness overhead.

By Geo. W. Fiske

LAYING FOR THE FLIGHT

DAYS IN THE ROCKIES

Hunting on the Edge of Winter

BY EVERETT DUFOUR

WHEN I arrived at Salmon Arm on the Great Shuswap Lake I was obliged to wait a day for my guide, so resolved to try a few shots at the wild geese which the proprietor of the hotel informed me were very plentiful. He promised to awaken me early the next morning, and, as I had traveled through from Winnipeg, by way of Sumas, Wash., to Portland, Oreg., and back by way of Seattle and Puget Sound to Victoria and Vancouver, and thence on to Salmon Arm, I felt that it would be necessary.

Before it was light enough to see, the next morning, I was out at the edge of the near-by lake, and as the day began to break and the fog lifted, enormous flocks of geese could be seen on the bars fully a mile off shore. I went around toward the Indian reservation, for from it points of land extend quite a distance into the lake, and as they are wooded, they would give me a much better chance to get in range of the geese, which all the while kept up a constant "honking." I thought it best to first see the chief and get his permission to hunt, and I found him comfortably seated beside a small fire surrounded by several "braves" and squaws. He could speak English a very little, but understood it somewhat better, so I had no difficulty in making known my desire. He was particularly pleasant and insisted on my staying to chat with him, but by promising to remain a while on my return, he appeared to be satisfied to let me go. However, he would have his way about sending along one of his braves to "show you trail" and "bring back goose."

The Indian stepped into his canoe, a dugout, made from a single log, but as we had only a short distance to go before reaching the edge of the lake, I walked along the well-worn trail by the side of the stream. As we neared the edge of the woods my guide left the boat and took the trail, preceding me by a few steps. The main flock of geese were now off shore about a thousand yards, but within two hundred yards of us stood three big fellows on the point of a bar. They had evidently heard us, and were standing erect, on the lookout. We crawled up behind some willows, from which a good shot could be had, and I fired at what I took to be the largest of the three, killing it instantly. The others immediately flew, as did the flock on the far bar. But we kept quiet, and after circling about a few times and not seeing any one, the geese settled down about 1,200 yards out, forming a mark several feet wide and twenty-five or thirty yards long. I raised my sights to the above distance while the Indian grunted and shook his head, saying, "Too far"; but when the rifle cracked and the big flock rose again they left one of their number behind. I threw in another shell and fired into them as they flew, bringing down another. The next two shots failed to touch any, although it seemed as though it would be an impossibility to shoot through them without hitting at least one. The Indian gazed alternately at the rifle, at me, and then across the lake to where the geese looked like specks on the bar, while I refilled the magazine of my .405. Occasionally he would grunt as though completely amazed. Finally another thought struck him—he jumped into the canoe and started out after the geese as fast as he could paddle, and brought them in with apparently a great deal of satisfaction.

Wild ducks were plentiful everywhere,

THE BIG SAWMILL ON THREE VALLEY LAKE, WHERE THE AUTHOR MADE HIS HEADQUARTERS WHILE HUNTING IN THE SURROUNDING MOUNTAINS

there being thousands of them on the lake, but before shooting at the geese I did not care to shoot at them. On the way back to the camp, however, I killed several. It was not difficult to get close enough to shoot their heads off. I gave two of the geese and all but one of the ducks to the chief, who seemed particularly well pleased, and wanted me to "stay long time." I remained about an hour, during which he chatted very freely and wanted to know a little of everything.

Upon my return to the hotel I found my guide awaiting me. We talked matters over and as there had already been considerable snow, decided to go east to Three Valley, where the fall had not been so heavy, and try for goats in the Eagle Pass. We left early the next morning and arrived there about six A. M. No one lives at this station but those connected with the Mundy Lumber Company.

The Chinese cooks at the sawmill soon put us up enough "grub" to last a few days, so we immediately started out to get a shot at a goat. After going east along the railroad as far as the snow sheds, we turned off to the left and started up the mountain. It was very steep and rugged, the climbing of some of the crags being not devoid of danger; so we consequently proceeded very slowly. The weather was not particularly clear, and as the clouds hung quite low, it was not long before we were among them; still, as they blew past, good views of the cliffs and crags could be had. Now every few minutes my guide would stop, and with the aid of the glass would scan the side of the grand old mountain. He was a finely built, sturdy young fellow, and possessing the determination characteristic of the mountaineer, left no stone unturned to have me succeed. I myself kept as careful a lookout for the quarry as possible, though the best part of my attention was taken up in watching where I put my feet. In places there was quite a good deal of snow on the rocks, which made the climbing very difficult.

It was now about midday, so we stopped near a glistening stream that came down from the glacier for a few moments' rest and a bite to eat. My guide stood for a while with the field-glass to his eyes, looking across a big ravine, when suddenly he exclaimed in his quiet, easy way, "I see a goat. When he comes out from behind a rock you can get a good look at him." In a few moments I saw the goat walk slowly around a ledge of rock and commence feeding in some scrub growth on the cliff. He was at least 1,500 yards distant, and across almost impassable cliffs. After taking a quick survey of the rocks, and as the quarry was several hundred feet below us, my guide went back down the mountainside until about on a level with him, and then crept cautiously over, while I made my way toward a large cliff which appeared to be not more than 200 yards distant from the game, and from which I was to try a shot.

It took a little over an hour to gain the cliff, and upon looking over, the goat was nowhere to be seen. In the meantime the guide had taken up a position on some high rocks, from which he watched the movements of the quarry, and motioned me to go on toward the spot where the goat was last seen. He met me there, and pointed out the direction the game had taken. After a few moments' rest we attempted to scale the cliff. The ledge became narrower and narrower as we advanced, until at one place I was obliged to hold the rifles while the guide climbed around. I then handed them to him, and heeding advice not to look down, I managed with his assistance to get around. On we went to the top of the next cliff, but still no goat. So steep was the climb that by this time I was pretty well out of breath, but as we would be able to see quite a distance from the top of the rocks in front of us, I made a supreme effort to gain the ledge. Upon looking over into the ravine I at first did not see the goat, but the guide quickly pointed him out to me. He was a good-sized billy, and much closer than I had expected to see him—not over sixty yards—and as I threw up my rifle, he turned to run. The shot knocked the goat down, and as he attempted to rise I fired a second time, whereupon he started to roll down the steep mountainside, and from the scene that followed for a while I regretted having shot him. As long as I could see him, he was going down the rocks, bounding from one to another, until finally he shot out into the air over a cliff fully one hundred feet high, and disappeared from view.

I felt sure there was nothing left of my goat, but was more than agreeably surprised to find upon reaching him, that although the fall had burst him open, neither the head nor the hide was damaged. It took us the best part of two hours to get down to where he lay—fully a thousand feet below where he was shot.

The guide immediately went back across the mountainside after our little packs and the camera, which we had slipped off when the game was first sighted, and upon his return we went to work with a will to skin the quarry. This billy was about as large and about as tough as the Rockies grow them, so it took us quite a while to get the hide off and the head nicely skinned. Having packed the trophy as best we could we decided to go back to the sawmill, then

THE AUTHOR'S GUIDE, IN THE BEAR COUNTRY

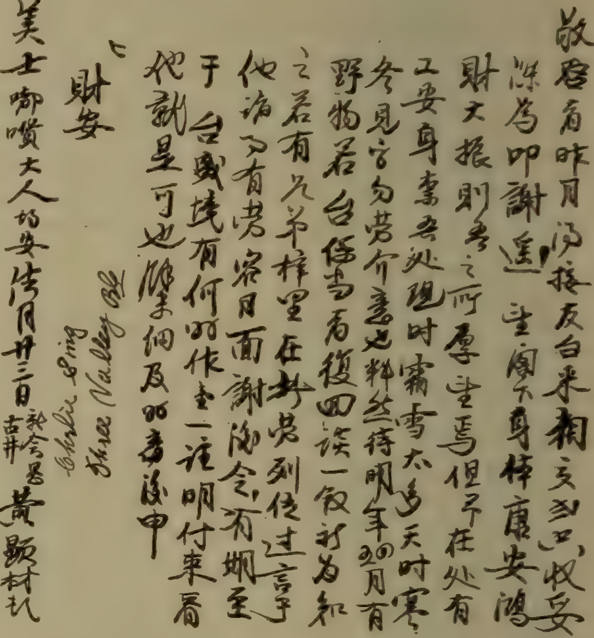
about two miles down the mountain, and spend the night. I suggested that we take some of the meat into camp, but the guide said it would drive every one out to even attempt to cook it. However, we pointed out the place where the carcass lay to some Chinamen who were working on the railroad and they seemed particularly well pleased, saying they would get it; but whether they did I never knew.

The goat skin stretched on the wall at the mill brought forth many tales of camp life and hunting trail from the men as we all gathered, after supper, around the big stove, in what they called the sitting-room.

The next week was spent in the high forests in the hope of finding a grizzly, but aside from the blue grouse, or "cock of the mountain," which we shot to eat, we saw no game at all. The nearest we got to old Ephraim was to follow his very fresh tracks in eighteen inches of snow for about three hours one afternoon. That night snow storms set in, and on the following morning no tracks could be found. We remained two days longer, but still no tracks, and as the snow was by this time three or four feet deep and the clouds all around us, with the snow continually falling, so as to make it impossible to see any distance, much less to travel, we decided it was of little avail to hunt longer—better luck next time.

We reached the mill long after dark, and the next morning did not get in to breakfast with the other men. When we did come to the table we found the Chinese cooks in a very bad humor for that reason, and they talked between themselves and appeared rather slow to wait on us. My guide did not like the idea of them acting so toward me, and said he had a "good notion to teach them a lesson"—which I have no doubt he could have done in a few moments. But I told him I did not blame the cooks, that I would be inclined to take the same view of affairs they did. Then I said, "Never mind, Charlie, I am going to take a picture of you and Sam as soon as I get through, and will send you each one." They both stopped their grumbing, looked at me and then at each other, and conversed in a most animated manner. Both went out into the kitchen and in a few moments they returned with two or three kinds of pie! Furthermore, they wanted to know if we would not have some eggs; if we had enough meat; if we saw any game, and stated that they had been taking good care of the goat skin while we were gone—all this almost in one breath. So after breakfast I fixed them on the porch facing the lake and took their picture. I wanted it with their aprons on, but Charlie said he wanted his watch chain to show, and I could not persuade him otherwise.

Upon my return home I sent him two pictures, one for himself, and one for Sam, his assistant, and in due time received the following reply:



Charlie Ding

Three Valley BC

Which translated reads as follows:

"December the 23rd.

"Mr. Dufour:

"*Dear Friend*—I received your letter and the two pictures, and am very much obliged to you. I wish you all very, very well—God bless you. I am here and have got a little work to do. Too much snow coming—getting very cold. Soon as you receive my letter do not feel sorry that it is so cold here.

"Next year by April or May come out and get any kind of game and make good conversation with me.

"Any Chinese friend or cousin will you please explain to friend of mine—soon as I see you will say very much obliged to you.

"Wong Han Toy."

OCTOBER SUNSHINE

BY ROSCOE BRUMBAUGH

Some master artist passed this way,
Who touched the woods and fields with gold;
And lo! the sane, sweet light of day
Is brightest as the year grows old.

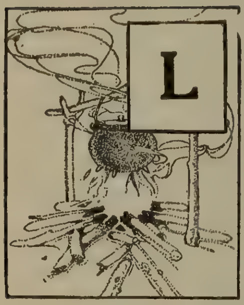
The west wind plays among the leaves,
The brook croons soft its lullaby;
It seems the very sunshine weaves
Some secret lure about the sky.

October smiles; while, one by one,
The flowers vanish, birds depart:
And though the Summer's life is done,
Somehow 'tis Summer in the heart.

DUCK-SHOOTING IN THE CORN

The Country Duck-Hunter's Recourse

BY F. HENRY YORKE



LET the duck-hunters of to-day study the flight of the wildfowl, the contour of the country, the effect the weather has upon the game; learn to judge distances accurately and how to arrange and use blinds suitable to various shooting-grounds. Let them learn all about decoys and the particular notes to call to lure the game within shot; learn to mark down accurately and pick up dead and crippled fowl with certainty and despatch, and they need have little cause to lament the scarcity of the game, due to drainage, and the preempting of all the best shooting grounds by the clubs.

In the Middle West there are very many duck-hunters who are denied the use of a boat on river, slough or lake, and for the benefit of these I shall write of duck-shooting in the corn.

When November days have come, hoar frost whitens the morning grass, cornfields are husked and standing stalks are broken and lying in every direction; ears of corn, dropped from the wagons, and loose grains are in plenty in every field the range of the corn-belt lands over. The wood-duck and the blue-wing teal have passed by, the warm weather fowl have departed, but spoonbills, pintails, green-wing teal and mallards are working down, driven by the Northern cold. Running streams and creeks are open whose high or timber-clad banks afford a protection from the keen, blustering wind; the cornfields provide abundance of food, and ducks are taking advantage of every secluded spot, loath to leave for a warmer clime. Now the country duck-hunter is watching for the feeding flocks and noting the water holes and creeks they nightly drop into. A heavy rain storm with a cold wind drives them to these places; a foggy morning scatters them over the feeding grounds, where low over the corn-stalks they fly and circle in search of food, dropping into puddle holes and low places to drink.

One November evening, after an afternoon rain, we watched the feeding grounds about sundown, until darkness hid them from view. We saw several flocks of ducks rise from the corn-stalks and silently drop into a creek whose banks we knew were high and gravelly, and where running water was in evidence. We knew that if undisturbed they would remain there for the night and give us some shooting on the morrow. The question was the wind, for that forms a very important factor. If it blew stiffly they would go out against it at an angle; if no wind blew, they were liable to scatter in any direction, for the feeding grounds lay upon both sides the creek. The night was cloudy, but before we retired we scanned the heavens and concluded that, although overcast, the "Milky Way" was the widest and brightest in the southwest, so the wind would come from that quarter the following day.

We started at daybreak. The morning was foggy and as yet with no wind, nor would a wet finger record any. We crossed the creek some distance below the ducks, to prevent in any way disturbing them. We got upon the south side, where ample feeding grounds lay stretched before us, took up our stations about 200 yards apart and far enough from the creek that the report of our guns would not alarm the resting ducks. For blinds we pulled a few corn-stalks together, sticking a few in the ground, making the "hide" large enough to turn around in; not large enough to be noticeable, yet enough to shield our bodies when kneeling in position. The swish and whistle of wings overhead, now and then, disclosed the fact the ducks were moving, but the heavy fog prevented us from discerning them. The sun was about half an hour high before a flock from the creek suddenly loomed in sight close overhead. A double report rang out and two ducks fell, one, the last, some distance away. I marked and quickly followed it, not taking my eyes off the stalk it fell by; picked it up and returned to my blind; took bearings, and soon found the first one.

If you are in error in finding a duck you have marked down, directly tie your handkerchief to the stalk you marked by and beat on a line with it; it may be farther over on a line. Should you fail, owing to the duck being only winged, beat and kick the stalks, for a wounded duck hides quickly and its color harmonizes with the weeds and grass. Don't hang up your cap; you may lose it, owing to its color harmonizing with the corn. I did so once and went home bare-headed. Avoid any motion in walking or running which might attract the notice of a distant flock, and when they come in, shoot slowly, making every shot count. Above all, learn to lead your birds, so as to be able to make a successful crossing shot, and watch the effect of every shot at incomers—you will undershoot them till you catch the hang of it.

We could see farther by this time, for the fog was slowly lifting. Little flocks would swing by and circle to the call; the fowl called frequently, circling round to my companion, offering him a good shot, while flocks wheeling to his call would often swing close in to me. We began to get them in pairs and singles, when the fog lifted, the wind blew from the southwest and we discovered ducks circling over the adjacent fields, where their fortunate companions had already settled down. A flock circling and alighting in a field invariably attracts all others within view.

We remained a short time longer, then went over to the field they were dropping into, divided and went to "picking up," each for himself, yet giving a flight or circling flock to each other.

A favorite way of corn-stalk shooting is this picking up. The shooter wanders over the field, drops down behind a few stalks when a flock approaches, shoots if they come within range, picks up his kill, and goes on. He will call flocks he sees circling or even passing over, moving on as he wishes, jumping a flock or a single occasionally. Often in this way one will jump a flock and drive them right over one's partner, so be watchful all the time. Ducks, when called and when alighting in the stalks, invariably circle around widely two or three times, narrowing each circle until they fly over the place. So by watching closely you can frequently push farther into the circle as they fly away from you without being seen, but you must drop as soon as they wheel, and give a running call. Your dress must harmonize with the surroundings. I like a cape of burlap, cut all around in strips a foot in length. These strips are frayed and blow in the wind like so many leaves of the corn. A band of like material should adorn the cap or hat, and both can be taken off and put in the pocket when you return home.

A blind should be a simple affair, not enough to attract attention, but thick enough to conceal the contour of your form, as any movement in your blind is instantly observed by the eyes of the watchful ducks. The lower they fly, the less readily they see you, if you have a background and are not looming up between them and the sky. Never twist around in your blind when ducks are approaching you; turn only your head. Make one motion, and that to shoot. A duck's range of vision, as a rule, travels over the country ahead of it at an angle of about 45 degrees, so that when ducks are almost over you, you may raise your gun to shoot, for the angle has passed by. Keep down even when they are out of shot. Call; they may swing round you upon the next circle, if they have not seen you.

Be sure to mark down accurately your dead or crippled, noting a stalk, weed, tree or other stationary object; keep your eyes upon it and go at once, not taking the eyes off for an instant. Better shoot once and kill than shoot a double and lose one or sometimes both in the endeavor to get more ducks.

For position in your blind, drop upon the right knee, your left forming the angle of a square, your right elbow and arm upon the ground, wrist and hand down, head almost touching the ground between your left leg and right knee, your left arm pointing downward and hand grasping your gun, which lies upon the ground; you can move your head to watch the birds. To shoot, raise up by sitting back on the right heel, but keeping in the kneeling position. Should the game swing round behind you, reverse the position of the knees as you wheel to the right on the right toe, and shoot from the left knee. Never attempt to rise to the feet or get off both knees in a position to rise up. This wheeling can be done on land, in shallow water or in a boat. By a little practice it can be easily and quickly accomplished.

The morning I have written about we shot in several fields until 11 A. M., when the ducks went off to their playgrounds upon a river several miles away; but we felt prouder of our bag of eleven or twelve wild ducks apiece, killed without the aid of decoys or a boat, than we used to of fifty or seventy-five in years long past and gone.

THE ART OF CAMPING

From the Utilitarian Standpoint

BY CHARLES A. BRAMBLE

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V.—Food

UNDOUBTEDLY, the most important part of a man's outfit is the food he takes. The best camp equipment might be rendered null and void by the absence of a sufficiency of sustaining and palatable food. The great mistake made by the tyro is the taking of unsuitable food into camp. The worst mistake the old hand makes is in not learning to cook that which he has taken. The writer was once unable to cook plain food without spoiling it, but he was willing to take some pains to find a remedy for the difficulty. So he set to work and took some lessons from a professional cook, and then went to a baker and acquired the art of making bread, for art it most assuredly is. The result of these lessons became apparent the next time he was thrown on his own resources. When, on one occasion, the cook became incapacitated through a mix-up with a mean cayuse he was able to cook for a party of seven men, until a substitute could be obtained; moreover, he must modestly confess the men declared the change of cooks was an improvement. A few simple recipes, that have stood the test of time, follow:

Bread, No. 1.—Take ten pounds of flour, some warm water and one yeast cake, and dissolve in the water with one and one-half ounces of salt. Mix enough flour to make dough, and set it in a warm place to rise. Generally the mixing of the dough is done in the evening and by next morning it is risen sufficiently. In very warm weather the dough will rise in two or three hours. Next punch the dough well down, and let it rise the second time for a half hour or less; then bake it slowly.

Scones.—Take one and one-half pounds of flour, three ozs. of lard, two ozs. of sugar, three-quarter oz. baking powder, one pinch salt, one pint of milk. Grease the pan, mix your baking powder in your flour, add the lard, sugar and salt in the order named, and then the milk. Cook quickly.

Oatmeal Cakes.—Take two pounds of oatmeal, one pound flour, one and one-half ozs. baking powder, three ozs. sugar, half pound lard, one pinch salt and a pint of milk; follow the same directions as given for making scones.

Bread, No. 2.—Take two yeast cakes and break them into lukewarm water, about a cupful. Next put two quarts of water, milkwarm, in a two-gallon bucket, and add one handful of salt and two handfuls of sugar. Add the water in which the yeast cakes were dissolved and stir it thoroughly. Now add enough flour to make a smooth batter. Place in a warm corner near the stove until thoroughly risen. Then set overnight, covered with a piece of flannel or a clean towel. Work over well in the morning, and add enough flour to make a stiff sponge, kneading thoroughly. Leave the sponge to rise until it has doubled in volume. Then knead again, mold into loaves, which set in the bread pan. When these have risen sufficiently, bake slowly. The secret of good bread is the keeping of everything warm from start to finish.

A Camp Dish.—Cook some evaporated fruit in plenty of water until you have a sufficient amount of syrup as a result. Pour this into another pan, and make some ordinary doughboys. Dip these in the syrup and serve.

A Rich Gravy.—To the grease left after frying your pork in the frying-pan add flour, and rub smooth with a spoon until it is of a rich brown color. Add boiling water, pepper and salt and keep on rubbing. Take care that the water was boiling and add the flour slowly.

Tea.—You will use more tea in a week in camp than you would require in a month at home. Why boiling water in the open air should require a larger amount of the leaves I never could discover, but every practical man will tell you that the old housewife's dictum of one teaspoonful for each cup and one for the pot does not hold good in camp. See that the water is boiling; throw in the tea, and then remove the pot from the fire. It should stand for about five minutes, and then be poured off the leaves into another pot previously warmed. Before doing this, however, dash in half a cupful of cold water, as this causes the leaves to sink. If you use condensed milk, mix it in the tea after you have removed the pot from the fire.

Coffee.—After adding your coffee to the water, which should be not done until it boils, keep it boiling for fifteen minutes. A tablespoonful of coffee to each man is enough. When the pot is taken off, if you are using condensed milk, pour it in and then bring the pot to a boil again.

Rolled Oats.—These cook very quickly, fifteen minutes being sufficient to boil. Stir with a wooden spoon if you have one; if not, stir with any old thing. Don't forget to add a pinch of salt while the oats are cooking.

Pork.—Whether in the form of fat pork, ham or breakfast bacon the flesh of the hog is pretty sure to be the main standby in camp. The fat that comes from pork is the most useful article the cook has, and none of it should be thrown away. If you are using salt pork, parboil it first. The slices should be placed in a cold frying-pan, covered with water and stewed until all the brine is out; sometimes three or four changes are required. Then fry slowly.

Beans.—Beans are almost ideal food in camp, but, unfortunately, they take a long time to cook, and at high altitudes they cannot be cooked satisfactorily, as they never become soft. The reason of this is that the diminished atmospheric pressure causes the boiling of the water at a lower temperature than 212 Fahr., hence it never becomes hot enough to thoroughly soften the beans. The best baked beans are those cooked in a Dutch oven, which same is a round, heavy, castiron pot, with a closely fitting cover. A large and hot fire is built, and after it is burned down somewhat the embers are raked aside and the pot placed in a hole previously dug under the center of the fire. The ashes are then heaped around and above it, and the pot with its contents are left all night. To the beans have been added several slices of pork which become incorporated with them and give a flavor that a hungry man will relish. Pepper and salt are added at the last moment.

Beans can be cooked in the ordinary camp kettle, though never as well as in the bake oven.

Potatoes.—Persons who are in the habit of camping near civilization are generally great on potatoes. The woodsman looks upon them with suspicion. They are too heavy for easy transportation and their nutritive value is too small to make them an ideal food for the man who would carry his outfit far afield. However, if the trip is not likely to be too strenuous you may take potatoes, with the certainty that they will add to the attractions of the mess. I think they are best cooked in their jackets. If you throw them into the hot ashes they will cook to perfection.

Evaporated Fruit.—Evaporated apples or apricots should always be taken, as they are antiscorbutics. Soak the fruit for an hour or two in cold water, then boil until they are thoroughly soft. They will need a considerable amount of sugar.

Eggs.—It is but rarely that one can have fresh eggs in camp, but when it is possible they should add very largely to pleasures of the table. The best lunch a man can take for a day's shooting is one composed of sea biscuits and hard-boiled eggs in their shells. This lunch does not get "mussy."

Flapjacks.—Self-respecting people in the settlements call these things pancakes, but the woodsman always speaks of them as flapjacks. Many men have lived on them for years at a stretch, thereby ruining their digestions, spoiling their tempers, and becoming profane to a most deplorable degree. The flapjack is of simple construction. Add a teaspoonful of baking powder to a large pannikin of flour, put in a pinch of salt, and thin with water or milk; see that your frying-pan is well greased and very hot, and pour sufficient batter upon it to make a good big flapjack—only amateurs and women make small ones. Practice tossing them up and catching them, because you will always be considered a tenderfoot by the men until you can so turn them.

Erbswurst.—This is a scientifically prepared food that we owe to the German Army. It contains all that's necessary excepting water, and if you place one-third of a package of erbswurst in two quarts of boiling water, and boil for ten or fifteen minutes, you will have something that will keep the machine going for several hours.

To Waterproof a Tent.—This is hardly cooking, but take one-half pound of sugar of lead and mix well in a large bucketful of soft water. Soak the tent in this for twelve hours and then hang it out to dry in the sun but do not wring.

VII.—Arms and Ammunition

It is most strange but true that the veriest tyro feels that he, at least, knows just what he should have in the way of weapons. He may be densely ignorant of the life of the woods and plains, may never have seen an animal larger or more fierce than a rabbit at liberty, and yet he will scorn advice when it comes to buying rifle, gun or pistol. But it is very certain that there exists an enormous difference in rifles as well as in the other weapons mentioned; and these differences were deliberately produced by the makers, because they knew that the same arms would not do equally well for grizzlies or snipe; that certain qualities could be obtained if others were not demanded—in other words, that the all-round weapon does not exist.

Yet it is this elusive arm that the tenderfoot seeks, and at some period of his existence is pretty sure to have persuaded himself that he owns.

The nearest approach to a universally useful weapon is, undoubtedly, a 12-bore cylinder shotgun, with 30-inch barrels, and weighing about 7½ to 8 pounds—but even this reliable companion is very, very far short of being a perfect weapon for all kinds of game. Yet it will do wonders, and may serve the needs of an explorer well.

English hunters of big game are fond of extolling the virtues of the Paradox, which is a weapon smooth bored except at the choke, which is rifled. It is made in 10, 12, 16 and 20-bores. Few American hunters care for this style of gun, and the writer after having tried more than one Paradox would not recommend it for shooting on this continent, though it may be just the thing for India. Their trajectory is high, their accuracy poor, their recoil heavy, and as to penetration, bullets therefrom have been known to barely lodge in the shoulder of a bull moose at seventy-five yards.

When buying a rifle, ask yourself where you are to use it, and upon what probable game. If going to the Rockies and Alaska, nothing will beat, in my estimation, a .405, .35 or the new .30 rimless U. S. G. For eastern Canada, the last named, the .32 Special or the .33 Winchester is heavy enough for moose and caribou, and for deer nothing more powerful than the .30-30 is necessary. After twenty years' experience I have decided that the .30-30 is good enough for moose, and, personally, desire nothing better, but many think such a rifle too weak, and so for them a more powerful arm will be better, as you must have confidence in your rifle if you are to do good work with it. But had you seen the results of a steady shot with the .30-30, you would never doubt its power. I have seen a big bull moose drop to one shot at a range of eighty yards, which is quite a fair distance in the bush, and have never known one to get away through any fault of the rifle.

As a result of a careful canvass of the trade I find that more rifles of the .38-55 high velocity are sold in the backwoods districts of Maine and Canada than any others. This is now the favorite arm of the up-to-date hunter, having taken the place of the old .44 Winchester, that is even yet beloved away back in the Hudson Bay regions. Next in demand is the .303 British or the .30-40 ; then follows the .30-30. Now, practical men are the best judges, and it is safe to follow their lead. When some great hunter tells you that he must have at least a .50-110 or a .405 for moose and caribou, make up your mind that either his experience is limited or his shooting execrable ; I could introduce him to men who have been shooting all their lives, who having shot hundreds of moose and other big game would not be at the pains to tote around a heavy caliber for the value of a farm.

Having decided upon your rifle, be very sure to shoot it enough to become accustomed to it before trying a shot at big game. The sighting may not suit you, and the time to find this out is during preliminary practice. For young eyes, without any presbyopia or astigmatism, nothing can equal the open sight—a plain notched rear and elongated bead fore. All American rifles have the rear sight too near the eye, why I do not know, but it is undeniable that European makers understand these matters better. No rifle requires more than 18 inches between sights, and the proper distance for the rear sight from the heel of the butt is 23 inches. If you realize this you will not rest content until you have had the rear sight of your rifle moved farther forward. This is most imperative in the case of the middle-aged sportsman, but it will be found of benefit even to the lad, whose powers of accommodation are as yet unimpaired. The great military nations of Europe discovered this long ago, and you will not find any of their service weapons with the rear sight jammed up close to the eye, as is the case with American factory rifles.

The peep sight is, in many respects, an improvement on the open sight. It aids the shooting of those whose eyes are not as good as they might be, but it has one defect—in a poor light it may not be possible to use it, and as many shots are taken at big game when the light is very bad indeed, you should have a folding leaf sight on your rifle as well. This sight folds down flat when not in use and so permits an unobstructed use of the rear peep. A sling is occasionally useful, but it is in the way when you wish to use the lever rapidly, and on the whole is somewhat of a nuisance.

So few men use the single shot that, practically, every American hunter is the owner of a repeater, yet in many respects the single shot is the better weapon. While not really much if at all more accurate than the repeater, the fact that it has no second shot in reserve tends to make a man cautious, so that the percentage of wild shots is naturally less ; then it is not so complicated, is better balanced, and cheaper. But, against this is the undeniable slowness of reloading, and both the double-barreled and single-barreled rifles have given place to the repeater in one of its many forms. The military rifle is usually of bolt action, but for sporting purposes the consensus of expert opinion is overwhelmingly in favor of the lever action.

Twenty years ago one met many good wing shots afield with a 10-bore; to-day the weight of public sentiment is against such ponderous pieces, and no sportsman who values the good opinions of the fraternity carries anything bigger than a 12-bore when out for upland game. In the marsh it is different ; a 10-bore will do undeniably better work with large shot than the smaller caliber, and is, therefore, the proper weapon ; for wild fowl require hard hitting, and it is not the part of mercy to send a lot of wounded birds adrift to become the prey of the smaller vermin and predacious hawks and owls.

For a general purpose gun the weight need not exceed seven and a-half pounds and may be as light as seven pounds; the right barrel should be cylinder bored and the left full choke. Most modern guns are hammerless; the hammer guns have gone like black powder to that limbo which already contains the harquebus and the flintlock. The hammerless gun is an improvement upon the hammer gun in every style of shooting, but perhaps more especially so in boat work, many accidents having happened through the hammers of the older guns becoming mixed up with the gunwale or the oar handle and then slipping off, so as to fall upon the striker with sufficient force to explode the cartridge.

How we could ever have endured the noise, recoil and filth of black powder is one of the mysteries unfathomable. Yet, but a few years ago, princes, presidents and potentates banged away with the old black mixture, and dreamed not of anything better. Now, we have the choice of half a dozen powders that are far and away ahead of the best black that was ever put into a barrel. I care not which of the best bulk smokeless powders I use, it is six of one and half a dozen of the other; and I am very sure, if I hold straight and the bird is within range, that the powder will not play me false. Dense powders, however, I do not care for, nor do I see their use. Concentrated explosives are more dangerous to load, as a slight mistake in the charge means more than with bulk powders, and then you require a special high-base shell—which to my mind is a disadvantage. (Now please, advocates of dense powders, do not jump upon me for having thus freely expressed my opinion. Remember that it is but the voice of one man, and I know full well that an alarming array of silver cups, medals and large amounts of specie have been won by the small army of men who shoot nothing but dense powders.)

The "best revolver" has been so thoroughly discussed in RECREATION during the past year that little need be said. In few places may the revolver be looked upon as a necessity, and where it is so the practical man has long ago found out just what he needs for quick and successful homicide, and is little likely to be swayed by what he sees in print—if he ever does see anything there, for most frontiersmen are not literary in their tastes. If you are going into camp in Maine or Canada you will want a good pocket knife much more urgently than a revolver ; if, on the other hand, you expect to prospect among the Yaquis of old Mexico, nothing but the old fashioned and thoroughly trustworthy .45 S. A., with a five and a-half-inch barrel, should, in my opinion, be relied upon. To use an Hibernianism : it never gets out of order, and when it does it will shoot nearly as well and just as viciously.

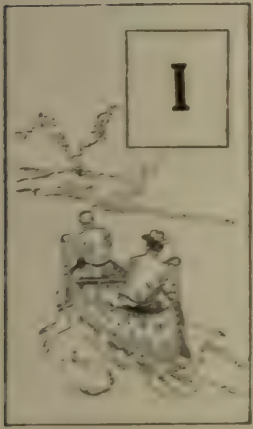
If you should deem the proper use for a revolver the decapitating of overtame grouse, or the breaking of bottles that have fulfilled their missions, then by all means choose a target revolver, to shoot either the .32 or .38 cartridges ; only, perhaps a single shot pistol would do even better.

(*To be continued.*)

DOWN THE TA-QUA-MA-NON

A Deer Hunt That Froze Up

BY C. J. MIZER



IT WAS the beautiful month of November, and our party of three was arrived at the flag station of Sage, on the upper peninsula of Michigan. At this point the railroad crosses the Sage River, down which we proposed to cruise to the Ta-qua-ma-non and the deer country. Having shipped our camp equipage several days previous to our departure from Walloon Lake, we expected to find everything awaiting us, but we were compelled to remain at Sage—can we ever forget the place?—five days, waiting the arrival of our dunnage.

THE FALLS OF THE TA-QUA-MA-NON

The hunters' camp, which was within hearing of these falls, was forty miles, by land, from the nearest railroad station, and, due to the river freezing, the tenderfoot of the party had to "hike" out through the wilderness alone.

Our outfit included an 18-foot clinker-built launch, with a 1½-horse-power engine, and when at last it arrived we launched our boat on the Sage, loaded our dunnage and started. Seven miles of pleasant down-stream cruising brought us to the Ta-qua-ma-non River; a beautiful stream, averaging about twelve rods in width, and in some instances very deep, yet having a very sluggish current. For the most part it has beautiful, wooded shores, and it is said to be navigable for about seventy-five miles. Two miles down-stream from the mouth of the Sage, we came to a small stream called the Gimlet; about a mile below this stream we came to a small deserted shanty on the river bank, and as darkness was overtaking us, we decided to put up there for the night.

Sunday morning, the day following, we decided to take a part of our dunnage and start out on an exploring expedition. Two and one-half miles below the shack we came to the Henry River, which is navigable for perhaps ten miles. Five miles below this stream we came to what is known as the East Branch, navigable ten or twelve miles. Two and one-half miles farther on we came to the Murphy River, navigable for a small boat like ours, and ten miles below the Murphy we decided to locate and build our little log cabin. So we landed and pitched a small tent, in which we stored our dunnage, which consisted principally of our wearing apparel. Then we started back for the trapper's shack.

THE AUTHOR

We had made perhaps two miles of the return trip upstream, when a very heavy rain storm overtook us. This stayed with us throughout the four hours it required to reach the shack, but our little engine chugged cheerfully along without making a break. The weather turned cold and we were a shaky lot when we landed. And as we had taken all our spare clothes down the river, we were compelled to hang our outside clothing around the stove, and leave our underclothing to dry upon us. This was campaigning for sure. On account of the rain we were obliged to remain at the shack until Tuesday morning, when we pulled out for the point where we had pitched our tent. The weather had moderated, but it was somewhat cloudy all day. We found the tent taut and everything inside comparatively dry.

OLD COMFORT

GARRINGER

Garringer by this time had contracted a very bad cold, hence was unable to do much toward building the cabin; we assigned him to police duty, which consisted of dishwashing and the like. The morning after our arrival we commenced serious work on the cabin, and as it was a lovely day, the work progressed nicely. During the evening it began to cloud up again, and in the morning we found thirteen inches of "the beautiful" on the ground. The weather being warm, however, and as a good snow is about the first thing the hunter looks forward to as soon as he gets located, we were not in the least discouraged and went to work on the cabin with a will.

After dinner on Thursday, having finished before the rest, and being anxious to get the cabin completed, I went out to work. Shortly afterward Ely came out and said, "Well, Mr. President, what's the first thing on the docket this afternoon?"

"Meat," said I. "For you know I have a weak stomach and I cannot stand bacon any longer."

"Do you mean it?" he asked.

"You bet I do," I answered. "And don't you come back without some, either."

So Ely went a-scouting.

During the afternoon Garringer gathered moss for chinking the cracks, while I kept pegging away at the cabin. About 4.30 Garringer, who, by the way, was new to the bush, said he thought he heard a whistle.

ELY

I remarked that we would have meat for breakfast.

"How do you know?" he asked.

For reply I answered Ely's signal, then stuck my ax into the end of a log and started across the river.

Ely had brought down a fine young buck, and by the time we had brought it into camp, Garringer had supper all ready. So by way of reproof for his lack of faith we made him fry some venison steak, while we started on what was already prepared.

There are more or less hardships connected with trips of this kind, and this turned out one of the times that we had to take medicine. A few days after this both Ely and myself took bad colds, and, from the fact that we were thirty miles from nowhere, we were compelled to prescribe for ourselves. We gathered some lungwort from the maple trees, steeped it, added a little brandy, and began taking our medicine. I improved rapidly, but Ely seemed to grow worse. I think he made his medicine too strong. Garringer had fully recovered from his attack by this time, but as Ely continued to grow worse, and the weather turned cold, threatening to freeze us in, in which case we would be compelled to walk out forty miles, we came to the conclusion that we had better move up the river to the trapper's shack, where we stopped the first two nights; then, if the river did freeze, we would only have to walk four or five miles across the country to Soo Junction. My plan was to take Ely and the deer to Sage, send them home, and then return for Garringer. The next morning I loaded the deer in the boat, bundled Ely up, placed him comfortably in the boat, said good-by to Garringer, and we started for Sage. We made the journey without difficulty, billed the deer, and at 6.42 P. M. Ely boarded the train for home.

The following morning at 6.30 I was ready to make the return trip after Garringer and our outfit. During the night, however, it had turned much colder, and I had gone but a short distance when I struck ice, a strip six or eight rods long. I broke through this with an oar, but went only a short distance when I found more ice. I encountered eighteen or twenty of these patches of ice before I reached the Ta-qua-ma-non. Upon reaching the mouth of the Sage there was clear water down the Ta-qua-ma-non as far as I could see, which was not very far, perhaps a quarter of a mile. I let out a war-whoop, thinking from here on I would have clear sailing. After rounding the first bend, however, I found conditions were really worse on the Ta-qua-ma-non than on the Sage. Nevertheless, I stood up in the boat, put my engine up to full speed, and, rocking the boat to and fro, plowed through the ice for perhaps two and a half miles. I was in sight of the trapper's shanty, making slow progress, when I discovered a stream of water running down from the bow of the boat. This time it was a different kind of whoop, for I knew what that leak meant—the ice had cut through the planking. I got back into the stern of the boat to keep her from filling, and there I sat for perhaps twenty minutes, meditating the predicament of Garringer, 'way down there in the woods thirty miles from nowhere, and myself sitting amidst acres of ice; we certainly were up against the real thing.

I finally came to the conclusion that the best thing for me to do was to return to Sage. I took one of the oars, broke the ice around the boat, so as to enable me to turn around, started the engine, set my pump to working, as she was leaking badly by this time, and started out. The temperature was several degrees below freezing, and so the ice had closed in behind me almost as fast as I passed through it. So I had to break ice all the way back, though it was fortunately not so thick as when I went down. I arrived at Sage at 3.30 P. M., loaded my boat and took the evening train for home.

My one consolation was that Garringer would not starve, as we had left him plenty to eat. Eventually, he would have to hike out forty miles! That was bad. Knowing him as I did, however, I thought he would rather enjoy the adventure.

And he did. What is more, he brought out a fine head with him, and we could no longer call him a tenderfoot.

THE CALL OF THE GEESE

BY G. MURRAY SHEPPARD

"When the corn's in the shock, and the stubbles are bare,
And Old Jack Frost is afloat in the air ;
When Fall's sober tints tell us Winter is nigh,
And dull leaden clouds overshadow the sky ;
While the roaring breeze rolls the dust along
And thro' the trees sings its old, old song—
Then, listen—for sure as there's a day and there's night—
'Tis time for the wild goose's southerly flight !"

OF ALL the feathered creatures chronicled as "game" the pursuit, or, rather, the capture, in a legitimate and sportsmanlike manner, of the wild goose is to any one who has "been there," the most alluring, the most exciting, the most thrilling.

Possibly immediate contact with a grizzly might stir one's heart to more violent action, though I doubt it ; yet, taking into consideration the difference in the danger there can be no comparison. You may laugh at this statement, "difference in danger," but don't you forget that, if you find a goose, and you kill him, and the wind and the goose are in exactly the right place, while you are diametrically in the wrong, and don't quickly get out of the way, you will discover that the initial velocity, combined with the attraction of gravitation, of, say, a twelve-pound body coming down from a height of 100 feet is, to all intents and purposes, as dangerous as the blow of a bear's paw. The difference in the danger is this: that of the bear ceases with his death, whereas it is only then commencing with the goose.

Undoubtedly the reason why one is more eager to pursue and more moved at the satisfactory realization of a well-planned goose hunt is the difficulties and disappointments that almost always go with it. For have not our forefathers, from time immemorial, repeated that old saying, "a wild goose chase," until is is a synonymous term with "striving after the unattainable." If any one ever calls you "a goose," take it for a compliment.

Trusting that the reader is convinced, by this time, of the worthiness of the game, and that the enjoyment increases according to the difficulties overcome, and must be measured, not by the size of the bag, but by how much you outmaneuvered your very worthy adversary, we will proceed to the rules governing the sport. Were it an easy matter to get within 40 yards of these intensely suspicious fowl, it would be no more sport than killing tame geese. But, when you have spent a day or two in earnest and untiring endeavor, only to fail in the end, and *then* some glorious fall sunrise, when from your well-concealed pit you descry a long, thin, undulating line swiftly approaching, sociably honking matutinal discussions, as to the weather, the wind, and the feed, and as the geese draw near and swing at sight of your decoys, growing bigger every moment as they chuckle reassuringly to one another—does your heart beat any faster then? And, as they set their wings and sweep nearer, nearer, and your partner's head pops out as he yells, "Give it to 'em !" and they, with wild cries of alarm, but too late, commence to climb, their big bodies looming up like hay stacks over your gun barrels, ah ! never will you know till then what the word "thrill" really means.

In the Middle West you can take it as an axiom that the neighborhood of the largest lakes is the best ground to find this elusive game. The geese prefer to roost upon such bodies of water as are large enough for them to be out of range, from either shore, flying out to feed, twice a day, as a rule, though sometimes they may stay out all day. There is no rule by which you can even form an opinion as to where they will go or how far it may be. Having found good feed, where they are undisturbed, they are liable to keep on feeding there. If you discover this, there is your golden opportunity, for of all the many and various ways that of shooting from pits over decoys is far the most satisfactory.

Of decoys the tin abomination is the most common, but they are so limber and wabble in such an "ungooselike" way in a breeze, that I prefer to make my decoys with an oval board shaped like the body for a base, with a folding leg to stick in the ground, and a sheet iron upper body, head and neck, made to fold down when not in use, and braced with a triangle of stiff wire from the body board to the head to keep them steady. It is best to paint them with a dull finish, as the reflection of a shiny paint in the sunlight may spoil everything. Place them in as natural a group as possible in a prominent position in the field where the geese have been using.

Dig your pit among the decoys if alone, or place them between you if two are out. Some hunters prefer placing the decoys to windward, as the geese always light up wind, but occasionally they light just out of gunshot beyond the decoys. The pit should be no larger than absolutely necessary, and deep enough for the shooter to be able to crouch below the surface. Gather stubble, if in a stubble field, pulling it up here and there by the roots, and scatter it carefully over the dirt you have thrown up, placing a fringe of stubble and weeds all round the rim, facing inward, so that there is just about room for your head to project through the center. Put some straws in your hat, which, with your coat, should harmonize with the dead grass color of the fields in autumn. Wherever your pit is, imitate the surroundings as much as possible. Don't be content with half a pit; devote all your spare time to perfecting your blind. It is time well spent, and keeps you from becoming uneasy. Have patience, if the geese are Canadas; don't give up too soon. They are not, as a rule, early risers, and more than once the writer has left his plant in disgust and then watched, from afar, the geese lighting around his abandoned pits.

Once three of us had been laying for a bunch on millet stubble, dotted with small stacks. The ground was frozen, so we dug into two of the stacks and placed the decoys between. We waited patiently, though nearly freezing, till 8.30 A. M. It then commenced to snow, and having about given up hope we started to run about to get warm, becoming more careless as time slipped by. We got a considerable distance from our blind, when all at once, from the opposite direction from whence we were expecting them, through the blinding snow there came the loud cries of a big flock. I managed to gain cover, but the other fellows dove for a closer stack and began to dig. Immediately these fellows threw a veritable cyclone of hay into the air, and so desperately busy were they that they never stopped until about sixty old honkers burst through the rift upon a sight that would have scared a flock of tame goslings. And after it was all over it was found that they had both left their guns in their original blind!

The smaller geese, particularly the white-fronted goose (*Anser albifrons*), come in to feed much earlier, often before daybreak, and really the only safe way is to be on deck before it is light and to wait patiently, considerably longer than you wish to.

Where geese are plentiful, flock after flock may come, giving barely time to round up the cripples between times, so you must keep your weather eye open all the time and bolt for cover like gophers upon the sight of a distant string. If it be snow geese you are after, a lot of old newspapers, fifty or sixty of them looped up on the ground, with a chunk of dirt on each side to keep them down, is a good way to draw them within range and sometimes the black fellows will swing your way, too, as these white patches can be seen a long way off.

Now a word as to "calling." A good "caller" certainly can attract their attention sometimes, and a live goose or two is a splendid addition to one's outfit. But a tyro may often do more harm than good, giving what is really a cry of alarm, or, worse, a noise no more like a welcoming chuckle than the laugh of a hyena. The human voice can be used, by an apt mimic, better than any call I ever heard, but it requires practice and careful study from nature. Once, years ago, I actually criticised a goose. Two of us were out with decoys, on a balmy day in the fall. We had grown discouraged and thoughts of my pipe came to me. With my loaded gun across my lap I was in the act of filling my briar when the most wheezy, cracked "Ah-unk" I ever heard broke the silence ; it sounded as if some one were trying to use a call that was all split up and wound with paper.

"By Jove, Billy!" I exclaimed, "if I couldn't call better than that, I'd"—— Just then I felt something fanning my ears, and looking up, here were two whopping old Canadas within five feet of my head, putting in their best licks to get away! No, I did not get them. I did not even shoot; it completely paralyzed me.

Sometimes flyway shooting is possible on windy days. If the geese have been feeding in one direction for some time and a strong wind has raised, which will be against their return, the opportunity should not be missed to conceal yourself somewhere along their line of flight, not too close to the lake. They will fly low against a high wind, and it is good fun to jump up on them as they come over. They will then try to climb, but the wind will hold them over you long enough for you to get in both barrels. Note also that if the geese be flying with the wind, you should show yourself at forty yards, as they have to drift over in spite of themselves.

A very exciting way of approaching a flock you have spotted accidentally is to gallop down wind on them in a buggy. They have to face the wind to rise and as that is the direction you are coming from they become rattled and fear to get up until too late and you are in range. But this ruse is not often successful. When it is, it gives you a few moments to be remembered a lifetime, as I once heard it described, "Bounding horses, bouncing buggy, bellowing driver and bewildered geese, bumpily bombarded by breechloaders belching buckshot."

Laying for geese on the ice when they come in at night is unsportsmanlike and tends to drive them out of the country. Added to this the danger of breaking through and drowning, being shot at from the shore or dying of pneumonia, has caused the writer to cut this method out.

He who gets a goose by stalking is a man of parts and deserves all he gets. Never is there an instant but several heads are up, and if all the heads come up at once, look out—they are ready to go. Crawling like a snake, using every unequality, pushing a tumbleweed or Russian thistle in front of you, getting cramps in both legs and the pit of your stomach, plugging your gun barrels with mud at a critical moment, ducking suddenly to hide and getting a sharp stubble up your nose and thereby being simply *obliged* to sneeze, are some of the enjoyable by-products of a good stalk. If you get a goose they add an additional zest, and if you don't you have something to remember the stalk by.

My favorite load for geese is No. 1 chilled, propelled by all the powder your gun will shoot satisfactorily. B B's may occasionally reach farther, but their chances of hitting are correspondingly less. Smaller shot for close range are even better; at forty yards sixes lodged in the neck are fatal enough, but for an all-round load at all distances No. 1 is the best. If you are a good rifle shot by all means take a rifle along, as one often gets a chance for a long range shot where it is impossible to get within shotgun range.

There are dozens of other tricks and turns to be played upon occasion, but this article has already overflowed its banks to such an extent that methinks the editor will have to cut off the tail feathers. So, in conclusion, I will say, in the words of my old-time friend, Jack Holloway, "A goose, gentlemen, a wild goose, ought a be th' American eagle!"

THE WAY OF THE WARDEN

With Some Observations on the Quasi-Sportsmanship Which Aggravates Its Hardships

BY EDWARD CAVE

THE purpose of this article shall be to vindicate the game warden. And lest I be accused of drawing extravagant inferences, I want it distinctly understood at the outset that I defend the game warden for the cause for which he labors, not because he is the "under dog." Furthermore, and that the casual reader may be not tempted to turn over the page and pass the article by as being dull, I promise before I am through to let the warden speak for himself. I will even step down in favor of him at once. Read this from a gentleman of West Virginia:

> I have observed from time to time in———— quite severe, and, as far as I am concerned, unjust criticism of our State Game Warden. I presume the charges have foundation, as no one would venture or care to say that "The State Game Warden of West Virginia would permit the killing out of season under his very nose the last quail in the State" unless he had ground for saying so.
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> But, Mr. Editor, it is so easy to see the wrong, but so difficult to find one who knows the remedy.
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> The game laws of West Virginia are ample, but *what game warden, unaided by the people, can execute any law?* As long as the public "has not time," or does not wish to engender ill-will by giving information, the game warden is powerless to prevent violation of the game laws.
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> Mr. ————, in March ————, claims to be a resident of West Virginia, and makes a noble appeal to his fellow sportsmen of West Virginia "to help run down the game rogues . . . , and do all in your power to save the quail." But what does he do himself? "I am a resident of West Virginia," he writes, "but as my business requires my presence in other localities at divers times, it is a very difficult matter for me, alone, to give the attention it deserves." Why not give what attention he can? He reminds me of the story of the captain who was ordered to a certain point of an army's line, where an attack from the enemy was expected, to hold that point as long as he could with safety in order to conceal a flanking movement, and who stationed his men as ordered and addressed them thus: "Boys, the colonel says we must hold this place. Shoot till the last shot is gone and then run like h—l. I am lame; I will start now."
>
> If Bob White is to stay with us, we must not have any lame captains. Each one must do something, however little.
>
> As to what has been done in this county: I was induced by the members of our gun club to accept the appointment of deputy game warden. I was promptly appointed by the Governor through the State Game Warden; and asking for them, obtained appointments for five other deputies in the county. Of the five, only two could be induced to serve, although they at first consented and were urged to by their neighbors.
>
> During the season past, we have made eight arrests and convicted and fined them all. Not in a single instance, however, was any evidence given by the citizens. Each was a case of *flagrante delicto*, and the burden of proof was on the warden.
>
> The objection to serving as warden or giving information as a witness, I found to be fear of damage to business or property and danger to life, or, in other words, a case of the lame captain.
>
> In each case, I have turned over to the sheriff and his deputies the fines, and offered any citizen who would testify against an offender the same, but without a single result so far.
>
> But the number of arrests does not represent the good we have done. We have made an impression, and it is realized throughout the county that arrests will be made, and that one bobwhite is not worth $35 and costs.

This warden's answer to the reply to the foregoing letter was as follows:

> Yours of 24th received. I am glad my letter interested you. I write to ask you not to make the mistake of supposing that I am a native of West Virginia. My business is here—hence my misfortune.
>
> There are worse things here than the game laws. Politics is rotten and "graft" is rampant. I have an income from my business of over $6,000 per year, but I am so disgusted with the way things are run here that I am accepting all the positions that the grafters despise, in order to work in and try to do some good. I think I am making progress, but it is slow. I believe I shall be able to write a book when I am through.
>
> I will gladly answer your questions and accept any help you may give us. I may add that I don't know the State Game Warden by sight and perhaps never shall. I only wanted to give the Devil his due.

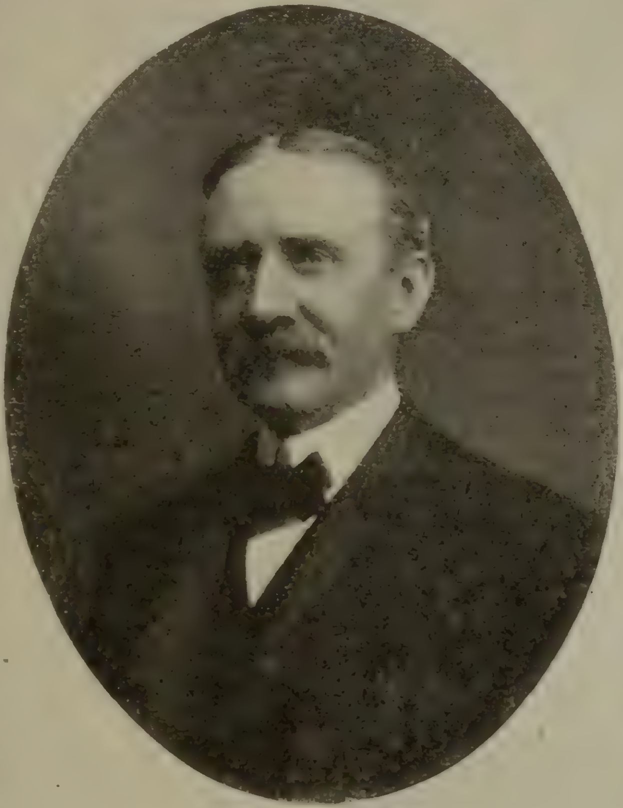
There spoke a sincere man, the kind of game warden this article aims to help. The work of one sincere warden laboring against the worst of conditions, however, could not serve as an example of the good that comes of clean, honest and unswerving protection by a corps of picked wardens of the game and fish of any particular commonwealth. It was necessary, for an example, to go where the game and fish were recognized as being one of the principal natural resources of the country, and as such carefully conserved; and furthermore, it was important that the example of efficient protection should have no taint of graft or of having a "diplomatic administration." And so I went to Vermont—to Vermont in spite of the fact that the Vermont Fish and Game League is the strongest *political* organization in the State. For the office of the State Commissioner of Fisheries and Game was filled by just such another man as our deputy warden of West Virginia—and the politicians wisely left him alone.

A visitor to the office of State Commissioner of Fisheries and Game Henry G. Thomas, at Stowe, Vt., is first impressed of what sincerity and enthusiasm can accomplish in the face of nonsupport and opposition. More real business, the business for which the office is maintained, is transacted there over one desk than the people of the State will ever realize. And when it is said that the total appropriation for the work of protecting the State's game and fish, and for running the State fish hatchery (no more successfully managed hatchery exists anywhere) is but a paltry $5,000, a sixth of what it should be, the reason for the Commissioner's being left to his own devices by the politicians is almost apparent.

Since the office of the Game and Fish Commissioner is not made use of politically (an impossibility so long as the present incumbent remains in office), and since this particular commissioner is indeed a man of parts, some very good stories may be unearthed in the records of the office. For example: The Commissioner decided upon the appointment of a certain man as warden of a certain county, despite the fact that the political boss of that particular county, who was also president of the county game and fish "protective" association, vigorously opposed the appointment. Then, in contempt of the newly appointed warden and of the law against hunting on Sunday, the politician, the first Sunday afterward, took his gun and dog and went out for grouse. But it so happened that the new warden was well chosen, and the arrest of the boss of the county quickly followed; and as he was "caught with the goods" there was no alternative but he should be fined and disgraced. The Commissioner not only backed up his warden at every turn of the uproar the incident stirred up, but he went further and compelled the resignation of the politician of the presidency of the county game and fish protective association. The politicians sidestep the Commissioner of Fisheries and Game; yes, indeed!

I might relate many stories of the kind that I found on the records of the Commissioner's office. I might retell many things about him, his life and his work, that were told me by his wardens and by men who have watched his career, but Mr. Thomas is not looking for hero worship nor does he need it. He is a man who has been out into the world, who returned to the old Green Mountain State as his home, sweet home, when active business life in the West lost its charm for him, and now, as the crowning work of his life, he is bringing back to the people of Vermont—helping them in spite of themselves—one of the chief resources of their State, the game and fish.

Some of the experiences of different county wardens under Mr. Thomas would also make interesting reading. For although the State votes for game and fish protection, there are abundant persons who openly oppose the game wardens who are employed to enforce the law—they are anxious that there should be a law to stop the other fellow from shooting or fishing to excess, but hate the warden most fervently if he is watchful of them. I might tell of the extremely difficult work these county wardens accomplish—for $2 per day, *while they work;* might cite instances of their most bitter opposition by reputed "sportsmen"; I might tell how Justice has been tricked time without end, how State's attorneys have deliberately and flagrantly denied the game warden and "sold him out" after he had worked for months, much of the time without pay, to collect sufficient evidence to insure a conviction; I might tell how the newspapers often, in direct opposition to the best interests of the people of the State, have denounced the wardens and their work; how these faithful workers have been boycotted and discredited, and still manfully kept on. But it would avail them nothing. To tell how various offenders wiggled out of the clutches of the law would but open up the way for others. And anyway, like their Commissioner, the wardens don't court the limelight.



HENRY G. THOMAS

Vermont's Commissioner of Fisheries and Game; the father, and a lonely apostle, of real fish and game protection in the State

But I have lived with the Vermont game wardens, have slept in their houses and tramped the mountains with them, and I know them worthy. And what is more, I know the true spirit of camaraderie that holds them loyal to each other, the spirit that has made one warden offer to contribute his share to help pay the fine of a brother warden who had been convicted, on a technicality, of an infraction of the law, in an endeavor to get him out of office. The illustrations which accompany this article are published, not to add to the notoriety of the men pictured, but to show the type that makes good wardens; I am unable to show pictures of three others that I should like to; these are B. M. Newton, of Windsor County; C. S. Parker, of Orleans County; and N. P. Leach, of Franklin County.

Following are extracts from letters received from these eight wardens:

Yours of the 7th inst. at hand. Apropos of what we were discussing, I enclose you an editorial clipping from the local press. Now, what chance has a warden to enforce the laws when the local press is thus working up sentiment against their enforcement? More violations are committed on Sunday than all the other six days of the week together, and yet how could an honest warden go out Sunday and arrest an Italian for shooting robins; at the same time passing over several cases of men hunting and shooting legitimate game on Sunday? Again, if we don't go after them on Sunday the law affords no protection. It is either Sunday and protection, or no enforcement of any of the laws with me. But, well you know, enforcing the Sunday law against public sentiment breeds contempt for all the game laws, and the man who dares to attempt it is looked upon more in the light of a public nuisance to be abated than as a benefactor.

* * *

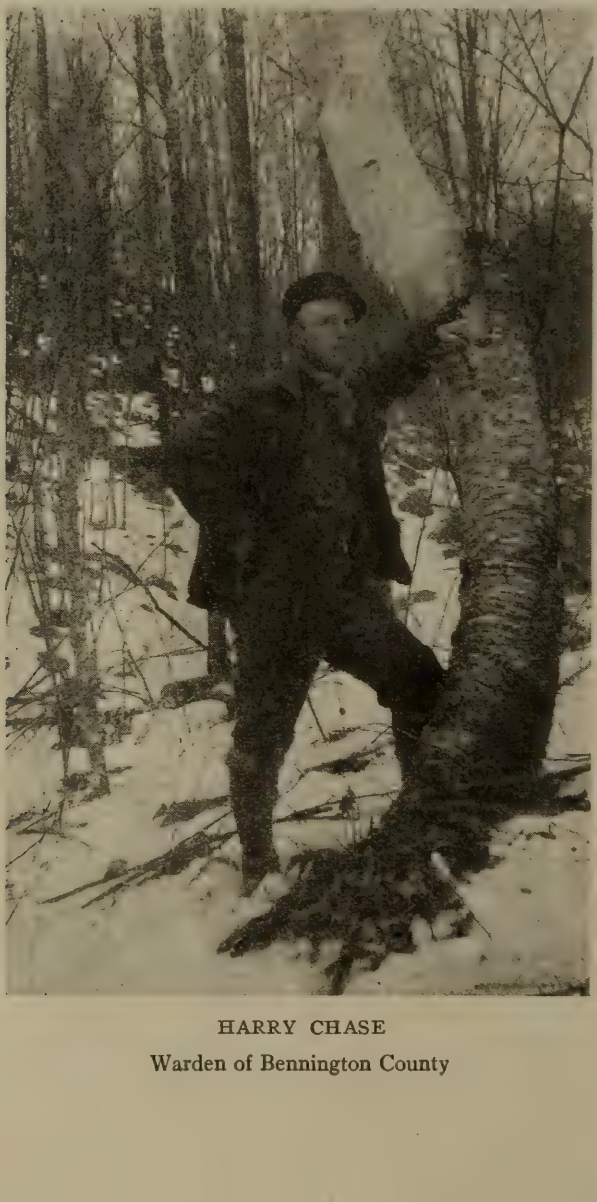
My greatest difficulty has been with the class of people who keep dogs that chase deer, also those who kill deer out of season.

I think the popular sentiment is in favor of my work and is growing more so every day, but I do not realize much help from local sportsmen.

The State should appropriate more money and require the county wardens to devote most of their time to the work, looking after the fish and game, and bring to justice all lawbreakers.

I should recommend a small license for resident hunters of deer, for unless we do this the nonresident license will not be effective.

The hardest job I have had as warden was last winter when hounds chased a doe into a wire fence here in the village and caught it in the presence of three or four persons and had eaten up nearly one hind quarter before they could be driven off. All these people knew whose dogs they were, but would not admit anything that would lead to the conviction of the guilty party. The suspected party was not arrested, as the witnesses banded together and swore that the dogs did not belong to this party.



HARRY CHASE
Warden of Bennington County

I believe implicitly in fish and game as assets to the State, and think the organization of fish and game leagues a good thing in every county, and all good and true sportsmen should join these leagues or associations and cooperate in the protection of all fish and game and also in the enforcement of the laws.

* * *

I find it very difficult to protect deer during closed season, it not being unusual to find a man hunting during closed season with a repeating rifle, and when you inquire for what purpose he carries it his reply is always: "I am hunting woodchucks."

Another difficulty which I have encountered is the illegal use of set-lines, and it is very difficult to catch these offenders, as they operate in the night and not two nights in succession; so that it means a great deal of hard work to finally land them. Another difficulty is the illegal use of more than two tended lines in fishing. And moreover, it is not the poorer or middle class of people that give the most trouble or break the fish and game laws most often, but it is the wealthy and well-to-do that seem to think they have a special privilege to take the fish and game of the State by whatever means they may see fit.

From my observation and experience as a warden I consider the popular sentiment to be opposed to the enforcement of the game laws, and it is nearly an impossibility to get men to testify in prosecutions against offenders, even if they were eyewitnesses to the offense. I might say that the sentiment in the town of ———, where there is a fish and game club of about one hundred members, is in favor of the enforcement of the laws, and from this club I get more help than from any other source.

The thing that is most needed in the enforcement of the fish and game laws is sufficient men who will accept the appointment for deputy wardens from a sense of duty to see the laws enforced, men that you can rely upon. I have found it very hard to get proper men to accept these appointments. With the right kind of men as wardens, and then carry out the law to the letter, it would not be long before illegal hunting and fishing would cease; if not entirely, to such an extent that offenders could be quickly brought to justice.

The law relative to the minimum length rainbow trout can be legally taken should be changed, making the legal length of steelhead trout and rainbow trout uniform. A general law, if it could be passed, prohibiting the running of sawdust into any stream inhabited by trout would much facilitate the stocking of our streams and promote the growth of fish therein.

I believe in fish and game as an asset of the commonwealth and it must be through the efforts of true sportsmen that the people are convinced that the wardens are engaged in a good work.

* * *

As long as the State Fish and Game League's Committee on New Game existed, I was the chairman of that committee, with such gentlemen as Dr. Webb, the late Gen. Ripley, etc,, as members of that committee.

I have imported and released here capercailzie, black-cock, and have bred Mongolian pheasants, brought in quail, sharp-tail grouse, etc. All of this has cost money and time, which, however, I do not regret, as it has helped to work up a healthy sentiment toward fish and game propagation and protection.

There are several improvements that should be made in our fish and game laws, and we shall make a big effort this coming session. Encourage the boys to shoot at artificial targets and to use the camera, and it will help to preserve our game.

What is most needed for the good of the cause in northern Vermont, first, is to close the small brooks for five years, as it is very hard to watch them all and keep people from catching small trout; it would be a great help toward stocking our ponds if the brooks could be closed. Secondly, that all men acting as guides should be licensed and also American citizens. We are close to the border and a great many French guides come over for the summer, and they are a class of people that have little or no interest in the welfare of the State and pay no taxes.

The hardest job in wardening is, first, to protect small streams. Second, to prevent "crusting" deer. Third, in watching the salt licks, as there are more or less of them, and it is there the most deer are killed out of season.

WM. E. MACK
Warden of Windsor County

As for improvement of the game laws, as I have mentioned before, I think the trout law should be amended to close all brooks; then if we catch a man there with his fishrod and basket we will know just what to do. My only other suggestion would be, in the northern part of our State to give a longer open season for deer. Canada has three months, and New Hampshire two months, and an extension of the present open season would leave a far better feeling among all good citizens in regard to protecting our deer. Now they look at it that they do not have a fair chance and they are more inclined to protect poachers than they are to help convict them. My experience has been that all jurymen claim our deer hunters do not have a fair chance with their neighbors, as so short a season only makes Vermont a breeding ground for Canada and New Hampshire.

In regard to the sentiment of the majority of the public, I think I have already convinced them I am engaged in a good work.

* * *

The popular sentiment is divided with reference to the "six-inch trout law," and the law in relation to "dogs running at large in forests inhabited by deer," but in general public sympathy is mine with reference to my work. I receive valuable assistance from local sportsmen.

I believe a revision of the fish and game laws, with proper amendments, and a more thorough knowledge on the part of the public

CLARK RICH
Warden of Essex County

in general, with reference to the work we are doing, is necessary to the well-being of the cause in this State.

I do believe that fish and game are an asset of the State, both directly and indirectly, and I think the best way to convince the public that our cause is worthy of their support is through the medium of the press.

The way of the warden—aye, a hard way it is. Not that they are wont to complain; but it is not pleasant to see a good man, naturally sunny dispositioned and brave, embittered by his work. I have left out the bitterness from the letters that precede the present lines, but it was there in every one. It is not counted to improve a man's philosophy of life to engage in watching the wrongdoings of others, and such work is the less inspiring when the very ones who, according to all laws of honor and common decency should never be found erring, are the very ones that give the most trouble. The letters are given simply to show the sincerity of the men who wrote them.

None the less inspiring is it to go through the records of the office of a game commissioner, such as Vermont has; for such an undertaking reveals many contradictions of the accepted principles of sportsmanship. One finds the game laws are continually assailed by prominent "sportsmen" and test cases made and lost by obliging State's attorneys, to the confusion of the game commissioner and his wardens. One finds instances where a whole community, headed by its representative "sportsmen," abetted by the press, has faced down the game warden, even though, on the face of it, there could never have been any question of his being in the right. One comes across records of the most cold-blooded conspiracies to get good wardens out of office for no other reason than that they did their duty. One finds records of the most flagrant perjury on the part of witnesses; the bribery of juries, and even cases where offenders, punished, have sought to "get even with the State" by trumping up charges for damages, backing them with a sheaf of false affidavits. But when, having seen all these things, one is comforted by the knowledge that the law has not lacked a valiant champion in the game commissioner; when one goes out among the wardens and finds them, as I found the wardens of Vermont, to a man declaring that their inspiration lies in the fact that their commissioner is absolutely impartial and demands that the majesty of the law be upheld, be popular sentiment what it will, one is well repaid. The contact with that rugged honesty which permeates the system, radiated from the commissioner's desk, is reassuring, and one even ventures to recall the humorous sidelights of the investigation.

One amusing case I unearthed in Commissioner Thomas's files was a claim for $50 for alleged damages to apple trees by the deer. The Commissioner sent a warden to secretly investigate the claim, and the warden reported finding a made salt lick, and arranged around it on sharpened sticks were some two or three dozen red apples; more apples were offered impaled on the sharpened ends of the lower branches of a solitary apple tree near by—a tree that boasted a few small *green* apples high in its topmost branches. There were deer tracks thereabout. Then the Commissioner called in the aid of a trusted acquaintance who lived in the vicinity of the man who wanted damages. He was asked if he knew any of the persons who had made affidavit that the deer had taken the complainant's apples, and replied that none of them lived in the neighborhood. The claim was pigeonholed. Then, after a month or so, came a letter from the complainant, in which he said, "You haven't investigated my claim, but if I can get any paris green in Vermont it won't be necessary." The Commissioner's reply was brief and to the point, and so far no deer were reported dead from paris green poisoning.

These trumped-up claims have grown out of the fact that, some three years ago, Mr. M. E. Wheeler, a sportsman of Rutland, Vt., and a member of the State Fish and Game League, gave Commissioner Thomas $1,000 as a fund from which to pay claims for damages done to crops by the deer. All claims have been carefully investigated, and where they were found just were promptly paid, yet up to June 30 last but $244.25 of the fund had been required. Mr. Wheeler promised to give another thousand when the first should be expended. And still there are persons in Vermont who are clamoring for a State appropriation for the reimbursement of persons who have their crops damaged by the deer.

Another amusing claim for damages was one by a man who made affidavit that, during the months of August and September, the deer destroyed his entire crop of beans, the net loss being $100. The warden who was sent to examine the claim took the complainant out to his bean patch (there had never been more than $10 worth of beans on the place) and showed him that woodchucks, not deer, were eating the beans.

A claim for damage to corn, on being examined, the damage was traced to one big early Durham heifer (she made the "buck's" tracks) and two late calves (the "does"). Another claim for damage to corn was traced to muskrats, they having cut the corn ten inches high.

CHAUNCEY P. HAZEN

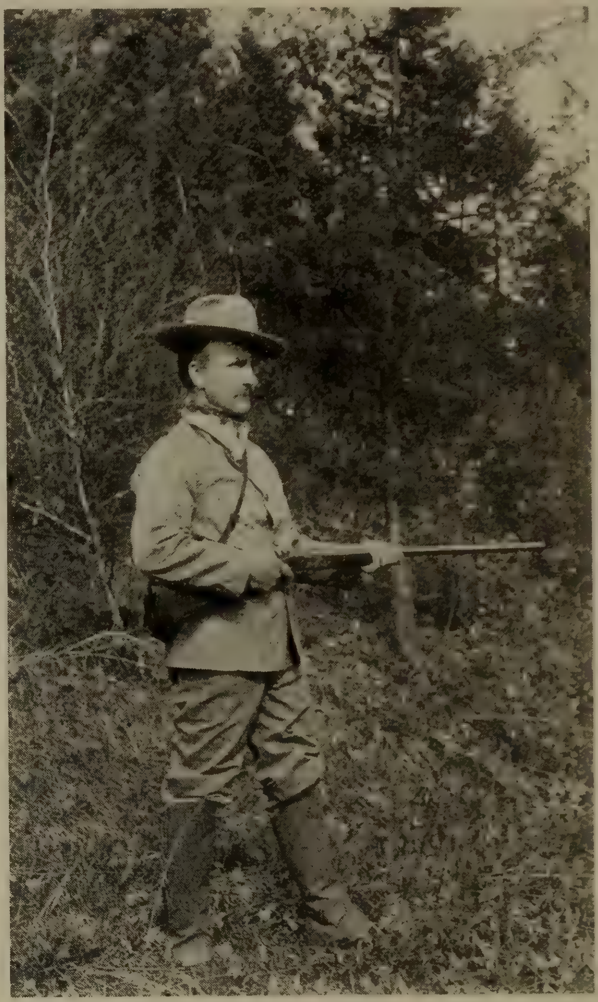
Warden of Grand Isle County

As a matter of fact, the Vermont deer do very little damage to growing crops or garden truck. They will nip the tops off of beets, taking a leaf here and there, and they have been known to eat Hubbard squash, but as for their doing serious damage, it is safe to say it occurs very rarely. The trouble is there is an element of shortsighted farmers in Vermont, as there are in other New England States, who would like to see an amendment to the deer law permitting a farmer to kill any deer found "destroying his crops"—when, it goes without saying, the damage to crops would immediately become enormous. This element would kill off all the game, fish out all the game fish, and then bewail their lot in having none left. A very decided majority of the farmers in the State of Vermont are dependent, either directly or indirectly, upon summer boarders for much of their revenue, and yet they would kill off the last of the game animals and birds, and the game fish, which are the chief attractions they have to offer to people in the cities. They would take no heed of the logical and disastrous outcome of their prodigality, until it should be too late, and then they would denounce some indefinite and entirely innocent agency for robbing them of their birthright.

I might hold forth at great length on the folly of these unenlightened folk who are opposed to the game laws, thinking them of benefit only to city sportsmen; I might relate countless stories to the shame of the vaunted "sportsmen" who seek to intimidate the game wardens through their political power and by enlisting the aid of jaybird newspaper writers, who, in turn, with a view to reaping popular favor, become the most pernicious opponents of law and order. But to what end? Read this from the Millheim (Pa.) *Journal:*

"The game and fish laws only benefit one class of people, and that is those from a distance and them that don't need to work. The poor is cut out and so is the farmer boy. When the season opens the farmer boys have to take up the plow instead of the fish-rod and that lets the field to those who don't work, and when the hunting season opens the farmer boys have to take in the corn and do their fall work, so they are cut out altogether and still have to pay the heavy tax."

I have been a poor farmer's boy, and I have worked on country newspapers and I can truthfully say there is no excuse for such rot as the foregoing.



J. BERTON PIKE

Warden of Washington County

I shall not offer any opinions as to needed amendments and revisions of the Vermont game and fish laws; Commissioner Thomas knows what is wanted, and it only is necessary that the people of the State give him the support he deserves. If the soundness of Mr. Thomas's policy is questioned, then I invite the reading of the following, from Mr. S. F. Fullerton, Executive Agent of the State of Minnesota Board of Game and Fish Commissioners:

> You ask my views as to what is most needed in Minnesota. First, we need larger appropriations to carry on the work and extend the game wardens system; then we need education for the masses of the people in our State. You know that if we do not have public opinion back of us we cannot enforce any law, no matter how much money we have. We have been trying that for the last fifteen years, gradually working up to it, and I am glad to say things look bright in Minnesota for the future of game and fish protection. Of course, there are a great many improvements that we can make, but just glance at the laws that we have on our statute books and you will see that we have made rapid progress along that line anyhow.
>
> First, we have abolished spring shooting; second, we have abolished the sale of game animals, birds and game fish; third, we have stopped the cold storage of all game, which, in my estimation, is the greatest evil that any State can have to contend with to-day. We have the bag limit so small that it is not profitable for the market hunter or fisherman to ply his trade; it is large enough for any

sportsman who is not a game hog—fifteen birds each day and twenty-five fish, and no one can have in possession at any time in excess of fifty ducks, geese, brant, or any or all of the same combined, or forty-five of the upland birds, such as prairie chicken, quail, etc. Now, you will see by the laws we have that we are on the right track.

We have in addition to this made a good start toward the game wardens system, that is, I mean salaried wardens; any other kind is a snare and a delusion. We aim to teach the wardens that they must enforce the law regardless of who the party is that violates it; whether it be the governor of the State or the humblest citizen, all must be treated alike, and that is the only way to enforce it.

We have been trying to divorce politics entirely from the work, because, in my estimation, the moment politics steps in efficiency steps out and stays out. I claim that Minnesota's game and fish are one of the biggest assets that the people have to-day. Of course, we cannot begin to get every one to believe that, but we have ten thousand lakes in our State nearly all filled with the choicest fish. We have moose and deer in abundance and they can never be exterminated with proper protection.

It has been an easy matter always in Minnesota in regard to our fish. We can propagate them in our hatchery and keep up the supply, but the feathered game question was different. I am glad to say, however, that I believe we have solved the problem in regard to the ring-neck pheasants. We are raising them, and while the matter is only in its infancy, I believe they are the coming bird for our State. Quail we have in abundance, except in some localities where they were drowned out last year by wet weather, but we have supplied those localities with quail from the South, and this year promises to be an exceptionally good year for all kind of game in our State. The prairie chickens, of course, as civilization advances, we expect to disappear, but we have splendid shooting in our State at present and hope to have for years to come, although nothing like what it was in the old days.

And as to artificial propagation of fish and game for the market, read this from Game Warden H. Rief, of Seattle, Wash.:

Yours of the 7th inst. at hand in reference to the marking of trout from private hatcheries. We have decided on a tag something after the order of a paper fastener, which is to be punched through the fish's tail when it is placed on the market. This tag bears an inscription which is registered and can be used by no other concern. It stays on the tail of the fish until after it is cooked.

I quite agree with you that the commercial trout industry is far reaching, as this way of propagating and raising practically puts a stop to the poacher, and we find the sportsmen of this State much in favor of private hatcheries.

I trust that some day the game situation will be treated throughout this way. If Chinese pheasants can be raised like chickens, why not place them on the market, if they are generally tagged so that they can be identified by the officials when they are in the ice box or the frying pan, as the case may be. A great deal has come forth in reference to the propagating of Chinese pheasants in captivity. At least one concern has purchased some 5,000 acres of logged off land for the purpose of raising game birds. This has been brought to my attention by several of the promoters, who brought forth the argument that it will have a tendency to stop the marketing of wild game and put the poachers out of business, as they claim that no restaurant or hotel man will take the chances of handling illegal game.

While we have the greatest game State in the Union, our game has been sadly neglected, and up to six years ago it was almost a crime for a man to speak of game protection, at least that was the sentiment, but to-day the conditions have changed. Since my first taking office as game warden six years ago, I have secured something like 600 convictions in Kings County alone, as well as a great many others in outside counties.

The Hunter's License Act at first seemed to meet with disapproval, but to-day it is fairly well supported.

Let the people of Vermont, and of every other State or Territory in the Union, take a saner interest in the work of the game warden. Let them not lose sight of the fact that the game and fish of the commonwealth constitute one of its most important assets, and as such they must be properly conserved. And to the end that the work shall be well administered, let them follow the plan of Mr. Thomas and Mr. Fullerton, of divorcing politics from game and fish protection. Let the way of the game warden be made not so hard for him; rather let him be encouraged and aided to do his work fearlessly and "with malice toward none." His is not a pleasant nor an easy vocation at best, though an honest and useful one; let not the honor he deserves be withheld.

A FALL-OUT WITH A GRIZZLY

One of the Unexpected Kind, That Makes Trouble

BY L. C. ROGERS

I WAS working in the Tarryall placer gold diggings of South Park, Colo., that summer, and the last week in August I made arrangements to go with a market hunter named Ward—familiarly known as "Buckskin Joe"—to the head waters of the Arkansas River, on a hunt.

We hired a yoke of oxen and a light covered wagon from the hotel keeper, engaged his two boys to go along to tend camp and look after the oxen, and on the morning of September 1 we pulled out into the park and turned south as far as California Gulch, and followed this up as far as Twin Lakes, where we made our permanent camp.

On the morning of September 21 we broke camp and started back to Tarryall, calculating to sell our deer meat to the several mining camps on the way. But when we got down to Herriman's ranch, two miles below our camp, he told us that a government train of fifty wagons, on its way to the Red Mountains to give the Ute Indians their annual donations, would camp at his ranch that night, and he thought we might sell some of our meat to them, as there were fifty soldiers escorting the train, making over one hundred men.

This was just what we wanted, and we went into camp and waited for the train, which made its appearance about dark. To our agreeable surprise, the soldiers took every pound of meat we had, at twenty cents a pound, and would have taken as much more.

We did not wish to go back to Tarryall empty handed, so we went back to our camp to hunt a few days longer, and as we had not secured any mountain sheep, Joe proposed that we take our dinner with us the next day and make an all-day trip of it to timber-line, where we would be more apt to find these timid animals.

We started early in the morning and climbed the mountain until we arrived near the timber-line, close to the head of the Arkansas River, which ran through a deep gorge fully 200 feet below the ledge of rock on which we stood.

A small rivulet trickled out of the cliff near by, and Joe proposed that we rest awhile and eat our lunch. To this I agreed, and we spread the food out on a shelf of the ledge, which also served us for a seat, and began eating. Joe was just telling me of an adventure he once had with some Indians in Arizona, when a band of mountain sheep came into sight on the other side of the gorge; but they as suddenly disappeared behind a large rock. We both sprang to our feet, with our guns ready, should they appear again from behind the rock. In a moment an old ram appeared on top of the rock, where he was clearly outlined against the sky.

"Now, Lon, there's the chance of your life" said Joe. "You take him, for I think I see another at the base of the rock, and when I count three, fire."

I took careful aim at the ram, and at the word "Three" we fired simultaneously. At the report, the old ram I had fired at pitched headlong from the rock, but seemed to bound into a bunch of scrub cedars and we couldn't see whether he stayed there or was with the band, which skurried over a ridge higher up and disappeared on the other side.

"I don't know whether I hit the one I aimed at or not," said Joe, "but I believe you have got the old fellow all right, and as he was their leader, they may take a notion to come back. But if they do they will be awfully shy, and I will have to resort to some of my best Indian tactics to get in range of them. I'll go up here a short way and cross the gorge, while you go below, and we'll meet at the rock."

I must have gone down the gorge a-quarter of a mile before I could find a place to cross, as the sides were rough and rugged, with sharp-pointed rocks which made it a difficult matter to find secure footing. Finally I found a good place, where I crossed without much trouble, and I had just reached the top of the gorge on the other side when I heard the report of Joe's gun. But it was farther south than the direction of the gorge, which made me think he had stalked the band of sheep.

As he had said we would meet at the rock, I started in that direction, and I had gone about halfway when I heard his "Halloo." The call came from the same direction as the report of his shot had come. I answered, and turned that way, and as I topped the ridge that formed the outer edge of the gorge, I saw quite a grove of spruce trees at the head of a gulch that ran down to the southeast. I could see nothing of Joe, so I called out to him. His answer came back:

"Look out, Lon! Be careful; I'm treed by a wounded grizzly."

Joe had told me of the fury of a wounded grizzly, and his warning completely paralyzed me with fear; for a few minutes I was incapable of thought or action. My first impulse was to turn and flee. But the next moment I realized that I must help Joe.

For a few moments I exerted all my faculties to decide upon the best way to get near Joe without being discovered by the bear. The first thought that came to my aid was that the wind was blowing down the gorge, and there was not so much danger of the bear scenting my approach, and he would not be so apt to hear me. These thoughts so cheered me that I began to lose some of the great fear that had taken possession of me, and I cautiously crept through the brush toward the direction from which Joe's warning had come.

I got over the ridge and entered the grove without seeing either Joe or the bear, but seeing a break in the ground to the left, I carefully moved toward that, and saw it was the edge of the gulch. My thoughts went wool-gathering again, and I found myself fingering a frayed buttonhole of my coat and gazing about me, open mouthed. I thought to call out to Joe again, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and I realized I was scared almost out of my wits. I leaned against a tree and tried to brace up and think what other men would do in my place? But in a moment Joe's voice rang out sharply:

"Climb a tree, and hang onto your gun! Be quick, for the bear has discovered you."

I needed no second warning, and made amazing time going up the very tree I had been leaning against, which was a small one and easy for me to climb. But I made a sad mistake that I did not take more time and climb a larger one.

When I got into the tree, I saw Joe up another tree, but his gun was on the ground. The bear was about half way between him and me, and when it saw that I also was up a tree it was undecided which way to go. It was a most ferocious-looking beast, but my fear of it, now that it was in sight, was not nearly so great as had been the knowledge of its presence without seeing it.

"Now, Lon," called Joe, cheerily, "take careful aim at him behind the shoulder, and be sure to hang onto the tree; for if you don't use him up pretty bad he will make a rush for your tree, and you don't want to let him shake you down."

I put my left arm around the main stem of the tree, and, resting my old Sharp's rifle over a limb, I aimed at the grizzly's big body and fired. But the heavy bullet seemed only to make it more furious, and, as Joe said, it made a rush for me. When it reached the tree it reared up on its hind legs and threw its great bulk against it, which gave it such a shock that in spite of my desperate efforts to hang on, my hold was broken. I fell within a yard of the edge of the gulch, and still held to my rifle. But before I could make a move to get away, the bear was almost upon me, and seeing there was no escape I made a desperate lunge at his mouth with the muzzle of my Sharp's, but he was too quick for me, and made such a rapid motion with one of his paws I could hardly see it—but I felt it!

The grizzly struck me a whack on the shoulder that turned me in a complete somerset into the gulch; but I lit on my feet on a ledge some ten feet below and saved myself from going over into the gorge by grasping a bush. My gun went clear over, however, and I heard it crash on the rocks below.

I glanced back and saw that the bear was coming down after me, and as I sprang up with the intention of keeping out of his clutches as long as possible, the sharp, sickening pain that shot through my left ankle gave me notice that I had but one foot that was of any use, just when I needed them both the most in my life. I knew that now I was in a desperate strait, and no one who has not been in a like situation can tell or realize the agony of fear that took possession of me. I determined to cast myself over the ledge before I would suffer the horrible death I knew awaited me at the next charge of the infuriated grizzly. As I turned to the gorge to put my resolution into execution, I saw a V-shaped notch in the rock forming the edge of the ledge, about two feet across at the outer edge, which ran back about three feet to a point. Instantly the thought struck me that if I could let myself through the notch and wedge one of my feet in the V, and hang head downward, the bear could not get hold of me, and I might succeed in hanging there until Joe could come to my rescue. But before I could accomplish it the bear was upon me again. He made a pass at me just as I let my shoulders through the notch, and his sharp claws caught me in the calf of my leg and ripped it open to my ankle, where they caught in my shoe and held me fast. At the same instant I heard the sharp report of Joe's old buffalo gun—and the next moment I felt the sickening sensation of falling; a crashing on the rocks below; a sharp pain dart through my head, and then—oblivion.

When I regained consciousness I was lying on a bed of leaves between two logs, and over the one to the right I could see the red coals of a fire. I attempted to raise myself on my elbow to see more plainly, but I discovered I was too weak to do so and sank back again. But in this effort to move I also discovered that my head, my lacerated leg and my sprained ankle were each bandaged and wet. Then I knew Joe had been working over me while I lay unconscious. But where was he now?

It was night, and all I could see was the red glow of the fire, but as I became more accustomed to the darkness I saw I was lying in a covered pen of logs. Gradually the conviction came into my mind that Joe had built this pen around me to keep off the wild beasts, while he had gone for help in moving me. Slowly the hours dragged along, and it seemed that morning would never come. The fire died down to a mere glimmer, and the wind made such a peculiar sound as it swept down the gulch that I imagined some animal was snuffing around the pen. I fell into a doze toward morning, but was suddenly awakened by a sound of snarling. And it being now broad daylight, I saw four dark-colored animals eating the carcass of the bear and snarling at one another. The first sight of them filled me with dread, until I discovered they were only wolves. When I realized I was guarded from them by the pen of logs they didn't look half so large as when I first saw them. This assurance of mind did not last long, however, for presently I saw a large cinnamon bear coming down the gulch. To my great relief he made straight for the carcass, and the wolves slunk away at his approach. And then, when the new arrival hadn't more than stuck his nose to the carcass, there came the startling bang of a rifle, near at hand, followed by three others in quick succession.

The bear reared up and tumbled over, kicked furiously, sighed hideously, stiffened and died. He was very near to me; it was awful to see him die.

Whether it was the reaction from fear to a realization that I was safe or the pain of my wounds, I cannot say, but I had a collapse of some kind, and was recalled to consciousness by hearing voices. "Thank God, he is still alive," said Joe. As I looked up into his face I noticed his expression of deep anxiety, and I faintly smiled to reassure him; his face brightened up instantly.

"You better take a swallow of this brandy," said he, uncorking a bottle, and placing his arm under my head he raised me up. I drank a swallow of the brandy and felt better.

"Did you know I had to leave you here alone and go back to Herriman's ranch?" he inquired.

"Yes, I thought so when I discovered this pen built up around me," I answered.

"You see, when I found I couldn't bring you to, I was afraid you would die, and as I couldn't do any more for you alone, I built this pen around you, and then made pretty lively tracks for Herriman's and he and two of his men are here with a stretcher. We'll soon have you back there."

While Joe was talking the other men had taken away the pen, and soon they had me on the stretcher. They took turns, two and two, in carrying me over the steep hills and deep gulches to Herriman's ranch, a journey of about ten miles. When we reached there at two o'clock in the afternoon, I was again unconscious. But I rallied soon and, no bones being broken, I had a good chance for recovery.

The next day Joe started back to Tarryall with the hotel keeper's boys and the camping outfit, but three days after he was back again, and he stayed with me until I was able to go back with him, which was nearly six weeks.

Joe's account of how he was treed by the grizzly was as follows:

"When I crossed the gorge to the big rock," said he, "I found the old ram you had shot lying there all right, and going up the ridge I discovered the grove of spruce at the head of the gulch and thought I would take a look through it for the sheep I shot at. But I went to the head of the gulch without seeing anything. And, sir, as I turned about, blamed if I didn't find myself face to face with old Ephraim, who raised up on his hind legs the moment I turned around. I wasn't more than twenty feet away from him when I fired, and though I know I put a ball clear through him, it only made him furious. I'd seen a mad grizzly before, so I shinned up a tree. But I was not quite quick enough, for he made a grab for me, ripped the slack out of my breeches and knocked my gun out of my hand.

"Then I planned the campaign against him just as it worked until he shook you out of the tree. When he did that, I made some of the quickest motions of my life in getting down and loading my gun, but he knocked you over before I had it loaded, and I gave you up for a dead boy. As I sprang forward to get a shot, I was surprised to see the bear go over the brink of the gulch of his own accord, and when I saw him again he was on that little ledge below and seemed to be looking over the edge. I didn't know he had hold of you and shot him through the head.

"I should say it was fully fifty feet that you and that grizzly fell, and if you hadn't lit on top of him it would have killed you sure."

A CUP RACER IN THE MAKING

BY J. WILLIAMS MACY, JR.

THE Vanderbilt Cup Race, on October 6, will undoubtedly be an event excelling in interest any other outdoor occurrence of the year. For the last two years this annual automobile road race has raised all Long Island, where it is held, to a fever of excitement and interest such as is elicited by no other event of any character whatsoever. In 1905, when Hemery brought his big Darracq over the line a winner by a good margin, more than two hundred thousand people witnessed the monster spectacle from points of vantage along the twenty-eight mile course, and shouted themselves hoarse as car after car swept by again and again in a whirlwind of dust, gasoline smoke and noise. This year, it is estimated, at least half a million people will actually be on the ground to see the greatest automobile contest in the Western Hemisphere, and many times that number will eagerly read the details of this mammoth event which they were unable to see. Already the thousands of automobile enthusiasts and "cranks," to say nothing of the merely curious excitement seekers, are preparing to assemble from miles around. Not only from Long Island, New York State, New Jersey and other near-by States is the enthusiasm great and interest aroused, but the great West, and even Europe, will send their contingents to swell the gala crowd, all anxious to see which driver and which car, or rather which make of car, will best withstand the terrible strain and come forth a winner.

The contest this year, more than ever before, will be one of American cars, made and driven by Americans. The Automobile Club of France, whose representatives have heretofore carried off first honors, is determined to rest on its laurels this year, and not compete; nevertheless, there will be some French cars entered. This fact, and the fact that the interest in the event is growing each year, has aroused the American manufacturers to the greatest efforts, each to make his particular car the one to carry off the trophy.

As exemplifying this spirit, we will take, for example, one would-be competitor who has been engaged for the last eleven months in turning out a car to represent them in the 1906 race. We might almost say twelve months, for even while the race is on plans are being laid for the next year's event. Nine months were spent in designing and constructing this champion, and two months in trying it out over the roughest roads and steepest hills, everything possible being done to bring out any defect, fault or blemish which might jeopardize its chance when the great trial comes.

Mr. Herbert Lytle, who drives the big Pope-Toledo racer that has been built especially for this classic event, won the right from his team mate in the race last year by showing himself a "brainy" as well as a daring driver. He is considered one of the most expert

HERBERT LYTLE AT THE WHEEL OF HIS RACER

drivers in America, and he and his mechanic, Bert Dingley, who in the race last year was the favorite driver of the two, are counted perhaps the most capable American aspirants for the cup.

Lytle's car, which, as has been said, has been built especially for this race, is of 120 horse-power, and the general construction is in keeping with the regular 1907 touring car of the same manufacture. It has four cylinders, with twin heads, cast integral, and individual copper water jackets for each pair of cylinders; ignition by gear-driven magneto. It is fitted with a multiple disc clutch, with a selective type of transmission, four speeds forward and one reverse. The valves are mechanically operated by means of a system of walking beams in the head, with one set of four cams and four push-rods. All of the steel construction is chrome nickel steel, having a tensile strength of 225,000 pounds to the square inch. Even such parts as the frame, sprockets, chain, axles, etc., are made of this material. This not only insures great wearing strength, but on account of its great strength permits a lighter construction than could otherwise be obtained. This is an important consideration, as the rules of the Vanderbilt Cup Race prohibit the weight of each contesting car to be in excess of 2,204 pounds. Heretofore not a few of the cars have been prevented from entering due to overweight. This ruling has its advantages, however, the most important being that it places the contest on a footing of equality as to weight.

Lytle has driven his racer thousands of miles, over a very rough and difficult course near the factory, and on a special course in the public park of his home city, the interest in his success being so strong among his townsmen that the city gave him the exclusive use of certain roads in the park for practice. He has tried out every part of the car, down to the smallest nut or brace, and his trained ear can detect the slightest hitch in its running, when a layman would be almost deafened by the thunderous exhaust from its mighty cylinders. Day in and day out he has lived with his expensive charge, working doggedly to discover possible defects and remedy them. No hand but his own and that of his trusty mechanic has he allowed to touch the racer, and he has dreamed always of success. The nervous tension of a driver who thus has prepared himself for the mad race of 300 miles cannot be imagined. Three hundred miles of rushing around a 30-mile course, between thousands upon thousands of frantic spectators, stopping at controls, to dash away a few seconds later into a speed of almost a hundred miles an hour—what a test!

TUNING UP THE CUP RACER ON A BOULEVARD IN TOLEDO

It is estimated that the average cost of one of these giant machines is in the neighborhood of $25,000, and, when it is brought to mind that this sum is merely the cost of constructing the car, and does not include the cost of bringing the car to the race, caring for it en route and upon arrival, repairing damages sustained, etc., driver's and mechanic's salaries and so on, it will be readily understood how anxious the American contestants are to "get away" with the famous trophy.

MORE SPEED IN SHELL ROWING

BY HENRY BURNETT POST

Ex-Captain of the Columbia Crew

THERE are two methods by which the speed of a racing shell can be increased.

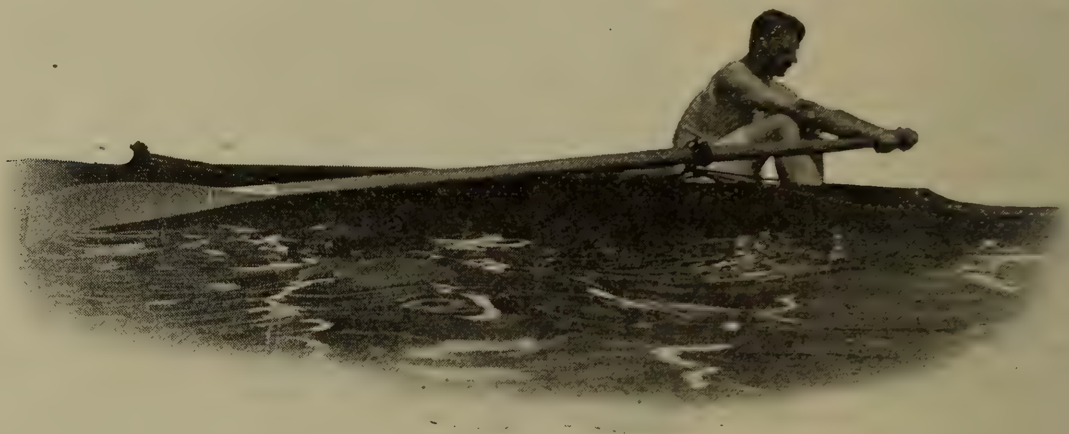
First, by increasing the force which drives the shell forward. This may be done either through harder pulling or a more advantageous application of the same power.

Secondly, by eliminating some of those things which retard the shell. This is principally the "check" at the beginning of the stroke. The most noticeable thing in watching a crew row is that the boat seems to proceed in jumps—a very perceptible stop occurring just as the oars are going into the water. Taking for granted that the power at the oars cannot be readily applied to any more advantage than it now is, the most obvious and practical way of increasing the speed is by eliminating as much of the check as possible. If this is done we shall have more speed with the same energy expended; or the same speed with less energy expended, leaving the crew fresh at the finish. Let us study the causes responsible for this check, and then see if we cannot suggest a remedy.

If a man sits on a sliding seat in a light boat with his legs straight, and suddenly jerks himself toward the stern by pulling on his toe-straps and bending his knees, the boat will jump forward at the same time that he slides toward the stern. This shows that the inertia of the man's body is greater than that of the boat; and that the boat, therefore, tends to move as it would if the man's body were stationary, being free to move backward or forward according as it is pushed away from or pulled toward the man's body.

Now we can see what happens when a racing shell manned by several oarsmen "checks." The bodies are moving toward the stern of the boat, the legs pulling the boat ahead at the same time. At the full reach the pull which is dragging the boat ahead ceases, and a violent push is exerted against the stretcher, tending to drive the boat backward. If no oars were in the water to anchor the boat, as it were, when this push backward is exerted, it would stop dead. The oars, then, serve as anchors to hold the boat from going backward when the legs are jammed down. Now if the legs be jammed down an instant *before* the oar is buried, the boat checks, as there is nothing to compensate for the violent push given by the legs in a backward direction. Here, then, we have the one primarily important factor in eliminating the check. *No power must be applied until the oar is buried.* Therefore, the habits of "clipping" and "kicking the slide" are the two faults which take most from the speed of the boat.

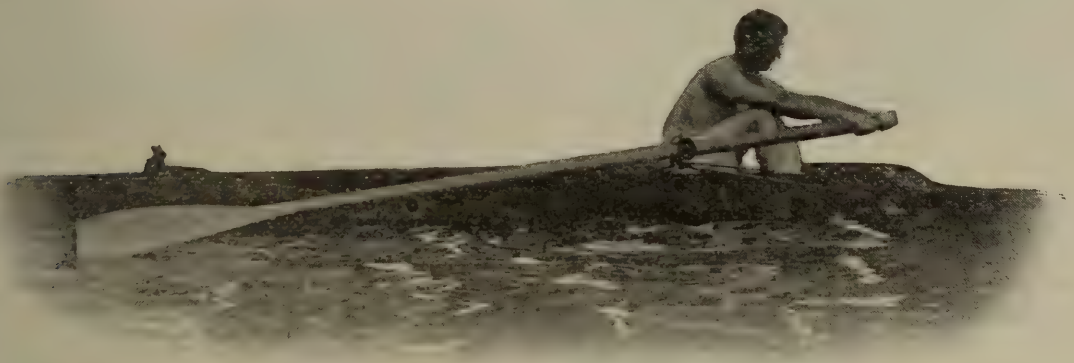
The great point to be striven for, then, is to reduce to as near zero as possible the time between the first push with legs and the time when the power is acting on the solidly an-



THE MIDDLE OF THE RECOVER
The oar has been turned at the point B′ of Fig. 3

chored oar. This brings us to a point where we must consider the various forms of "catch," or of anchoring the oar.

Perhaps the most natural and most common method of catching is to turn the wrists sharply upward at the full reach, pulling backward and upward with the shoulders at the same time. Bearing in mind that to eliminate the check *no* power must be applied until the oar has taken a firm hold on the water, this method of catching is absurd. The path of the blade in this case can be easily seen.



JUST BEFORE THE FULL REACH

The oar is following the line B′ X of Fig 3, while the slide is still moving toward the stern

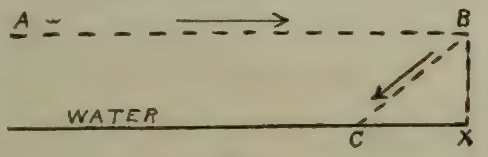
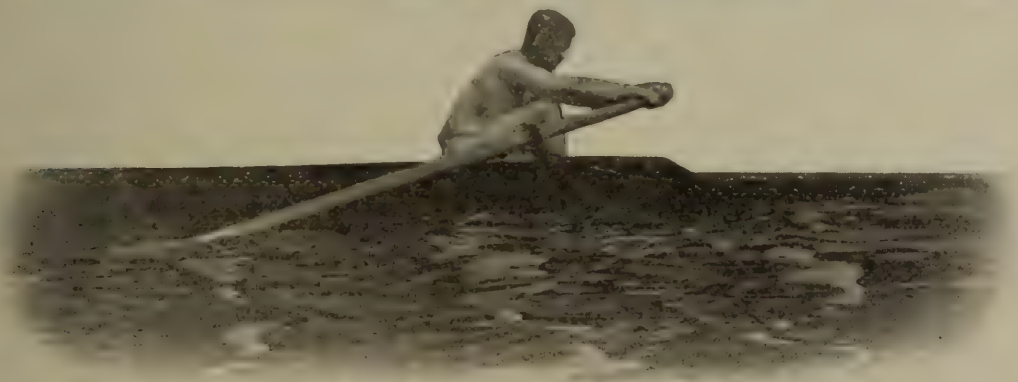


FIG. I

Let A B in Fig. 1 be the path of the blade during the first part of the recover—then B C will be the path from the time the wrists are raised until the oar is anchored. All the power, then, which has been exerted against the stern of the boat to move the oar a horizontal distance from X to C has merely served to push the boat backward, or, in other words, has made the boat check.



THE FULL REACH

The oar is already buried at the instant power is to be applied. C X has been traversed while the slide was moving toward the stern

Here it would be as well to subdivide the push against the stern at the full reach which makes the boat check into two divisions—the first, or F, check and the second, or S, check. We will call the F check that due simply to the stopping of the slide at the end of the recover, and the S check that due to the application of power to the oar.

Coming back to Fig. 1, bear in mind these two divisions—at the point B we have the F check, and between B and C, the S check. While the oar, then, is traveling the horizontal distance X C, we have both checks present to stop the boat—first the F check, and then the S check, the latter being more or less serious according as the "clip" or distance X C is great or small.

A second form of catch is that shown in Fig. 2. After the slide has been stopped at the full reach, the wrists are turned and the hands are raised sharply a distance sufficient to bury the oar. Then the power is applied as usual. This form of catch has advantages over the preceding, but is not by any means perfect.

At the point B the hands are raised, the blade following the line B C.

The horizontal distance X C of Fig. 1 has disappeared; therefore, the S check, that due to applying power to the oar before the blade is anchored, which was represented by the line X C, has been eliminated. But the F check, that due to the stopping of the slide, is still present at the point B.

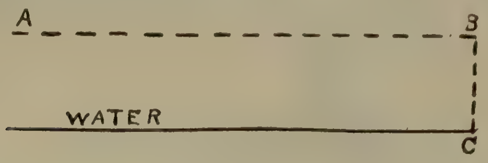
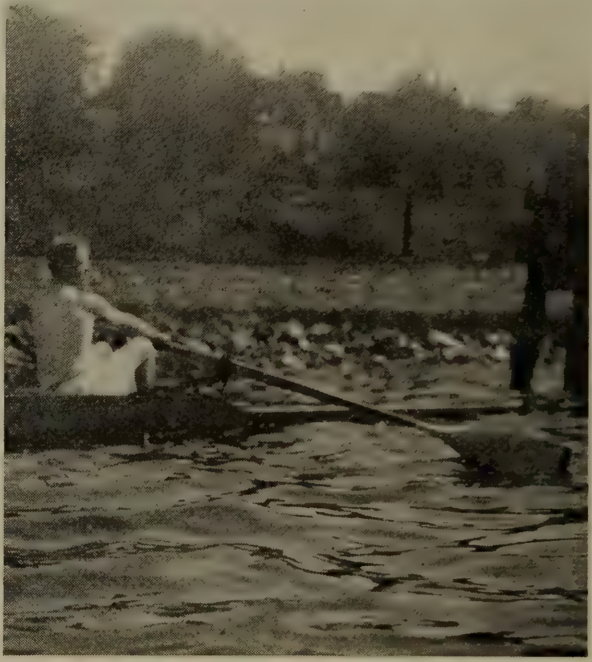


FIG. 2

Before taking up Fig. 3, it may be well to repeat what has already been explained. While the slides are being pulled toward the stern during the recover, the boat is being pulled ahead at the same time, and, therefore, cannot check until this pull ceases. This must be kept in mind to properly understand the third form of catch.

During the last third of the recover the wrists are turned gradually until the blade is well past the perpendicular — about at an angle of 45° with the surface of the water, pointing ahead.



THE CLIPPING CATCH
The power has been applied before the oar was anchored. Therefore the boat has checked badly

An instant *before* the full reach, at a point we will call B^1, the hands are moved *upward* and *forward* at the same time—the forward motion of the slide and, therefore, the pull on the toe-straps continuing until the full reach is reached at C. At this point the oar is already buried and ready for the power to be applied. With this form of catch there is no check possible. While the blade is traveling the horizontal distance X C, the boat is being still pulled ahead by the slides, and at the point C, where the F check would be likely to occur, the oar is already firmly anchored. Of course, there is no S check where there is not even the F check.

I am firmly convinced that the importance of eliminating any check during the recover cannot be overestimated. The recover is the all-important part of the stroke. With the ordinary oar, eight feet of which is outboard, the boat cannot possibly travel more than twelve feet while the oar is in the water. As the boat travels something like forty-five feet from one stroke to the next, she must cover a distance of about thirty-five feet while the oar is out of the water during the recover. Therefore, more distance run during the recover is the object to be striven for. When we stop to think that the crew which clears one foot more than another during every stroke will gain a length every two minutes where the number of strokes is thirty to the minute, the advantage of eliminating as much of the check as possible is brought home very forcibly. The possibility of gaining a length every two minutes may sound exaggerated, but it is not. It falls a little short of the maximum possibility, if anything. When Cornell wins at Poughkeepsie by twenty lengths, as she has done several times, it means that she has gained over a length during every minute of the race, or that she has cleared two feet more than any other crew during each recover.

And yet rowing coaches will not learn. Is it due to professional jealousy, or what? Truly, "none are so blind as those who won't see." May the day hasten that shall see not one, but every crew rowing with its head as well as its muscles!

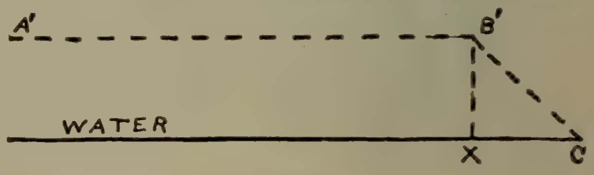


FIG. 3

EDITORIAL

October

"What a month of rare gold is October!" exclaimed the Optimist. "Next October, next October!" runs an old song, and, indeed, how good the old earth seems just before the summer is laid to rest 'neath a harvest of leaves. Why, Dreams come true in October!

But the birds are saying good-by. Here and there, in field and fen, one may hear a few snatches of song, but only a bar or two of the entire hymn. A thrush may tune up a little and a Bob White manage to call "White." A lone robin may give promise of its full song, only to lapse suddenly into silence again. To-morrow snow may fly. You shrink from contemplation. Bluebirds passing overhead carol softly, "Faraway," and its echo in your heart answers, "Hurry back."

The autumnal splendor seems to have been caught for a moment in the treetops, just before it all vanishes. The forest runs riot with brilliant colors, but the asters and goldenrod, primroses and gentians are fast fading, and in their place have come the softer, more satisfying tints. Lo! Here is a solitary, vagrant violet—a vagabond among the gypsy weeds of fall. Just the same, it whispers something about spring coming again.

The crickets and winds are singing summer to sleep. She is so weary and tired with the great burdens she has borne; let her rest a while. And when she wakes, the light in her eyes will be brighter because she has slept.

Why Deer Are Scarce

David Patterson, a section house keeper for the Northwestern Railroad, whose place is near Watersmeet, in Gogebic County, Mich., was found guilty during August last of having killed or being identified with the killing, out of season, of deer to the number of at least forty.

In a spring house near the section house Deputy Game Warden Voght, of Escanaba, found a barrel of fresh venison. At a point across the Ontonagon River from the section house a barrel of green hides was located, but it was in the waters of the river that the most astounding evidence of the slaughter of deer was found. The warden discovered in an eddy caused by a big pile of drift over twenty-five deer hides floating in the water, and portions of the bodies of many deer that had been recently killed, as well as the bodies of two unborn fawns, which had been thrown into the river and had lodged in the pile of drift.

Patterson had long been under suspicion, it being understood that he carried on a regular business of killing deer out of season, and had furnished the greater proportion of the meat supply for a section gang of nine men, in addition to supplying travelers and fishermen.

The warden, on obtaining sufficient evidence to convict the man, went to Ironwood and swore out a warrant for his arrest. And then, in the face of the fact that for several months State Game Warden Chapman had been working on the case, and despite the enormity of the offense, on the recommendation of Warden Voght, the prisoner was dismissed on payment of a fine of $50!

They do it in about the same way in Maine and in the Adirondacks, only in Maine they don't cause arrest or impose a fine. Men will tell you, "Why, they always have killed deer in summer in Maine, and in the Adirondacks, and they always will. The deer are there, and the proprietors of the 'camps' won't go to the trouble and expense of packing in mutton and beef." So "Carletonism" lets them have their way about it, only requiring them to waste nothing, and "Whippleism" does the same, but collects a small fine on occasion. We doubt not there is a good graft goes with both isms.

We submit to State Game Warden Chapman, of Michigan, that the best thing he can do is put David Patterson and all his ilk out of business. No need to say it cannot be done, for Scott, of Montana; Fullerton, of Minnesota, and Thomas, of Vermont, have disproved that. The sportsmen of Michigan will not long stand for an administration that tends toward the Maine idea. The sportsmen who go to Michigan to hunt and fish will not grow and multiply under a "diplomatic administration" as they have in Maine. The day of the game and fish commissioner who can successfully play both ends against the middle, chanting all the while, "It pays to advertise," is passing rapidly away. Nothing will do but to enforce the laws.

This is no time to start letting off with a fine of $50 men whose misdeeds have earned for them the right to a long term in the penitentiary. Michigan has come to be recognized among the foremost States in the Union in fish and game protection and propagation. Nonresident sportsmen have felt that in going there they get a square deal, that the deer they pay for the privilege of shooting have not been fed to summer tourists. Let the State Game Warden not run after the false gods of "Carletonism" and "Whippleism." If "Chapmanism" is to signify anything, let it stand for a square deal.

Daylight in West Virginia

There are some good sportsmen in West Virginia, regardless of any impression to the contrary the nonresident reader might gain from the article, "The Way of the Warden," elsewhere in this issue. And we have letters from enough of them to convince us of the feasibility of our plan of organizing a West Virginia game and fish protective association. Good, hopeful letters they are and showing a keen desire for better things in matters pertaining to the future of sport with rod and gun in the Little Mountain State.

We ask the sportsmen of West Virginia to read "The Way of the Warden," in the present number of this magazine. We ask them to read it and decide for themselves if our suggestion that they organize a State association for the protection of the game and fish is worth consideration. We believe that, having read the article, and being in possession of the knowledge that a movement is under way for the organizing of an association by representative sportsmen of the State, every West Virginian who is a lover of sport with gun and rod will be anxious to get in line and help. Certainly, every true sportsman in the State will be keen to join a movement to divorce politics from the business of protecting and propagating the game and fish. They must admit that conditions could not be worse in their State than they are. Most assuredly they will wish for an administration such as that of Mr. Thomas, of Vermont, or Mr. Fullerton, of Minnesota.

There is a way. The first thing to do is, organize. An association of the best sportsmen in the State will not be at a loss to know what is needed for the protection of the game and fish. What is more, it will be powerful enough to force matters—to get up-to-date laws on the statutes and an efficient commissioner and corps of wardens to enforce them.

Mr. Lafayette C. Crile, of Clarksburg, has volunteered to do the preliminary work tending to the organizing of the association. We have turned all our correspondence relative to the matter over to him, and early in October he will send out a call for a meeting. We urge all good sportsmen of West Virginia to immediately communicate with Mr. Crile, and to attend the meeting and help wipe out the condition which has so long disgraced their State, giving it the name of being richer in grafting politicians and lawless pot-hunters than in its game and fish.

The Law in Wisconsin

There is only one kind of sportsman in Wisconsin—so far as the game wardens can distinguish. They recognize only the old, main line sportsmanship that requires no game laws nor game wardens. As an instance of this in August last Deputy State Game Warden Charles Nelson, of Madison, with Game Warden Merz, of Rhinelander, arrested Frank Strick and Russel Dunn, two "sportsmen," whom they caught in the act of "headlighting" deer.

The culprits each protested that they were sportsmen, the wardens allege, and tried to explain that it would not do for them to be arraigned and fined. But the wardens were unrelenting and each was fined $25 and costs.

In the Adirondacks or in Maine these "sportsmen" would have found a safer hunting ground, and Strick, who, it is claimed, is a writer for certain sportsmen's periodicals and supposedly an advocate and supporter of the game laws, might have been spared his humiliation. But, unlike the wardens of Maine and the Adirondacks, the wardens of Wisconsin make no distinction between the backwoods farmer who shoots out of season a deer that has been destroying his crops and the man from the city who shoots his deer in August to save the trouble and expense of coming for it in the open season.

Game Protection for Oklahoma

The sportsmen of Oklahoma have responded to our call, in these columns in the August and the September number, for them to organize a State game and fish protective association. Our share in it was merely the setting the machinery to working. Oklahoma was ripe for such a movement, and the good sportsmen of the newly made State are aroused, with the intent of having proper fish and game laws enacted and the despoiling of the fish and game supply of the commonwealth stopped. We must heartily commend the intelligent assistance rendered by the newspapers. They responded, every one, with sensible editorial mention of the movement.

THE GAME FIELD

Game Law Legislation of 1906

The summary of the game laws of the United States and Canada, which has been compiled by T. S. Palmer and R. W. Williams, Jr., of the U. S. Biological Survey, reveals that, although in 1906 legislative sessions were held in only fourteen States and in eight Provinces in Canada, the legislation of the year is remarkable for the unusual number of bills affecting game under consideration by Congress and the small number of changes in State laws, in marked contrast with the activity in the Canadian Provinces, where game bills were passed in Alberta, Manitoba, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Quebec. The number of new laws passed, so far as known, is 60, while the number of bills under consideration was probably not less than 150. The most important measures enacted were entirely new game laws in Mississippi and Prince Edward Island; the adoption by the new Province of Alberta of a law prohibiting spring shooting of waterfowl and establishing a game preserve; statutes creating a large forest, fish and game preserve and making certain decided changes in the game laws of Quebec; laws protecting nongame birds in Iowa and Prince Edward Island, and radical amendments in the sale laws of Massachusetts. The passage of the Mississippi statute marks the completion of a chain of nonexport laws in every State in the Union and provision for the appointment of special officers to enforce the game laws in every State except Alabama, Arkansas and Texas.

The failure of all general game bills and the passage of eighteen local measures in Maryland is a striking example of the reluctance of that State to abandon the confusing system of county laws in favor of uniform laws for the whole State, such as have proved so successful in Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Virginia and elsewhere. The amendments made this year tend toward uniformity in seasons in several cases, but the adoption of five new statutes for a single county in one year, as in the case of Anne Arundel County, is likely to decrease the effectiveness as well as the popularity of the game law. It should be noted, also, that he defeat of such bills as those extending sale in Kentucky, permitting the sale of certain foreign game throughout the year in New York, and permitting spring shooting on Long Island, was a distinct gain, and was due only to unremitting vigilance and activity on the part of friends of game protection. Such vigilance is always necessary to insure the continuance of good laws, not only in the States immediately concerned, but in others which would be directly affected by the passage of retrograde legislation. A résumé of the findings of Messrs. Palmer and Williams is as follows:

Licenses.—The only changes in licenses were the establishment of a $25 nonresident license in South Carolina and a $20 nonresident license in Mississippi, both good only in the county of issue; a $15 nonresident license in Prince Edward Island, and a uniform $10 license in Quebec. Minor changes were made in Maryland, so as to require a license from every nonresident hunting on the Patuxent River, whether a member of a club or not, and exempting landowners in Somerset County hunting on their own premises from the requirement of a resident license and requiring citizens of Maryland who are not residents of Somerset County to secure a $5 license when hunting in that county.

Shipment.—Nonexport laws were extended in Canada by the enactment of the Prince Edward Island statute, prohibiting export of all game except geese and brant, and the adoption of a coupon system in Quebec by which tags are required for all shipments of game.

Sale.—Mississippi prohibited the sale of all protected game in the State, a provision thus far adopted by no other State east of the Mississippi River, except Michigan. The neighboring States of Arkansas and Missouri, however, have similar laws, and Arizona, Idaho, Kansas, Minnesota and Montana likewise prohibit sale of all protected game. In Massachusetts three important laws were passed, one prohibiting the sale of imported quail except in November and December, another prohibiting sale of imported ducks except in the open season, and the third prohibiting all sale of prairie chickens and sharp-tailed grouse. These laws are likely to be far-reaching and to affect game shipments from several States in the West; although they do not go into effect until January 1, 1907, they will probably tend to curtail shipments next winter.

Warden Service.—Game warden service was installed for the first time in Mississippi by a provision for the appointment of county wardens, and in the Province of Prince Edward Island by the establishment of the position of game inspector. An act incorporating the Prince Edward Island Game Protection Association confers on officers and agents appointed by the executive of the association the powers of constables in enforcing the game laws, thus affording an auxiliary body to cooperate with the Provincial officer.

Preserves.—Four acts relating to preserves were passed by Congress: One, establishing a game refuge on the Grand Canyon Forest Reserve in Arizona; another, authorizing the rental of 3,500 acres of land for a buffalo pasture in Stanley County, S. Dak.; a third, prohibiting trespass on the islands set apart as Federal bird preserves, and the fourth prohibiting upland hunting in the District of Columbia, thus making the greater part of the District in effect a game preserve. Important progress in the establishment of preserves was made in the Provinces of Alberta and Quebec. A game preserve comprising sixteen sections was set apart in Alberta, about thirty miles northeast of Edmonton, and a large park was set aside by the Province of Quebec on the Gaspé Peninsula. The Gaspesian Preserve, comprising about 2,500 square miles, is comparable with the largest preserves on the continent, among which may be mentioned the Laurentides National Park, also in Quebec; the Algonquin Park, in Ontario; the Canadian National Park, in Alberta, and the Yellowstone National Park, in Wyoming.

Summary.—As most of the provisions in modern game laws have been enacted during the last twenty years, it is of interest to note a few points in which progress has been most rapid. Nonexport laws, first enacted in Minnesota about 1871, are now in force in every State in the Union and practically every Province in Canada. Nonsale laws are now in force in forty-two States and bag-limit restrictions in thirty-eight. Nonresident licenses, first enacted in 1895, are now required in all the States except Alabama, Arkansas, California, Connecticut, Georgia, Massachusetts, Nevada, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Rhode Island and Texas, and resident licenses are required in sixteen States. A practically uniform law protecting all nongame birds is in force in thirty-five States, including all those east of the Mississippi, except Alabama, Maryland and West Virginia. State-warden service has been established in thirty-six States and county-warden service in nine States, while every organized Province of Canada has a special Provincial game officer.

Shipment of Game.—Shipment is the most important feature of the traffic in game. It has, likewise, a marked effect upon the perpetuation of game, and when permitted without limitation is a great factor in its rapid destruction. A realization of this fact has induced many of the States to prohibit export of all or certain kinds of game and in a few instances all transportation, even within the State. The subject may be conveniently considered under the following subheads: "Federal laws," "Marking packages" and "State laws prohibiting export."

Federal Laws.—Federal laws for the protection of game comprise the statutes regulating interstate commerce in game and the importation of birds from foreign countries, and those providing for the protection of birds and game on territory under the immediate jurisdiction of the United States.

They comprise: (1) The Lacey Act, regulating the importation of game and its shipment from one State to another; (2) the tariff act, imposing duties on game, skins and feathers imported from foreign countries; (3) the act regulating the introduction of eggs of game birds; (4) game laws of the District of Columbia, Alaska and the Indian Territory, and (5) provisions for protecting birds in the national parks, forest reserves and other Government reservations. These laws are more fully discussed in Bulletin No. 16 of the Biological Survey, entitled, "Digest of Game Laws for 1901" (pp. 69-79). The full text of several may be found in various circulars published by the Biological Survey: Circular No. 29 (1900) contains the Lacey Act, Circular No. 34 (1901), the game laws of the District of Columbia, and Circular No. 42 (1904), the Alaska game law, with regulations for 1904, which are still in force.

Marking Packages.—Section 4 of the Lacey Act requires every package containing game animals or birds when shipped by interstate commerce to be clearly marked, so as to show the name and address of the shipper and the nature of the contents. The laws of Colorado, Connecticut, Louisiana, Michigan, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Wisconsin, New Brunswick and Ontario likewise require each package of fish or game to bear a statement indicating the contents. Such general statements as "game" or "birds" are not sufficient to show the nature of the contents; the *kind* of game should be shown, and also, if possible, the *amount* in the package.

Some of the State laws are very explicit on the subject of marking. Nebraska requires all packages to be labeled with the address of the consignor and the amount of each kind of game contained in the package, and provides a fine of $10 to $50 for omission of these details. Ohio and North Carolina have similar requirements. Michigan requires all packages of game to be plainly marked on the outside with the names of the consignor and consignee, the initial point of billing and destination and an itemized statement of the quantity of game contained therein. Louisiana and Ontario insist that all packages, besides bearing a description of the contents and the names and addresses of owners, must be so made as to *show the contents*. Mississippi requires even more detail: the package must bear the names of consignor and consignee and an itemized statement of the species of game, and the contents must be packed so as to be readily seen. Several States require big game and game birds carried by sportsmen to be marked with the owner's name, shipped as baggage and transported open to view.

Railroad and express companies should call the attention of their agents to these provisions, and insist that all packages be properly marked before shipment. In Nebraska common carriers are prohibited, under a penalty of $25 to $100, from receiving consignments of game not properly labeled. In Texas they may examine suspected packages, and in Arkansas they may cause them to be opened when necessary, and may refuse packages supposed to contain fish or game for export. In Wisconsin packages of fish or game not properly marked may be seized and sold by game wardens.

State Laws Prohibiting Export.—Since the constitutionality of the Connecticut statute prohibiting export of certain game was established by the Supreme Court in 1896, nonexport laws have been generally adopted, and at the present time every State prohibits the export of certain kinds of game. (See Fig. 3.) In some States sportsmen are allowed to carry a limited amount of game out of the State under special restrictions, and exceptions to the laws prohibiting export are also made in the case of birds and animals intended for propagation.

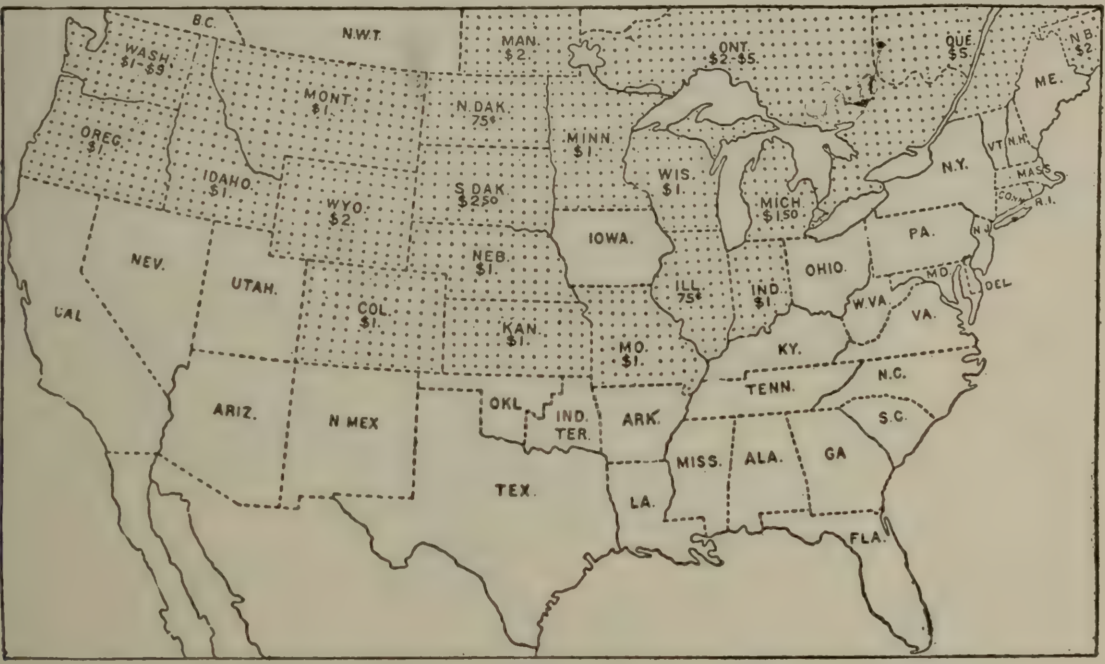


FIG. 1—States and Provinces which require residents to obtain hunting licenses

Restrictions on shipment from the State have now become so stringent that all the States and Territories west of the Mississippi River except two prohibit export of all game protected by local laws. Of the two exceptions, Iowa prohibits export of all game but shore birds, and Wyoming export of certain species. East of the Mississippi similar laws are in force in nearly all of the States north of the Ohio and Potomac rivers, and also in Tennessee, Virginia and West Virginia. The export of most if not all protected game taken within the State is prohibited in all these States except Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Illinois and Indiana, and in these export of certain kinds of game is illegal.

Deer can be lawfully exported from only seven States—Delaware (where they do not occur), Alabama, Georgia, Kansas, Kentucky, North Carolina and Ohio. The export of deer hides is prohibited by special provisions in the laws of Alaska, California, Florida, Wyoming, British Columbia and Ontario; Wisconsin limits the export of green hides to the period from November 13 to December 3 of each year; Washington and British Columbia prohibit killing deer for hides; Oregon makes all hunting for hides dependent on permission of the State game and forestry warden; and New Brunswick and Newfoundland allow shipment of green hides only under license.

Among game birds the most general prohibition is that of the export of quail, which is now in force in every State and Territory, with two exceptions. In one of the excepted States, Wyoming, quail do not occur; in the other, Maryland, several counties prohibit their export. A number of States permit imported birds to be exported, however, and Colorado, Illinois, Missouri and Montana allow quail to be shipped from the State under permit. Besides these exceptions, twenty-three States, including Oregon, permit nonresident hunters to take a limited number of birds out of the State; Maine, Missouri, Montana, South Dakota, Vermont, Virginia, Wyoming, British Columbia and New Brunswick grant the same privilege to resident hunters.

Canada also has a general law prohibiting export of deer (except those raised on private preserves), wild turkeys, quail, partridges, prairie fowl and woodcock, and permitting each nonresident to export two deer in a year at certain ports within fifteen days after the close of the open season, under permit of the collector of customs of the port from which export is made. The ports of export are: Halifax and Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Macadam Junction, New Brunswick; Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa, Quebec; Kingston, Niagara Falls, Fort Erie, Windsor, Sault Ste. Marie and Port Arthur, Ontario, and such others as the Minister of Customs may designate.

Those who visit Canada to hunt, camp, etc., must deposit with the customs officer at the port of entry an amount equal to the duty (30 per cent. of appraised value) on their guns, canoes, tents, cooking utensils and cameras. If these articles are taken out within six months at the same port, the deposit will be returned. But members of shooting or fishing clubs that own preserves in Canada and have filed a guaranty with the Canadian Commissioner of Customs may present club membership certificates in lieu of making the deposit. They must, however, pay duty on all ammunition and provisions.

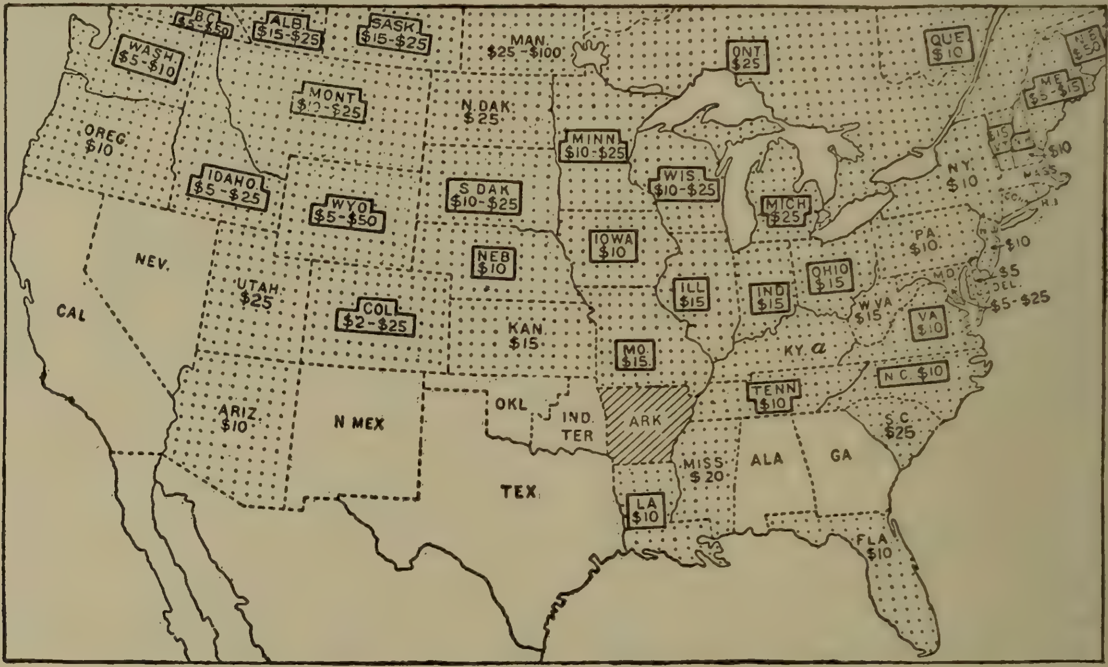


FIG. 2—States and Provinces which require nonresidents to obtain hunting licenses. Inclosed names indicate that special privileges are granted for taking a limited amount of game out of the State. Arkansas does not permit hunting by nonresidents, Kentucky has no definite fee, Massachusetts requires unnaturalized foreign-born residents to secure licenses at $15, and Washington issues nonresidents alien licenses at $50.

SALE

Legislation restricting the sale of game is passing through a transition stage. Some States prohibit the sale of game throughout the year, others only in close season, and between these extremes may be found all gradations and exceptions, such as restrictions prohibiting sale of game outside the State or for export, and exemptions allowing sale for a few days in the close season. The difficulty of tabulating such regulations is increased by the fact that in addition to the special sale laws, close seasons and provisions regarding possession must be taken into consideration. In consulting the following summary, therefore, it will be necessary to bear in mind three different classes of restrictions: "Sale prohibited all the year," "Sale in close season" and "Sale in open season."

Sale Prohibited All the Year.—Forty-two States and Territories and most of the Provinces of Canada now prohibit the sale of all or certain kinds of game at all seasons. In Arizona, Arkansas, Hawaii, Idaho, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, New Mexico and Texas the sale, and in Nevada the resale of all game protected by the State law is prohibited; in South Dakota, of all big game; in Wisconsin, of all game except rabbits and squirrels; in California, Utah, Washington and Manitoba, of all big game and upland game. In a few instances prohibitions against the sale of certain game are so general as to afford protection over a considerable area in adjoining States. Thus, ruffed grouse cannot be sold in any State or Province along the Canadian border except Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Brunswick and Quebec, nor in the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas, Nebraska or Wisconsin. Practically every State in which prairie chickens occur now prohibits their sale or export. Hence exposure of these birds for sale in any State where they do not occur, as in any city east of Indianapolis, is strong indication of violation of law.

Sale in Close Season.—In general, the sale of game is prohibited during the close season, but a brief additional open period is sometimes provided in order to permit dealers to close out stock on hand at the end of the hunting season. In Colorado, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, New York, Tennessee and British Columbia the sale season includes the open season and the following five days for all or certain kinds of game. An extension of four days for sale is added to the open season in Nova Scotia; ten days in New Brunswick and Newfoundland; fifteen days in Alaska, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Quebec; twenty days in Ontario; thirty days (for imported ruffed grouse) in Pennsylvania; sixty days in Yukon and three months (for goose and brant) in New Brunswick.

Sale in Open Season.—In order to counteract a tendency on the part of market hunters to anticipate the opening of the season, the sale of certain game is sometimes prohibited at the beginning of the open season, as, for example, during the first two days in Illinois, the first three in Nova Scotia and the first month in

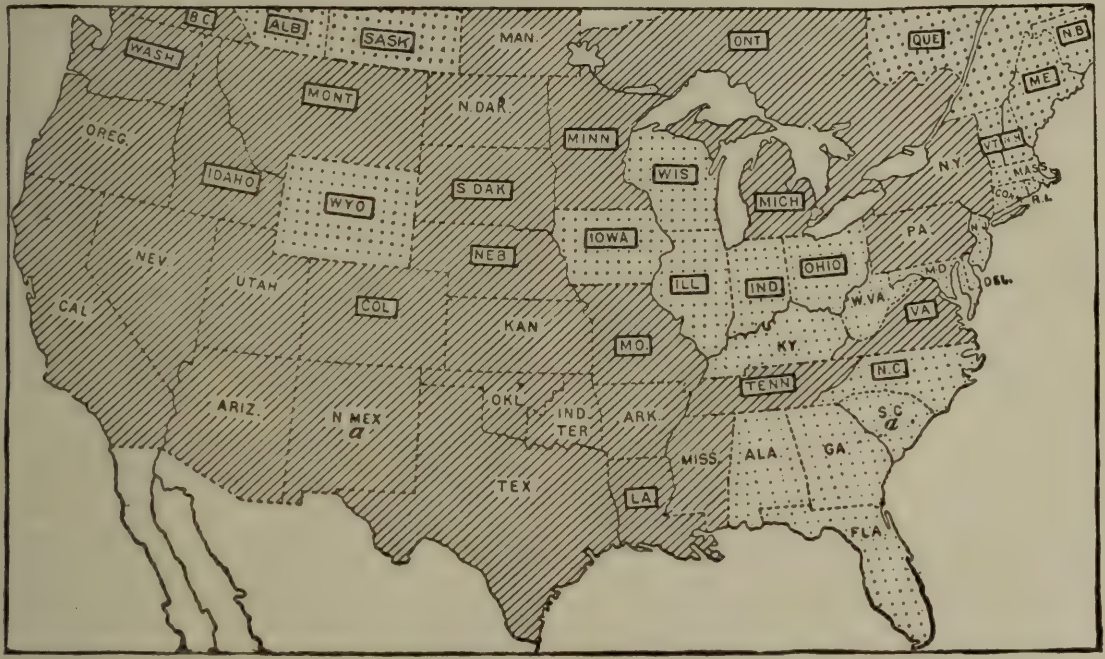


FIG. 3—States and Provinces which prohibit export of game. Ruled areas indicate States which prohibit export of any game; dotted areas, States which prohibit export of certain kinds of game. Inclosed names indicate special exceptions permitting nonresident hunters to take out a limited amount of game. The letter *a* indicates prohibition of export for sale only

British Columbia. Washington permits the sale of snipe and wildfowl (which may be killed from September 1 to March 1) only during November and then not more than twenty-five in a day.

LICENSES FOR HUNTING AND SHIPPING GAME

In Arkansas nonresidents are not permitted to hunt, except on their own premises, and in thirty-six States and Territories and throughout Canada licenses must be secured before nonresidents can hunt any or certain kinds of game. (See Fig. 2). In sixteen States and four Canadian Provinces a like restriction is imposed on residents, but the fees are usually very much smaller, and often are merely nominal. (See Fig. 1.) The fees for nonresident licenses for both big and small game range from $10 in a number of States to $50 in Wyoming, British Columbia and Newfoundland; those for resident licenses from 75 cents in Illinois and North Dakota to $5 in Washington, and $7 ($5 for moose and caribou and $2 for deer) in Ontario.

A new kind of hunting license, often known as the "alien" license, has recently been adopted by several States to restrict hunting by persons who are not citizens of the country. Thus Pennsylvania, Louisiana, Utah and Wyoming provide that all hunters who are unnaturalized residents of the State must obtain the same license required of nonresidents; Massachusetts has a special $15 license for resident aliens, Washington a $50 license for nonresident aliens and Manitoba has a $100 license for all who are not British subjects.

Licenses are generally issued only for the open season, and thus expire at fixed dates. Some are necessarily very brief in duration. Michigan issues a $25 nonresident deer license good only for twenty days in November; Vermont, a $15 nonresident deer license good only for the last six week-days of October. In a few instances licenses are issued at reduced rates for a week or for a few days. Of this character are the $5 nonresident bird license, good for one week, issued by British Columbia; the $1 guest license, issued by Alberta and Saskatchewan, and the daily licenses issued for hunting birds in Colorado and any game in Lafayette County, Fla.

Eight States issue licenses good only in the county named therein—Florida, Georgia (market hunting), Iowa, Maryland, Mississippi, South Carolina, South Dakota and Washington—with fees ranging from $1 for residents of Washington to $50 for residents hunting ducks for market in South Carolina.

Twenty-two States and seven Canadian Provinces allow nonresident licensees to carry or ship out of the State or Province a limited amount of game, while this privilege is denied by fourteen States and Territories and two Canadian Provinces. Maine, Michigan and Montana issue export permits additional to the hunting license.

Nonresident landowners or taxpayers are not required to pay the usual fee in Kansas, Maryland (most counties), New Hampshire, New Jersey, North Dakota, Tennessee, West Virginia and Nova Scotia. But to secure this exemption in New Hampshire the nonresident hunter must own land to the value of $500 or more; in Tennessee and Nova Scotia he must pay a tax of at least $100 and $20 per annum, respectively, and in North Dakota must own or cultivate a quarter section of land. Similar exemptions are made in the case of landowners and, in some instances, their tenants hunting on their land in Colorado (farming or grazing lands only), Illinois, Missouri, Montana, North Dakota and Oregon, and no license is required of those hunting within their own township in Indiana or county in Minnesota or Nebraska. In Virginia no license is required of *bona fide* guests of residents.

In Maine (on wild lands, except from December 1 to 15), South Dakota, Wyoming and New Brunswick (on wild lands) nonresidents are not permitted to hunt big game unless accompanied by qualified guides, and in Colorado, Maine, Montana, Wyoming, New Brunswick, Newfoundland and Ontario guides are licensed. Maine and New Brunswick also license camp help. Nearly every State requires licensees to have their licenses in personal possession while hunting, and to exhibit them on demand of any warden (in New Hampshire of any person).

West's Vanishing Big Game

In the last haunt of the elk, south of Yellowstone Park, in the Jackson's Hole country, says a Colorado correspondent of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, those noble animals are fast disappearing. Even the game of Yellowstone National Park is not exempt, if stories from Wyoming and Montana are correct, as it is claimed that poachers carry on a campaign of wholesale slaughter in the long winter months, when the park is snow-bound and when it is practically impossible for the soldiers to guard the great game preserve of the nation. In the Northwest little or no attention is paid to the laws protecting mountain goats, while in Colorado and other Rocky Mountain States, whose peaks are the grazing ground of the mountain sheep, those beautiful animals are being killed off in spite of a farcical "perpetual closed season."

Less than a decade ago a man could get all kinds of deer hunting in Colorado, and a score of years ago the buffaloes were still roaming the plains east of the Rockies, but to-day the deer is getting almost as rare as the buffalo, thanks to the tireless energy of the great American game-hog. The elk long ago left Colorado's mountains, and drifted north into Wyoming, where bands of them are still to be found in the Jackson's Hole region. But the laws of Wyoming, while "making it hot" for any outsider who kills an elk out of season, are inadequate when put in operation against the native hunter. It is the Western ranchman who is doing most of the illegal killing. It is impossible to convince the average rancher that he is not privileged to go out and get "fresh meat" whenever he wants it, regardless of game laws.

Colorado took steps some time ago for the protection of mountain sheep. It forbade the killing of these animals at any time of the year, and real sportsmen hoped they would increase in numbers. But mountain sheep are scarcer than ever to-day, for the reason that the native pot-hunter has no fear of the law.

In the home of the mountain goat similar slaughter is being carried on. Montana, Washington, Idaho and other States whose peaks are graced by bands of these strange animals, form the Mecca of hunters who have no regard for law and who kill as many sheep or goats as come within range of their rifles. Naturally, such work cannot be kept up without the total extinction of game.

Even the setting aside of Government forest reserves and parks has done little to stop the slaughter of game. In the summer, when the reserves are patroled by rangers, and when Yellowstone Park is guarded by soldiers, there is little or no illegal killing done; but in the winter, when there are no rangers in the reserves, and when the snow-bound roads make it impossible for the soldiers to patrol the big park thoroughly, the work of slaughter goes on. There are two big forest reserves adjoining Yellowstone Park—the Teton reserve and the Yellowstone reserve. Both are alive with game, as is the park itself. A limited amount of game can be killed in the reserves, in season, in conformity with the game laws of Wyoming, but the season in the park is always closed. No firearms are admitted into the park, save those carried by the soldiers. If one insists on carrying a gun into the park he must have it sealed.

But all these rules and regulations cut little figure in the eyes of the skilled and experienced poachers who live in the vicinity of the park. These men do no killing in summer or autumn. They make their five dollars a day as guides for hunting parties of Easterners. But in the winter, when the snows are deep and the tremendous winter of the Yellowstone country has set in, they get very busy. On snowshoes these poachers find it easy to enter the forest reserves and the park and kill all the game they want. Magnificent elk, deer and other game fall before their rifles. If a lonely soldier sights the poachers at work, the chances are he pays no attention to them, for the reason that it would only result in his own death.

In addition to the work of the white game-butcher, many of the Western States have troubles with wandering bands of Indians, who carry on indiscriminate slaughter of game. These Indians have no business off their reservations, but many of the agents find it impossible to keep their wards within the boundaries prescribed by the Government. The Uintah Ute Indians, who have a reservation in Utah, make pilgrimages to the deer country in northwestern Colorado, and they spare nothing in their long hunt. Bucks, does and fawns all fall before the rifles of the red men, and by the time the State authorities of Colorado arrive on the scene, the Indians are back in Utah with their "jerked meat" and their loads of buckskin.

Apparently the forest reserves are the only hope for partial preservation of wild game. With the reserves under heavy patrol both winter and summer, and with stringent Government laws for the punishment of offenders, there would be some hope of saving America's wild game heritage from destruction. But as matters stand to-day, the outlook is discouraging and the hunting country that was once regarded as the finest in the world promises to hold nothing but memories for the huntsman.

Colorado Museum of Natural History

Mr. Howard S. Reed, one of the prominent sportsmen of the wide West, in writing for information concerning localities for hunting elk, moose and bears, for specimens for natural history groups for the new Colorado Museum of Natural History, sends the following information about the Museum, which is an extract from the *Denver Post:*

> The Colorado Museum of Natural History will be one of the greatest and most comprehensive institutions of its kind in the world. While never probably, being favored with the wealth and general magnificence of the immense museums of New York and London, its location in a field from which all others draw their best and most valuable specimens should give it a natural advantage.
>
> The project was started several years ago. At that time Col. Edwin Carter, a famous Colorado hunter, had gathered a very extensive collection of mounted animals, some of them very valuable. He attained great fame for his collection, and people from all parts of the country visited his place.

The time came when he was desirous of selling the collection. Immediately a movement was begun in Denver to purchase it and make it the nucleus of a great museum. The project was received with favor by the people. About twenty-eight prominent men, numbering among them the Colorado millionaries, subscribed $1,000 each, and the city of Denver duplicated the total amount. Other subscriptions have been secured from time to time.

The association has spent from $125,000 to $140,000 on the museum. Following the purchase of the Carter collection, men were sent out to secure other specimens. At the present time a number are in the employ of the museum, traveling the West in search for material.

The work of equipping a museum is expensive as well as difficult and tedious. Expeditions must be sent out, and the members must be supplied with everything that is necessary. Wagons must be secured, guides obtained, provisions and camp equipment provided, and every precaution made for a long and difficult trip.

The specimen found and secured, an artist must be sent to sketch in detail the surroundings. An accessory man then appears and he procures the eggs, if it is at the nest; the young, if there are any, or anything that may be in the pictures. The man who secures the specimen takes every possible measurement, skins it as only an expert museum man can, and prepares the hide and skeleton for their journey home.

Arrived there the taxidermist sets up the skeleton and after a long and delicate process shapes a perfectly formed animal out of papier maché. The skeleton is taken out and later set up separately. The skin of the animal is thoroughly soaked, and is then sewed on the form. An expert taxidermist takes into account every muscle that shows in the perfect animal and every line or feature. It is the process of completing a perfect animal that is known to so few taxidermists. The pliability of the skin after soaking allows it to stretch at every point, and the results of many attempts may appear absurd to the naturalist.

The Colorado Museum of Natural History will have perfectly mounted specimens. Experts who have visited the building from London and New York declare that there is no work in the world to equal that already done here. The museums of the largest cities have stopped mounting mammals because they cannot find a man who thoroughly understands the work. Denver is unique in this respect. The mounting has been done by Rudolph Borcherdt, an expert employed continuously by the museum.

The local museum contains the two finest specimens of buffalo that have ever been mounted. They are enormous bulls, perfectly mounted, and each one is valued at $10,000. The case of ten mountain goats is the best of its kind in the world. There are very few ivory-billed woodpeckers, and the blue bird of paradise is the only one in any museum. The cases of antelope, wild turkey, pheasants and the musk ox are unsurpassed.

Three of the finest of the Mexican variety of our mountain sheep were sent from Old Mexico by Dall DeWeese, the famous hunter. He also sent two Pacific black-tailed deer and a magnificent pair of moose horns from Alaska.

It is the object of the association to gather a great collection of Indian relics as well as geological material, and place them in the museum. The upper floor of the large building will be devoted to paintings.

No museum in the world has the site that nature and the city of Denver have given the Colorado institution. Its windows open on a magnificent view of the mountain range, while the shining buildings of the city are in the foreground.

Duck-Shooting at Havemeyer Point

The technical side of sport on Great South Bay, Long Island, has already been fully presented in Recreation (January, 1906). An addendum of a philosophical nature may not be out of place, for moralizing and sport have ever been associated, as witness Walton's "Compleat Angler," and Turgenieff's "Annals of a Sportsman"—a book which marks the beginning of the present social unrest in Russia.

Havemeyer Point, the eastern end of Oak Beach, on Fire Island Inlet, is the most noted ducking region in the vicinity of New York City. Its network of creeks and lagoons forms an inviting haunt of black ducks and brant. During the open season the baymen of the Point (reached by sailboat from Babylon) take out ducking parties in their batteries, or build blinds for point shooting in the numerous natural ambushes where the sand dunes of old ocean fronts still stand as dry islets among the salt marshes.

So thick are the ducks in season that the baymen of the Point are quite indifferent whether ducking parties come or not—for they can shoot ducks for sale in the New York markets with equal profit to that which accrues from acting as guides. Yet, after all, the pleasure of the sportsmen is secured rather than endangered by this independence of the baymen. For suppose Havemeyer Point were in fact what it is in name—the exclusive property of one of the rich sugar kings, instead of being what it is, town land over which every local bayman and every sportsman guided by a local bayman has the right to shoot—what would be the chance for Captains Gus and George and Jim to earn a livelihood out of ducking in any form, and where would the sport of the gentlemen outside of Mr. Havemeyer's circle of friends come in?

"Wages are fixed by the product of free land" is a universal economic law, even where the land is marsh land and the product wild ducks. So long, therefore, as the village fathers of Babylon wisely continue to refuse the tempting offers of shooting clubs for the fee of Segaunus Thatch, the famous sniping grounds on Cap Tree Island off Oak Beach, and so long as the Islip trustees' reserve in Havemeyer Point leases the right of local citizens to shoot over the marshes of the Point, so long will natural wages prevail among the baymen without need of recourse to trade unionism. And with this will flourish free sport for the visitants of the region, and to all, both baymen and sportsmen, that simple, independent life which is the true end of our social order

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To Photograph Bears

W. H. Wright, of the wild and woolly State of Washington, has been trying a new scheme for photographing bears. But first let it be distinctly understood that Mr. Wright is a *bona fide* naturalist and photographer—not a newspaper creation, like our old friend, Abbott Nelson, of Skowhegan, Me., or the skunk-farm man from Iowa. Mr. Wright has hunted the big game of the West for, lo, these many years, and the stories of his experiences will fill a book—if they are not already in the hands of a publisher.

Mr. Wright, when last we heard from him, was heading for tall timber in Wyoming, and his scheme was to set up his camera beside the bear trails and make an arrangement whereby any bear that should happen along would take his own photograph; by his lodging a small wire that in turn would release the shutter of the camera. Mr. Wright's collection of photographs of wild game is one of the finest in America.

Panther Near New York

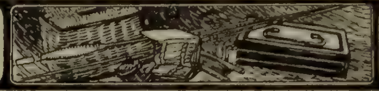
One night in August last, when Maggie France and Harry Dewitt were coming home from a dance at Jack Simpson's, at the head of Big Tink Pond, Pike County, Pa., they were startled by a woman's scream in the dense woods at the side of the road. A few nights afterward Wad Brown, at the lower end of the lake, heard a woman scream in the woods. Kirk Quick was out with his gun shortly afterward, and heard this weird screech down in the swale near Whitehall. Kirk said: "That ain't no woman. It's some sort of varmint." So, the next time it screeched, he mimicked it, and he declares that it came nearer and nearer. Kirk also says that it was very dark in the woods, so he went home and left it. One Rolandson was fishing at Wolf Lake. He heard no screams; but darkness overtook him, and some "critter," as he said, followed him through the woods, stopping when he stopped, and moving when he moved. Mr. Elmer Gregor, one of the board of governors of the Forest Lake Park Association, found signs on the Mast Hope Road left by some large carnivorous animal, which had been feeding upon rabbits.

Point Shooting on Fire Island Inlet

We have questioned all these people, and got these stories from them. At the time we made our inquiries, none of them knew the experience of the others. Mr. Dan Beard, who has a camp on Big Tink Pond, was next sought, and when asked if he had heard anything, he at length admitted that, as he was about to retire one night, he had heard a sound which corresponded exactly to the scream of a panther; he hadn't mentioned the circumstance for fear of being laughed at. Mr. Cole, the postmaster at Rowlands Station, met a panther on the road, twenty-five miles from there, last summer.

From the evidence thus gathered, there seems to be no doubt that a real, live "painter" made a temporary stay around Big Tink Pond. After we spoke to Mr. Beard, he and Jack Wilder took a coon dog and spent a night in search of the beast; but it had probably left before that time, for nothing has since been seen or heard of it. We would like to hear from the neighborhood counties in New York and Pennsylvania, if any of the inhabitants have seen the beast, for Big Tink Pond is only 117 miles from New York City, and it would be interesting to know that such big game is so close at hand.

FISHING



The Other End of the Line

By F. S. Dulaney.

Life with the average man is but a mere fishing game after all, and "the other end of the line" gives him great concern and interest. He has an object in view and would pull in something. You can figure on *that something of his* in view if you give some attention to the bait he uses and to the manner of his cast.

"How does he do it?" we sometimes ask, when noticing the success of a certain angler, who, not remote from us, but in our immediate vicinity, makes well and rapidly very fine catches, while we seem to be doing nothing but fish, fish, fish.

We wonder if we're deep enough, or are we not too deep, or what's the matter with our hook—is it too big, too small, or what? Or are our minnows of the proper sort? We lift up, reset, troll, drag and cast again and again, but to no avail. We spit on the worm for the tenth time within an hour, add a fractional part of a new worm, and try over, succeeding, perhaps, eventually in catching a dog-fish of immense size and strength, which, floundering around in the waters of the drift, excites us considerably. We strain and pull—we lean over, and then some rotten limb or chunk breaks and we get what modest fishermen designate as "the wet rear."

By and by we get hungry, and then we tackle the sardines, cheese, crackers and other good grub, for a rest, but before doing so set the hooks, of course, for the possible but not probable catch. It is high noon and the sun shines hot upon the waters. We are tired, as we eat, having worked hard all morning for the fish we didn't catch, and whether or not we envy the fellow that succeeded is secondary; suffice to say, we are disgusted with our luck, and we are inwardly swearing off. It's a poor business this fishing is, and yet if we could but catch 'em it would be bully—and there you are. It is what a man gets out of life that gives him his opinions of life. Perhaps the fisherman near us put more into the work of fishing than we did, or if not more effort, then he fished scientifically. Be that as it may, we do know *few succeed, many fail.* Whether one is fishing at the creek for suckers, or fishing in the lake for bass, this is true, there is, in the main, more in the pursuit than there is in the possession. What a man does not possess is what he's seeking to get, though, to be sure, if he gets it, he immediately notes the possession—and continues to fish for something additional. The other end of the line, all through life, concerns him more than the end he holds.

Proper bait is the first requisite if one would catch fish. But proper bait does not always do the business—the fishing hole must contain fish, and the angler must know how to cast, when and where.

That I caught no fish of consequence, Sunday, June 3, 1906, when at Valley City Slough, Pike County, Ill., amounts to nothing, considering others did catch fish. So, in life, it matters nothing if you or I fail to accomplish our aims and purposes, if others do accomplish theirs; that is to say, no great note can be taken of the fellow who fails here below. Only the successful can have place and power—a survival of the fittest, you know, and that's all. If the lines you use break that is your fault. If your hooks fail that is your fault. If your plans miscarry that is your fault. If you have failed in fishing (or in business) don't swear off, but swear on, and fish better! He who fishes long enough and often enough will surely be rewarded with a proper catch in the course of time. . . Shall we try a new worm? Sure thing!

Irrigation Ditches and Fish

The newspapers of Montana have been at war among themselves over the game and fish laws, and particularly over the question of the screening of irrigation ditches by ranchers, to prevent fish from running into the flooded fields, only to be left to die by thousands when the water is turned off. The attitude of some of the papers, notably the Butte City *Miner*, has been most commendable, while that of the Bozeman *Courier*, for one, has been the other extreme. Dr. James A. Henshall, the well-known angling authority, and who is in charge of the United States Hatching Station in Bozeman, in an interview in the Butte *Evening News*, concerning more particularly the causes of the decrease of fish in Montana waters, is quoted as saying:

There are a number of causes to account for the decrease of fish in inland waters. The one most destructive in Eastern States is the contamination and pollution of the streams by the offal and by-products of paper mills, starch factories, oil refineries, distilleries, sewage, etc. The first effect of this pollution of the streams is to destroy the minute organisms that constitute the food of the newly hatched fry and young fish. The young fish, being deprived of their food, perish at once. Adult fish can withstand a certain amount of impurity in water for a time, but eventually they also succumb.

The fouling of water by the smelting of ores and its disastrous effect on fish is patent to every resident of Butte. To the washing of coal and to the mining of ores is also to be attributed a great loss of fish life. Where the fish food is not entirely destroyed by the soluble substances, the insoluble matter is deposited on the spawning beds, smothering or killing the eggs and newly hatched fry. Sawdust and coal dust are destructive in this way.

The argument is often advanced that the various industries mentioned must, as a matter of course, be maintained, even at the cost of the loss of all fish life in inland waters. But this is not necessarily the case. The evil can be prevented in a great measure by compelling such plants to run the offal and waste water in settling ponds before flowing into the streams, as is now being done in many places.

By the vigilance of game and fish wardens the minor evils of illegal fishing, illegal sale of fish and dynamiting can, to a certain extent, be prevented, as punishment for these offenses is provided for by statutory enactment. But there is another agency of fish destruction in Montana so appalling and widespread that in comparison with it all the other causes mentioned sink into utter insignificance. It is the wholesale destruction of fish, both large and small, by means of irrigation ditches.

No one, except the ranchers and those who have investigated the matter, can have a realization of the awful loss of fish life, of the wanton sacrifice of millions of God's creatures, left to gasp out their little lives on the meadows and grain fields all over the great State of Montana. Often the stench arising from the decaying trout—the loveliest object on God's footstool—is intolerable; "it smells to heaven." And yet the past Legislatures of the State have utterly ignored any attempt to prevent it.

There is a needless and unwarranted opposition to the screening of ditches at the intake, not so much on the part of the farmers and ranchers as by the average member of the State Legislature. The rancher knows that the streams are clear of leaves and trash in the summer, and that but little attention would be required to keep the screens clean. I know of ranchers who, of their own accord, have put in screens at the head of their ditches, and who assure me that but little attention is needed to keep them clean during the season of irrigation. I do not believe that farmers are more selfish or thoughtless than other men, or have less regard for life, even that of a helpless fish. And if a screen law were enacted, I believe it would be cheerfully obeyed.

But in order to do away with the objection to screens, I devised a simple paddle wheel to be placed at the intake of ditches, which, while needing no attention after being put in place, would be more effective in preventing the passage of fish than a screen. Such a provision was included in the fish and game law before the last Legislature, but it was eliminated by the fish and game committee. Comment is unnecessary.

The streams of Montana are as yet pure and undefiled to a great extent, and should be almost as productive of fish life as when first viewed by Lewis and Clark. But unless the awful slaughter of the innocents by irrigation ditches is stopped, and stopped now, the beautiful mountain streams of the State will soon be but barren wastes, void of fish life, for which not the rancher but the representatives of the people—the Legislature—will be to blame.

Revolution in Tuna Fishing

The following extract from a letter from an enthusiastic tuna angler is interesting as showing the increasing preference for lighter tackle among anglers for oceanic game fishes:

" . . . Eleven tunas caught to-day, making 21 this season so far, ranging from 18 to 66 pounds. Your old rods are out of date now; we are all using light tackle, 9-ounce rods and 9-thread line. The lobby is full of fishermen now, telling hard luck stories about tunas —six rods broken this morning—two tunas landed on 9-ounce rods, one 54 and the other 25 pounds. All hands going out in the morning. THOS. S. MANNING.

"Santa Catalina Island, August 19, 1906."

American Anglers in Canada

The following open letter was sent by Mr. A. Kelly Evans, secretary of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association, to Mr. Stephen Stone, of the Yan-Kan-Uck Fishing Club, Moon River, Ontario:

SIR: Your letter of the 2d inst., addressed to me as Commissioner of Fisheries, was forwarded me by the Department of Public Works.

I have no connection whatever with the Government, but am secretary of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association. I am referring your letter to Mr. Edwin Tinsley, acting Deputy Commissioner of Fisheries here, requesting him to reply to the same and to give you the present regulations.

I will, however, take this opportunity of sending you, under separate cover, a copy of the constitution and by-laws of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association, together with copy of pamphlet containing the subjects for discussion at our convention, to be held August 31 and September 1, in the University of Toronto Building, as among such questions is that of a rod license fee being charged nonresidents of the Province. The association has not yet passed its resolutions upon this subject, but if I venture to make a forecast from the opinions I have heard given by members of the association, I believe it likely that the convention will heartily indorse the action of the Government in charging a rod license fee and restricting the quantity of fish that can be exported by any one person.

One of the arguments this association advances is the importance to the Province of Ontario financially of its fish and game as an attraction to visitors from your country. I would point out to you that our game fishing has been very much injured by illegal netting, and one of the objects which the association has at heart is the stoppage of this.

Among the reasons for the imposition of a rod license fee is, first, that such will provide the Government with statistics as to the number of persons coming each year to our country to fish, and thereby show the importance of maintaining good sport; second, such fees will form an annual revenue naturally gradually increasing in size and which can be devoted by the Government toward the expenses of forming and keeping up a more efficient corps of fishery overseers and game wardens than now exist, and thereby the gradual improvement of the fishing throughout the Province generally.

Our citizens welcome you to the Province, although many complaints have been made as to a class of American sportsmen (?) who entirely disregard our fishery regulations as to the limit of the number of fish caught and the limit of size at which fish should be retained. Of course, the percentage of hog fishermen is probably as great among our own citizens as among yours, and we all know that the real sportsman from your country is just as averse to this sort of thing as is the real sportsman here.

You state in your letter that your club has invested $10,000 near the Moon River. Does it not occur to you that if the fishing in your neighborhood is greatly improved, your buildings and real estate there (assuming you have such) must increase in value and also that your members will enjoy better sport?

I would also point out to you that if, by better protection of our fish and game, the magnificent sport not now existing, and yet possible to produce in a few years, was in the possession of the authorities of this Province, it would soon attract to our country the richer classes of your citizens, who would insist upon very much better hotel accommodation than now is provided. This demand would in the course of time be met by supply, and we would have built up what we most urgently require, namely, the highest class of summer and sportsmen's hotels throughout the country, and, naturally, a still greater interest in fish and game would be displayed by the public generally and the Government.

For these reasons, among many others that can be adduced, I would appeal to you to help this association in its efforts to improve the sport you seem to prize and come to this country for, and cheerfully pay the small rod license fee fixed by the Government, and, further, not only should your own club observe, as you state in your letter you do, the fishery regulations of the country, but, as far as possible, you should influence all of your countrymen who pass your camp to do the same.

Yours, etc.,
A. Kelly Evans,
August 9, 1906. Secretary.

National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs

During the international fly- and bait-casting tournament held in Kalamazoo, Mich., on August 3 and 4 a National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs was formed, the objects of which are, primarily, to perfect universal rules under which to conduct national or international tournaments, to promote interest in scientific angling through tournament or contest casting, to guard against any evils of professionalism that may possibly arise, to assist in the propagation and protection of game fishes and influence legislation toward this end, to promote the appreciation of true amateur sportsmanship among anglers and lend moral support to all moves toward true sportsmanship in all sports and to promote such social conditions as are incident to the sport of angling.

The prevailing sentiment looks toward the maintenance of the absolute individuality of each club in its own affairs, contests, etc., but the general good of all in matters of interest to all. The management of the association is vested in an executive committee made up of the national officers elected and one representative from each club which already has or may hereafter affiliate.

Eight clubs are already affiliated, as follows: The Chicago Fly Casting Club, Fox River Valley Bait Casting Club, Grand Rapids Fly Casting Club, Illinois Bait Casting Club, Kalamazoo Bait and Fly Casting Club, Kansas City Bait and Fly Casting Club, Racine Fly Casting Club and San Francisco Fly Casting Club.

A cordial invitation is extended to all angling clubs and anglers to correspond with the president or secretary relative to their joining the association as a club or forming clubs eligible to membership. Provision will also be made for individual membership where the formation of a club is not feasible.

The officers elected for the current year are: President, H. Wheeler Perce, Chicago Fly Casting Club; first vice-president, B. L. Shutts, Kalamazoo Bait and Fly Casting Club; second vice-president, J. W. Bramhall, Kansas City Bait and Fly Casting Club; third vice-president, Fred. J. Wells, Fox River Valley Bait Casting Club; fourth vice-president, Walter D. Mansfield, San Francisco Fly Casting Club; secretary, H. E. Rice, Illinois Bait Casting Club, and treasurer, Dr. C. F. Browne, Racine Fly Casting Club.

At its September meeting, the Anglers' Club of New York voted to join the National Association.

Big Michigan Smallmouth

While fishing in Long Lake, near Cheboygan, Mich., in August last, Mr. Wm. E. Shoemaker, of that city, made a catch of a nine-pound smallmouth black bass. He packed the big fish and expressed it to the office of the State Fish Commissioners at Detroit, and received the following letter of acknowledgment from the office of the commissioners:

"DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 17th was received last Saturday. The big bass also arrived Saturday afternoon in perfect condition and is now in the hands of a taxidermist for mounting. This bass is a genuine smallmouth, and is a record breaker for this State by nearly a pound, so far as we are informed. It weighed exactly 8½ pounds when delivered to the taxidermist and surely must have weighed at least nine pounds when taken, as a shrinkage of one-half pound after being out of the water a couple of days is not too much to expect. A small-mouth bass was taken from Lake St. Clair within the past two or three years that weighed approximately eight pounds shortly after being taken from the water, so that your fish tops that one by nearly a pound when weighed under corresponding conditions. On behalf of the Fish Commission I wish to thank you for sending us this fish. It will be displayed in our office as soon as it is mounted. Very sincerely yours,

SEYMOUR BOWER,
Superintendent."

What Happened to the Ciscos ?

According to reports from Lake Geneva, Wis., some great disaster has overtaken the Lake Geneva cisco, which has added greatly to the fame of the lake. During the last few days of July they died by thousands, and their bodies, drifting ashore, were gathered by the pailful and basketful and buried. Most of the dead fish were about one-third to one-half grown, few or none of the larger ones being seen.

The old residents and fishermen say they cannot account for it, and none can offer any adequate explanation, though some think it may be lack of proper food.

The habits of the cisco have changed greatly in the past few years. Formerly they could be caught only with the cisco fly, which came early in June, and at that time the lake was thronged with fishermen, and the fish were caught by hundreds. Old farmers have told about backing lumber wagons down into the water's edge and catching half a wagonload of ciscos. When the flies left the ciscos left, and were not seen again until the next June.

Of late, however, they have been caught through the ice, and at other seasons of the year with ordinary bait. This catastrophe, whatever it may be, is a matter of great regret, as it has certainly thinned the ranks of these fish so highly esteemed of every one who has made their acquaintance at Lake Geneva.

A Defender of the Carp

Mr. R. S. Johnson, superintendent of the United States fish hatchery at Manchester, Iowa, invites destruction at the hands of the anglers of the Hawk Eye State by a bold retort to the carp nuisance agitators. He also shows himself quite conversant with the harmless amusement of making canned "salmon" of these "innocent" fish. Says Mr. Johnson:

"The carp does not thrive off the spawn of other fish, as has been charged against it, nor does it eat young fish of any description. The carp is a vegetarian. His food is the roots of the tender plants at the bottom of the rivers, creeks and bayous, and he burrows after these with his long snout much as the hog wallows in his pen. The carp is not vicious or quarrelsome, but can put up a stiff fight when backed into a corner and squared away. He is a great, awkward, lumbering fellow, the yokel among fish, who is innocent of wrong and void of offense when let alone.

"It is amusing to hear the comments passed in public upon the carp as a food fish. At the suggestion of eating carp, horror is written on every face, but the chances are, especially if the guests are at a high-class hotel, that the fish served under various cognomens will turn out to be carp, carefully dressed and appetizingly prepared. Why, the carp is fast taking the place of the salmon in this country. It is cheaper and just as palatable, and its flesh can be colored to match the salmon shade exactly. The flesh of the two fish is much the same in fibrous quality, and thousands of people are eating canned carp who fondly imagine that they are enjoying the toothsome salmon."

Have at you, Mr. Johnson! We want none of your carp, either "backed into a corner and squared away" or served as canned "salmon." The great State of Iowa is rich, rich in her natural resources; all she asks of you is that you give her sons and daughters fish in the waters of the State that need not be "backed into a corner and squared away" to induce them to "put up a stiff fight." Iowans want to fish for sport; there's money enough to be made from corn and hogs, without need of going into the business of canning your "yokel among fish" to be palmed off as salmon. Why suggest to a happy and prosperous people that they besmirch their industrial good name by going into the wooden nutmeg business? Surely, you are not a native of the fair State of Iowa? Surely, you have never tasted of the joys of bait-casting for our small-mouthed black bass?

Burlington, Iowa. ERNEST CAVE.

Michigan Fish Stories

The voracious appetite of a black bass is well known to those who are familiar with their habits, but a story related by a Coldwater man pretty nearly holds the record. He caught a bass weighing less than two pounds, and noticing that it seemed unusually "pot-bellied," he opened it to find the reason. To his surprise he found in the stomach of the fish a large groundmole, upon which the digestive apparatus of the bass had scarcely commenced to operate. As the groundmole is not supposed to enter the water, but to keep beneath the surface of the earth, it seems a mystery where the fish got his unusual meal.

F. B. Rowley, of this city, is an enthusiastic fisherman, and when he has nothing else to do he generally betakes himself to one of the many lakes in this vicinity. Upon such an occasion a few days since he visited Gilead Lake, and in the course of the day he picked up a nice string of black bass, the largest weighing about three pounds. An hour or more later he was casting over the spot where he took the large one, and saw a fish swimming about near the surface of the water. Several casts of the bait in the vicinity of the fish failed to produce results, so the boat was carefully rowed to the spot and Mr. Bass was taken in with the landing net. The trouble was at once apparent: The fish was stone blind, both eyes being perfectly blank. He was fat and well-fed in appearance, and it is Mr. Rowley's theory that the bass which took his bait earlier in the day was a sort of guide and protector of the blind fish, and piloted him about, caught food for him, and in other ways acted the Good Samaritan.

L. F. BAILEY.

Coldwater, Mich.

An Example for Our Hotels

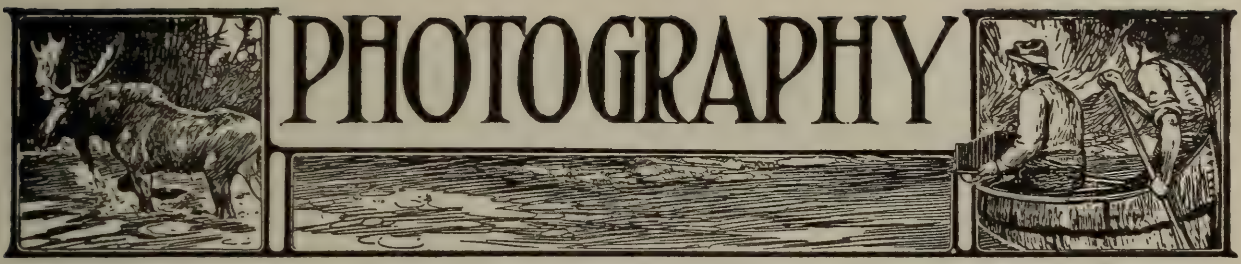
Inasmuch as the commercial fish hatchery is looked upon as an important means to better protection of public trout waters, the following extract from the London (England) *Express* is interesting and suggestive:

"The Carlton Hotel is bringing live trout from Barrasford-on-Tyne. The tanks in which they are carried are packed in ice, and the water is changed several times on the way, so that the fish arrive in London in prime condition. They are at once transferred to a great tank fed by water running over miniature icebergs. This tank is covered with wire netting to keep the vigorous fish from leaping out. Presently a glass will be fixed in an annex to the palm garden beyond the restaurant, and those who are so pleased may go and see the actual fish caught ten minutes before they are served at table. Of course, this custom is a fairly common one on the Continent, more especially at little inns among the mountains, but until M. Jacques took it in hand it has never been a success in London. Every year at the great London restaurants the demand for plain fare increases. Nothing could be more perfectly simple than trout fresh from the stream, plainly boiled. London is setting a new fashion in epicureanism. It insists on the very best materials perfectly cooked and in such a manner that the original flavor is not lost. The age of the sauce is happily over. England is going back to plain boiled, grilled and roast meats, but discarding the coarseness of our forefathers in favor of the delicacy of French methods."

Fined Himself and His Chum

John Belcher, a justice of the peace of Monmouth, Iowa, recently had the unusual and unsatisfactory experience of trying himself for a violation of the law protecting bass, receiving his own plea of guilty and fining himself $84.35. He was also compelled to accept the plea of guilty of his companion in crime, John Case, whom he fined $168.70, and perhaps he will hold it a lifelong joke on his friend that for once it did not pay him to catch twice as many fish as he.

The morning of May 10 was so bright and warm that the two old cronies gave no heed to the fact that the open season for bass was still five days distant, and went to Mineral Creek at a nice shady point where it runs into the Maquoketa River. Here they met with such wonderful luck that when they returned home they had a string of eighty-one bass. Proud of their extraordinary catch, they displayed their strings to their neighbors, and some angler, righteously indignant, passed the word along to State Warden Lincoln. In August, Deputy Warden Frank Carson was ordered to Monmouth to investigate. The result was the arrest of Case and Belcher. They were tried and paid their fines, as above stated, and it is doubtful if there will be any illegal fishing in Jackson County for some time to come.



PHOTOGRAPHY

Conducted by George W. Kellogg

Field Opportunities in October

For work in the field, October is the best of all the months, the most appropriate for the amateur photographer to reach the summit in this class of work. It is the month for the greatest achievements, the month of months for artistic effects, without faking; when nature provides the haziness, mistiness and atmosphere which the photographer may render, if he will be persistent and not be discouraged should his first attempts be less successful than he had anticipated. It is a time when the orthochromatic plate and the ray filter can be used to an advantage, for nature is clothed in her gayest colors, and to reproduce her truthfully at this season will tax the skill of the best workers. To render correctly an October sunrise or sunset; a misty morning in a picturesque locality; a fog bank rising from the valley, rolling up the mountain side or with the sun just penetrating it; a woodland or glen on an October day; trees and shrubs with their brightest coloring, and, later, stripped of all their glory; the final harvesting of crops, and some of the primitive methods of laying them by for the winter; picturesque scenes on frosty mornings, these and a host of other opportunities are awaiting the photographer this month.

Could the writer have but one month for work in the field and have the privilege of selecting that month, he would say: "Let it be October," the month in which the largest number and the greatest variety of effects are possible. No one can grasp all the month's opportunities; but the most should be made of such as are available; for with the passing of October many a camera that has been in active service will be temporarily retired, and during the winter season will be seldom used. So let this month of general activity in the field be the best, its work the most successful of the year. We do not advise the suspension of field work; but from the experiences of the past, we know how the approach of gloomy November days causes many of the enthusiastic field workers to hibernate until the coming of that season when the skunk cabbage and crocuses shall bloom again. To them, and to all others, we say: "Make the most of October, the best of months, especially for the photographer in the field."

Copying Bad Prints

The lens sees more than the human eye discerns. With the aid of the lens it is possible to copy prints that have been made from negatives lacking in detail and clearness; or from negatives with sufficient detail, but wanting contrast; or from prints yellowed and badly faded, so that the copies, if properly made, shall be a great improvement over the originals. No special accessories are needed, and the knack of doing the work is not hard to acquire. The following method has been used by the writer many years. The secrets, so-called, are: an exposure sufficient to impress the darkest part of the originals on the plate, and a developer that will balance the exposure.

No rule can be laid down for the correct timing of an exposure. Not only the light, but the quality of the original must be taken into consideration: a weak, pale print requiring less, while one with harsh, strong lights and dark, detailless shadows will require a great deal more time. As this work can be done near a window in any ordinary room, it allows a much greater latitude in exposure than does work in the field. With a good light, using stop 32, U. S., or even one size smaller, five seconds might be sufficient for some originals, and thirty seconds not too much for others. A few experiments will enable the operator to calculate his exposures with reasonable accuracy.

For developer, use the pyro-soda formula published in the July number. If the original print is too contrasty, having lights that are chalky, and shadows muddy, equal parts of the pyro and the soda solutions diluted with about six times as much water, and with a few drops of a solution potassium bromide added, should be used. It may be that the full amount of soda solution will produce fog on some brands of plates; if so, use less. If the original is flat, without sufficient contrast, pale or very badly faded, develop the copy negative in a mixture consisting of the usual quantity of pyro, one-fourth to one-third the usual quantity of soda, about one-half as much bromide solution as there is used of the soda and water to equal twice the combined bulk of the combined solutions. The bromide solution is made by dissolving one ounce of bromide of potassium in eight ounces of water.

It may be argued that the quantity of bromide used is excessive, but the experience of the writer has proved the contrary. It may make a longer exposure necessary. The development will be slow; but, while it proceeds, the tray may be covered, and other work can be given attention. There is not much danger of overdevelopment, unless the plate has been excessively overexposed. It is the writer's habit to be making other copies while the exposed plates are developing. When it is desired to increase the contrasts there is not much danger of overdevelopment.

Any kind of a camera can be used for this work, though one with a long bed and a rear focusing movement is preferable. With a front focus camera the lens can be racked out sufficiently to obtain the approximate focus; then the camera should be moved slowly forward or backward to get sharpness. Should the bellows be too short, it is advisable to use a supplementary copying lens in connection with the regular lens, which shortens the focus enough to make a copy the same size as the original; but is liable to cause a slight curvature of any marginal lines. The use of a proper diaphragm is important: the small openings having a tendency to increase, the large to lessen, contrasts.

Having gotten the best possible negative that can be obtained from the original, the improvement of the copy may be carried still further if the paper most appropriate for the quality of the negative is used in printing—a paper giving contrasty effects for negatives lacking in contrast; and a softer working paper for those negatives having too much contrast. We have found the hard and soft grades of gaslight papers very satisfactory for this work, and we know of no other that we can recommend with as much confidence.

Warm Tones by Development

A subscriber in Royersford, Pa., asks us to publish directions for obtaining sepia and brown tones on gaslight papers by development. We are against a hard proposition; for of all the formulæ that have been in print, there is not one that can be depended upon to produce the tone for which the operator is working. If there be a person who knows of a process that is practical and reliable, he is suppressing the secret most effectually.

Notwithstanding the fact that formulæ, purporting to be efficient for these very purposes, have appeared in photographic books and periodicals over and over again, we do not believe that the process by which a variety of tones can be obtained at will, with certainty and by development alone—*we do not believe that such process has been discovered.* The published formulæ are half-truths, conclusions jumped at without thorough investigation after a few experiments, by which a fair print with an unusual tone has been obtained. Compared with the ordinary black-and-white prints, the best of the warmer tones are inferior in quality. Paper manufacturers no longer recommend these methods; none of them ever turned out, commercially, prints with a variety of tones which were obtained by development alone.

The principle upon which these tones are obtained is to expose much longer than is necessary for a black-and-white print, and to use a special restrainer in development, either bromide and carbonate of ammonia, or citrate of ammonia, which may be compounded as follows:

AMMONIUM BROMIDE AND CARBONATE RESTRAINER

Bromide of Ammonia	1 oz.
Carbonate of Ammonia	1 oz.
Water	20 oz.

AMMONIUM CITRATE RESTRAINER

Citric Acid	1 oz.
Water	8 oz.

Liquid Ammonia, sufficient to just turn red litmus paper to a pale bluish tinge.

Either of these restrainers can be used with the usual developer, the writer having a preference for the latter. The longer exposure necessitates a larger quantity of restrainer in the developer. There is no reliable rule for the amount of restrainer to be used, but for prolonged exposures from a half dram to a half ounce or even more may be required.

Out of about fifty experiments tried a number of years ago the writer obtained the most satisfactory results with the developer compounded as follows:

Sulphite of Soda, anhydrous	240 gr.
Adurol	40 gr.
Metol	20 gr.
Citric Acid	20 gr.
Soda Carbonate	100 gr.
Water	12 oz.

The developer was used without diluting, just enough solution of bromide of potassium, a few drops, to keep the paper clear, and various quantities of ammonium citrate restrainer were added.

The most satisfactory prints were on rough and eggshell Dekko. Out of many trials the few fairly good prints were greenish black, brown black, brown, reddish brown and sepia. The prints on carbon papers were less pleasing. The experiments, as such, were interesting, though their results had neither a practical nor a commercial value. A process for this work, that can be sworn by, is among the photographic possibilities. For the enterprising amateur who shall discover it there is distinction and, perhaps, a fortune.

New Ideas by a Practical Amateur

We are pleased to give publicity to a letter from Mr. E. R. Plaisted, an amateur who has successfully attained results by original methods that, as we believe, have never been published. We commend Mr. Plaisted's generosity in giving so freely to his fellow workers of the information, acquired by patient, persistent, practical work, and desire that his letter shall be a nucleus for the friendly interchange of ideas and experiences. There is not one who knows all about photography. Even experts have profited by ideas obtained from amateurs — sometimes without giving credit where it was due. The letter, in full, is as follows:

"In the August number of RECREATION I find somebody has, in the photograph department, given utterance to a truth not well known, viz.: that the quality of a print on gaslight developing paper is much affected by the kind of light and length of exposure, a short exposure under an intense light softening the effect.

"Since I began using the tank developer, the only kind worth while for an amateur to use, I have not had many films that had to be intensified, but once in a while I get one that is a trifle thin. In printing these I not only give a long exposure at a greater distance from the light, but I use a yellow light obtained by coloring a frosted incandescent globe with water colors. I keep two of these, one slightly tinted and the other quite deep in tone. Also I find that for straight printing of normal negatives a frosted bulb is superior to clear glass, seeming to give a better distribution of the light.

"I believe that these apparently small matters have much to do with getting out good prints on gaslight papers, more than they are often credited with.

"Another idea that I have not seen in print is this: in making bromide enlargements, instead of pinning up the bromide paper on a board or box, put it into a printing frame of ample size to receive it and then fasten the printing frame against the upright easel. The glass holds the paper absolutely flat and true and adds much to the sharpness and evenness of focus.

"With a convenient enlarging rig I find it preferable to make all exposures with a pocket kodak and then enlarge such negatives as are worth while, or in some cases enlarging a portion only. In this way one can get as good results at 5 x 7 as would often be attained by contact printing and can select the most desirable portion of the negative for the picture to be made.

"I have had a great run on hand-colored views of local scenery this summer; after a little practice it is a quick job to color a landscape without figures and it is surprising how the colors add to what is otherwise, perhaps, a rather flat-looking picture. Especially is this the case witn those having bald skies.

"Should you deem any of these remarks of use to your readers you are at liberty to use them."

Notes

Of late we have been considering, principally, such topics as have been requested by subscribers in various parts of our own country and across the Canadian border. But, in the November number, unless we have some very urgent requests for immediate consideration, we shall devote our space largely to the subject of making of photographic articles for the holiday season.

There is a promising future for nature photography. The field is so large that it cannot be monopolized by a few; there is room for all, and a large territory in reserve for the future generations of amateurs. Get into the work. There are parts of it adapted to the equipment and ability of every one. Begin now! Your interest will grow and your knowledge of the subjects in which you become interested will increase.

What shall be your lines of work for the winter? You cannot undertake everything in a single season, and do your work well. Take up something and master it; then it will be time to try something else. If you get stuck, we will try to help you out. We are not a college of photography; but we propose to crowd in as much practical information of the kind our readers want as the space at our disposal will permit. You are earnestly invited to make your wants known. Keep busy! Let there be one winter when you do not hibernate, photographically. Send your requests early; for by the time this number is out our work on the December number, if not completed, will be well under way.

THE HUNTING DOG

The Dog for Southern Sport

BY A. J. PURDY

Next month some of our best shots will be off to the Southern States with gun and dog. Their sport will be determined by the excellence of their dogs. Any one with a long purse can go into a gun store and buy a gun that will drop every quail shot at up to forty yards, if held straight, but comparatively few men own even fairly broken dogs. The reason is not far to seek. Somebody must put in a lot of good, hard, honest work before a dog is broken or trained—whichever word you prefer. Then the dog himself must have come from stock that was well bred, as it never pays to waste time upon a mongrel. After you have received your dog from the trainer you must know how to handle it, or else in a few weeks it will be running wild again, and doing the most awful things, for it is unfortunately true that by nature the dog wishes to do the exact reverse of what we require of him.

The best dog for Southern shooting?

Ah, that is a difficult question. Personally we prefer the pointer, thinking him to be somewhat more easily trained than the setter, and more likely to remember what he has been taught. Then he stands the heat better; can go longer without water, and having a short coat does not suffer so much from burrs. If you have a good setter, however, and clip him he will probably be satisfactory, perhaps, almost equally so with the pointer. For Southern sport a dog must range widely, have a bold, independent way, and be in good condition. A comparatively slow, pottering dog may do for New England, but such an animal will not do for the Southern States. It is essential that the dog retrieve.

It is a far cry from New York to the Carolinas and your dog will suffer unless you look after him personally. Without wishing to cast any reflections upon a body of men that are probably underpaid and overworked, I must confess that the average baggage smasher has neither heart nor compassion in dealing with a dog. To him a dog is simply a dog, and the difference between an ordinary cur and a thousand dollar pointer is to him indistinguishable. So, I say, look after your dog yourself; see that the crate is large enough, that he has a good feed of meat about two hours before entraining, and that there is a sufficiency of water in his crate to last him until you can replenish it. The following tip is worth keeping in mind: instead of filling a tin with water, which will most assuredly be spilled, get a large sponge, cover it with muslin, soak it in water, and place it in a quart tin, fastening the tin to the side of the crate and the sponge to the side of the tin; then you can rest assured that your dog will be able to get a little water when he wants it. Lastly, do not forget to tip liberally. Remember, that the average trainhand can only be won over by gifts, and as you treat him so will he treat your dog. When you are taking the dog from Long Island to Georgia it is true economy to spend from $5 to $10 on tips, because you should realize that you will not get much fun out of your shooting unless your dog is in good condition and uninjured.

It is a very good plan to make an extremely dilute solution of common carbolic acid and water. It must be very weak. With this sponge the dog occasionally, as it keeps him clear of vermin and prevents him from catching many skin diseases that he might otherwise contract. Your druggist will advise you as to the strength, only take care if you err to err on the safe side, as carbolic is a very deadly poison.

A dog that is to be used either on the prairie or in the big fields of the South must be thoroughly broken to the whistle. One blast should bring him in at the gallop, right up to your hand, while if you give two blasts he should stop immediately, and look to you for instructions. A wave of the hand should send him to the right or to the left or farther out. Unless your dog is broken in this manner you will find it hard to control him on the quail grounds.

The Merrie Beagle

BY " ROWHAMPSTEAD "

At this time of the year a good many sportsmen are thinking about the beagle. They will do well if they decide to keep these merry little hounds. The spread of the beagle has been very rapid in the United States, but not more so than its merits warrant. A man can get a couple of good beagles for $50, and if he lives in the country, where rabbits are numerous—especially Molly Cottontail—he can get more fun out of this investment of $50 than one ignorant in sport could suppose possible.

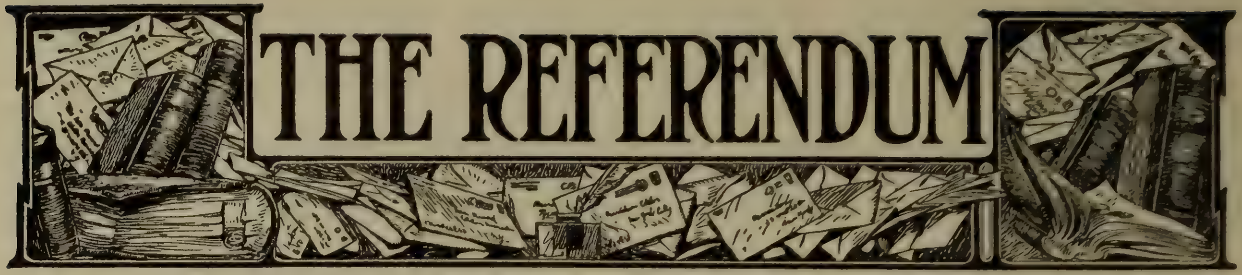
Few, if any, of our breeders care to handle the so-called pocket-beagle, that is, a beagle standing less than ten inches at the shoulder, and yet a perfect little hound for all its diminutive size. As used in England for hunting the small English rabbit, the pocket beagle is about perfection, but for American work, where hares take the place of rabbits, a larger, swifter and stronger dog is preferable. About fourteen inches is a good height for a working beagle, and if one needs a dog to shoot over, there is no necessity for securing a bench show specimen. It is by no means always the case that the dog whose points are nearest perfection is the best worker. Some very homely dogs are simply wonders in the field.

The ideal way of keeping beagles, unless the owners are wealthy, is for several sportsmen to combine and keep a trencher-fed pack. On hunting morning a rendezvous may be arranged and each man brings his dog or dogs, which may be hunted in a pack, or in relays, as may be deemed expedient. By this means a dozen guns can have excellent sport, provided there be enough rabbits to go around. Invitations may be sent to those who, though not possessing hounds, may be good and careful shots, and, hence, desirable additions to the party. We say careful shots advisedly, because if a man is not very careful he can bag a fifty-dollar beagle instead of a rabbit every time he fires, and every now and again he may even chance to drop a man, or at the least pepper him severely. Many a terrier has fallen before the gun in the big rabbit preserves of the Old Country. There, on account of the sharp gorse in the southern counties, wirehaired terriers are often used instead of beagles, and, sometimes, when they are close behind the rabbit, a careless shot may kill both dog and quarry by one fatal pressure of the trigger.

An expert has stated that a perfect beagle kennel may be built for $400; but this provides for an extensive establishment, including accommodation for the kennelman, kitchen, puppy yards and main room, all of which are, of course, not needed, excepting in a large and very ambitious establishment. A couple of small beagles may be kept without any very severe drain on the purse, and they will afford as much fun as a larger pack.

There is a great diversity of type among beagles, and no wonder, for there are at least two separate animals that are covered by this term. The pocket beagle, which is undoubtedly nearest to the true type, has a large, soft, kindly eye, a rounded head, ears set on low down, somewhat large and houndy, and a weak, terrier-like muzzle. The other standard beagle is simply a diminutive harrier; a dog dwarfed some three inches at the shoulder, but a strong, serviceable, powerful and untiring animal. You must decide which breed you prefer, and having made up your mind, be resolved not to mix your types. If I were hunting in Virginia, or any State where the cottontail is found, I should prefer the pocket beagle. Were I in the West or in Canada, I should certainly choose the harrier beagle, as there we have larger and more powerful hares, and the whole proceeding might develop into a farce were we to set the little pocket beagle to catching the big Northern hare, that weighs almost as much as he does, and which can travel farther and faster.

We hope to hear of several of the readers of RECREATION having started beagle kennels this autumn; if they do we are sure they will not regret it. The game birds are fast vanishing in the East, but the rabbit we yet have with us, and it is highly improbable that he will ever become extinct; hence, it would appear to be a wise move in certain sections to give up keeping pointers and setters, seeing there is no longer any use for them, replacing them by the active little beagle, who will be able to give us a day's enjoyment whenever we feel so disposed.



THE REFERENDUM

Sold Out

My present possession in the gun and accouterment line consist of five .32 caliber S. & W. cartridges and a powder and shot dipper! Each year I have promised myself that, when the season opened, I would surely once more do some hunting. But when the time would come, it seemed as if I just didn't care to go any more. The sight of a Parker or a Smith seemed to call back happy days—days as free from care as the sweet autumn breeze is from impurities. Then a flood of memories would come o'er me and with a sigh I would turn away—turn back to the present with its pall of melancholia.

First the Parkers, then the Smiths, then the Winchesters went. I sold or traded them off. I had little choice between the two former makes and have owned some fine ones. I have owned about seven Winchester shotguns. They were all good shooters. So were the Parkers and L. C. Smiths. I had a No. 12 Winchester take-down about four years ago with which I put 329 No. 7½ chilled in a 30-inch picked circle at 40 measured yards. I used 3¼ dozen Du Pont smokeless, 1¼ ounce shot, in factory shells. I had a Smith pigeon gun that put 348 in a 30-inch ring 40 measured yards from the muzzle of the gun with the same shell. I sold this to a gentleman in San Francisco. After having fired it 25,000 times, it looked and shot like a new gun. There's no wear out to the L. C. Smith. I have been told that they have the best single-trigger in America. I never used a single-trigger, but if I had the price to put into a good gun, the Hunter Arms Company would get it, for one of their new single-trigger guns. The Parker is perhaps the most beautiful gun to look at on earth. As to shooting they reach out to surpass anything that I have ever used, except the old L. C. S. With these makes I have killed game at distances no sane man would think of shooting at it with the average gun, and have done it repeatedly.

As to whether I shall ever shoot again, I hardly know. I was out about an hour last winter with a borrowed gun. It was a good gun. I shot 15 times and killed 14 quails and one rabbit. These were all snap shots, so I don't think I have entirely forgotten how it's done. If I keep in the present frame of mind until cool weather I am going to get some kind of old fusee and go out again just to see if I can still shoot. "Reelfoot."

Redlands, Cal.

His Advice the .303 Savage

In your August number there has been some discussion as to the relative merits of .32-40, .30-30 and .32 Special calibers by your correspondents T. K. T. and A. G. Dildine. It seems to me that an important point has not been touched upon in this discussion, viz., the weight of bullet, which is one of the prime factors in determining the efficiency. I have disregarded the diameter of the bullet, since all of these (and I might say the Savage .303) are practically the same bore.

The first of your correspondents in comparing the .32-40 and the .32 Special does not state as to whether he has reference to the efficiency of the calibers as target or hunting weapons. If the former, I think it is conceded that the .32-40 is the more accurate gun, not, however, using the high power cartridges, but with the low-pressure black powder load and a lead bullet.

I assume, however, that what your correspondents are seeking to assure themselves of is the relative efficiency of the various calibers for hunting purposes. It is here that A. G. Dildine enters the arena with his query as to .32-40 and .30-30.

I think I am right in stating that there are three bases upon which the efficiency of any bullet rests, viz., diameter of bullet, weight of bullet and velocity. We will disregard the first for the reasons stated above. It follows that a light bullet must travel faster, to equal in striking energy, than one that is heavier, and *vice versa*. There is considerable difference between figures given by the Winchester, Marlin and Savage companies, which is brought about by reason of the fact that the loads and weight of bullet are not the same as put up by the different factories. The .32-40, as loaded for a Marlin rifle, is a stronger cartridge than the .32-40 Winchester, and the .303 Savage, as loaded by the Savage Company, is a more powerful cartridge than either U. M. C. or Winchester. In tabulating the figures below, I have, therefore, taken the Marlin figures for the .32-40, the Winchester figures for the .30-30 and .32 Special and the Savage figures for .303. They line up as follows:

	Grains Bullets	Velocity	Energy
.32-40 H. V.	165	2,000	1,464
.30-30	170	1,960	1,449
.32 Special	170	2,050	1,585
303 Savage	190	2,000	1,514

It will be seen that on the basis of energy the .32 Special stands first. Now, it follows that in order to get the full benefit of the bullet's energy it must stop within the body of the object hit, and with the small calibers, in order to bring this about, they must mushroom perfectly.

I am an advocate of the .303 Savage, and hence am perhaps prejudiced, but I have always fancied that the Savage .303 mushrooms more perfectly and delivers its energy better than any of the bullets named above; still it will be seen from the figures that the .303 and .32 Special are nip and tuck for first place. There is only one thing about the Winchester Special which I think might affect the situation, and that is the comparatively slow twist of the rifling. The Savage bullet spins faster, and it is my impression that this makes it a much more destructive bullet than the .32 Special.

My advice to those desiring a Winchester rifle would be to get a .32 Special, or those preferring the Savage to use the .303, as loaded by the Savage Company. Neither the .32-40 Marlin nor the .30-30 Winchester is as powerful or efficient as the two above. They are all right as to accuracy and velocity, but they have not the weight of bullet necessary to give them the fullest striking energy, and the latter is what counts. LEWIS R. GWYN.

Tarrytown, N. Y.

Fond of Trap-Shooting

Mr. Thos. M. Wilson's letter, on trap-shooting, in your August issue pleased me greatly, as doubtless it did many others.

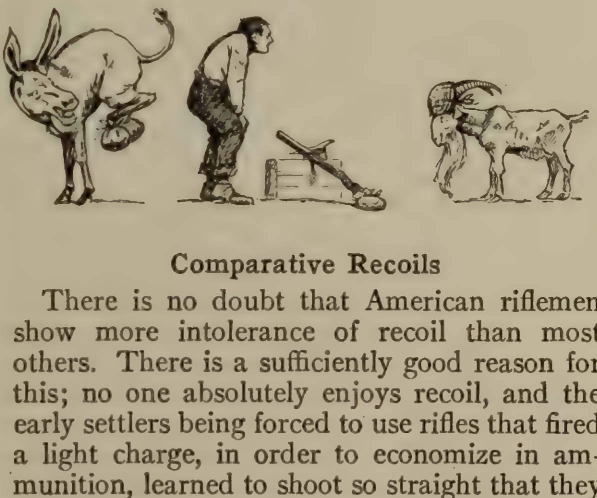
The progress made by this form of recreation has been really astonishing. I can remember well the old glass balls, and how we used to bang away at them with the old "fusee" and black powder. The prevailing method of testing the penetration at that time was to shoot at a greased duck, that is, in the locality from which I am writing. A number of tame ducks were caught and generously besmeared with ordinary lard or butter. They were then placed about sixty yards from the gun, and fired at. If killed, that gun was considered a good shooter, and its owner was forever after praising its remarkable performance.

As near as I can come to understanding the principle of inanimate target-shooting, it is supposed to, as closely as possible, imitate the actual experience of shooting in the field. I have never understood why so many, in fact, the great majority of trap-shooters, throw the gun to the shoulder before calling "pull." This movement, in my humble opinion, should be performed after the target has left the trap. I have never yet seen a man in the field walk to "a point," put his gun to his face and yell "get out!" Should a "point" in such a case happen to be a "fluke," then that man would certainly be responsible for the cigars.

I should very much enjoy another discussion of this point by the trap-shooting readers of RECREATION.

And also it seems to me that the big and small bore "cranks" must all have died, judging by their recent silence. I had supposed that the introduction of the various new .45 and .50 caliber high velocity cartridges by the cartridge companies would start the subject rolling again. FRED. C. KIEFER.

Central Islip, L. I.

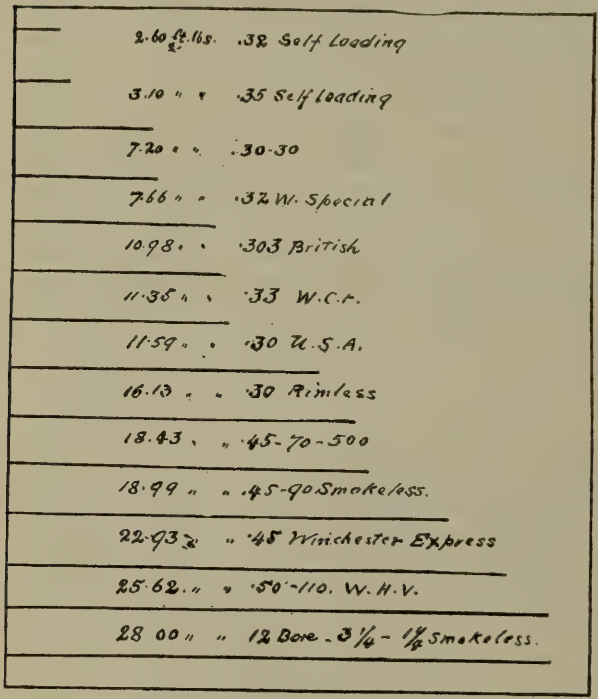


Comparative Recoils

There is no doubt that American riflemen show more intolerance of recoil than most others. There is a sufficiently good reason for this; no one absolutely enjoys recoil, and the early settlers being forced to use rifles that fired a light charge, in order to economize in ammunition, learned to shoot so straight that they found a pea rifle deadly enough for all they had to do. When the West began to be opened up, however, they ran across grizzly, elk and buffalo, and then their little Kentucky rifles began to fail them. But they had become accustomed to a very light recoil, so, in order to shoot a fairly heavy charge without feeling it, they added weight to their arm.

This, to my mind, accounts for the heavy Sharpe rifle becoming such a favorite with the plainsmen. Modern shooters know that much of this weight and also the inordinate length of the old weapons were not needed. Witness the newest arm that Uncle Sam is giving his troops. This rifle is shorter and lighter than most Continental weapons, and yet it is said to be the best of them all.

A man who will shoot a 12-bore, burning 3¼ drams of nitro, and driving 1¼ ounces of shot, all day, firing perhaps two hundred shots, will fight shy of a 50-caliber high-velocity rifle that does not give by several pounds so severe a recoil. I have shot almost every rifle that is on the market, and, though I acknowledge that when target shooting recoil is felt more than when shooting at game, I hold that it is always most moderate in an American rifle. The manufacturers are too clever to put out a rifle that kicks very badly—it would not sell.



GRAPHIC TABLE OF RECOILS

The engineer is fond of a graphic explanation, and in such a matter as comparative recoil I think we may well follow his example, so I have drawn up a table in this form that may interest some and enable them to decide just what the new rifle is to be. W. E. S.

Middletown, Conn.

Out of Date

Could you inform me through Recreation whether the old pattern Colt's powder and ball revolvers are fairly accurate for target shooting?

Would the .44-caliber army pattern (m. l.), advertised by various sporting-goods houses, be suitable for the above?

What would be the proper load and what grain of powder? Are the round bullets equal to the conical for the above purpose? Would ordinary lead be too soft for the bullets, and if so, what alloy would be necessary, and would the bullets need to be lubricated? Would wads be necessary over powder before seating the ball? A. B. C.

New York.

[Your pistol is better fitted for a museum than for target shooting. Try five grains of F. F. G. powder and a round ball. Insert the ball directly upon the powder. The bullets used with these ancient pistols were of pure lead, and the service charge generally varied between 15 and 25 grains of fine-grained powder.—Ed.]

Uses the .45 S. A.

As I am a constant reader of Recreation, I should like to see something about revolver and pistol shooting. I use the Colt .45 S. A. revolver, 5½ inch, which I think is the best revolver made. A good many of the readers are anxious to see the S. A. in swing-out cylinder and lighter weights. Now I don't think that would be any great improvement over the old S. A. Colt. The revolver would be lighter in weight and could be loaded a little quicker, but the muzzle would, of course, fly up more in firing. It would be a good target revolver, no doubt, in the small calibers, if made heavy enough.

I object to carrying a heavy revolver about at the waist myself, as I can only use my revolver about once a week. If we all had to carry our revolvers around every day on a belt, just as do some of the people in the West, who use their revolvers daily, we should soon become used to the weight and not notice it.

As to "improvements" in the Colt S. A., I don't think they could improve it much, as all the parts are strong and simple and work perfectly. There is just one little thing, though, which I think could, perhaps, be improved upon, that is the way the base-pin is locked in the frame. In my new S. A. Colt the pin is locked by a small screw running through the frame and engaging with a small pin with slot, thereby necessitating the use of two screwdrivers to loosen them before the base pin can be removed. Now I think a small locking button, with an arm to engage with base-pin to lock it, could be put in the frame without weakening it. Have the head of the button checkered and a small, strong spring put under the head. Make this spring so strong that anything coming in contact with it would not unlock the base-pin. Any one taking pride in his gun should see that this style of locking base-pin would be a blessing to users of the Colt S. A.

revolver. It would in no way wear the frame any more than the slotted pin and screw now used. Any one shooting at the target would welcome this new idea, as he could remove the cylinder easily and quickly and clean all the chambers and barrel after every ten or fifteen shots, thereby making better scores.

Of course, there will be some who will say this is another fool's idea, but if we never had any fools or cranks in this world we should not have anything. If everybody that use guns would give their ideas in the magazines, perhaps we might get guns to suit us. If everything is left to the manufacturer of firearms, he will get up guns only after his own ideas.

I also use a S. & W. .22 target pistol, with six-inch barrel, and think it is the finest of its kind made, but it would be better if side plates for cylinder were left off, as I don't think one in a dozen who uses one ever uses the cylinder and barrel for revolver on it.

I also use the Marlin '93 model .32-40 rifle with smokeless barrel, and new style rifle butt, which I think equals the shotgun butt for quickness and far surpasses the old rifle butt and shotgun in appearance on the straight gun stock.

I should be pleased to see something more about revolver shooting in RECREATION. It would also afford me pleasure to hear from readers of RECREATION as to their ideas on the new style of locking device for the S. A. Colt I have described. Moreover, I should like to know of some good book on revolver shooting—not about old muzzle-loading revolvers, but revolvers of to-day, with hints on the subject, that all of us haven't the time or the place to learn by experience. A. W. HILDEBRAND.

Norwich, Conn.

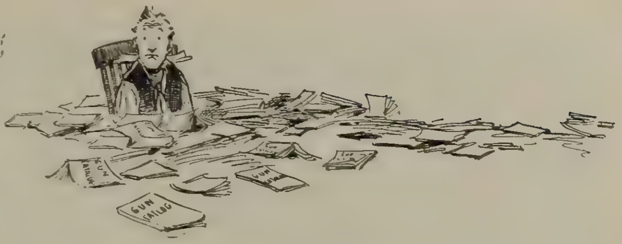
[If Mr. Hildebrand will get either the book on shooting in the American Sportsman's Library (Macmillan's), or that published in London, by Walter Winans, he will find much information that will be useful to him. The first would cost $2.15 and the second $5.35, if ordered through RECREATION.—ED.]

Requires a Larger Caliber

I have a gun, rifle and shot combined, made in Germany. The caliber of the rifle is 6 mm., and I should like to have it rebored for .32-40 caliber, but I don't know where I can have this done. Would you tell me a good reliable firm, which can rebore the gun, and how much it would cost? FRANK SCHUHBAUER.

Missoula, Mont.

[Write to the Stevens Arm Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass., which does a lot of reboring, and gives satisfaction every time.—ED.]



Much Confusion

There seems to be some very different ideas as to the relative powers of the .30-30 and .32-40 high power rifles, judging by recent articles that have appeared in RECREATION. This confusion has evidently resulted from the titling of the various .32-40 smokeless powder cartridges.

On page 82 of Catalogue No. 72, issued by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company in October, 1905, I find the following: .30 W. C. F., weight of bullet 170 grains, velocity 50 feet from muzzle 1,960 feet per second, energy 50 feet from muzzle 1,449 foot-pounds, and then follow the figures giving the penetration, trajectory, etc. On the same page in this catalogue, lower in the same column, we find also the following: .32-40 W. H. V., weight of bullet 165 grains, velocity 50 feet from muzzle 1,700 feet per second, energy 50 feet from muzzle 1,058 foot-pounds, then giving penetration, trajectory, etc. From the above figures there should be no doubt that the .30-30 cartridge as here described is more powerful than the .32-40 cartridge, described on the same page of the Winchester Catalogue. But can this .32-40 be truly called a high-power cartridge? We think not. At least, it is not the cartridge which the users of the .32-40 have in mind when they speak of the power of that rifle.

On a further examination of the figures given for the various cartridges, we notice that the .32-40 described above is the only .32-40 cartridge loaded with smokeless powder mentioned in the Winchester catalogue, while in the Marlin and Savage catalogues, which we also have before us, there are mentioned two cartridges loaded with smokeless powder besides the short range cartridges, etc. These two smokeless powder cartridges mentioned and described in the Marlin and Savage catalogues are distinguished as Smokeless and High Power Smokeless. From this distinction, we may conclude that there is a difference in the power of the smokeless powders used in these various cartridges, which is just the case. Going a step further, we learn that the Winchester Company does not manufacture a .32-40 rifle, with anything but the soft steel barrel used for black powder or low power smokeless powder, unless the smokeless steel barrel is specially ordered, and then at an extra cost, making the price of this .32-40 not only higher than the same rifle with the soft steel barrel, but more expensive than the same grade of gun, which this company regularly places on the market with the smokeless steel barrel. The .32-40 cartridge loaded with high power smokeless powder can be safely used in the Marlin, model of 1893, and the Savage, model of 1899, but cannot be safely used in the .32-40 Winchester as that arm is found on the market to-day. If one desires to use such a cartridge in the .32-40 Winchester, one must not forget to order the nickel steel barrel, and in addition stipulate that the gun be sighted for this high power cartridge—then he will be politely reminded of the additional cost.

The .32-40 cartridge described as the W. H. V. .32-40 for which the ballistic data is given in the Winchester catalogue, is a cartridge made for the Winchester .32-40 rifle as that arm is found on the market. And as that arm is offered with a soft steel barrel, made for the use of black powder, this W. H. V. .32-40 cartridge made by the Winchester Company, and described in that catalogue, is in reality a low-power smokeless powder cartridge, as only such would be safe to use in such an arm. Any .32-40 in which only this Winchester so-called high velocity ammunition can be used, is without doubt an arm of less power than the .30-30. But it must be remembered that it is the cartridge, not the rifle, which gives the power, all other things being equal. The true high-power .32-40 smokeless cartridge, according to the U. M. C. figures, gives an average muzzle velocity of 2,065 feet per second with an energy of 1,558 foot-pounds. The figures given in the Savage catalogue are somewhat lower than those of the U. M. C. Company, but even with the Savage ammunition the .32-40 high-power cartridge gives both greater velocity and energy than the Savage .30-30.

I have been recently told by two persons connected with the Savage Arms Company, whose connection with that company places them in a position to know, that the high-power .32-40 cartridge shows by their tests a greater velocity than the Savage .303, the gun on which this company has built its reputation; though the figures given in the Savage catalogue do not disclose that fact. The Marlin figures are practically the same as those of the U. M. C. Company.

Thus taking the figures for the .30-30 from the Winchester Catalogue, which are the most favorable given for that caliber, and comparing them with the Marlin and U. M. C. Company's figures for the .32-40 high power, we must conclude that the .32-40 high power is more powerful than the .30-30. We leave out of consideration the .32-40 W. H. V., because, as we have above stated, that cartridge is in reality a low-power cartridge, made to be used in the soft steel barrel of the Winchester .32-40 rifle.

From the foregoing statements it must not be inferred that the writer does not consider the .30-30 cartridge an excellent one and the arm of that caliber an excellent arm, for such an inference would be incorrect; but, as there seems to be considerable misunderstanding regarding the power of the .32-40 high power cartridge and the arm provided with a barrel strong enough to take such cartridge, also of the relative power of the .30-30, the above facts and figures are given.

F. J. De La Fleur.

Utica, N. Y.

Liability of an Accident

The other day a copy of a book called "Camp Kits and Camp Life" came into my hands, and as I do quite a lot of camping I became interested in it at once, and sought out a quiet, shady spot beside the brook that flows through an adjacent meadow, to enjoy its contents. Gradually, a feeling of weariness made itself felt, and at the end of a forced march through the first fifteen pages I cast it aside and have not yet resumed its perusal. A few of the gems of advice that I found in those pages may cause some other open-air men to understand why, without further explanation on my part:

"As the stock of a shotgun has more drop than the stock of the ordinary rifle, many sportsmen have shotgun stocks put on their rifles, so that they will not have to twist their heads in taking aim, which to some extent affects the eyesight."

"The lock is the steel frame in the middle of the gun, and is the part which holds the stock and barrel."

"The hammer is the steel plunger which is driven against the firing pin to cause the concussion, and the trigger is the lever which releases the hammer, this being protected by a curved piece of steel called the guard."

". . . with modern guns and smokeless powder, the killing part of the load being 70 per cent. of the shot at fifty yards, 30 per cent. dropping to the ground or not flying true."

"A cartridge, as we all know, is the metallic case, or the burr, as it is often called, which holds the powder and bullet."

"Other bullets are express bullets, or those with long bodies and fired with an enormous amount of powder."

". . . black powder will stand a certain amount of pressure with safety, but at the slightest compression smokeless powder is liable to develop so much force that it explodes. Be careful, therefore, when extracting a cartridge or shell which has smokeless powder in it, not to compress it or it may cause an accident."

"The ordinary way to fire a gun is to bring it against the shoulder, but a quicker way is to bring it into the crook of the arm, having the elbow nearly on a level with the shoulder. By keeping the other elbow also well up the gun is balanced with the body, and there is not the same liability of its swaying as when held against the shoulder. In firing in this way you will have to learn to hold the head well back when you take aim, otherwise your eye will be close to the hammer and if the gun kicks there is the liability of an accident."

"SUFFERER."

Glens Falls, N. Y.

Three-Barrel Gun Man

I would like to hear from some of the readers of RECREATION who have had experience with the three-barrel gun. I am thinking of buying a 12-gauge with .25-.35 or .32-.40 rifle barrel, weighing about 7½ pounds. S. T. F.

Spokane, Wash.

A Plea for West Virginia

My chief purpose in writing this letter is not to dilate upon the beauties of our mountains and streams, the fun of deer-hunting and fishing, but to raise my voice for the proper protection of our game and fish. Our success at deer-hunting in the Williams River country has been limited. The cause of this may be almost wholly attributed to the utter disregard of the game and fish laws of our State. Our laws for the protection of game and fish are very good, although in some respects they might be amended to advantage. But it is their nonenforcement that plays havoc with the game and fish.

I understand that there is little or no effort made to prohibit the many companies operating pulp mills, tanneries, coal mines, etc., from emptying the poisonous waters from their mills and mines into the streams. Wherever such waters are emptied into the streams, it means death to all animal life therein for many miles below that point, and, in fact, for the entire distance of the stream above, for the fish cannot come up through the polluted portion of the stream. This is only one of the many causes that depopulate our streams of fish. Dynamiting, seining, netting, gigging and spearing in spawning season are the others. Until very recently there has been little or no attention paid to these unlawful methods of taking and catching fish.

If these conditions of lawlessness continue, the National Government will have little or no encouragement in the future to stock our streams with game fish.

Now, a few words in behalf of the noble game that is fast vanishing from our forests—the deer. If the deer were properly protected in this State, they would be getting more plentiful each year, instead of becoming scarcer and scarcer. Our mountains are the natural haunt of the deer. The forests afford them abundant food and good shelter in winter. But with all these natural advantages they cannot long survive the indiscriminate and continuous onslaught, by every known method of the hunter, in and out of season. At the pace we are now going, a few years more and the deer will be remembered only in stories for the children.

What I have said of the fish and the deer is also true of all other game.

If the citizens living in the hunting and fishing sections of this State would awake to the fact that it would be to their financial advantage to protect the game and fish, they would soon discover that many true sportsmen would soon patronize their neighborhoods, and the source of revenue derived from the hunters and fishermen would be equal to, if not more than, the amount derived by them from their daily labors.

I think the law should in this State, as I am informed it does in the State of Maine, constitute every citizen in the hunting and fishing sections of the State game and fish wardens. Soon the citizens would take pride in seeing that the game and fish laws would be enforced in spirit and letter.

In conclusion, let me appeal to all true lovers of the gun and rod to lend their influence and hearty support to preserve the fish and game of our streams, forests and fields. If we succeed in this, and we can, future generations will rise up and "call us blessed." This having been done, it will be but a few years until West Virginia will be as noted for its fish and game as any other State, and the amount of money left in the State annually by tourists with rod and gun will more than pay us for the outlay. I sincerely hope that RECREATION and its many readers will labor with one accord to this end. J. C. CRILE.

Clarksburg, W. Va.

Trout in Northern Quebec

On my desk, penned in the quaint characters of a French Canadian *voyageur*, is a letter which was received at a time when it was possible to accept it most gratefully, and all its allurements and promises were fulfilled.

Leaving Place Viger Station, Montreal, on June 11, at 4:30 P. M., we arrived at La Belle at 9:20 P. M., at the end of the most delightful trip I have ever taken by rail. At 10 o'clock that night we sat down to supper, of which trout composed the larger part. It was a supper, indeed. My uncle, W. H. Allison, of Toronto, being with me, Napoleon did not care to look after the pair of us in the woods, so arrangements were made that he drive us to his brother's place at Lac Minerre, 14 miles distant. Supper over, pipes were lit and stories told for a little while. How they can tell stories of the lake and trail, those *voyageurs!*

Bed at last and a sleep much too short, it seemed, when we were up for the drive. A drive it was, indeed, of scenery constantly changing: lakes, streams and hills in succession and repeating itself every mile of the way. Deer tracks without number on the road; here a bear was killed a few weeks ago. In that shanty a man had to take refuge from a pack of wolves, and the deer that had been killed along the road were without number. At last the drive was ended and there was Peter's house, but a stone's throw from the bank of Lac Dessert. We unloaded from the buckboard, changed our clothes and waited for Peter, who had gone up the lake to set bear traps. At last he arrived and soon our desire was to be granted. The disciples of Walton, who had never caught big trout, were at last to know the pleasures thereof.

Peter's dinner was soon finished and we were off for the trout. Lake Dessert was so rough and the day so cold and raw, we contented ourselves by trolling for three hours. When we finished we had four of the biggest trout I have ever seen anywhere. Peter was disgusted and promised to take us to another lake, about six miles away, the following day. Another supper of trout, and at 9 o'clock to bed. It's needless to say we were up bright and early the next morning, and we were off for Lac Chaurette. A row of four miles across Dessert, a portage of two miles and we stood on the banks of Chaurette. Beautiful beyond description. Clear, cold water, and fish jumping everywhere. We started in fishing and soon had enough, stopping with thirty-three fish at three in the afternoon. They were fine and every ounce was a fight to the death.

The next morning as we hit the trail from Dessert an old hen partridge with chicks showed fight, but as we did not stop, she jumped upon a log to watch us out of sight. Passing along by numerous signs of bear (rooting and wallows), we were once more at Chaurette.

Talk of fish! They are without number there, and had we had more time we could have fished a lake where no man has ever "wet a line." We fished that afternoon and stopped with fifty trout, which was none too many, as Peter had six in his family to feed, besides us two. Our outing was over all too soon and we dressed for the drive back to civilization.

We were sights! Black flies had taken chunks out of us, mosquitoes had left their trade-marks, and the sun had blistered necks and noses and left us the color of boiled lobsters. We were back in Montreal on Friday in the care of Frank Murray, of Grand Union Hotel, who can advise any one on any branch of sport he may ask for.

It's a long time between now and May, but Lac Chaurette is to have my company then, if I have to go alone. But unless all signs fail, Murray will be with me. As we were leaving Peter's he said, "By Gar, de nex tam you come, you make it May and you get de ol Red bull trouts in Lac de Saule." There no one has ever fished, but it is my intention to try it early in May of 1907.

J. A. F. FERRIS.

White Plains, N. Y.

PARAGRAPHS FOR PURCHASERS

WE are constantly receiving inquiries as to where to purchase a thoroughly good dog from a reliable breeder or trainer. In answer to these requests we beg to refer our readers to the classified advertisements in the front of the magazine, under head of "Wants—For Sale—Exchange." We exercise precaution to ascertain the reliability of these advertisers and believe them to be trustworthy.

This is the month of months for the duck-hunters, and no doubt many of our readers have dug out last year's duck-boat from the boat-house or barn, where it has been lying since last season, and, to their consternation and chagrin, found that the boat they had relied upon for at least two more years' work has become unfit for further service. It is too late to build a duck-boat, and, you say to yourself, if you buy another one you will only be able to use it for a short time and it also will be in bad shape. Let us suggest that you write to the W. H. Mullins Company, 320 Franklin Street, Salem, Ohio, for the catalogue of their "Get There" steel duck-boats. These boats, being made of steel, are light and more durable than the ordinary wooden duck-boat and will be found to last from year to year without suffering any loss of serviceability. Mention RECREATION.

Always keeping pace with the demands of the day, the Marlin Firearms Company is getting out a new repeating shotgun with a straight grip, which is ever growing in popularity, particularly with trap-shooters. In addition to this, the new gun is a "take-down," thus adding greatly to its portability. The company also has changed its Baby Featherweight .22 caliber repeater to a "take-down" by the substitution of a thumb-screw for the former tang-screw. Many other new features, adding considerably to the attractiveness of the Marlin guns, are being added from time to time. For complete information address the Marlin Firearms Company, New Haven, Conn., mentioning RECREATION, and the company will gladly mail you their catalogue.

Our experience has shown us that a large percentage of hunters take "something" with them to set the blood agoing after a hard day in rough weather, or on freezing nights when it is necessary to break through a skim of ice to push the canoe ashore. In this connection our advice would be, if you do "take something," take the best that money can buy. Hunter Rye is pronounced "not so bad" by the guides, and what is good for the guide is often not so bad for the sportsman.

In going after ducks a great many hunters turn out in "any old thing," and for that very reason we consider a little advice on this point not untimely. The clothing to be worn for duck-shooting should as much as possible harmonize with the hunter's surroundings. At this season of the year, when the marsh grass and weeds are beginning to thin out and die, they become a dirty, greeny yellow. Hence the shooter must attire himself to correspond with this color. We know of no better clothing than "Duxbak." This can be obtained for either men or women, in either light tan or dead grass green. It is soft and pliable—not like a great deal of the so-called "sportsmen's clothing," which makes the wearer feel like a wooden man and is as noisy as if made of sandpaper when he moves—and at the same time is absolutely waterproof. Bird, Jones & Kenyon, Blandina Street, Utica, N. Y., will promptly send desired information on mention of RECREATION.

So many news items in the daily press tell of accidents caused by the "didn't know it was loaded" fool and the man whose revolver was discharged while he was cleaning it, that a word may well be said for a revolver which, while suffering nothing in accuracy, reliability and ease of manipulation, is claimed to be the safest manufactured. For men or women who must have their revolver in a place of easy access, there is probably no better arm than the Iver Johnson safety automatic revolver. A line addressed to Iver Johnson & Co., 99 Chambers Street, New York, mentioning this magazine, will bring full particulars.

Now that the shooting season is again open the lucky sportsmen will secure many fine specimens of both birds and animals. All those who wish to preserve their specimens for themselves should write to the Northwestern School of Taxidermy, Omaha, Nebr., for a copy of their elegant new catalogue and "Taxidermy Magazine." These booklets explain how the school teaches the art of taxidermy by mail. The course includes full and complete instruction on how to properly mount all kinds of birds, animals, game heads, fish, tan skins, make rugs, etc. The lessons are practical and easily learned by any one, and it would certainly pay any sportsman to take a course in this school. It has been teaching taxidermy by mail for six years. We receive nothing but the best reports regarding their methods and manner of doing business. The advertisement appears on another page of this magazine.

The handy pocket booklet of U. M. C. game laws of the United States and Canada is looked for about this time each year by sportsmen who are anxious to know when and where they may shoot without the unpleasant sequel of a visit from the game warden. This booklet includes the names of a large majority of the reliable guides of the Adirondacks and Maine woods, where the guide system has become firmly established, and will be mailed free to any sportsman who writes to the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, 313 Broadway, New York, mentioning this magazine.

The time may come when all people will be law-abiding and when very many hunters will exchange their firearms for cameras, but that time is a long way off. In the meantime there are a multitude of people who wish firearms for defense of property or person and for practice purposes. Of such arms revolvers are in the main the most convenient and useful, and among revolvers the Harrington & Richardson stand in the front rank. Made of the best possible material, small, light, durable and effective, they are perfectly reliable weapons, to be carried by the man or the woman who needs a revolver. There are many styles and sizes of these revolvers and many prices. A request on a postal card will bring the catalogue, giving full particulars, if addressed to Harrington & Richardson Arms Company, 317 Park Avenue, Worcester, Mass.

It would seem a curious fact that at a large majority of revolver matches, the reports show that the best scores are made with Colt's revolvers, were it not that the makers of these reliable pistols have, for over fifty years, been solely engaged in making revolvers. From the old days, when every man west of the Ohio River "toted a gun," down to the present, they have always shown the way. You can't make a mistake if you buy a Colt's.

A good, reliable stop-watch, that is at the same time within the means of the average sportsman, has been the quest of a great many of our athletically inclined friends. One that will fill the bill is the "Chronograph." It is dust and moisture proof, of a convenient size and is, we believe, the cheapest that can possibly be made consistent with first-class workmanship. For fully illustrated catalogue, address the New York Standard Watch Company, 130 Woodward Street, Jersey City, N. J.

Well do we remember in days gone by searching the book stores for volumes that would help us to identify the birds, reptiles, plants and insects we met on our walks and excursions to the woods. After diligent search and the long saving of money our library consisted only of Dana's "Geology," Packard's "Introduction to the Study of Insects" and Harris's "Insects Injurious to Vegetation." Pretty dry and scientific books for a boy, but the best the market afforded in those days. Oh, how we longed for a book of birds, of fishes, of snakes and of frogs!

Our elders to whom we applied for information on this and kindred subjects only shook their heads, smiled and said, "What a strange boy!" Strange? Indeed, it would be strange if a boy were *not* interested in frogs; no healthy, right-minded boy ever saw a frog without being interested, and no fisherman who uses these batrachians for bait, and no gourmand who uses frogs' legs as a delicacy, can be otherwise than interested in these creatures.

Now at this late date comes one of the books which would have gladdened our youthful heart, "The Frog Book." And yet some "Miss Nancy," in reviewing Mary C. Dickerson's "Frog Book," says that "Brilliant as the coloring is, the creatures are none the less repulsive."

Repulsive! Bah! Such talk in a dignified review!

The book is splendidly printed, beautifully illustrated from photographs of living specimens and with numerous colored plates. Those of the tree toads will appeal especially to any one's artistic sense, and as well be of great service in identifying specimens met with on one's rambles. The book is technical enough for a naturalist and simple enough for a novice and is the only American book in which the subject is adequately treated. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

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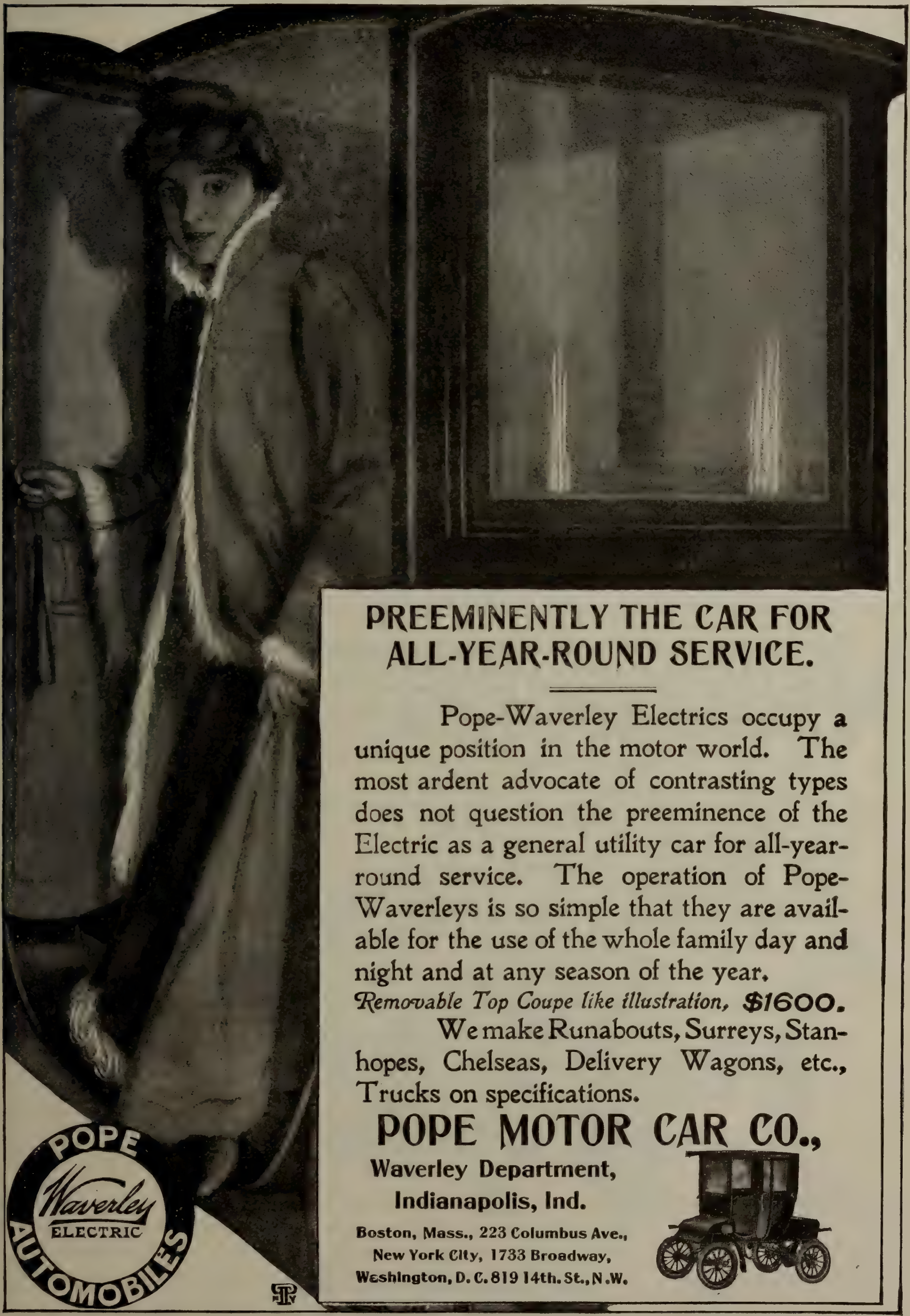

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I know of no remedy in the whole Materia Medica equal to your Specific Pill for Nervous Debility.—ADOLPH BEHRE, M.D., Professor of Organic Chemistry and Physiology, New York;

Send for free treatise securely sealed.

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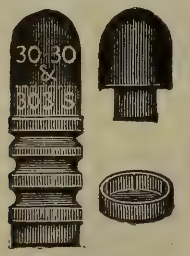

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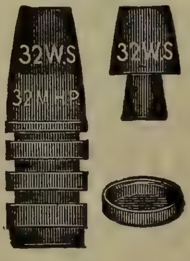

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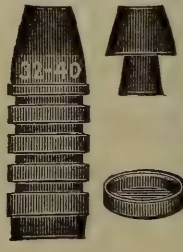

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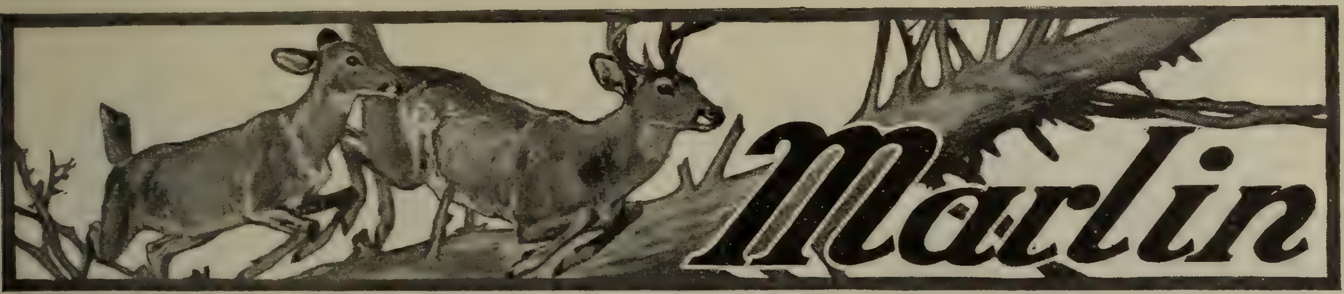

Model '93, Large Caliber Rifle. When the crash of the fleeing buck and doe makes your heart jump and brings your gun with a jerk to your shoulder,

And your eye follows those good *Marlin* sights as you lead the white flag for a shot, it's a comfort to know the gun is going to do its part.

Marlin Model '93s are sure-fire and accurate. All *Marlin* rifles are simple, strong, easy to carry and have that balance which makes you shoot well.

Marlin '93 rifles are made in calibers .25–36 to .38–55. They are getting the best results everywhere at big game, from Virginia deer to Kadiak bear.

The barrels are of "Special Smokeless Steel," the best obtainable, and are rifled deep and severely tested.

The working parts are all of drop-forged steel blocks cut to simple patterns. All *Marlin* parts are interchangeable.

The *Marlin* solid top is accident insurance of the best kind. The *Marlin* side ejection throws the shell aside, not into the line of sight or into the eyes.

Remember all *Marlin* Rifles are proved and tested for safety. Safe, sure and strong. What more can we say to the hunter of big and dangerous game?

These and many other valuable *Marlin* features are fully explained in our handsome catalogue. Sent FREE upon receipt of six cents in stamps.

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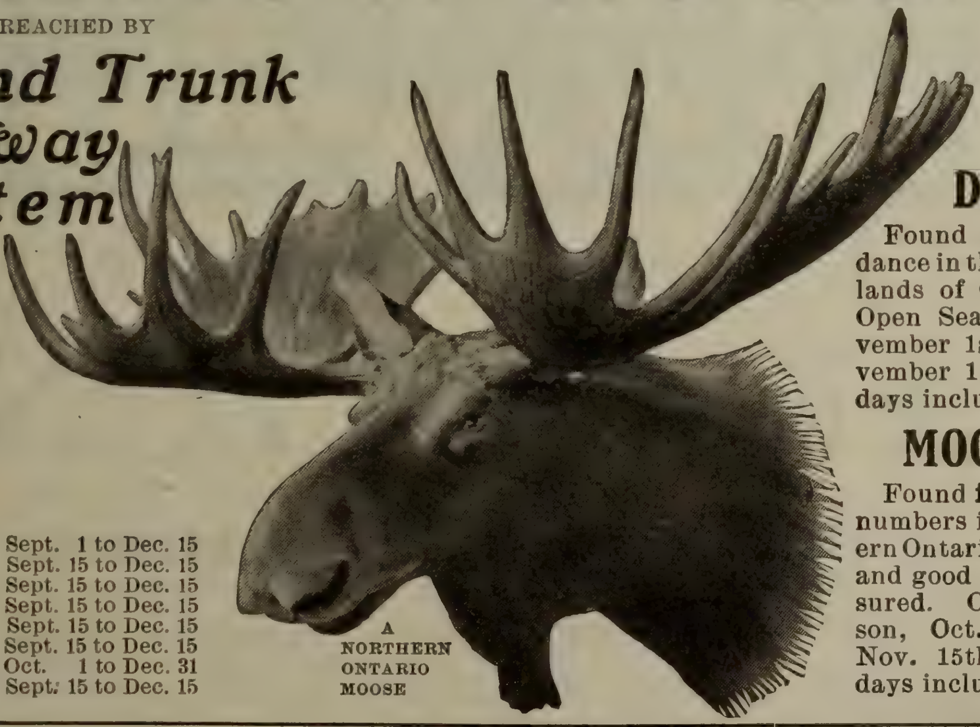
PARTRIDGE	Sept. 15 to Dec. 15
PLOVER	Sept. 15 to Dec. 15
SNIPE	Sept. 15 to Dec. 15
WOODCOCK	Sept. 15 to Dec. 15
HARES	Oct. 1 to Dec. 31
SQUIRRELS	Sept. 15 to Dec. 15



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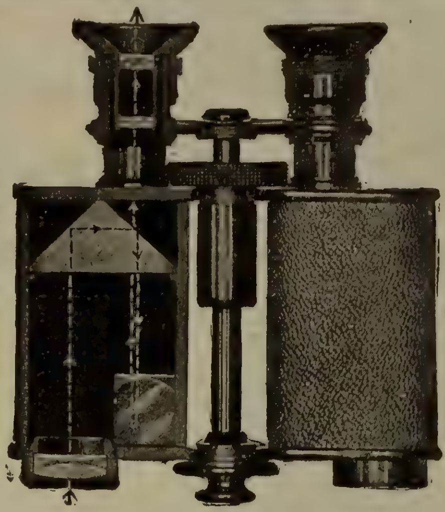
T. H. HANLEY, 360 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.
W. ROBINSON, 560 Park Building, Pittsburg, Pa.

Or to G. T. BELL, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, MONTREAL, CANADA



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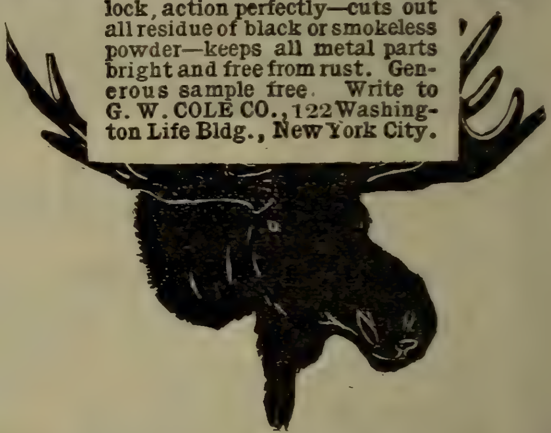

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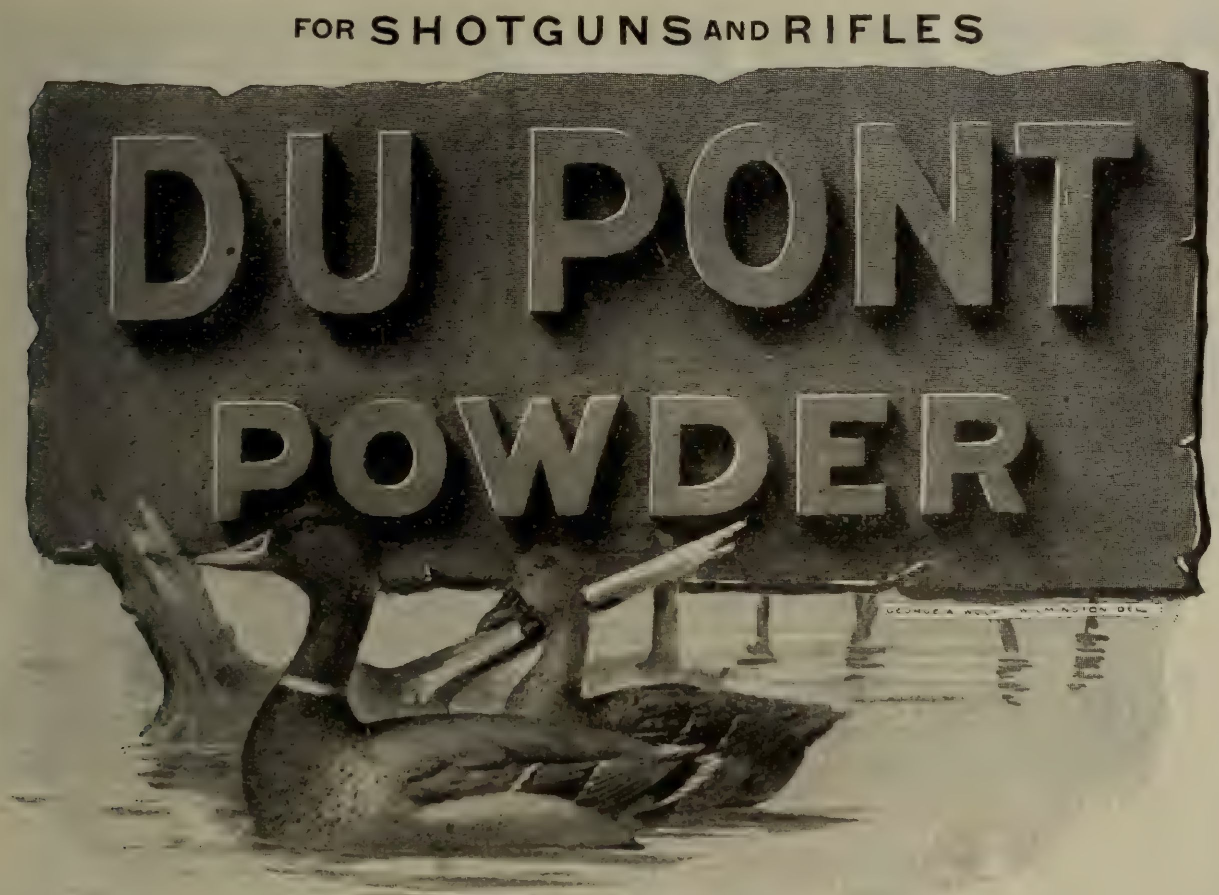

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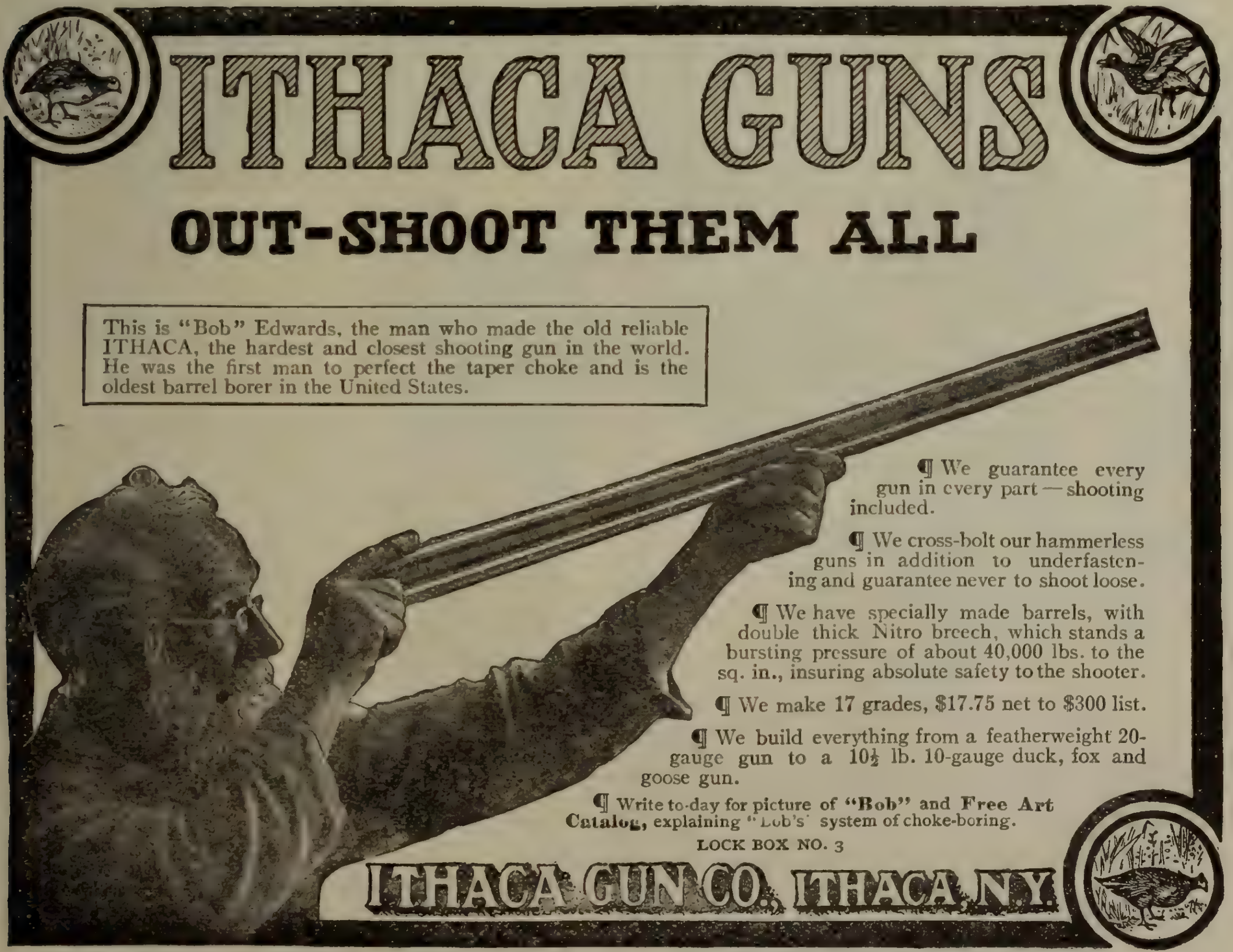

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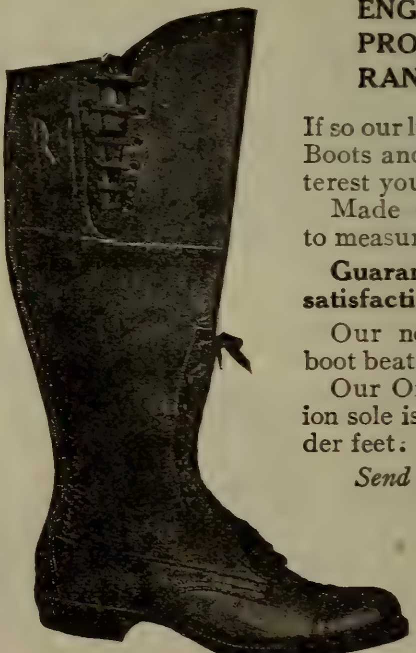

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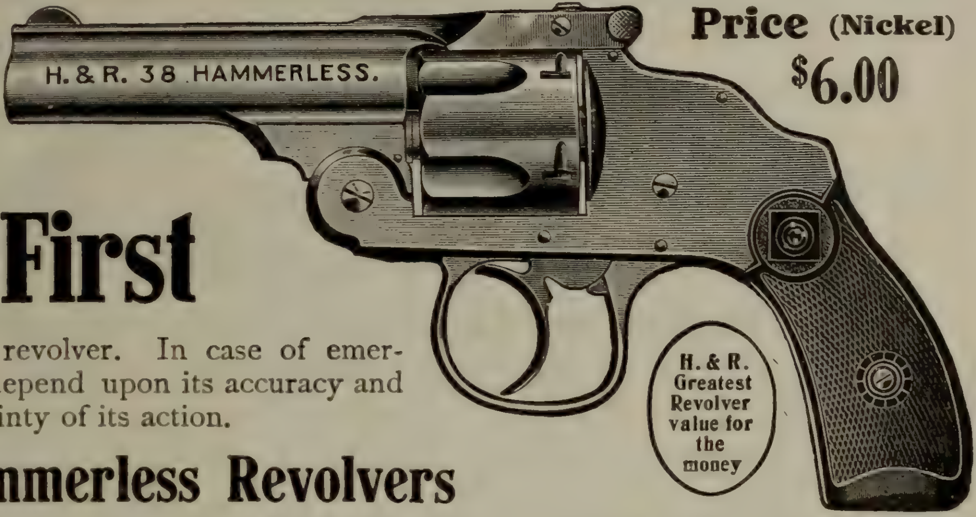
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are weapons that can always be depended on, no matter how suddenly they may be called upon. Simplicity of construction, perfect safety, absolute reliability in action and superior accuracy are the qualities which characterize them. With proper care they last a life time. *Cannot be fired except by pulling the trigger,* insuring against accidental discharge. Rigid inspection before leaving the factory insures against flaws or defects of any kind. Has independent cylinder stop. The automatic shell-ejecting device makes reloading easy. Don't be tempted by low price into buying a cheap and inferior revolver, when you can buy an "H. & R." Hammerless Revolver, 32 or 38 caliber, 5 shot, 3-inch barrel, nickel-plated, for $6.00. Made also with 4, 5 and 6-inch barrels.

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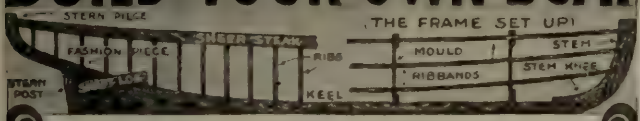

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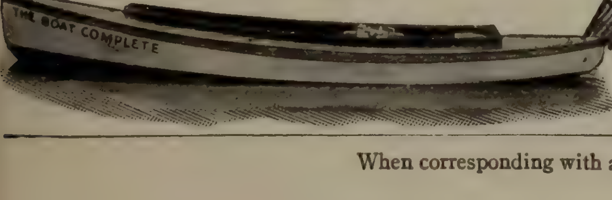

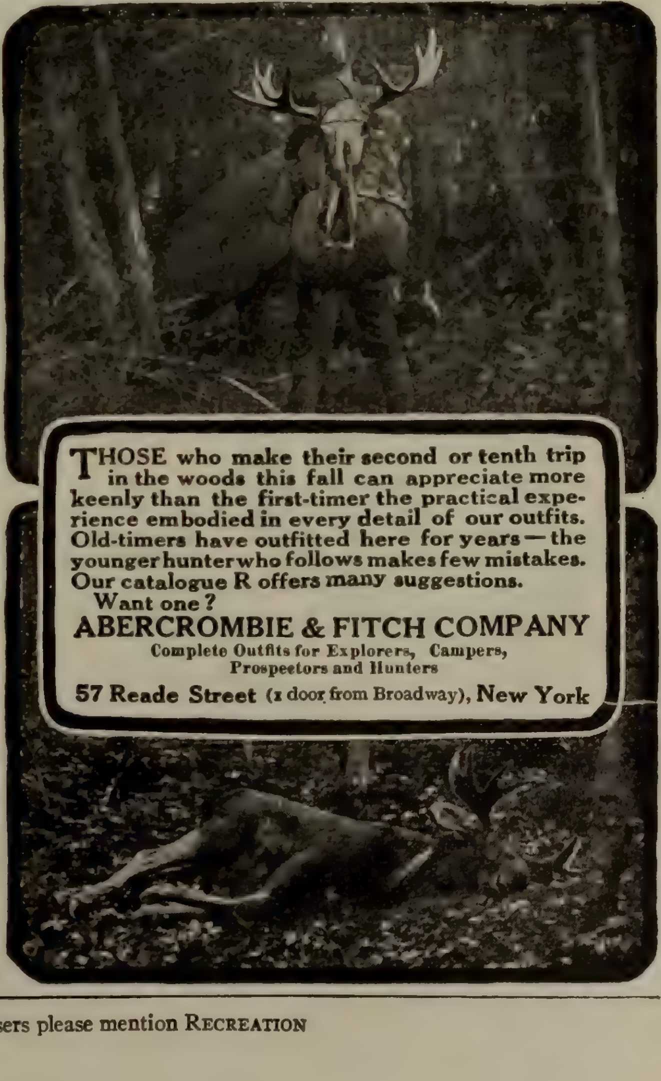

THOSE who make their second or tenth trip in the woods this fall can appreciate more keenly than the first-timer the practical experience embodied in every detail of our outfits. Old-timers have outfitted here for years—the younger hunter who follows makes few mistakes. Our catalogue R offers many suggestions. Want one?

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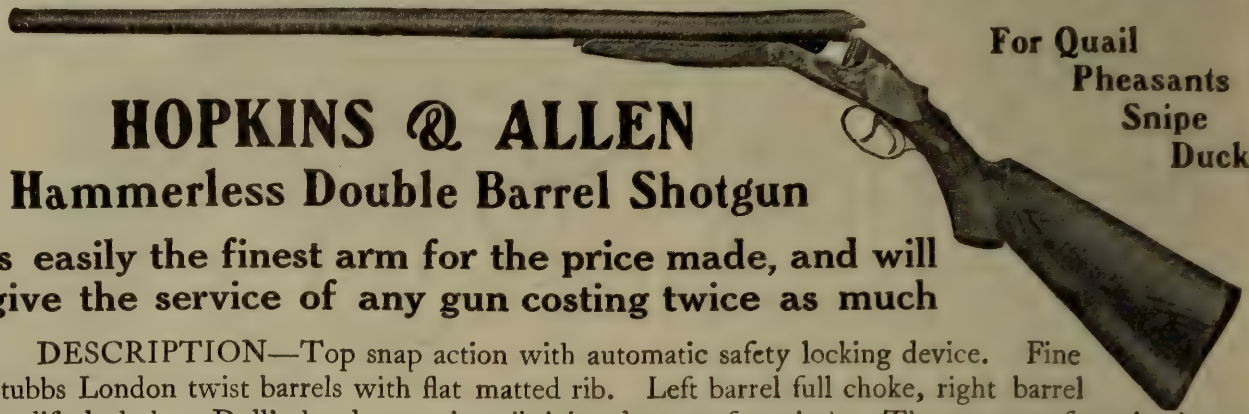

For Quail
Pheasants
Snipe
Ducks

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Hammerless Double Barrel Shotgun

is easily the finest arm for the price made, and will give the service of any gun costing twice as much

DESCRIPTION—Top snap action with automatic safety locking device. Fine Stubbs London twist barrels with flat matted rib. Left barrel full choke, right barrel modified choke. Doll's head extension rib jointed on perfect circle. The strongest fastening known made for a hammerless gun. *Can't shoot loose.* Purdy detachable fore-end, selected Walnut stock, chequered pistol grip, rubber capped grip and rubber butt plate; case hardened frame.

	Price		Price
Made in 12-gauge, 28-30 and 32" barrels Weight 7-8 lbs.	**$22**	**This same Gun with Decarbonized Steel Barrel**	**$20**
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If you cannot get this Gun from your dealer, send $20, $22, $25 for the style you desire, and it will be shipped express paid, carefully packed, safe delivery guaranteed.

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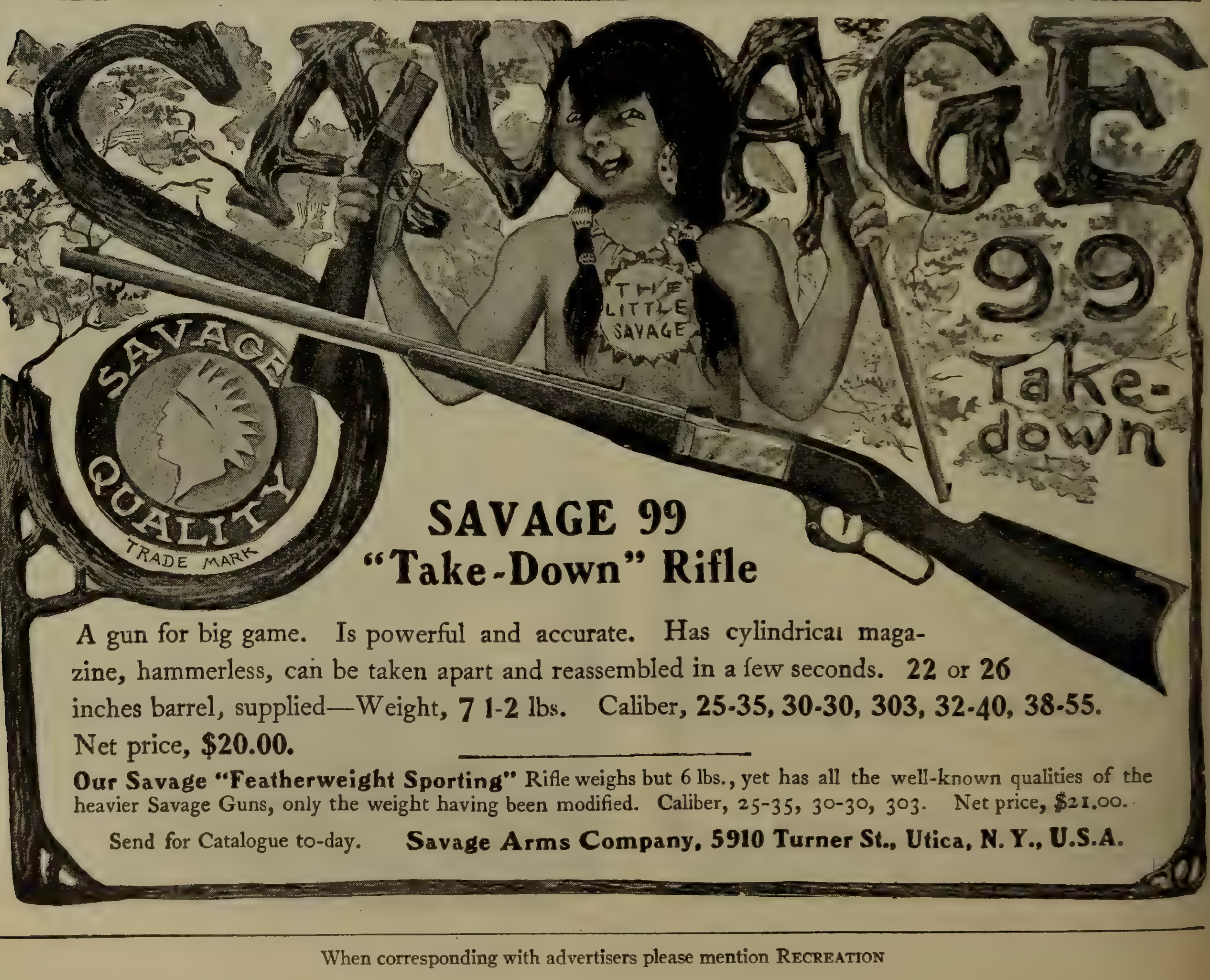

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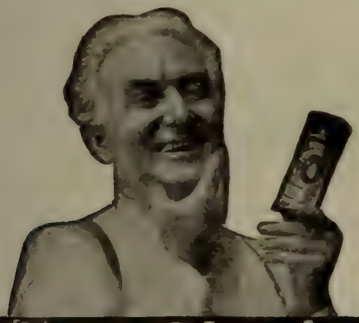

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A positive relief for **Sunburn, Chafing,** and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. **Get Mennen's**—the original. Sold everywhere or mailed for **25** cents. *Sample free.*

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) *Talcum.*

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WHITEHEAD CHALLENGE CUP
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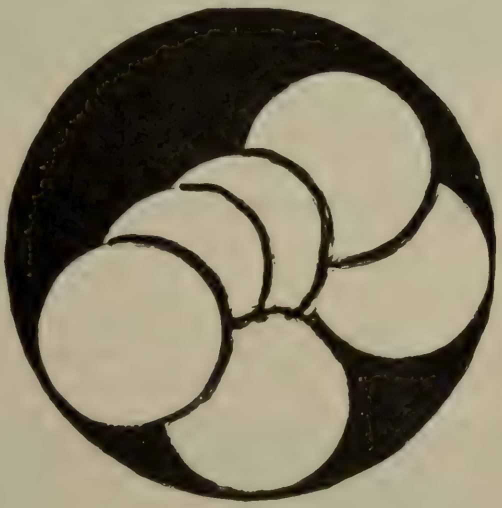

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HAS THE CHARACTERISTIC STEVENS ACCURACY and RELIABILITY

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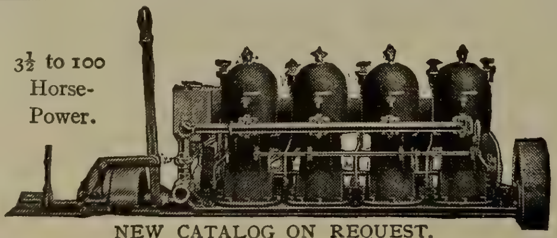

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Unequaled for use in very shallow water or through tangled grass and reeds. Thousands are in use, and endorsed by sportsmen everywhere as the lightest, most comfortable and safest duck boats built. Length 14 ft., beam 36 in. Painted dead grass color. **Price $20.00.**

Send for complete catalogue of the celebrated Mullins Steel Boats for Hunting and Fishing, Row Boats, Motor Boats, etc. All orders promptly filled.

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and you will see that, unlike all other Collar Buttons,

The One-Piece

Krementz

is double thick where double strength is needed—in the shank. Not a weak spot in it. Made of one piece only. Hammered into graceful shape that makes it easy to button and unbutton. 21 models for ladies and gentlemen. Gold, Silver or Rolled Plate. Free booklet, **"The Story of a Collar Button,"** gives entertaining information. Want one?

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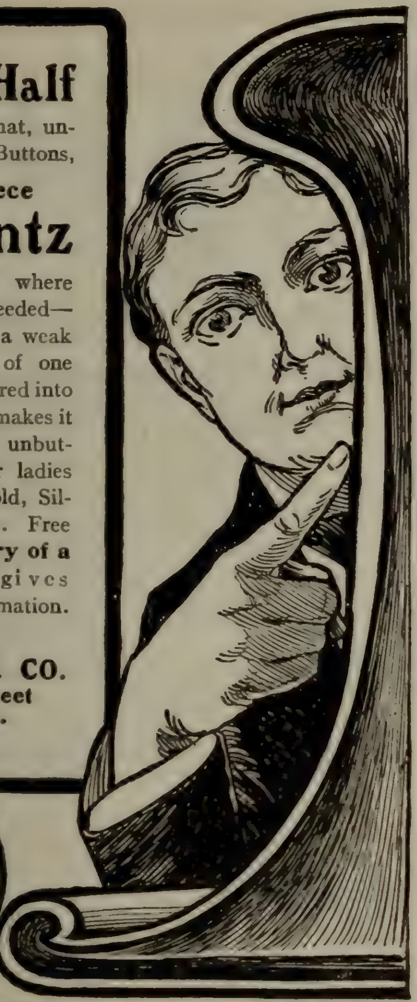

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IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT

MOST Americans are connoisseurs in cocktails—and a connoisseur's taste demands uniformity in the flavor, strength and mixing of his favorite drink. There's only one kind of uniformly good cocktail—CLUB COCKTAILS. Bar cocktails are slap-dash guess-work—good by accident—bad by rule—but never smooth or uniform to a cultivated taste. CLUB COCKTAILS are scientifically blended from choicest liquors, aged and mellowed to delicious flavor and aroma. Insist on CLUB.

Seven varieties—each one perfect. Of all good grocers and dealers.

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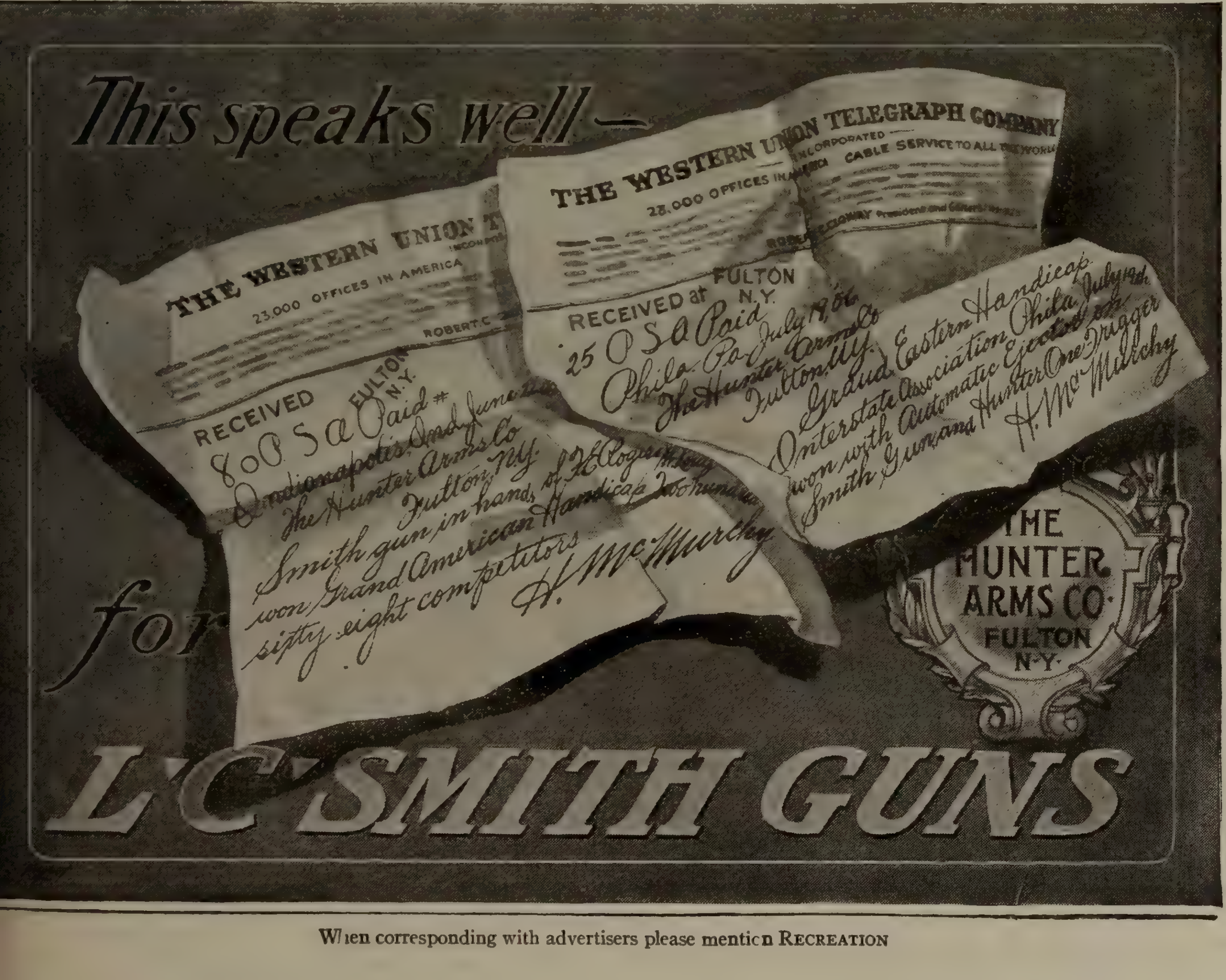

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Interstate Association Phila July 4th
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Smith Gun and Hunter One-Trigger
H. McMurchy

THE HUNTER ARMS CO.
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for

L.C. SMITH GUNS

The RECREATION

Will Outclass
Effort in its

Hunting the Red Deer

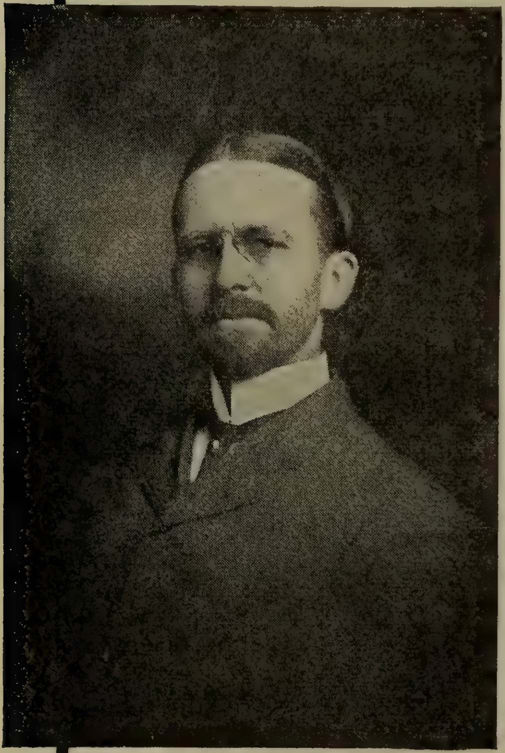
By William Arthur Babson

¶This will be one of the special features of our November big game number. It is a carefully prepared treatise on the white-tailed deer and its hunting, and has the advantage over much that has been written on the subject in that its author is not only a hunter of wide experience, but he knows how to write. The article will be illustrated from photographs.

Some Alaskan Big Game

By R. W. Stone, U. S. G. S.

¶Mr. Stone visited the interior of Alaska for the United States Geological Survey, and this article has been sanctioned by the Director of the Survey. It will tell of the experiences of the author with the big game of the region north of Fairbanks on the Tanana River, and between Circle City and Fort Hamilton on the Yukon. The illustrations are from photographs of live wild game, made by the author.


Ernest Russell

The Sons of the Settlers

By Ernest Russell

¶The renascence of real, old-time country life in the Eastern States, and particularly in New England, will be graphically pictured in this series of articles. Under the caption,

An Antidote for the 'Shame of the Cities'

Mr. Russell has collected, at first hand, as a nucleus for the opening paper of the series, a wealth of facts and experiences; and these he has supplemented with a keen, optimistic analysis of the relation of our national effort and the true national ideal.

¶"The Sons of the Settlers" is a story that is really dramatic in its essential features, and the author has done strong, original work in its writing. The very theme must appeal forcefully to all home-loving Americans. The opening paper will appear in our November number.

Hunting in the Big Thicket

By Gilson Willets

¶Mr. Willets is a special correspondent of world-wide experience. He has "done" everything from a *tete-a-tete* with royal personages of the Far East to a bear hunt in the brush of west Texas, and, needless to say, he writes "good stuff." This particular story tells with surpassing interest of a happy hunting ground in the Southwest.

His Woodland Highness, the Moose

By James Leddy Pequignot

¶The author of this combined article and story was full of his subject, and had a good subject, hence he produced an unusually good manuscript. It requires more than an ordinary knowledge of woodcraft and the habits of the game for a writer to outclass all others in handling a subject about which so much is written

High Ground in Fox-Hunting

By Brig.-Gen. Roger D. Williams

¶This authoritative and highly interesting article by the celebrated author of "Horse and Hound" epitomizes American fox-hunting to-day, with a touch of retrospect and a glance into the future. Whether you be a fox-hunter or not, you should read it, for it gives a truer insight of the sport than any magazine article that has appeared.

The Merry Little Hound

By N. Williams Haynes

¶The beagle is given a fine run in this article—allowed to show what he is good for, and it will surely result in the conversion to rabbit-shooting of many hunters who have so far disdained to follow the sport. And it is well that it should, considering the really good fun such shooting affords and the rapidly diminishing supply of upland game birds.

OF THE FUTURE

All Contemporary
Special Field

The Passing of Reel-Paw

By Dennis H. Stovall

¶A bear story of unusual dramatic interest, by an Oregonian who lives by his pen and spends much of his time in the mountains. It is not one of the "mushy" New Nature stories, that are noteworthy only as examples of inaccuracy, but a real story of real men and a real bear, who came together and mixed it according to the ways of mountain men and stock-killing bears.

With Hound and Wild-Cat

By Harry H. Dunn

¶This is another lively story of "varmint"-hunting, and written by a Californian who, in addition to being a past master as a story teller, knows well the mountains and has worn out many a pair of good boots on the hunting trail. It is a good example of the real "been there" stories by which this magazine is distinguished.

Dutch Corners Days

By Roscoe Brumbaugh

¶A series of quaint stories which are woven about notable happenings in a Pennsylvania community of farmers who believe in strange superstitions and who indulge in picturesque customs.

A Smash-up at the Love-Feast

is the title of the first story, which will appear in our December number. It is written in a half-humorous though sympathetic vein. You will wish to go to the love-feast with Mr. Brumbaugh's real, live hero.

Roscoe Brumbaugh

Afield with the Dog

By Charles H. Morton

¶ A story that will "just fit" the case of almost every sportsman that owns a bird dog and explain to the home folk their seemingly exaggerated camaraderie. It tells of days of exquisite vagabondage—days afield in old clothes, with only the dog for company. Mr. Morton is one of the best newspaper men in Kansas. Better still, he is a true "Ishmaelite."

On the Matterhorn

By Conrad Lambert

¶ The author of this intensely interesting narrative is a veteran mountain climber, an entertaining writer and a skilful photographer. The story of his ascent of this most famous peak in the Alps, telling how he left his German and French rivals far in the rear and took the most hazardous risks to do so, makes unusually good reading.

Deer-Hunting in Venezuela

By Conrad Brandt

¶ Mr. Brandt has traveled extensively in South America, as a salesman for a German export house, and being a keen sportsman he found opportunity for many shooting trips in company with mountain ranchers. A trained journalist, and speaking German, Spanish and English, he gathered material for many good stories, which will appear from time to time in Recreation.

Jungle-Hunting in Panama

By H C. Curl

¶ Dr. Curl is the superintendent of the Colon Hospital, at Cristobal, Canal Zone R. P. He is a veteran sportsman with a considerable experience in the States, and in this review of his various hunting trips on the Isthmus, together with information gathered from other sources, he contributes to the literature of sport the first reliable report of hunting conditions in Panama.

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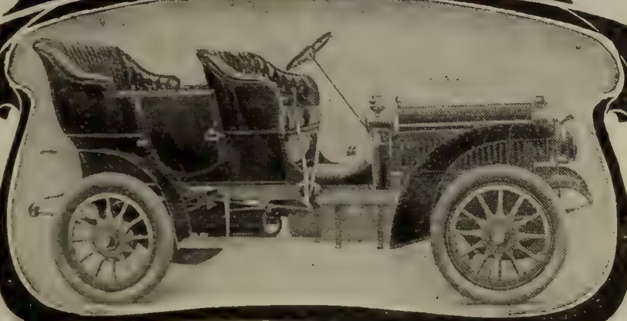

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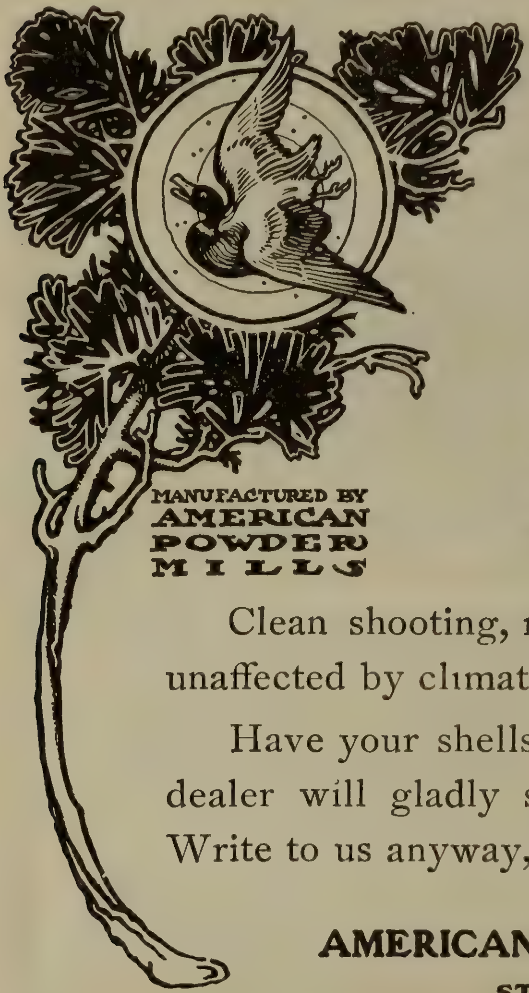

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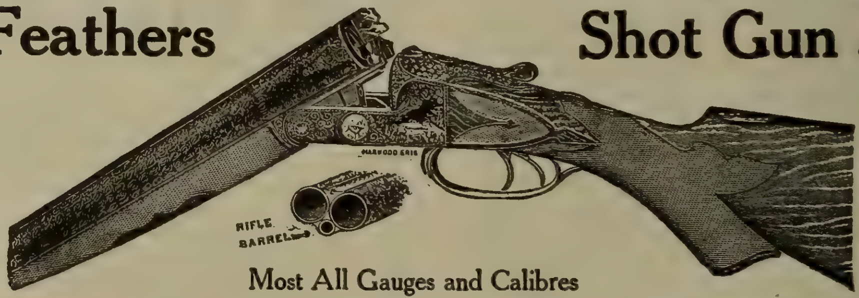

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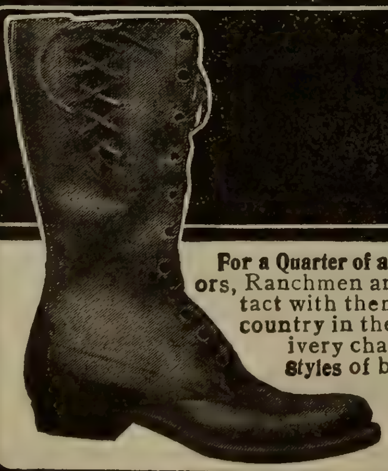

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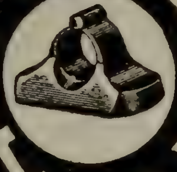

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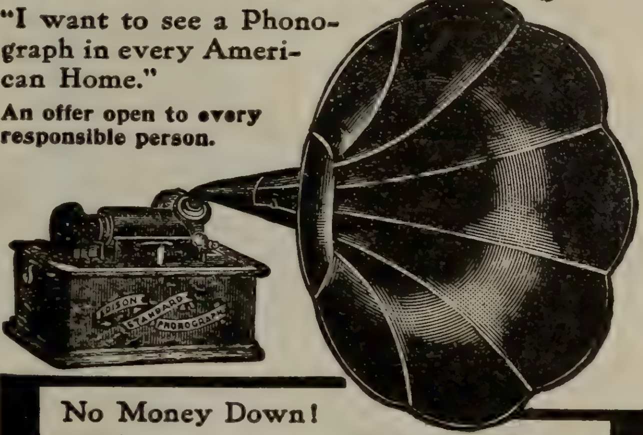

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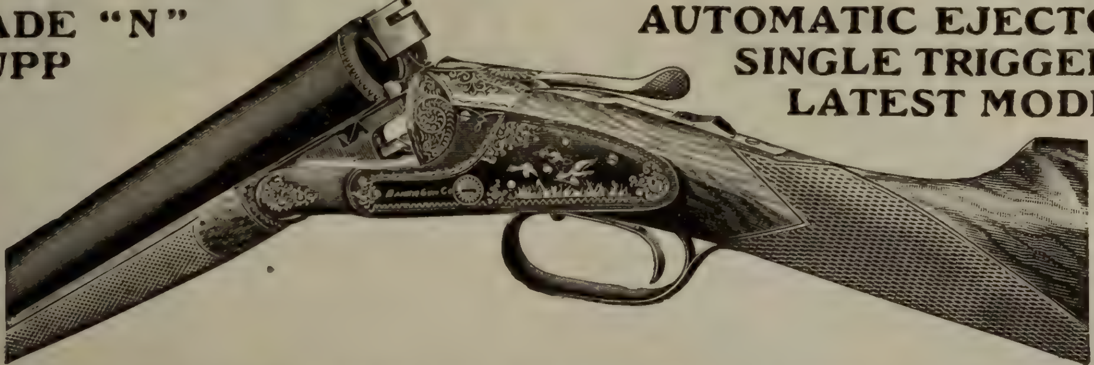

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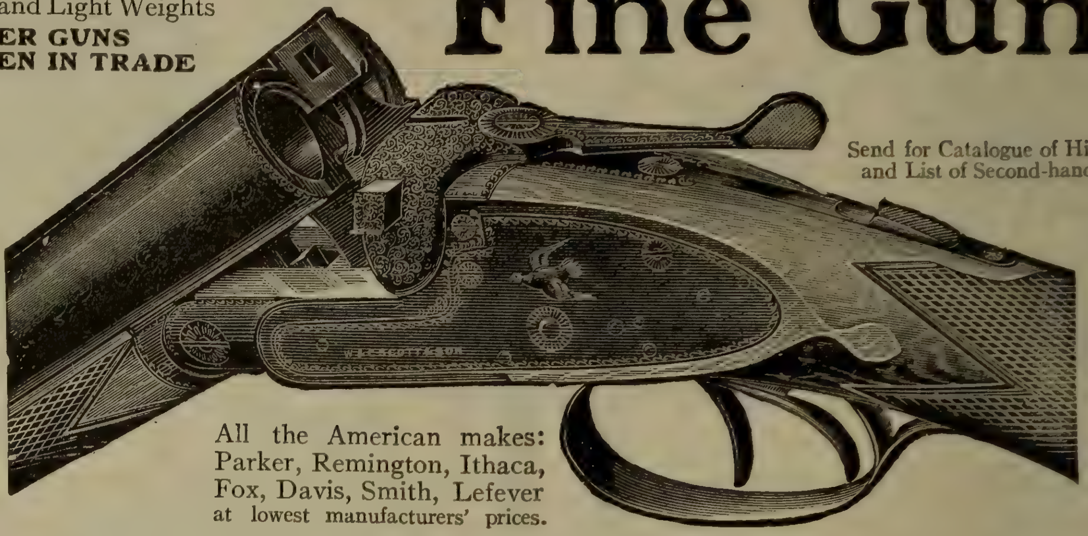

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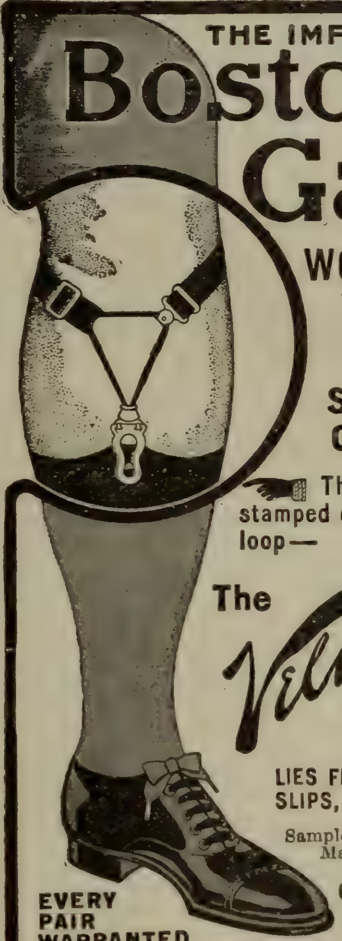

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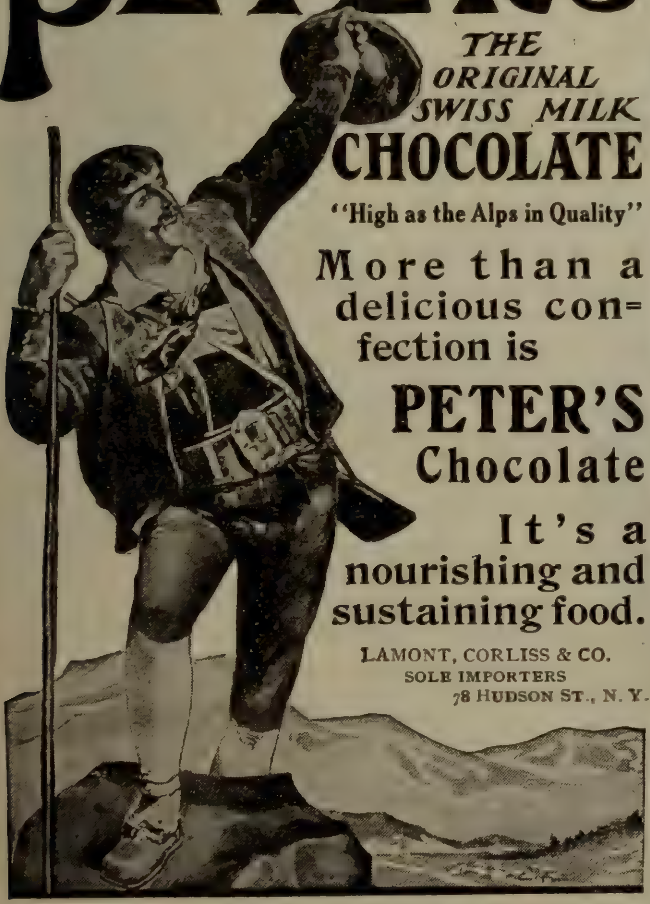

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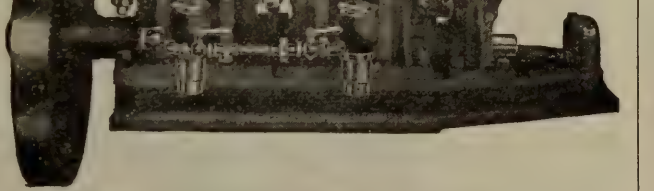

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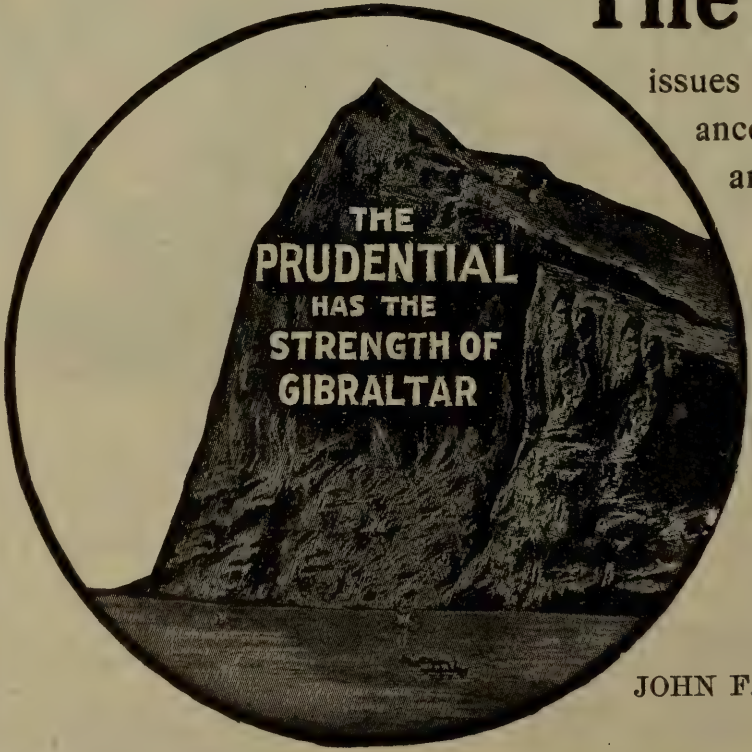

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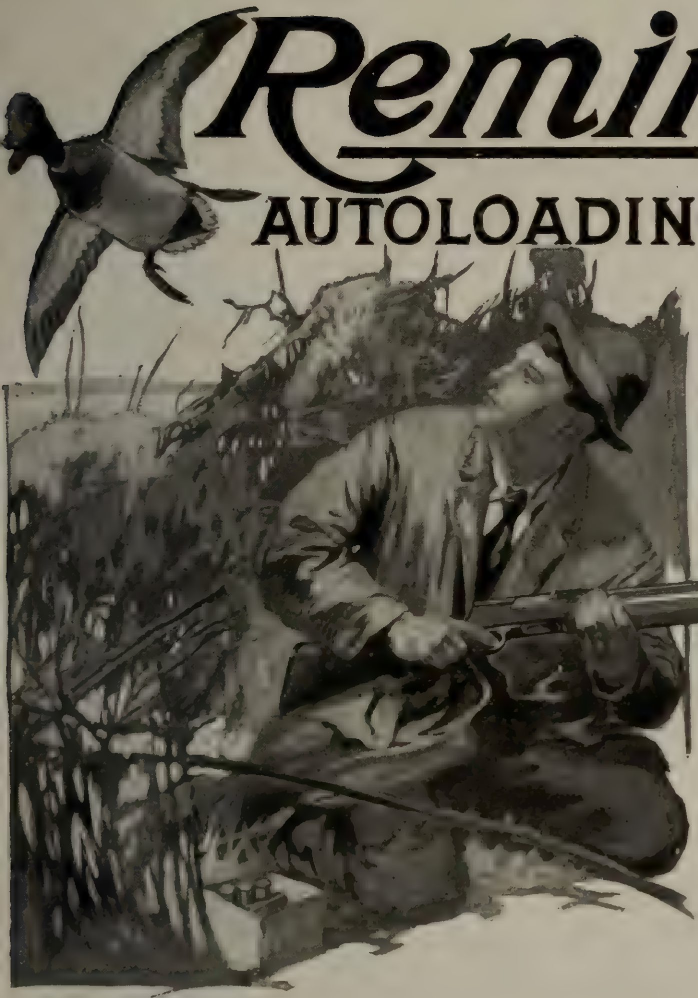

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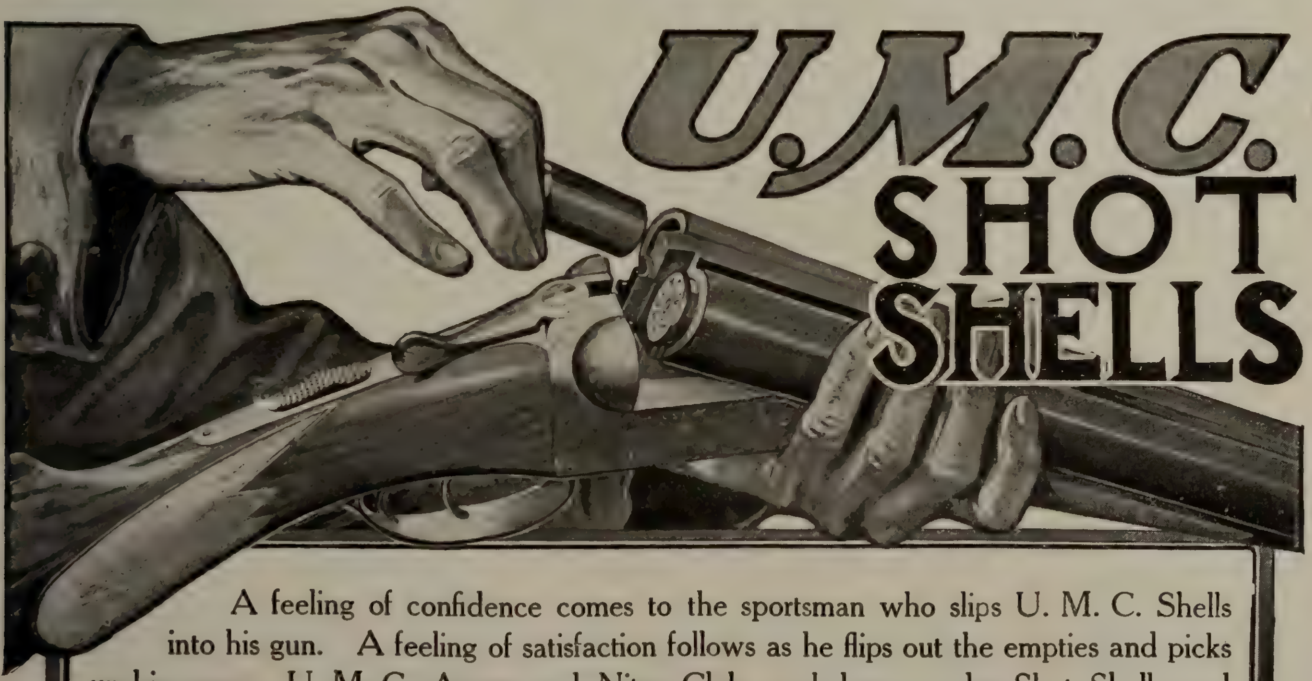

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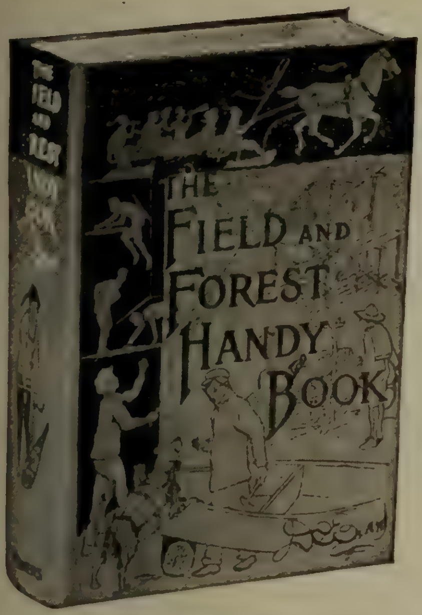

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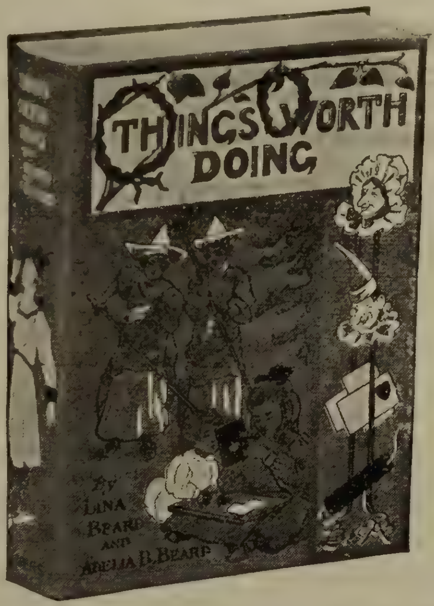
Things Worth Doing



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SEE THE **ANNOUNCEMENT** IN OUR
CAMP-FIRE PAGES IN THIS ISSUE

AROUND OUR CAMP-FIRE

A LESSON IN COMPARISON

TAKE this number of RECREATION and, considering that it has cost you fifteen cents, just **try to figure out how you can get as much good reading matter**—that is of particular interest to you and that you **will read—for double the amount. You can't do it!**

¶ RECREATION **profits by comparison with** any combination of its **contemporaries costing twice as much.** We call your attention to this, not to belittle the efforts of the other periodicals of the class, but in order that you may appreciate the **earnest labor** that is **expended upon every number of** RECREATION that comes to you. We want you to know that **it costs something more than money** to turn out a magazine that can justly claim to be the best there is.

¶ It so happens that the journalist who is also a real, "dead game" sportsman is a rare bird—**the average magazine contributor** who knows how to write a good story or article **doesn't know the difference between a shotgun and a rifle,** or between a fly-rod and one made for bait-casting. And, on the other hand, the time of the men of other vocations **who go to the wilderness for their recreation** is usually fully occupied when they are at home. They play hard when they are away in the woods, and work hard when they return to business, pounding away with renewed energy, intent on getting their affairs in shape **so they can go away again.** To one of these men the writing of a **special article** is a bigger task than it would be to a trained journalist, which is only natural, and so, everything considered, it takes, as we have said, something more than money to get **the especially good features** that make RECREATION **so much better than its competitors.** A case in point was the article **"Hunting the Red Deer," by Wm. Arthur Babson,** which appears in this number. Mr. Babson is one of the busiest young lawyers in Greater New York, and although we first asked him to write the article almost a year ago, his legal duties interfered and it was not until the day, late in August, that he **sailed for Newfoundland,** where he was going to **hunt caribou and fish for salmon,** that he was able to deliver the manuscript—and it had necessitated repeated reminders on our part and the sitting up all through the night before the day of his departure on his. Had we made it **a cold business proposition** we **never would have got the manuscript.** And we think you will agree that the article is just about **the best thing on the white-tailed deer you ever read.**

¶ We are constantly **up to something of this sort,** and we could tell a good story of how we got **Ernest Russell** to write his **remarkable series of articles** about **"The Sons of the Settlers,"** but we are not going to tell everything we know; not just yet. We will say, however, that Mr. Russell's connection with the busiest bank in his home city occupies him so that **to write these important articles for** RECREATION **he had to forego his vacation,** and when you read the following extract from one of his letters, written when he was at work on the series and should rightfully have been enjoying a vacation, you will know how much this meant to him We quote:

> I hang on like an experienced sprinter "set" upon the mark, waiting for the gun. When the call comes, I'm "off" to the wilderness. I have done it for fourteen years.

BEVERLEY TOWLES
Who painted the cover design for the present number of RECREATION, and also for the October number

¶ You will share our gratification that, although Mr. Russell was denied his usual trip to the wilderness, he was in a measure **compensated by the pleasure he derived from collecting his data** for the series of articles. As bearing on this we again quote from one of his letters:

> In this work I am especially fortunate in that I do not lack material, nor keen interest in the subject itself. I come of the stock myself. My son, Robert, is the seventh remove from Robert Russell, who, deported by Cromwell after the battle of Dunkirk, came to Salem, Mass., in 1654, and worked for his foothold in the true pioneer spirit. Up in northern New Hampshire, in a little hamlet, is the old homestead, tenanted at this moment by my father and my wife and children. Out under the elms are the graves of our little clan, settlers and pioneers every one, beginning with my maternal great-great-grandfather and so on down the line.
>
> At present I am boarding six miles from Worcester, at a farm, the owner of which removed to Kansas twenty-eight years ago, pioneered it seventeen years in the wheat belt, and returned to save the home of his forefathers from decay. My nearest neighbor is a retired undertaker, ex-gambler and cigar-drummer, who has bought his house and six acres, raises squabs and hens, etc., and has brought the simple life to a working basis which gives him, so he tells me, "liberty, a living, a clear conscience and a h——l of a good time"—and he hasn't had a lonely hour in a year.

¶ We are not content to merely make selections from the **floating supply of manuscripts,** so many of which are **simply written to sell.** True, we often get an unusually good feature from this source. But did we not **go after our material,** Recreation would not be the magazine it is; in fact, **we go hunting and fishing for unusual and valuable stories and articles every day in the year**—and yet we find the **field far from fruitful.** Rare is the mail that brings us **joy in a tattered manila envelope,** with postage due thereon, that we don't **already know all about.** But we mustn't dwell on our difficulties—**you want to know where you get off.**

¶ If you are an angler, you will be interested to know that **F. L. Harding,** who wrote "High Hook at Avalon," published in our September number, has been **engaged to conduct the Fishing Department of** Recreation, and his work will commence with the December number. If a hunter, we refer you to the various articles and stories in the present number. And whatever your hobby, we invite your attention to **the double-page announcement of the special features of our December number** which appears **elsewhere in this number.**

¶ When you are quite satisfied that you can't equal Recreation elsewhere for twice the money, we ask you to pass it along—**tell the other fellow about** Recreation. As our subscription list grows, so shall the magazine improve. And, furthermore, **just to show you we are in earnest,** if you want to show us what you can do, **we offer to the person who sends us the largest number of subscriptions** ($1.50 a year) **during November the choice of any firearm listed in our premium catalog** at not more than $25. This prize **given absolutely free** will be **in addition to our usual most liberal premiums. Some one is going to make a killing. Why not you?** Don't waste a minute. **Fill out the blank** on this page and **get your sample copies,** premium catalog, etc., **right away.** Or if you don't want to try, then do what you can to help some friend win the prizes. Fill out the blank, and send it to us **right away.**

ERNEST RUSSELL

This picture may fail to do Mr. Russell credit as a portrait, but it shows him doing his share on a hard portage on the Sissiboo Waters in Nova Scotia

---

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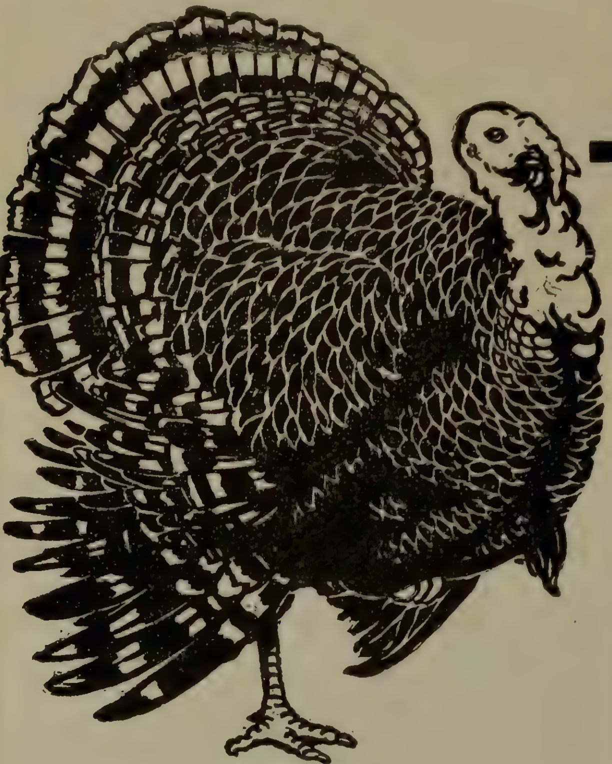
Please send me sample copies, subscription blanks and premium catalog, and enter my name as a contestant for the November subscription prize.

Name..

Address..



Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving in this, the one-hundred-and-thirty-first year of our Independence, should be a time of unusual rejoicing because of the enactment by Congress of a law to protect the people from impure foods.

Every day is Thanksgiving Day in the home where foods that overwork the stomach and starve the body have given place to natural foods that supply all the elements for the building of the perfect human body with the least tax upon the digestive organs. Such a food is SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT. It is made of the choicest white wheat that grows, cleaned, steam-cooked, shredded and baked. It is a natural stimulant of peristalsis and supplies all the proteids needed to repair wasted tissue, in a form easily digested by the most delicate stomach. It is the cleanest and purest of all the cereal foods and is made in the cleanest, most hygienic industrial building on the continent.

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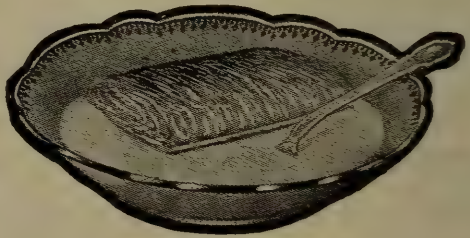

"It's All in the Shreds"

RECREATION

Volume XXV NOVEMBER, 1906 *Number 5*

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WM. E. ANNIS, *Publisher*, 23 West Twenty-fourth Street, New York

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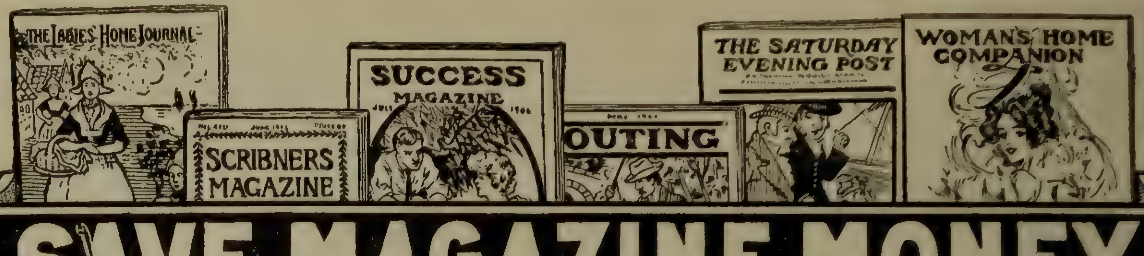

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AT THANKSGIVING

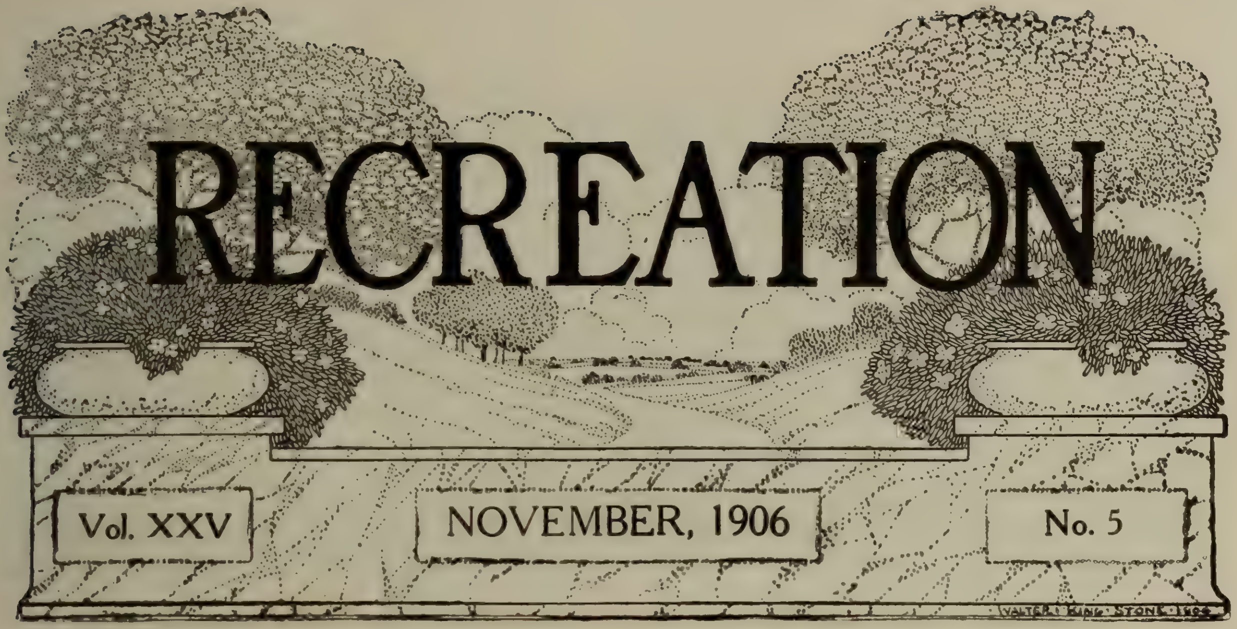
When leaves turn gray and somber brown,
And drift o'er field and wayside down,
Where, blackened from the frost-rimed sod,
Rise asters pale and goldenrod;
When days wax short and nights grow long,
And dawning brings no matin-song—
At Thanksgiving.

When fragrant heaps the orchard fill,
And wild-grapes sweeten on the hill;
When swaying in the chilling breeze
Hang empty nests in leafless trees;
And through the miracle of snow,
In countless homes the hearthfires glow—
At Thanksgiving.

—*Evelyn Melville Quereau.*

In a few minutes the leader came along

(See "Some Alaskan Big Game," page 417)


RECREATION
Vol. XXV
NOVEMBER, 1906
No. 5

THE SONS OF THE SETTLERS

BY ERNEST RUSSELL

I—An Antidote for the "Shame of the Cities"

"To get and to have is the motto not only of the market, but of the altar and of the hearth. We are coming to measure man—man with his heart and mind and soul—in terms of mere acquisition and possession.

"We are dealing with the virus of a universal infection. The whole nation needs a new baptism of the old virtue of honesty. The love of money and the reckless pursuit of it are undermining the national character."

—From the Commencement Address of President Schurman, of Cornell University.

NO MAN of sober judgment will contest the statement that the more apparent lines of national effort, the very trend of our greater developments, have been ever making toward a material prosperity, toward increase in wealth and the power which lies in mere magnitude of visible resources. The national demand has been for "the greatest ever" in all tangible and spectacular forms of progress.

For this intense devotion to a single idea we have paid, and are paying, the most natural penalty in the world. But there is no occasion for hysteria in the matter, no call for an arraignment of the whole people for the misdeeds of a few couched in such language as Professor Schurman employs.

It is indeed true that the great seismograph of public sentiment has seldom registered more profound disturbances in our moral consciousness than have marked the passing year. One after another a whole galaxy of our cherished institutions have wavered and trembled before the analysis of relentless investigation; the huge fabric

. . . a certain little hamlet nestling among New England hills

of a nation's broadest activities has developed faults and fissures undreamed of, sagging, as it were, in its very foundations under the weight of disclosures wrung from the unwilling lips of our disgraced "Captains of Industry."

It was too much to hope that the Army of Professional Detractors should let the opportunity pass for an onslaught upon the national spirit, and so out of the "Age of Exposure" evolved the day of "The Man with the Muck-rake," who is but the pessimist enthroned.

And then some one—some one with a clear, far-reaching voice—cried "Halt!" and the undertakers and embalmers, the grave-diggers and hired pall-bearers, the whole sad-visaged procession, which was ready to join in "the last sad rites" over our late lamented National Ideal, paused to listen.

It appeared there had been a mistake. The bulletins were incorrect and premature. There was no corpse to bury! The National Ideal had suffered only a relapse; with proper care it might, probably would, recover its ancient strength and vigor.

A recent and a gifted writer, fresh from the immensity of the West, inspired by the earnestness, the vigor and the optimism of its people, has seen the accomplishment of our national mission as possible only in that vast land of promise beyond the Mississippi. The poor old East—"the effete East" of unnumbered pens and tongues—is left in its desolation like Enoch Arden, "a shipwrecked sailor waiting for a sail."

It is remote from the purpose of the present writer to belittle or ignore any phase of this glorious growth and promise of the West. It is incontestable that in that vast territory, which is even yet unfolding the mystery of infinite resources, a nation still in its infancy should look for the fulfillment of much of its greatness. And what may thus be said for the West, in a minor measure may be claimed by the South, and echoed from across the border where the axe of the pioneer and the locomotive's whistle disturb the primeval quiet of the wilderness.

It is the writer's belief, however, that this foreordained supremacy of the West will but reenact, on a larger scale, the history of the East. Commercialism, the foundation of huge fortunes, the ever-beckoning allurements of vast operations, must form a current easier to follow than to stem. The cry ultimately will be, there as here, for release from the tyranny of false ideals.

It is true enough that the East has given freely of its brain and blood and bone to the upbuilding of this republic of ours; that many of the names which are figuring in every notable enterprise of the West hark back to an origin among the first Americans; that much of that which still grips our hearts as a national individualism had its inception and its nurture in a New England environment. But this is not all and it is not enough. There is still a rôle in the nation's march of progress for the East to play, a rôle no less important than her past activities, but pregnant with new-born ideals and new conceptions of duty and usefulness. It is a mission of regeneration, already finding expression, and in scope and portent worthy of every precious heritage of the past.

It is a commonplace of evolutionary theory that human progress expresses itself in a succession of wave-forms, in cycles of achievement, each of which, in crumbling at the fulfillment of its predestined height, transmits to its successor a portion of its original force and virtue. Thus it is that the endeavor and accomplishment of past generations are never wholly of the past, but live on as part and parcel of the present into the ever-unfolding future.

All over the earlier settled sections of this continent, in every hamlet and village that played its little part in the heroic conquest of this new land of ours, lie the graves of the settlers. Here, perhaps, you shall chance

They have mingled their dust with the soil upon which they labored for liberty and a living, but . . . the spirit and incentive which upheld them in their struggle have not gone down into the grave with them

THE KIND OF LANDSCAPE THAT EXERTS A FORMATIVE INFLUENCE ON CHARACTER

upon a mound with but a rude field-stone graven only with the dim initials of a still cherished name to mark his final resting place, or there another, by some kindlier chance remembered more enduringly, lies in the little private, walled-in burial lot hard by the scene of his sweat-won conquest, sentineled by the trees his axe has spared. They have mingled their dust with the soil upon which they labored for liberty and a living, but their work is not done, and the spirit and incentive which upheld them in their struggle have not gone down into the grave with them nor migrated from the land which nourished their New England consciences and their sturdy frames. It exists to-day and manifests itself as a vital and creative force in the lives of the Sons of the Settlers.

It is in the culture and transmission of these invaluable ideals, long dormant, if you will, but reawakened in protest to a too intense devotion to business activities, that the East shall find its field for service.

There is no chord in the category of human emotions more sensitive than that which responds to the magic word "Home." Sights and sounds and smells wherever met, however elusive, which call into being the throng of memories, grave and gay, which made it what it was, are welcomed into our inner consciousness and relished with a never-failing zest. Its appeal is universal, time-defying and all powerful. The traveler over seas, the cowboy on the range, the farmer on the prairie, the artisan in the city, each in his turn shall hear the call and feel the thrill and quickened pulse-beat of the voyager returning.

It may not be that the mountains and valleys, the forests and upland pastures, the streams and lakes of old New England, call more loudly or more alluringly to those wanderers on the face of the earth who call it home than do other sections of this land of ours, but certain it is that a new spirit has risen to stir in the breasts of its people and summon back to the soil the strife-wearied of her children who would join in her regeneration.

The mission of these Sons of the Settlers will be no less creative and constructive than that of their forebears of another century, but it will concern itself no longer with trade or industries. These have passed to virtual decay in an economic progress

WHAT THE EMIGRANT TO KANSAS MISSED IN HIS TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF ABSENCE—AND WHAT MADE HIM, AT LAST, RETURN

which has gone far beyond her borders. Nor will the pursuit of agriculture in any large sense succeed upon a soil which, always yielding grudgingly, has been tilled to the limit of its productiveness. No, the future importance of the East lies in its adaptability to the national requirement of an immense sanitarium, not wholly in the sense of a refuge for the weak and the invalid, the rejected material of the country's builders, but as the common recreation ground, the source of mental, moral and physical energy, the reservoir from which to draw in the necessities of an acute struggle the fundamental essentials of new blood and intellectual vigor which must always play the important part in a lasting structure.

I have said that the evidences of this reconstructive spirit are already manifest in New England; to prove the soundness of my vision it is but necessary to refer to the general activities which reflect it—to the creation of forest reserves, to the impetus given to fish and game protection and propagation, to the movement for good roads, to the rebellion against a railroad monopoly which has corrupted a whole State and to the ever-increasing exodus of our city dwellers to the country.

These are the more salient features, the foreground as it were of the picture. Back of all this and yielding to closer inspection are the more subtle and even more convincing evidences of the sincerity and depth of the spirit which animates our people to-day.

Take, for an instance of this, the true significance of the "Old Home Week" celebrations. These are more than mere opportunities for the renewal of old acquaintanceships and immersion in the familiar associations of earlier days. They form an advertisement, the most compelling advertisement imaginable, of the spirit which is abroad, and in the conversions which follow add new strength to a growing cause. For not all of those who come to these reunions return again to their former homes. Caught in the web of those dearest of all memories, many are content, yes, even glad, again to take up the broken thread of an earlier existence and identify themselves once more with the land they had forsaken.

Several years ago, while on a railroad

journey, the writer fell into chance conversation with one of these earnest workers of the new faith, a tall, gaunt individual, with something of the West in accent and garb still clinging to him, but with the New England conscience glinting from his eyes and the determination of the pioneer set in the contour of his resolute jaw.

"I went West, to Kansas, in '76, a young man," he said reflectively, "in the days of coyotes, prairie dogs and pronghorns. Of course, 'wheat' was the game I played, and I played it hard—did well at it, too—and I suppose I'd be at it yet if I hadn't kept some photographs of the old home tacked up in the bedroom. Those pictures got up with me in the morning, they tagged me around all day, and there was hardly a night I didn't take a squint at 'em before I crawled into bed. I stood it for twenty-five years and then I gave it up. Got a man to take care of the farm and came East. I've sold my place in the West." Here he paused and his brow wrinkled a bit. I could see his mind was back on the Kansas prairie and his years of labor in the wheat fields, but, as he began again, his face lighted with keen enthusiasm and his forceful words came rapidly. "I've never been sorry I came back," he went on, "and I am back to stay. I hadn't been in the old town a week before I said to myself, 'I reckon New Hampshire needs you more than the West does, my son, and here you stay.' It was the look of the old place that did it, I think. It was in the hands of a foreigner when I first went out to look at it, and somehow it angered me to see the way he'd abused the place where my dad had labored early and late for more than fifty years for mother and us children. I was just about twenty-four hours in getting the deed of the old farm into my name and it's going to stay there. Children? Yes, a couple—two sons

THE MECHANICAL GENIUS OF THE HAMLET

This man and his brother and their father for seventy-five years have made the finest of clock movements—those installed by a famous Boston concern in large public buildings all over this country worth having—one, a construction engineer for the Grand Trunk Pacific, out somewhere in the Northwest now, and the other, graduated from the School of Forestry two years ago, helping me work out my ideas on the old farm. They want him to run for the Legislature this fall, and I tell him to go in and win—*he* is one of the sort no railroad's money can buy, I tell you! Want to see some pictures, friend?" he suddenly interjected, "something that'll show you what we're doing up in an 'abandoned farm' district?" He reached into an inside pocket, and drawing forth a huge black wallet, spread its treasures before me.

I wish now I had taken that man's name that I might add to the weight of my tale the pictures he showed me of a New Hampshire farmhouse of the better sort, set, with keen appreciation of a proper building site, upon a hillcrest and overlooking a charming valley; of the practical application of modern ideas in forestry to the timber growing up about him; of the long stretch of well-built roadway, which he had himself constructed as a public duty and an object lesson to his neighbors.

A BIT OF EXQUISITE SENTIMENT

The mill-stone which saw service in the mill of the present owner's great-grandfather serving as a lawn seat for the Sons of the Settlers, old and young

We parted when he left the train at a small station, but I continued to think of him and his son and the work they were engaged upon for long afterward. The impressive thing about it all was that here was epitomized the whole of the answer to the pessimistic crew who are seeing calamity and ruin for an immense and growing nation in the moral and physical degeneracy of a confined area. This acquaintance of mine was no isolated apostle of the faith: *he was a type.* I had met many of his kind before, I have met many since, and I tell you they are increasing in numbers; there is hope, and more than hope, for a country that can produce them, and I shall be pleased in the succeeding articles of this series to introduce others no less genuine and convincing. One cannot speak in the past tense of "the good old New England character" while types like these are to be met with on every hand.

There is a common misconception that I wish briefly to touch upon in this mere outline of a broad subject. It concerns the so-called "abandoned farm," a term which carries with it a certain quality of reproach, a suggestion of hopeless struggle and ultimate defeat. Not infrequently this "abandonment" of an old farm is the kindliest turn of fate imaginable, not only for the farm itself, which perchance has fallen into unworthy or inappreciative hands, but for its subsequent possessor, who finds there not only the rest and comfort and health denied him in modern city life, but an adequate livelihood from the intelligent development of its resources. A farm abandoned is often simply "left in trust" to old Dame Nature, who, wise in her own deliberate way, builds up a valuable forest growth in the deserted pastures, gives rest

AN "ABANDONED FARM" THAT MAY YET BE A POOR MAN'S SALVATION

THE CENTURY-OLD GRIST-MILL WHICH GROUND THE SETTLERS' CORN and nourishment to the exhausted soil and waits for the coming of him who, loving her and appreciating her labors, repays in kind.

Whenever I chance upon a public utterance such as that which heads this article—a palpable distortion of facts which in its very exaggeration loses the weight that might attach to a more moderate and discriminating judgment—my thoughts are led for simple refreshment and inspiration to a certain little hamlet nestling among New England hills, a portion of whose history will bear repeating. The waters of a generous watercourse ramble through the valley and gleam between the pines and spruces which half conceal their wanderings, and white painted houses, a dozen or so in number, dot the terraced slopes beyond. The occasional whistle of a locomotive comes faintly through the distance, further to accentuate a far remove from the world, and quiet reigns over all.

Fifty years ago industry throbbed in the little valley; the wheels of half a dozen mills turned under the power of the stream; a mechanical genius, a clockmaker, marketed his exquisite product in distant cities; the wheels of the gold seekers' caravans, made here in a smithy where honesty collaborated with craft, rolled on into the West. From the little cluster of houses which still remain youths destined to distinction in commercial and intellectual life went forth into the world—and the little hamlet lapsed gradually but surely into almost primeval stillness. To the man with restricted vision —the man in the casement—the place was dead, barren of all usefulness, impotent for all creative power in the future.

Yet there was something in those surroundings, something in the primitive lives those people led, that begot character and high ideals, that made for valuable, vigorous citizenship, for usefulness on a high moral plane. It was independent of much that we count as indispensable to our modern civilization, and yet it did not raise a barrier to, but seems rather to have aided, intellectual growth. In what did it consist?

My answer to this question would be that it rested in industry, in simplicity of living and in the unconscious but constant stimulus of a beautiful environment.

A gentleman of my acquaintance retires to that hamlet for a considerable period of each year, and he has done so for the past forty years. He has reached his seventieth year in unimpaired usefulness; his step is still elastic, his carriage erect, his mind a marvel of healthy and original activity. Thither he brings his children and his children's children. Others of his contemporaries in the primitive life of that hamlet do likewise, and some of them have taken root in its precious soil as soldiers of the common good, as active exponents of the sanity and value of that life.

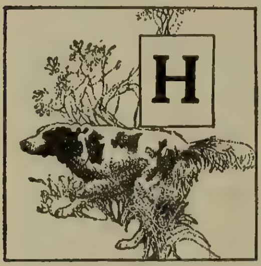
That an ever-increasing number of the sons of these hardy toilers of the past are turning again to grasp the soul-saving antidote of life in an environment which has lost none of its rejuvenating power is not alone the heartening answer to a narrow and unworthy pessimism. It is an augury of the deepest import for the future of the East.

(*To be continued*)

AFIELD WITH THE DOG

BY CHARLES H. MORTON

Mr. Morton, in this charmingly faithful sketch, has succeeded in telling the story of almost every lover of upland game bird-shooting that resides in one of the smaller cities, towns or villages. Furthermore, he has pictured, as perhaps it has never been done before, the vital fellowship of the true-blue sportsman and his dog.—Ed.



HE ARRIVED without parade from Mercer, Pa., in a small box—for he was a small dog. The friend who sent him enclosed the pedigree in a letter. The letter stated that while he was undeniably of regal blood and the best of the pointer strain, still I must remember that bringing up a bird-dog puppy through the different and calamitous stages of distemper, ruined washings, torn door mats, murdered chickens and "lost-dog" episodes was trying on the nerves, expensive and of little personal benefit. I promised to hold him guiltless of motives beyond those of friendship, and the Dog became a responsible member of the household—and I became responsible for the Dog.

Of course he was a nuisance. He was certainly "bad medicine" on washdays, and he hid his extra bones down deep in the geranium beds. Imprisoned in a big yard, he had nothing to do but plan little surprises and triumphantly execute them. His "disappearing act" was the top-liner. One hot day he sought coolness and seclusion in the cistern by gnawing into a rotten stringer and worming his little body through the hole and down into two feet of cold water. The cistern was almost dry and the kitchen feed-pipe uncovered, and so the cook suddenly left her sanctum "account of de way dat pump was squallin'" at her. It was certainly remarkable. Something must be in the cistern. We investigated hastily; something was there. The pump was sitting on the brick filter making shrill noises which, magnified by the pent-up space, resembled the trumpetings of mad elephants. Simultaneously we missed the pup, but his absence was accounted for by the menagerie imitations from below; so we unroofed the cistern, borrowed a ladder and brought him out. Later on he demonstrated the futility of fences by clambering up the wood-pile and falling into the alley with a heavy grunt. The neighborhood was aroused and searched, the usual "lost-dog" notice telephoned to three newspapers, and four spurious dogs were captured by jubilant urchins and brought struggling for our inspection. Toward evening the pup came out from under the front porch and wanted his supper.

Having thus convinced us that "home-keeping hearts are happiest" he was allowed more freedom, thus learning dog ways and manners and getting thrashed by big, rough dogs. He seemingly enjoyed it, for in all his brave little body there was no drop of coward blood. Distemper passed him mercifully by, but obnoxious lessons at noon and on Sundays filled him with wrath. That he should drop flat at a cross command was a mystery, but he was recompensed in a way for the trouble by very small bits of meat. Fetching things was better, and like play, only he must do thus and so and never bite.

So he grew to be a big, ungainly pup, with lanky, interfering limbs and a warm, generous, misplaced disposition that led him to welcome cordially the unwelcome tramp and chase the grocer's boy off the premises. With a strenuous devotion to playtime and mealtime, with healthful slumber and robust strength, the pup whiled away the days until behold! the Dog arrives and the pup is gone forever.

From the white star in his beautiful

brown forehead to the pads of the dainty, restless feet, he is a pointer to grace a bench show with his royal breeding, or win a field trial with his speed and faultless bird-sense. His is the proud blood of Kent and Belle of Winchester and Beaumont; a coat of satin and muscles of steel, with the lithe action of a playful kitten. Afield he is free and fleet as the cloud shadow that sweeps the billowy upland.

The strictures of home life are burdensome. The Dog sees but little of the one he loves and obeys. Noon and night he stands at the gate and greets me with leaps and buffets and dog-talk. The rest of the time he is busy with his own

By John F. Strickrott

So fare we forth on our questing

(See page 404)

affairs, for the neighborhood is under his management and must daily be inspected. This is mingled duty and pleasure. On his rounds he visits numerous slop-barrels, muddies himself beyond recognition in the gutters, excites needless apprehension among chickens and cats, and conveys to the casual stranger dog the unpleasant impression that he has met the only original John L. Sullivan dog on the street.

Thus he amuses himself during my uncalled-for absence on week days, but on Sunday we scout together. The starched and ironed shackles of business life give place to trampish garments, loose and comfortable; a regalia of dirty leggins, trousers streaked and stained, the sweater and the old canvas shooting-coat with its "smelly" game pockets from whose generous recesses stray feathers of quail, duck and chicken may be gleaned. A shapeless brown object supplants the stylish Stetson and the disguise is complete, but in the rough make-up the Dog acknowledges a dear familiar. More than this. By some weird canine clairvoyance he foretells the changing of the week-day grub into the dingy moth that flits on Sunday holidays. Before I take down the garments from their hooks in the corner closet I hear an impatient whine and the scratch of claws on the pane. I know there is an eager face at the window, eyes asparkle with the light of a great hope. He knows all about it, and if I disappoint him his honest heart will grieve the day through.

Sometimes—not often, but sometimes—the coat pockets bulge with things more substantial than lunch, but just as transitory, for they never return home with the field-glass, the duck-call and the pipe. Noisy, spiteful things they are, but the Dog knows they usher in all the delights of earth and heaven. In the frosty dawn at their sharp signal he has claimed from the river's swift current great, long-necked fowl, sometimes with strong wings beating a tattoo about his ears as he struggled to gain the shallow water, biting deeper into the feathers and conscious only that life holds no greater joy.

So fare we forth on our questing, the Dog and I, with clean thoughts and soaring spirits, seeking the sanctuary of the silent fields. If occasion demands we smuggle the 12-bore along. We use it when occasion demands, but we do not force occasion. The day is always too precious to profane with needless work and noise. The inheritance of freedom is the Dog's portion and also mine. We are a pair of foot-loose rascals, and we know it.

We ramble here and there, thrash our way through a cornfield or two, take a squint at the river and use the field-glass diligently on a pair of snickering squirrels in a vain effort to pry into their personal affairs. It is so strange one never sees them do the stunts advertised by their "loving" friends, the nature writers. Finally we stop to rest, which slothful occupation the Dog always regrets as a sad waste of time. He frets and whimpers, but forgets his troubles with the scent of the lunch unrolled from an old newspaper. I leave it to the reader's calm judgment to determine which of us stands with large eyes and smothered gurgles of anticipation coaxing away three-fourths of the dinner of bread, meat and pickles. Of course the Dog eats pickles because I do, but not greedily. Lunch having been equitably disposed of, we bask in the sunlight and fresh air for awhile and smoke a pipe or two, while busy paws and subsoiling nose, with much scratching and vigorous sniffings, turn out of snug homes several families of field mice who scurry into the house of the nearest relative before a paw can be clapped upon them. This is annoying, inasmuch as the digging must be resumed afresh—but a shower of sandy loam almost puts out my pipe and fills me with dirt and wrath, so further proceedings are summarily quashed.

Turn we homeward now, and if we shake up a bunch of fat quail on the way the ensuing surcharged moments pile thick and fast upon each other's flying heels. Scientifically, when it comes to a showdown on quail, the Dog is a canine Sherlock Holmes. He thrashes carelessly through the corn, but his shadow makes more noise than he. There is something doing—no more beating the rows or quartering down wind. With high head he slips through the grass noiseless and intent.

"They were along here not ten minutes

ago," he says to me; "a good big bunch, feeding and dusting themselves—that's why the scent is so strong. It bothers me, there's so much of it. Come on, come on! Here they start to run, all spread out over forty feet of ground—they know we're after them. Making for that hedge, of course; watch me head them off," and away he goes on a wide circuit. I'm a sinner if he has not rounded them up twenty yards from the hedge. There he stands, head up, slim tail straight as a ramrod, fore paw tucked under that broad chest ready for the step forward if the skulkers move.

"You stay right there," he tells them, "don't budge until I say so. I know right where you are if I don't see you, and you know it. You may be the exact color of grass and dirt, but you smell different. That lazy idiot with the gun might hurry a little. Wonder if he lights his pipe and loafs around like he did last week—here, stop that! I see you sneaking into the weeds," and the tired fore paw comes down; two quick steps and a halt.

"Now will you stay put? Here he is at last. Look out, right there between us—there they go. Gee! Those shots made me jump; it's nervous work. Over the hedge and into the woods—all but two. No, I'm not going to retrieve while this fellow is hiding here. I told him it was no use to sneak away. Oh, I've nailed you all right and—there you go, trying to fool the best shot in town by flying over his head. O, dern it! *missed* him after all my trouble, and I could have caught him easy—got him, got him! What a peach of a shot! I'm right after him; might be winged and running all over the field. Quick, where is he? Sniff-sniff. Ah, you little devil—but there's no hurry, you're dead enough. Take him now before I bite him, the troublesome little cuss."

A bunch of quail adds to the day's horn-of-plenty—lacking this, nothing is taken away. These memories will forever remain: The Dog's marvelous knowledge of Nature's secrets, the mystery of his craft, the eager searchings and the breathless beauty of his carved image poised before the hiding bird. The years may pass, but the treasures of this day are safely stored. The choicest spoils of the hunt are those we cannot show.

Homeward, through the tight barbed wire; coat of satiny brown and white with never a scratch—another snag in the old faded canvas. Up the hill and down across the pasture, the Dog covering twenty useless barren acres just to be moving. One cow is all he flushes. Up a raw, newly opened street; down an alley and in the back gate.

A bath, starchy clothes, dinner and an easy chair—it is well. Eat, rest and be merry, for to-morrow we work.

The Dog casts a longing glance at the cushioned sofa, but the maternal eye is severely watchful, and with a large sigh he drops in a round heap before the fireplace and mouths a stubble-chafed paw.

THE DOG

The reader will understand the presence of "the wrong dog" in the preceding picture, when it is made known that the Dog, alas! is no more. Mr. Morton had the photograph which is reproduced on Page 403 made at our request—it will not be hard to understand and share his regret that the Dog that was could not be pictured with him.—ED.

HUNTING THE RED DEER

Its Geographical Distribution, Habits and Cunning

BY WM. ARTHUR BABSON

THE Virginia, or white-tailed, deer, together with its allied races, occupies more territory throughout the United States and the boundaries of its range are more widely separated than any other species of the *Cervidæ*. Considering the country as a whole, it is the most abundant and the most generally sought after by hunters. No "big game" animal, unless it be the black bear, has been able to adapt itself so readily to the proximity of man and to thrive within the very borders of civilization. Living by choice in the densest forests and heavily thicketed swamps, frequenting the very localities most difficult to hunt legitimately, wonderfully acute in the presence of danger, alert, cunning, hardy and prolific, it is safe to say that no species of antlered game when hunted persistently can hold its own so well in the land.

The whitetail has not only lived to see the total disappearance of the bison, wapiti, caribou and the moose (except in Maine and northern Minnesota) from the different localities east of the Mississippi, where these animals formerly occurred, but it has survived so persistently in its old haunts that, to-day, it is nearly as generally distributed over the Eastern States as in the sixties. Territory lost in some regions has been gained in others. Not many years ago deer were far less numerous in Maine than moose or caribou. To-day they are wonderfully abundant, while the caribou within the last decade have disappeared entirely. The caribou have not been exterminated by overhunting, but have retreated by choice to the more remote forests of Quebec and New Brunswick. Old hunters have often told me that their departure from Maine was due to the quarrelsome disposition of the buck deer and their extraordinary increase in recent years. It is possible, however, that the open, primeval forests of the past, being now largely replaced by a thick tangle of second growth well adapted to the wants of deer, but poorly to those of caribou, have caused the latter to seek food elsewhere.

The deer of New England, protected equally by well-enforced laws, by the disappearance of their natural enemies and by the inexhaustible natural food supply of deciduous trees which followed the lumberman, are pushing constantly northward and eastward. I have found them fairly common in the Temiscouta region of Quebec, along the St. Francis and its tributaries; also in New Brunswick along the streams and ponds drained by the Mirimichi. Mr. Edward Scudder, of Newark, N. J., who spent last autumn hunting on the peninsula of Gaspè, tells me that deer have even reached the country around the upper waters of the Little Cascapedia, where a few years ago they were unknown. Along our northern tier of States, in the big woods of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, lower Ontario and the Adirondacks, the animals are still numerous. With good protection they have increased in Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts. Stragglers have even penetrated into the wilder parts of Connecticut and occasionally the densely populated little State of Rhode Island.

No species of animal responds more readily to protection than does the whitetail. Consequently it has been possible to preserve it in a wild state in such comparatively narrow and well-settled tracts as Long Island and Cape Cod. On Long

Island four days of deer-shooting are permitted by law every autumn, when baymen and duck-shooters, as well as a goodly number of New Yorkers, journey to their Mecca near the property of the Southside Club.

Arriving the night before, generally in parties of five or six friends from the same village, they select good positions before dawn. At daylight nearly every patch of favorable cover conceals one or more hunters, perhaps a whole line of them, armed with double-barreled shotguns. The hounds are then turned loose. Ere long an irregular volley announces that the first deer has stumbled into a party of gunners. A lively day follows, with dogs baying on all sides. Sometimes the fusillade is terrific. Deer run madly back and forth through the forests of scrub oak, followed by the warning shouts of hunters who have missed to their friends farther ahead. Sometimes one will bound in safety past a whole line of inexperienced hands from the city, only to be finally brought down by some crafty old duck-hunter from the Great South bay. After a dozen or fifteen guns have been discharged in the general direction of one of those bobbing whitetails, the question often arises as to who killed the deer or who gets the meat. I recall one such occasion when four sportsmen from different parts of the Island each claimed the honor of firing the fatal shot. A heated discussion followed, the friends of each claimant rallying loyally to his support. But finally, after an hour of very lively argument, it was decided to divide the quarry equally among them; and of all the poor little yearling does I ever saw, that one was the thinnest and yet went the farthest. Any one who enjoys the chase only when his appetite is whetted by the spice of danger will find the real thing on Long Island. Buckshot are pretty well distributed over the landscape and invariably a few men are shot. A goodly number of deer are always killed on each of the open days. This fully illustrates what properly enforced protective laws have done for them within a short distance of New York City.

A few whitetails still remain in southern New Jersey, thanks to the inhospitable pine barrens as well as to properly enforced laws. They are pretty generally distributed in favorable localities from northern Pennsylvania, along the Alleghanies southward, over the South Atlantic and Gulf States, Arkansas and the State of Oklahoma.

The deer of the far South are in many places very abundant, frequenting the thickest swamps and almost impenetrable cane-brakes where hunting is next to impossible without the assistance of dogs. They are also much smaller, growing proportionately smaller antlers than the animals found in the timber lands of Maine or Ontario. Indeed, I doubt very much if a mature buck from Florida would equal in weight a yearling doe from the North. The Southern bucks, however, seem to grow uniformly well-developed antlers, if small. In this respect, and in proportion to the size of the animals, the Southern heads seem to average up better than do those from localities where the winters are severe and food less plentiful. There is little doubt that a weak and poorly nourished animal at the opening of spring will grow during the summer antlers inferior to those of another which has wintered under more favorable conditions.

Few of the Western States are suited topographically to the habits of the whitetail. It is not a lover of the high mountains like the blacktail, nor of open plains like the prong-buck. Consequently throughout the country west of the Missouri it is by no means regularly distributed, but occurs locally in favorable regions to the Pacific Coast. In the foothills of the Rockies, along the heavily wooded river bottoms, among the swales and groves of cottonwood or quaking asp, where tangled thickets afford good protection, it is still common. Throughout the Black Hills it outnumbers the blacktail, the two species coexisting, although in totally different haunts. Down along the creeks, among the thickets, swamps and bushes, one would find whitetails; while across, on some steep, heavily timbered hill perhaps not half a mile away, blacktails would certainly be found. The sharp and clearly defined line separating the hilly country from the rich alluvial bottom lands also separates by an equally defined line of demarkation the haunts of these two species of deer. This may be said of all regions where they coexist.

The habits of the whitetail must of necessity vary in conformity with the great differences in climate and environment occurring throughout so broad a range. Thus we find that in the North the rutting season does not take place until late October or November, and fawns are rarely born before early June. In southern Georgia the mating season arrives perhaps six weeks earlier, while the young are born at a correspondingly early date. Still farther south, in the impenetrable swamps and cane-brakes of Florida or Louisiana, these periods occur even earlier. Throughout the heavily timbered woods of the Northeast, where snow often reaches five or six feet in depth, it becomes necessary in winter for deer to yard in order to secure food. These yards are merely a series of deep, well-beaten paths interlacing back and forth through second-growth trees and bushes. Where food is scarce a single animal will sometimes yard by itself in a comparatively small area; but often a few will band together for mutual protection and trample down a series of runways many acres in extent. Food is the prime consideration in yarding, for mere cold is not responsible for the great mortality among deer in our Northern woods. When all twigs within reach have been eaten, the animals turn their attention to the unpalatable leaves of the conifers. When these are gone they must of necessity strike off through the deep snow in search of another locality. Should a blizzard arrive at this time, they are wholly at its mercy, and the weaker perish; for it is difficult for deer, with their thin legs and small, sharp hoofs, to flounder through five or six feet of soft snow for any distance. Formerly the lumbermen and hide hunters took advantage of the deep snows to slaughter them in large numbers by a method termed "crusting." The animals were followed on snowshoes, driven off into the drifts, where after a short chase they fell an easy prey.

No more pitiful sight can be seen in the woods than to watch a terror-stricken deer struggle frantically on and on until exhausted, in a vain endeavor to plough a way of escape through barriers of piled-up snow.

In the Southern States as well as in many parts of the West, whitetails may be found living in the same localities, the same marshes, swamps and thickets, the year round. Of course, one may wander up or down a river a few miles in search of better food, but no tract is ever completely deserted nor is there any general migration from one region to another, as in the case of the wapiti or the caribou. In the northern part of their range, however, from Maine to Minnesota, they frequent different haunts in summer and winter, although in the same general locality. Countless streams and marshy ponds are scattered over the wilder portions of the Northeast, and around this network of waterways the deer congregate during the summer months. It is no unusual sight to see 200 or 300, even more, in the course of a canoe trip through northern Maine during July or August. In fact, the animals are semiaquatic in their habits at this season and spend a large part of the time wading about in the shallow ponds, cropping the lilies and delicate water plants and sometimes thrusting their heads well under the surface to find the tempting morsels. In remote localities, a few may be found at almost any time of the day grazing on the marsh grass along shore. The great majority, however, prefer some shady resting place beneath the alders during the midday heat.

Although rather tame at this season and often easily approached by canoe, they are more alert, much more restless and warier than moose. I recall many occasions when, without exercising any particular caution, I have paddled within ten or fifteen yards of a deer while the animal watched me. This, however, is rarely possible with old bucks. Once on Fish Lake, Maine, a doe, accompanied by a fawn, actually waded out in the shallows toward the approaching canoe, stamping her feet and "blowing" defiantly. When about twenty paces away, I flourished the paddle at her, and she slowly retreated, backing off toward the bushes, still angrily stamping the water. Five minutes later we could hear her "blowing" away up the pond.

By G. A. Bailey

A WILD WHITE-TAILED FAWN OF MICHIGAN—SHOWING TYPICAL RED DEER COUNTRY

On another occasion when on foot I spied a small buck feeding on lilies some thirty or forty yards out from a long sand-bar. The latter was wholly devoid of cover, but I succeeded in crawling up abreast of him without being observed, although in plain view all the while. It is not a difficult matter to approach deer when feeding thus in shallow water. They suspect no danger as long as their heads are down. Every few minutes they will switch their tail nervously. That switch is a little preparatory signal warning the approaching hunter to "freeze" motionless, for generally the animal will follow it by raising its head for a careful survey of the landscape.

A deer's tail is often of service as a signal to the hunter in another way. After an animal has been struck by a bullet, when bounding off he will generally lower his tail, pressing it down tightly, so that the white underneath shows but little. This is a sure sign that the game has been wounded. Indeed I have heard hunters go as far as to say that no wounded deer will ever show its flag when running off. Although generally true, this is not always the case. Twice within my own experience I have followed a desperately wounded animal for several hundred feet, noticing that its tail was held erect in the usual manner.

On one occasion at Kennebago lake I fired at a small buck with a .25-35 caliber rifle. He stood on the shore not more than fifty yards away, and at the report bounded off gracefully into the bushes with his flag flying astern. My companion, a Maine guide, noticing the fact, looked over with one of those sardonic grins kept for such occasions, and muttered something about, "Off fer Canada." We had started the canoe down stream again, when off in the woods a deer coughed several times. I went ashore and walked in a couple of hundred feet, to find my buck shot through the lungs, and just expiring. No blood trail led from the water, nor could I discover even a trace of blood along the tracks. I have never since used a .25 caliber.

It is a frequent sight to see a moose standing shoulder deep, soaking its hot hide for hours in the cooling water of some pond or mud hole, sometimes even submerging itself head and all beneath the surface. But although deer will often wade out into deep water, as a rule they prefer the shallows, and I have yet to see one completely submerged.

Many of the more isolated camps in Maine consume considerable venison during the warmer months, making no secret of it either. It is, however, to their credit to say that no wasteful shooting is permitted. Moose are safely guarded, and no guide that I ever met would countenance the shooting of a moose in summer, even if meat were needed in camp. Probably nine out of ten of the deer killed around water at this season are yearlings or two-year-old does and spikehorns. So small, indeed, is the proportion of older animals seen that one is often misled into believing that mature bucks comprise but an insignificant minority of the deer population. This, however, is not the case: the bucks are plentiful, but wary. In all save the most unfrequented spots they become extremely cautious during daylight, rarely entering the water to feed until after dark.

Early in September, when autumn's first frost has nipped the water plants, the whitetails commence to forsake their old haunts of the summer. The food which supplied them so abundantly is now well nigh exhausted. A few scattered lilies remain, perhaps, but they have grown tough and sere; so has the marsh grass. Perchance on a cool morning patches of thin ice may be found in the sheltered coves. A few straggling deer still linger around the watercourses, but the great majority seek the hardwood timber which clothes the ridges and hillsides, feeding on leaves and tender twigs of deciduous trees. The fawns have now grown to be husky little fellows, thoroughly weaned, and, if necessary, able to shift for themselves. Every trace of velvet has been rubbed from the bucks' antlers. The summer coat of red has been replaced by a warmer one of thick gray hair; and the whole race, feeling instinctively the first impulse of the approaching mating season, has become more restless and active, although less gregarious than in the warmer months.

In October one rarely finds two big bucks feeding amicably together. They have become very unsociable fellows; and during the rutting season, which generally commences the latter part of the month, wage desperate battles for the possession of the does. In these head to head conflicts two animals will sometimes interlock their antlers so securely that it becomes impossible for either to escape. Both eventually perish of starvation. Last fall a pair was found thus not far from where I camped at Fish Lake. One of them in desperate effort to escape had broken his neck; the other when found was so weak from dragging around his dead foe, and so emaciated from lack of food, that he died shortly afterward.

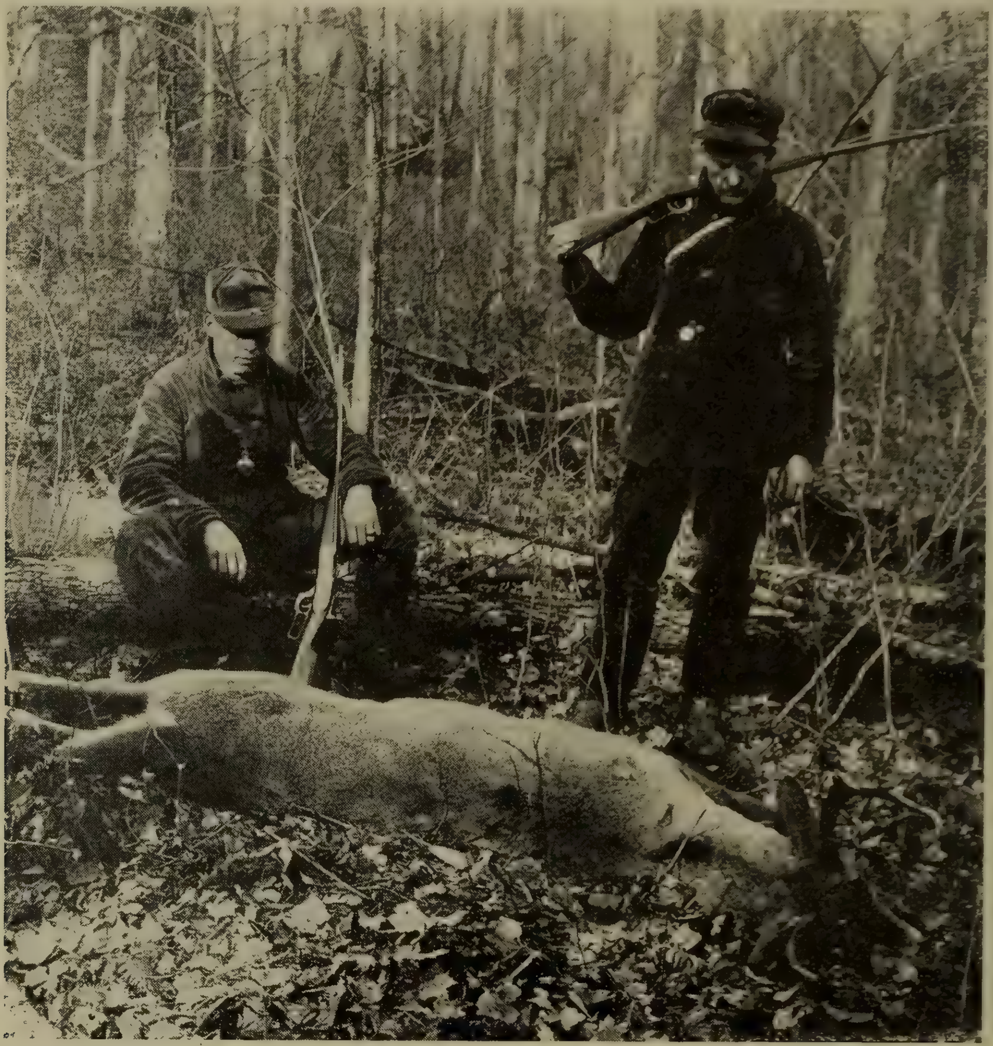
A white-tail buck, unlike the wapiti,

A REPRESENTATIVE FAMILY OF WHITE-TAILED DEER

These were tame deer—to the photographers great advantage. The buck boasts a better pair of antlers than is usual with his wild brethren of the North—due in the main to an ample food supply the year round and shelter from storms

the blacktail or the Newfoundland caribou, rarely succeeds in organizing a herd of does in the mating season. The densely wooded nature of the country will not permit it. He must search out his mates consecutively, and each individual doe is followed persistently by scent. Sometimes two or three bucks will be strung out in succession, following the same trail. Several years ago I was working along an old tote-road which led through densely wooded patches of second growth, when a hundred yards ahead a doe suddenly dashed across the road and as suddenly disappeared in the bushes, following the course of the wide runway. I ran to the spot at once, hoping to get a parting shot at her, when a fine buck coming full speed on the same trail almost stumbled into me. He stopped a second in confusion, offering a good shoulder shot, and then went on along the runway for a few hundred feet. I found him quite dead, and, placing my rifle against a tree, commenced to "paunch" him. In about ten minutes a deer "blew" a short distance up the trail; so I followed it backward in time to see another smaller buck standing directly in the pathway. He had already winded me and bounded off at my approach. Both of these bucks had been following the same doe.

One afternoon Bill Carson, a lifelong moose-hunter and trapper in the Mirimichi country, was helping me pack in the scalp and antlers of a bull killed that morning. We had seen a number of moose that week and a few deer. When about two miles from camp, a good-sized buck jumped suddenly from his bed and scurried off into the alders before I had time to get my rifle in action. We ruefully watched his white tail zigzagging in and out among the trees as he bounded up the slope. I suggested to Bill that during the remainder of the trip we hunt deer. The old man flared up at once, remarking, with a look in which scorn and pity were equally mixed, "Shoot deer! They're not fit game for a decent man to hunt when there's moose an' caribou about. Why, I never



By Irvin Rhodes

THE REWARD OF SKILFUL STILL-HUNTING—IT SEEMS A PITY WHEN AT LAST THE BRAVE FELLOW IS DOWN considers 'em as anything more'n a big kind of rabbit that jumps up and makes off out o' sight in the brush. Yes, jest like a rabbit, reg'lar jumpin' jacks, derned hard t' shoot, an' no size when you get 'em." From the sportsman's point of view the woodman's conclusion was incorrect; for those plain words point out just why the chase of the whitetail offers the very finest of sport.

Personally, I believe that of all our antlered game the whitetail, when sought for in the proper manner, that is, by still-hunting, should rank first as a game animal, because the greatest degree of skill is required in hunting it. The big-horn sheep, the wapiti and the black-tailed deer are generally found when wandering over rocky, sparsely timbered hills, or through open glades in the mountains where cover is scanty. The prong-buck prefers the wide plains or bad lands; while the caribou in most localities frequents comparatively open regions. For all such hunting great physical hardihood and endurance are required. The hunter must be able to walk many miles over a rough country. He should have a far-seeing rather than a quick eye; and possess a certain knowledge of stalking and good judgment in sighting a rifle at long range, generally at a motionless or slowly moving target. But in seeking the whitetail in the thick, brushy timber, far different qualities are required: silence, stealth, intensity, wonderful alertness, an ear that knows the meaning of faintly snapping twigs, an eye trained to differentiate instantly a patch of a deer's gray body from bushes partly concealing it; and finally a rifle that springs up quickly for a snap shot at an object flitting off among the tree trunks.

The difficulty with which whitetails are sometimes hunted is well illustrated by a trip which I took early one September to the region just north of Long lake in the Adirondacks. In our immediate locality deer were not plentiful, and shy from much shooting. Still the signs seemed pretty good and we resolved to try a week of still-hunting. There were no ponds nor wild meadows round camp; no old tote-roads, nor any of those favorite loitering places, where one has merely to watch carefully in the early morning to see a deer. On the other hand, the underbrush and foliage grew so densely that walking quietly or seeing ahead for any distance was quite impossible. For five days I stole through those woods from sunrise until dark as carefully and noiselessly as I could. Several times I came upon a fresh trail, with tracks deeply imprinted and far apart, showing plainly enough where a deer had bounded off at my approach. Twice I heard the "blow" of a startled animal in the bushes not two hundred yards away; and once I saw the foliage moving ahead, as one quietly stole away from its bed under an old windfall. Yet during those five days I failed to catch a single glimpse of game. Still-hunting had failed, for, under such conditions as these, the chances were all in favor of the deer.

On the sixth and last day I resolved to trust in patience and try watching. A mile or so from camp a little knoll overlooked two or three acres of low, scrubby bush. The fact that two big runways intersected in the center of this open patch, together with the great number of nipped twig ends, indicated that deer fed there frequently. I sat on that knoll watching all day, from sunrise, and was about to give it up when suddenly directly before me in the very center of the open patch a deer appeared feeding quietly. The woodland silence was intense, yet I did not hear it come. Although watching carefully at the time, I did not see it approach. Like an apparition it had suddenly appeared in the open glade. But when deer-hunting, one learns in time to expect the unexpected, the mysterious; to look for strange, swift movements in the shadows, or the sudden appearance of an animal in among the tree trunks right ahead, as if it had sprung from the very ground. Whoever heard the footsteps of a feeding deer? What hunter ever saw half the bucks that sneaked off, with backward, furtive glances at his approach? Shooting that deer in the Adirondacks that September day, although it proved but a two-year-old, gave me more genuine satisfaction than any animal I have ever killed, because it was the hardest to get. To this day I wonder if it really approached that open glade at all; if it were not quietly lying down in those low bushes during the ten long hours I waited, not one hundred and fifty yards away.

Later in the fall, when the forests are open and less obstructed by foliage, or when a light tracking snow covers the ground, still-hunting for deer becomes much less difficult, although stealth and alertness are always required in a high degree.

Although the whitetail, when sought legitimately by still-hunting, is one of the most difficult animals to pursue, still it may be killed in other ways with greater ease, requiring less skill on the part of the hunter than perhaps any other big game animal. Of these, summer hunting around the water and the barbarous practice of "crusting" have already been mentioned. In many parts of the South hounds are used for the purpose of driving the deer from their hiding places in the swamps. Sometimes this is no easy matter, for a deer learns quickly by experience to hold stubbornly to the thick cover, doubling back and forth on its trail like a cottontail in a patch of blackberries. Along the east coast of Georgia, where I have hunted, three or four darkies generally go through the swamps with the dogs as beaters, shooting off blank cartridges and emitting ear-piercing cat calls to dislodge the frightened game. The sportsmen, generally four or five in number, meanwhile post themselves on runways in the woods, at intervals along a line which the game must cross when leaving the swamp. There is a certain fascination in listening to the dogs as they approach the stand, drawing nearer and still nearer, until all at once the foliage parts and the deer comes bounding gracefully over the low bushes. Beyond a certain adroitness with the rifle, however, such shooting demands but little in the way of skill or knowledge of the craft on the part of the hunter, and hence cannot rank as a very high quality of sport. Should the country be sufficiently open to permit the use of horses the sport is then of a high order. To see a deer, followed by hounds, break from the woods and start off across the open country for a place of refuge—to ride madly through a succession of old fields overgrown with tall grass, in the effort to head it off—to watch it scurry from cover to cover, and, finally, when it is about to enter the big swamp ahead, to bring it down perhaps by a chance shot at long range are conditions which combine to produce a singularly attractive and manly form of sport.

Formerly hounding was much practised in the Northern woods, especially throughout the Adirondacks. Deer, when hard pressed, will always seek water as a means of throwing off their pursuers. Accordingly the hunter stationed himself on the shore of some favorable pond while his guide put out the dogs on a near-by ridge. As the deer entered the water it was followed in a canoe kept for the purpose and generally shot at close range while swimming across. In case the shooter wished to prove himself a thorough "sportsman," he refrained from killing the deer while it was swimming; but literally drove it across, following closely in the canoe. When the thoroughly exhausted animal stumbled up the bank, he killed it in cold blood. I do not mean to say that *all* the deer-shooting in the Adirondacks was done in this way in the old days, but there was enough of it to cause the Legislature to forbid the use of hounds.

Fire-lighting by night around a salt lick or along some old wood road, or, as termed in the North, "jacking" from a canoe, was long a popular method with those who failed to qualify as still-hunters. Any green hand from the city, crazy to shoot his first deer, could get him under a light, where little or no skill was required, except by the paddler. As the practice was best carried on during summer or early fall, many of the victims were certain to be nursing does. Furthermore, the ease with which a skilful hand could paddle up within a few yards of a deer rendered possible the use of that detestable weapon for shooting big game, the shotgun. For these reasons, and rightfully so, "jacking" has been generally prohibited by law.

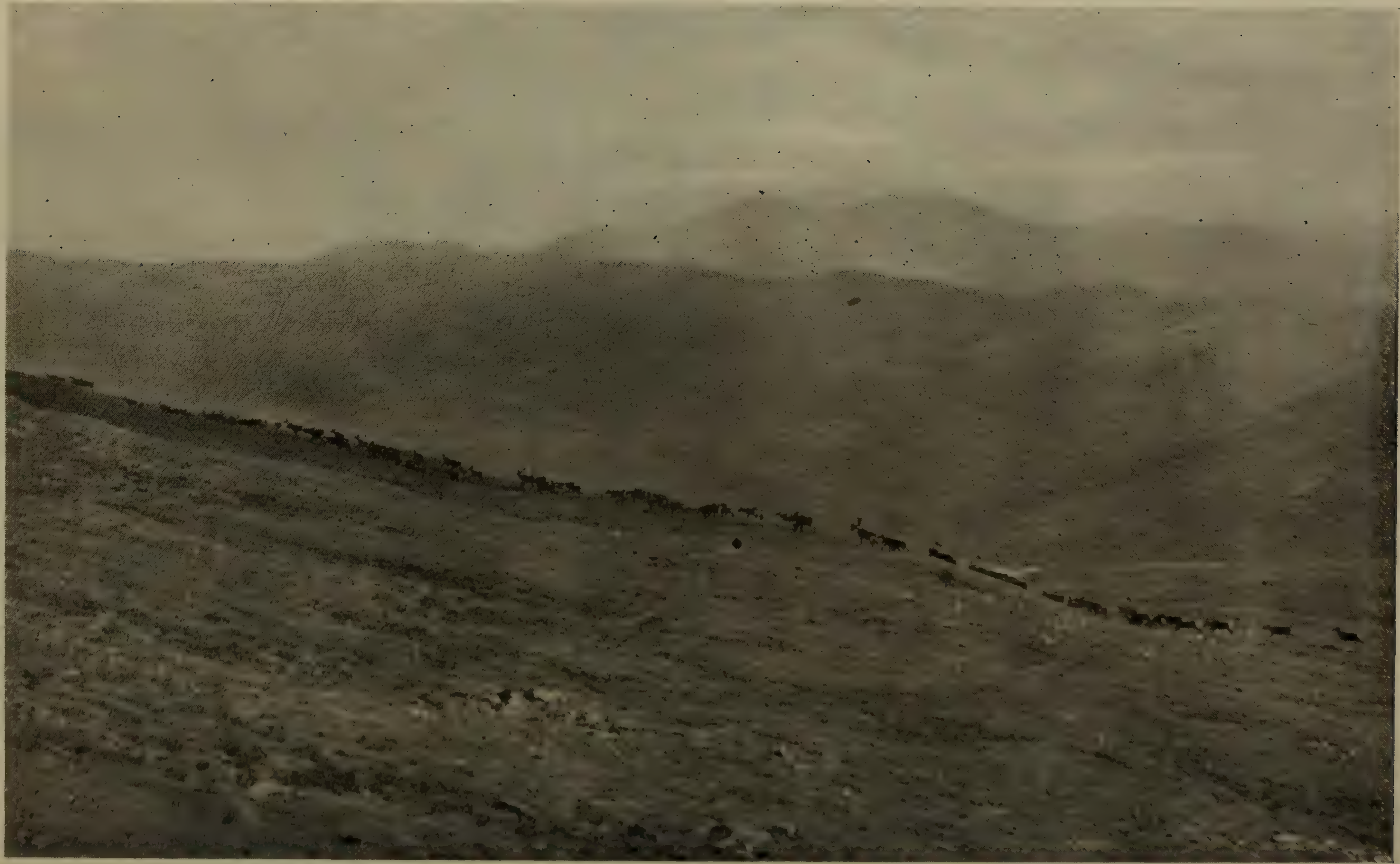
For one who has tried it in the early days, the use of a light at night will always possess a certain indescribable charm. He who has learned to love the silence, the hush, to know the strange, mysterious spell cast by one of those Northern lakes at night, may perchance still be found of a dark evening quietly stealing along shore in his canoe. Let us hope that his gun has been replaced by a camera with flashlight apparatus, or that he merely wants to see, as of yore, some wary old deer at close range gazing intently into that blazing orb of light.

I never go into a deer country in summer without spending at least one night on the water with a "jack," and I rarely return without bringing back something worth while from the haunts of the furtive wilderness folk. Perhaps 'tis merely a strange new note in the plaintive song of a white-throat floating out over a pond, or maybe the croak of a startled bittern flapping off above the reeds. Perchance it is the memory of some wary old loon, lingering in astonishment, as that odd-looking moon drifted by and was gone. Have you ever run in among a flock of ducks, scurrying off with loud quacks from under your very bows? Did you ever glance upward to see a horned owl peering down gravely from a dead limb overhead? How silently he flies off into the darkness. How often have you followed the wake of a muskrat or a beaver until his little black head showed up suddenly in the light? Perhaps he was towing away laboriously at a big bunch of reeds or marsh grass for a house near-by. What a splash he made alongside the canoe!

Let us go back to where you scared that last rat. Farther along in a shallow cove filled with lily pads you can just hear a gentle splash, splash, splash as of some one walking in the water. No, that sound is not made by ripples breaking on shore, for you have been careful to paddle against the breeze. It must be a deer or a moose, for no other animal makes just such a noise. Perhaps 'tis the wise old buck that feeds there. So you darken the "jack," and, rounding a point, move into the cove. The paddle now feels a friendly bottom underneath; it is of sand, firm and hard; and you push on quickly without a sound. A moment later the canoe enters a patch of reeds; what an ominous sound they make, scraping against its sides. But perhaps he'll not notice, for right ahead he is busily tearing away at the lilies. Leaning forward, you noiselessly drop the shutter. Instantly the light flashes out, but partially obscured by rolling clouds of white mist rising from the water. You peer into it; ah! there are his eyes, like twin stars in a background of darkness. Just one more push, and lo! right before you, standing knee deep in the water an antlered form suddenly looms up, like a specter in the hazy light. A second later, wheeling about, he dashes off toward shore in a series of swift, furious bounds. He is bounding beyond the brake. He has reached the woods. He is gone!

Yes, it was an old buck again, but still in the velvet. So, lighting your pipe, you turn back toward camp once more, hoping to meet him out there in the gray woods some brisk November morning, when the leaves have fallen and still-hunters are afoot.

WHITE-TAILED DEER COUNTRY IN THE ADIRONDACKS — A VIEW FROM BALD MOUNTAIN



I made a photograph of a bunch on the run in which over ninety caribou can be counted

SOME ALASKAN BIG GAME

A Rich Field for Hardy Sportsmen

BY R. W. STONE, U. S. G. S.

Published by Permission of the Director of the U. S. Geological Survey

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

A FEW casual observations regarding woodland caribou and other large game in the interior of Alaska are offered here mainly for the purpose of presenting the accompanying photographs. The writer was in the region north of Fairbanks, on the Tanana River, and between Circle City and Fort Hamlin, on the Yukon, for three months during the summer of 1905, with a United States Geological Survey party.

The region between the Yukon and Tanana rivers is mountainous, ranging in elevation from 700 to 5,000 feet. It is lightly timbered with spruce up to about 2,000 feet, the upper parts of the ridges being covered with buck brush (scrub birch), grass, niggerheads and caribou moss. Of the latter there is a great abundance. The highest ridges are rocky and impassable for horses.

During the latter part of June two solitary bull caribou were seen in the Crazy Mountains west of Circle City, and early in July a bull, cow and calf in the same locality. Moose signs were found along all the little streams, but none was fresh. Farther west, after crossing Preacher Creek the middle of July, it soon became an almost daily occurrence to see from one to fifty caribou, and for two months we were not out of fresh meat.

Lone caribou at times were very inquisitive, following a single man or circling around the packtrain with evident curiosity. One day while eating lunch alone on a mountainside two young bulls approached within a hundred yards, and for twenty minutes kept advancing and retreating, cautious but curious. On another day the packtrain met a drove of about ninety face to face on the crest of a narrow ridge. To our surprise the caribou showed intentions of contesting the right of way. The leaders assumed defiant attitudes, spread their forelegs and lowered their antlers in a threatening manner, as if ready to fight. Others moved around to the sides of the packtrain and inspected our horses, so close that they could have been roped with a short lariat. Suddenly, however, they took fright, wheeled and went back the way they came.

One afternoon two of us with two horses passed around the edge of a drove numbering about 150, without their being frightened. The cows with their calves, only a few weeks old, were scattered over the hillside, while most of the bulls were up the slope, near the top of the ridge. To have shot a caribou on that hillside would have been much like going into a farmer's pasture and killing one of his dairy herd. Another drove of about the same size, on the other side of the valley, got our wind and took to their heels.

The accompanying photographs were made the latter part of July near the head of Preacher Creek, sixty miles northeast of Fairbanks. While traveling along the crest of a ridge one morning I saw several caribou ahead and coming my way. They were moving slowly, grazing as they came, and had not seen me. I sat down, got out my camera and waited. In a few minutes the leader came along. I shouted to make him look up and then pressed the bulb. But he didn't mind being photographed, and I had to get up and shout and wave my arms before he trotted away. Then came three more, equally fearless of the queer two-legged animal that jumped and made noises.

The first week in August four members of our party saw a herd at a distance of a mile which we estimated to number at least 800, and about the same time I made a photograph of a bunch on the run in which over ninety caribou can be counted.

Late in August, when we were north and west of Beaver Creek, in the vicinity of Mount Schwatka, caribou were seen only rarely and but two or three at a time. The greatest numbers were near the heads of Preacher and Beaver creeks early in August. The last ones seen were taking on the winter coat. After the first of September in the Mike Hess Creek country, when the ground was covered with snow, we did not see any caribou.

Moose tracks were found along the creeks in July and August and one yearling was killed. It was with difficulty that the hind quarters were procured without killing the pugnacious mother, who charged the hunter several times when he approached her fallen offspring. The moose meat was coarse and tough in comparison with the caribou steaks, which we always found tender, sweet and comparable with the finest beef.

Bears were not numerous; at least, we saw only a few. The first one was encountered July 17 on Preacher Creek. While the packtrain was being unsaddled, a large brown bear and three cubs appeared in camp. The surprise was mutual. The horses stampeded at once, scattering things in every direction, and the old bear took off up the hill on a run. Two of the cubs followed her closely, but the smallest one was soon far behind. Several other bears were seen during the season. All were brown or black, and were fattening on blueberries.

Rocky Mountain sheep were found along the crest of the jagged ridge in the big bend of Beaver Creek, and also on the ridge north of Mount Schwatka, overlooking the Yukon

A FINE BULL CARIBOU OF THE PREACHER CREEK COUNTRY AT CLOSE RANGE

. . . *he didn't mind being photographed*

Flats. One day I saw between thirty-five and forty and crossed a talus slope on one of their trails, while several ewes and lambs stood above and below me, so close that I could have hit them with a stone. They showed little fear and stood boldly in their places, watching my progress. Being without a gun, I was not able to shoot any and, unfortunately, my photographs of them were spoiled. The rams with their big curved horns were more wary and kept at a safer distance. For several hours that afternoon, while Mr. Witherspoon, the topographer, was working on a mountain top, an old ram lay on a pinnacle below him in plain view and within easy shooting distance. On another occasion I saw five sheep, but they were so wary that I could not get close enough to photograph them.

Big game hunting is good fifty miles north of Fairbanks in the Yukon-Tanana region, but the transportation of men and horses from the States to the interior of Alaska is very expensive. The present occupants of the border of this region are after gold and do not spend much time in hunting big game. So it is probable that caribou will frequent this wilderness for many years to come.

They seem to move westward from the Forty-mile and Charley River country in the spring and to return in that direction in the early winter. It is reported that the caribou change their feeding grounds from year to year and appeared, near Rampart last season for the first time in a decade. The region lying between the Yukon and Tanana rivers is a perfect wilderness, many hundred square miles in extent, and a natural game preserve.

HIS WOODLAND HIGHNESS, THE MOOSE

As Hunted in New Brunswick

BY JAMES LEDDY PÉQUIGNOT

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND PHILIP A. CASTNER

WHILE Alaska is the home of the largest of the moose family on this continent and while many a hunter has killed his bull in Maine or others of our United States, New Brunswick, I think, should head the list, taking everything into consideration; although Ontario and Nova Scotia must not be passed over when we are looking for good moose-country. In Maine the moose are growing scarce and have seldom as fine heads as are to be found in Canadian forests. An army of hunters has killed off many of the big bulls and many others have betaken themselves farther north, like the caribou, to more secluded wilds. I predict that in a very few years a moose with a good spread of antlers will be a rarity in the State of Maine.

The largest moose I ever saw was one killed on the banks of the Yukon, by an Indian, but as there are very few who will take Alaska into consideration when planning a moose-hunt, I say, if you wish a fine head and look for sport in its getting, go into the lake-dotted, pine-scented woods of New Brunswick.

There are three bits of advice for the tyro at moose-hunting that experience has taught me the value of: "Be patient, be nervy and be game!" Patience I put first, for I consider it paramount, and the impatient man, he who must do everything right off and cannot bide his time, will never—without fool's luck—hang the coveted trophy in his den if he hunts from now until doomsday. I know of a man who after three days' hunting gave up and decided to "hang around" the main camp, while the guide took his gun and went off to find a moose for him. Such a man needs slippers and a house-coat—not a huntsman's garb. You must be ready to put up with long and difficult tramps over rough paths and through mire; your bones may ache from a heavy pack, you may have to lie out nights in the cold and in the snow, you may go all day with but cold biscuit and bacon to appease your hunger, but you must smile, always smile, and remember that in moose-hunting patience gets its just reward.

Be nervy! Ah! how often a man has stuck to the chase for days and days, and finally, when the chance for a shot was offered, "lost his head." The "wild-cat" tales told him by city friends of the danger of facing a bull moose loomed large in his mind's eye and distorted his perspective, so that he might as well have fired at the clouds in the sky. And let me say that the tales brought back to town by some hunters, of the lightning charges made upon them by bull moose they finally killed, are in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred plain, unadulterated "rot" and foolishness. When I hear a man talking in this strain I doubt if he killed the game himself, and am prone to give the guide the credit. Misunderstand me not in this, for I do not say a moose will never charge a hunter. But if he does, you can reckon he is badly wounded and in the blindness of his pain he may make for you if you are in his path. Keep your

THE LUMBERMEN'S CAMP AT NORTH LAKE—HERE HIRAM FOY WAS LEFT TO LANGUISH IN LONESOMENESS, AND CALL A "SPRINGTOOTH"

nerve and your wits about you and another shot will make him yours as sure as your gun is iron.

Be game! Disappointment will cross your path (how keenly you will feel it!), but mind it not. Days may go by with never a sign or a sound of a moose, but keep on looking for fresh tracks on the ground or fresh marks on the trees made by antlers; keep listening for the deep, hollow grunts in the wilds, and you are pretty sure to win out in the end. Many a "game" hunter, one who has the necessary sticktoitiveness, has patted himself on the back at the close of day if he has perchance come upon tracks several hours old or has seen a spike-

THE ISLAND IN MAIN'S LAKE, ON THE MIRIMACHI, WHICH JIM MANDERVILLE PROVED WAS GOOD MOOSE GROUND

CATAMARAN STREAM—THE HUNTERS SPENT A FEW DAYS HERE, BUT SAW ONLY COWS AND SPIKEHORNS

horn swimming a stream. He feels that his lucky day is nearer, the forefinger on his right hand begins to twitch and bother him. A guide once told me that a sportsman had made him sit quiet and still for two long hours while he watched a cow moose and her calf feeding in a marsh where tall grass, weeds and lily pads grew. "What do you think of him for a durn fool?" said the guide. "There he sat on a stump, like a statue, watchin' them two splashin' around and pokin' their heads deep down into the muddy water for roots and herbs as if he was studyin' their language and ways, and all the time we might have been on our hunt for a big bull!" I said nothing, but I thought a lot. I would like to meet that sportsman, for he must be a real woodsman.

There are two popular and legitimate ways of hunting moose in New Brunswick, "calling" and "tracking." The latter is considered by the majority superior; nor shall I gainsay them, for there can be nothing more thrilling or more sportsmanlike than to set out of a cold, crisp November day and plunge into the bare and desolate North woods, stripped now of their leafy garb, following the tracks in the snow made, perhaps many hours before, by a wary old bull moose. Assuredly the largest heads are obtained in this wise. A slight knowledge of tracks enables the beginner to at once pick out the footprints of a bull; the tell-tale marks made by the antlers scraping the bark from the trees talk yet more eloquently, and so it is stealthily and craftily onward for the still-hunter until, if he has exercised proper caution, he comes upon the antlered object of his search. Never think for an instant that when you have struck the fresh tracks you may have been days in seeking that victory awaits you with open arms and that you are near the last chapter of the story. It is but the beginning. From then on to the end of the trail your real skill as a hunter is brought into play and if your education in the school of woodcraft is not a thorough one you are lost, or rather your moose is lost to you, if you have not with you an able guide. No animal large or small is more wary, quicker to learn that some hidden danger is lurking near, than this mighty head of the deer family, who tested the brains of the crafty Indian hunter who gave to him his name "Mongsoa"—the twig-eater—in the long ago. Let the wind be blown from you to the moose, no matter how slightly, and you may as well leave that particular trail—you will never bag your game. Remember, then, that you must be a woodsman. Possess or acquire if you can the art of woodcraft, train your eye and ear to the divers signs and sounds of the forest, learn the ways and wiles of the wary moose, and then, if you are a good shot, I wish you much luck at the end of the snowy trail.

This brings us to the fascinating sport of "calling," which is practised during the rutting season late in September. Then it is that the moose leave the ponds and streams, where they have reveled during the hot summer days, and penetrate the dark forest, the bulls searching for their mates, whose calls, long, weird and mournful, echo and reëcho through the hardwood ridges and are heard for miles around. It is this call that the skilled woodsman imitates with a horn made of birch bark and tempts the bull, now wild with ardor and passion, within range of his rifle. I know of nothing more calculated to set the hunter's nerves a-tingling and the hunter's heart a-thumping than the first sight of a moose coming to the call. At this season more than any other is he an imposing figure, for all his vigor and strength are in their prime and many a battle is waged during these days when one bull challenges another and would steal from him the mate he has taken "to have and to hold." By some hunters calling is looked upon as unsportsmanlike, and while I venture no opinion I can only say that during these

THE AUTHOR AND HIS MOOSE

The hunters were unable to get the big animal out on the shore, so it was skinned where it lay times when cows are protected by law one is mighty fortunate who can call a bull within range of eyesight and rifle. Possibly I am not hard on the moose-caller for the reason that I have a pet story of my own to tell before I close this article and it is woven around a piece of the bark of the birch tree fashioned into a horn for me by a Canadian guide. Nevertheless, the New Brunswick guides have given to the exasperatingly plentiful cow moose—for reasons which will follow—names that it would never do to print.

Pencilings almost illegible on my tattered bark horn tell the story: "Friday—thirteenth day of hunt—killed big moose—54-inch antlers—bell 23 inches long." Friday, the 13th! Ye gods that watch o'er huntsmen! and I wore no rabbit's foot nor other talisman to offset the evil influences of the dread day and number. Note you well, I pray, the length of that bell—23 inches—the longest that a number of old Canadian guides have ever seen or heard of. What merit in a remarkably long bell? Well, I don't know. But it gives the wearer a certain distinction.

It was early in the second week of September that Philip Castner (a companion of mine since infant days) and I landed at New Castle, N. B., were met by guides and cook, and started within the hour on our journey mooseward. A wagon, built for the wear and tear of lumber roads and moose-trails, carried our provender while we footed it some seventy-odd miles to a lumber camp (deserted some years) by the waters of North Lake, one of the many small lakes that dot the country where flow the different branches of the Mirimachi River. Hiram Foy (cook, camp-barber and maker of rhymes and songs) was left in this cabin with the main store of provisions, etc. Phil and I parted and with blankets and sufficient grub for a few days started with our guides for a ten-mile tramp in nearly opposite directions.

GUIDE AND COOK SHARE THE HONOR OF SKINNING THE HEAD

The story of the next twelve days may be passed over without much ado; full of excitement and interest to me, however, for they formed a fitting preface (tinged with anxiety and disappointment) to the climax of which I have to tell.

Every morning at sunrise, every evening at sunset, did the call of one Jim Manderville, guide and all-around good fellow, ring out through the woods—sometimes where a hoar frost glistened in tracks of moose by a brooklet's muddy bank, sometimes where a light snow-flurry played around us as we lay behind a screen of young firs or alder bushes hard by a winding stream, and sometimes, mayhap, in the early hours of morning when we sat with but a leafy shelter in a heavy downpour of rain—listening, always listening, for the answering grunt of a rambling bull that might come to the fatal call. On the eleventh day, Dame Fortune so far having frowned on us, we sat and debated—and debating sat, for over an hour, watching a cow moose with two calves feeding not 200 yards away from us. Cows and spikehorns we had seen, but not a head worth the crack of a hunter's rifle.

After deliberating, Jim decided we should pack our duffle and start for Main's Lake, a body of water three miles long—one of the largest lakes in the Mirimachi. "It's good moose-ground," said Jim, "but the lake's so gol dárn long and the water so deep that the odds are against calling a bull within gunshot." That morning found us at Main's, however, and the sight of a spikehorn feeding on lily pads we took as a harbinger of good fortune at last. A rough catamaran was soon put together and on it we poled to a little island three-quarters of a mile from the head of the lake. Here a half dozen firs were transplanted to a position where they would serve as a screen or "blind," and before sunset the call from the birch-bark horn echoed over the lake and the ridges beyond the lake to the lairs of the wild creatures of the forest. My heart thumped as an old bull grunted some distance away—the deep, hollow grunt that only the old bulls utter. But a cow near him, that also kept calling, won the day. Disappointed, weary and worn we ate a cold meal and were soon tucked under the blankets on our cold and lonely island.

JIM MANDERVILLE SALTS THE HIDE

Next morning Jim called; next evening, and the morning after, with the same result—answering grunts, faint and far away, and the low moans of cows that lingered near and kept their mates back on the hills out of the way of harm.

On the third evening a low reply to the call reached our ears, and a form suddenly stepped into view at the upper end of the lake. Faintly could we trace an antlered head silhouetted against the lemon yellow of the dying autumn day. "Onto the raft," whispered Jim, "and we'll swing out of sight around the peninsula" (a point that juts out at the lake's head) "and then cross over and fire at Mister Moose. He'll never come down to us while those cows hang around so handy." No sooner had we stepped on the raft than a spikehorn, that had kept faithfully answering the call for an hour, jumped into the water from sheer fright of the older and larger newcomer and swam in the direction of our island. He saw but did not smell and came nearer and nearer while we sat still and watched him. Finally, the swimming yearling scented man and made again for the mainland, sending forth unearthly screams as he plunged into the fastness of the woods. Jim swore! Things did look blue for us as we sat listening to the warning cries of this young bull sounding over the forest. However, we poled quietly and patiently alongside the peninsula, hoping against hope that we might still find our big bull standing on the opposite shore.

Then something happened—and happened so quickly that it seemed more dream-like than real. Having neared the headwaters and getting ready to land, our attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of another big bull crashing through the underbrush on the left, hardly two hundred yards away. He had evidently come to the call from up among the ridges in front, and as he stepped out on the bank and peered at us his antlers glistened yellow in the sunset. His brother on the opposite bank was forgotten and a shot rang out through the stillness—and then another. A leap and plunge into the water, a short struggle and a bull moose lay dead, pierced through heart and shoulder. The lordly monarch of the wood had fallen a hunter's prey—the trophy for which I had traveled a thousand miles was won and my cup of happiness full to the brim. Fellow hunters who have killed moose may be able to describe their feelings when the hunt is over—it is beyond me. Quickly cutting out the steak, measuring the antler-spread and the record bell of the bull, we made for the trail that led to Hiram and home. Long after dark we reached the cabin, where Hiram was awaiting us with a good, square meal.

Now have I told you my favorite hunting tale. We sat up till long past midnight telling the story for the first time to Hiram, who listened wide-eyed and open-mouthed. He had seldom seen a moose alive and doted like a child on the huntsman's tale. A peculiar twinkle in his eye told me that he, too, had a story coming, and I did not read him wrong. With a profound nod of the head, which always preceded his utterances of moment, the jolly cook began:

"Boys, I had a hunt meself this morning, and with no guide to help me I called a *springtooth*, so put *that* in your pipe and smoke it." Jim looked at me. I looked at Jim. Hiram's misnomer for a spikehorn was almost too much, but we bit our lips and waited for him to proceed. "You see, it was this way: I was fishin', out there on the bank, when first thing I knows this springtooth comes into the water from the other side. In me excitement I drops me rod and line into the water and makes for the nearest birch tree. I makes meself a horn" (such a horn!) "and then back to the water's edge where I gives the call. Now the funny thing is the springtooth looks up, sees me and takes to the tall timber as if the devil himself was after him. Ye needn't laugh; I called him, but the foxy son-of-a-gun wouldn't come to the call."

Jim roared. "Show us how you called him, Hiram." But Hiram wouldn't give "no lessons," he said, and with a dignified "Good-night" went over to his couch of balsam and was soon in the Land of Nod.

Some days later we again came into the settlement, and there met six fellow hunters from whom we had parted nearly a month before. Two of them had big moose and those whom Fate had not so rewarded had either a fine caribou or a buck deer to show and one had killed a good-sized black bear. Like ourselves, they had found partridges a-plenty and trout and salmon-fishing of a high order.

Such are the incidents of a moose hunt in New Brunswick. Who will controvert the right of His Woodland Highness, the Moose, to lord it over all the creatures of the forest?

THE MERRY LITTLE HOUND

Some Facts Worth Knowing About the Beagle

BY N. WILLIAMS HAYNES

THE setter or pointer man who thinks that the whirr of the partridge, or grouse, is the acme of sporting pleasure; the follower of Reynard who dashes headlong over fallows and fences; the big game-hunter who travels many, many miles to reach his happy hunting ground—all look with contempt upon the merry little beagles and the humble cottontail. They consider the sport afforded by the miniature hounds and the rabbit to be far beneath their dignity, and in the blissfulness of their ignorance and prejudice they deny themselves one of the greatest pleasures that come the way of the true sportsman.

On some crisp autumnal morning, when the air contains that suggestion of frost which makes the blood leap for pure joy, take one of these doubting Thomases afield with a pack of well-trained beagles, and on the edge of some, to him, uninviting swamp or bramble thicket let him pause to watch the hounds disappear. Just as he is seriously considering slipping away at the first opportunity, the musical voice of old Trailer breaks the morning stillness. The others of the pack hark to him and one by one add their voices to the choir:

Thro' miry swamp and wooded vale,
The beagles run the cottontail.
The hounds give tongue; the welkin rings;
'Tis music fit for lords and kings.

At last, humble Br'er Rabbit bursts into view, with the musical little pack close on his trail. The D. T. aims, fires, and misses. He dashes to a point of vantage, determined to get "that cussed rabbit," only to find that the quarry has doubled and that the hounds are casting back and forth looking for the connection to their broken trail. Almost in spite of himself he is interested in the systematic, yet rapid, work of the diminutive hunters and he begins to respect them and their quarry, which knows as many cunning tricks as the red fox himself. By noontime the unbeliever who would have nothing to do with the "toy dogs" is as enthusiastic as a schoolboy who has won his first fight.

And yet, the pleasure of the chase is but a fraction of the joys that the beagler secures from his hounds. The breeding of his matrons, the rearing of the puppies, the training of the youngsters and the running of the pack on the still summer evenings, or the bracing wintry mornings, are all his, and all are pleasures.

From the pen of W. B. Crofton, one of the leading pocket-beagle enthusiasts of England, has come a suggestion for another beagle sport, which has been practically and successfully tried on the other side. The plan is to hold paper chases, using beagles to trail a dragged rabbit skin in place of the usual eye-followed paper trail. The skin is given to the "hare" of the party, with orders to twist and double to his heart's content, but to always keep his trail marker on the ground. After twenty minutes' start, the beagles, accompanied by the "huntsmen," are set on the trail, and the chase begins. The hounds set a pace that will tax the best runners to keep up with them, and no matter how small the pack (the pocket variety is much preferable for this game), there will be more than one who will fall by the wayside. The music of the pack, the work of the hounds, all add attraction to the hare and hound game that no cold, uninteresting paper trail can ever give.

The beagle is the ideal sporting dog for the thickly populated portions of the country. His disposition allows him to live at peace with his neighbors, both canine and human, and he is a constant source of pleasure both in the house and in the field. His board bill is not a large one, and his size is such that he can be stowed away, by the half dozen, under the seats of a wagon. His game is always plentiful. Partridge, grouse, prairie chicken, duck, pigeon, plover, goose or turkey may be extinct but the little brown bunny, like the sparrow, is ever with us. Foxes, wolves, wild-cats, mink, deer, bear, moose and elk may have departed for wilder and freer parts, but the rabbit lives on under the bramble bush, always there to afford a good day's sport to the beagler.

No one, however, will gainsay that bench shows and field trials have added much to the popularity of this breed. Rawdon Lee, in his admirable work, "Modern Dogs," says of the beagle: "This is perhaps the only variety of hound that has profited by the institution of bench shows. He has done this because he is small and affectionate, pretty and docile, and in many respects admirably suited to be a 'pet dog.' Unfortunately, he is so true to his instinct of hunting the rabbit, and even the hare, as to prove a nuisance, rather than otherwise, especially in country places, where his melodious bell-like voice will be continually heard in the coverts."

The beagle is of all sporting dogs the most tireless in his pursuit of game, and he will make but an indifferent pet, unless removed from all opportunity for hunting. The earliest records, however, lay claim for him as a pet. A Boston writer claims that two thousand years ago the lap dog of the Egyptian queen, Cleopatra, was a beagle. This is improbable, as is the story of their being hunted by the old Saxon king of England, Canute. More substantial is the claim that they were known in the days of the early Norman kings, when the strict game laws, made largely to protect the king's deer, prohibited the common people from keeping the larger hounds. It is now generally accepted that the beagle was originally bred, by selection, from the talbot, or old English foxhound, though there is much mystery as to their exact origin. That the breed is of great antiquity there is no doubt, for Chaucer, Shakespeare and early writers on sporting subjects refer to them in very unmistakable terms. Queen Elizabeth is said to have had a pack of pocket, or, as they were then called, glove beagles, so small as to permit one to rest in comfort in a lady's gauntlet. If this is to be taken literally, the beagles must have been considerably smaller in the days of "good Queen Bess," or the court beauties must have had amazingly large hands. From Elizabeth's time, we hear but little of the miniature hounds until the days of William III, who owned a fine pack. It is said that this monarch hunted these hounds, in 1695, when on a visit to Welbeck, accompanied by a mounted company of four hundred gentlemen, which shows that beagling methods have been as completely revolutionized as the other sports.

Coming down to a more recent date, George IV had his picture painted with a pack of beagles that would pass muster under the most hypercritical of the bench judges of to-day, Colonel Thornton paid the beagles of his day a high compliment, for, in spite of their small size, he found a hunter more useful in following them than a pony. Colonel Hardy had a pack during the closing years of the eighteenth century, which history says were so small that they could be carried from place to place, on the back of a pony, in large pack baskets. About this time, if report be true, there was a strain of pure white beagles, in the south of England, particularly noted for their diminutiveness.

The first beagles brought to this country probably came with some sport-loving Englishman, who had learned to appreciate the merry little hound with the bell-like voice in his native country. However, but little is known of the advent of the breed into the United States. Prior to the early seventies, before the bench shows had taught dog lovers that looks do count for something, our beagles were of a leggy, snip-nosed, short-eared, hound-marked, dachshunde type still seen in out-of-the-way parts of the South. About 1870 General Rowett, of Carlinsville, Ill., founded his famous pack, which was the real fountainhead of the well-bred and typical beagle in America. Other men who were most instrumental, either by their importations or breeding operations, in establishing the breed in the country are: Pottinger Dorsey

By Wm. Perkins

A WORKMANLIKE TRIO

and C. Staley Doub, of Maryland; Dan O'Shea, of London, Ontario, Can.; Arthur Parry, Linden, Mass.; George F. Reed, of Barton, Vt.; Captain William Asheton; James L. Kernochan, of New York City; A. C. Keuger, formerly of Pennsylvania; Norman Elmore, of Granby, Conn.; Hiram Card, of Canada; Mr. Diffendoeffer, Pennsylvania; Joe Lewis, Greenwich, Conn.; F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y.; J. W. Appleton, Ipswich, Mass.; D. F. Summers, of Pennsylvania; A. Henry Higginson, of South Lincoln, Mass.; C. S. Wixom; T. W. Shallcross, of Providence. To give a complete list of the founders of the breed and the hounds that are even now "pillars of the stud book" would require almost a whole number of RECREATION, which is considerable more space than this article is intended to fill.

The first club, in this country, devoted to the beagle was organized in 1884, and was called the American English Beagle Club, now the American Beagle Club. By establishing a standard and offering special prizes at the leading bench shows this organization did much to popularize the breed. As a result of this systematic effort our beagles improved much in appearance, and breeders began to produce hounds of a far more uniform type. In 1890 the Massachusetts beaglers banded together and organized the National Beagle Club, with the avowed intent of holding beagle trials. Many were the laughs that were raised at the pretentious start of the new association, but on November 4 in the same year they met, for a field trial, at Hyannis, Mass., a little town out on Cape Cod. The party, consisting of Bradford S. Turpin, O. W. Brooking, W. A. Poer, F. W. Chapman, C. E. Peabody, Arthur Parry, A. R. Crowell, F. W. Rutter and the judges, Harry W. Lacy and Joe Lewis, entered into the sport with enthusiam, but it did not take them many hours to discover that the sand dunes of Cape Cod, covered with wind-twisted scrub oak and swept with wild autumn winds, were no place for a beagle trial. Rabbits were as scarce as grizzlies in Wall Street, the grounds were situated far from headquarters and following the hounds was a Titanic task. The whole thing resolved itself into the answering of the two questions: Should the trials be forsaken and acknowledged a failure; or should the club repair to better grounds? Lucky it was for the future of beagle trials in the United States that the men of that party were a devoted band. Mr. Rutter was able to offer a solution by taking the entire party to Salem, N. H., where, under his able direction, the trials were successfully held. In the face of seemingly insurmountable difficulties the club held its first trials, and, without outside support, conclusively proved that beagle trials could be as smoothly and honestly conducted as similiar events for bird dogs.

There are two distinct types of beagles that have been produced by local conditions. In thickly wooded country, where the hounds but drive to the gun, breeders will ofttimes excuse crooked legs, long backs and short ears; their object being to produce superfine noses, good briar-withstanding coats, sound feet, music and plenty of muscle. To the man who hunts in the open comes the temptation for a dashing type of beagle, and poor coats, snippy noses, lack of music and high set ears are overlooked if the hound has good legs, loin, shoulders and back. In Maryland and other parts it has become the style to have the hounds kill the rabbits, not by slowly and surely, in spite of the quarry's cunning and swiftness, wearing him out, but with the quick, mad dash of the foxhound.

The following summary from Lee's "Modern Dogs" gives a very excellent description of the Englishman's ideal of the beagle: "In appearance the beagle is a diminutive harrier, with equally long and pendulous ears; not so level in back as the foxhound, but in other respects much like him. However, the best color is blue mottled, but, in addition, the ordinary hound markings are good, and black and tans are repeatedly met with and evidently admissible. The smooth-coated hounds are usually understood to be the most desirable, but the rough or wire-haired variety is admired by many persons, and in all respects is equally as good as the other. In hunting, the beagle is a merry, keen, hard worker; he can make casts for himself, and possesses a peculiarly bright, clear, silvery voice. The smaller, or rabbit, beagles" (on this side called pocket-beagles) "are especially sweet in their cry and, no doubt on this account, obtained the name 'singing beagles,' by which they were known hundreds of years ago. In height there is much variety, those used for rabbits varying from nine inches, the standard at the late Mr. Crane's, at Southover, up to, say, twelve inches. Others vary from twelve to sixteen inches, but when the latter height is attained there is a near approach to the harrier, and so the foxhound, the cross with the latter having been made with the idea of improving the legs and feet of the smaller hound, a change of blood that naturally has a tendency to do away with type."

THE COLUMBIAN BLACKTAIL

The Deer That "Loves Rare Scenery and the Harmonies of Nature"

BY JAMES E. SAWYERS

Illustrated from photographs by C. V. Oden, Tom Wharton and the author

THE Columbian black-tailed deer is strictly an animal of the Pacific slope, his habitation being more sharply circumscribed than that of any member of the deer family. And his numerous characteristics easily distinguish him from his cousins, the white-tailed and the mule deer, or blacktail of the Rockies. It has been said that the "blacktail is intermediate between the white-tailed and the mule deer," which is mostly true in reference to size, but as to color and habit he differs widely.

The blacktail is one of the most hardy and graceful of his kind. He comes into the world about June, wearing a tawny coat with white spots arranged lengthwise along his sides, which at a distance blend and appear like white stripes. In early autumn he sheds and wears a coat of slatish-blue, which as the hairs grow longer changes to a brownish-gray that harmonizes with the many shades of winter brown. In the spring this coat fades and begins to shed and by early summer he has a new garb of a rich, glossy reddish-brown, being darker on the older deer.

The bucks shed their horns about January or February, the time depending on the locality and the slight variance in seasons. Their antlers grow rapidly. A light film spreads over the wound left by the fallen antlers, and shortly the new ones begin to grow, and by the first of August the velvet-covered head adornments are well developed and soon begin to harden. When hardening their antlers the old bucks are wary and hard to find, for they lie concealed in some favoring thicket where their antlers will be exposed to the sun, but in a place that affords them ample avenues of escape from their enemies, and this, too, without being observed.

They seem to prefer hardwood for rubbing posts to scrape off the remnants of velvet that hang in strings from the antlers at this season. Often the bucks will prod the ground around and among roots of shrubs or trees when cleansing and polishing their antlers. Many times I have watched bucks cleansing their antlers, and the antics of one in particular afforded me a deal of amusement. He would shake his head and then plunge forward in a playful mood, sometimes swinging his head and bucking like a calf at play, then rubbing his antlers briskly against a sapling. But the most interesting buck that I have ever seen had been rubbing his antlers against a burnt log, which was shown by the charcoal sticking to them, and by a goodly supply mixed in the hair on his neck and shoulders. Although I watched him for some time, I was unable to decide what he was until he started off.

The age of this deer cannot be determined by the number of points on the antlers. While it is usual for a yearling buck to have straight antlers, termed spikes, yet frequently a yearling buck will have well-developed forks, and it is not uncommon for a buck two or three years old to have four or five points on each beam, which is the average number for the adult males.

The antlers of this species are similar to those of the mule deer, viz.: they fork equally about eight inches above the base, and each prong bifurcates or forks again, while a small spike usually grows up from near the head, termed brow point or dog fender. A remarkable characteristic of this deer is the fact that the real old bucks are quite apt to have only two or three points on each antler, while many middle-aged deer wear the limit of points; and, of course, the antlers of the former are much larger and always indicate old age by their rugged appearance. Other marks of old age are the worn teeth and mealy gray on face and neck, and the latter markings have led some to speak of the "bald-faced deer" as a different species.

This deer has a well-shaped head, with blackish hairs on the forehead and grayish on the cheeks; the throat is almost white; the nose is black, and a black bar reaches across the lower jaws about two inches back of the points. The posterior under portion of the body is white, the hairs being especially long and more noticeable in the fall and winter. The upper or outside half of the tail is black and the underneath portion is white. When the deer is at rest or moving leisurely the tail hangs naturally, showing only the conspicuous black, but when he runs the tail is held erect and the white shows plainly. The markings on his tail, with his habitation in the Columbia River basin and its adjacent territory, are responsible for the name of this deer.

The blacktail loves the forests of firs and sugar pines, and preferably makes his home among the wild, rugged, evergreen mountains. There the covers of briar-wrapped brush, dense undergrowth and heavy timber make unusually difficult the hunting conditions and aid this wily creature in escaping the most skilful and persistent of pursuers.

The abundance of blacktails on the Cascades, Coast ranges, the Umpqua and Rogue River mountains has caused some one to write of "the deer in the great Silent Places! Oregon's Wonderland!" No doubt, those hills and mountains afford the grandest and most extensive scenic hunting fields, where game thrives best, because free to enjoy their wild freedom without annoyance by encroaching settlements. In those places, now and then, the timber cruiser or prospector kills one for food, but the day of the hide hunters has passed. There the blacktail may be seen at his best, in his primeval state, for it is easy for the true lover of outdoor life to find places seldom visited by man. However, in his most remote retreats the scent of man fills him with instinctive fear, although he is less cunning in his caution.

He does his feeding by choice among the patches of young undergrowth, which habit is a great protection to him, for the brush is usually high enough to conceal him from hunters. He is a hearty eater and considers mushrooms, mast, fruits and herbage as great delicacies. But however plentiful these luxuries may be, he is certain to take a goodly quantity of choice browse and shows a decided preference for the new growths of arrowwood, thimble brush, hazel sprouts and vinemaple. In the winter he feeds on buds and mosses quite extensively. And in the coast forests there is a sort of long, stringy, gray moss, that grows on the trees and is blown down by heavy winds, on which the blacktail feeds freely as long as it is fresh.

The blacktail is a successful skulker, and, despite many statements to the contrary, he has proven it by holding his own in thickly settled communities where his cousin, the whitetail, is only a memory. Last summer an old pioneer, in speaking of the abundance of deer in the early days, said: "Fifty years ago I could see a dozen white-tailed deer on these oak hills most any evening, but they are gone, and it has been forty years since I saw one." But the blacktail is still plentiful in that locality. Besides being a past master in skulking, this wary creature exhibits remarkable instinct in eluding hounds, and his existence to-day in many places is due to his evasive instinct; for there still remain those who persist in openly violating the law prohibiting the running of deer with dogs. I have driven dogs away from the deer chase many times and observed the actions of the frightened deer. Frequently a deer will evade the hounds by lying concealed in shallow water, the whole body being submerged and the ears lying flattened on the water, with just the nose and eyes above the surface.

When chased away from his haunts by hounds or hunters the blacktail generally returns, these annoyances only serving to sharpen his instinct and familiarize him with man's subtle agencies. He is often found on well-kept farms and makes his

A HUNTERS' CAMP IN THE BLACKTAIL COUNTRY

lair where the daily routine of farm work is in plain view. In such cases many well-planned hunts by the farmer and his neighbors rarely result successfully, for the blacktail observes their movements or scents those on the runways and escapes through some well-concealed avenue. It makes no difference to him whether he is on the fringe of civilization or in some remote mountain fastness, he selects his daily resting place with equal care, not infrequently using the same bed many times. I have known a buck to use the same lair all summer, but he was cautious to do his feeding

IN SUMMER THE BLACKTAILS ASCEND TO THE BASE OF THE SNOW PEAKS at some distance from his bed. Such a deer is most difficult to approach, for he knows every possible ruse of escape peculiar to the lay of the country.

There is a peculiar fascination in hunting the blacktail, his habits and ranges being so varied that there is no limit to the ever-changing phases of the quest. And the best time is at sunrise, when the deer are feeding, for they are less cautious then, and all woods dwellers being on the move, making more or less noise, deer do not observe as carefully as they do later in the day. Even when feeding they are most watchful, usually taking a look between each bite. In the summer they feed mostly at night and retire before the flies appear. And during moonlight nights they feed wholly by night, traveling a great deal as well, and at dawn retiring to the deep, brushy cañons to ruminate and rest. These habits should be understood by the hunter, for his success depends on his knowledge of the places likely to be used by deer for their rest.

The blacktails seem to know the various calls of birds and squirrels. I have watched them feeding when the woods swarmed with myriads of birds and all their strange morning calls penetrated every recess of the mountain and forest, and the wily animals seemed to accept the gleeful notes of the busy birds as an indication of security. But how different their actions when the sharp warning call of a squirrel or a note of defiance from a startled bird caused ominous silence. On many such occasions I have seen these deer disappear from their feeding range like passing shadows. When thus roused, they rarely run, but usually sneak into some protecting cover and await developments.

One of the chief attractions of hunting this deer is the unexpected, ever-changing environment as one continues his mountain climbing. There are so many happy combinations that always fill one with inspiration. To look downward thousands of feet, over a magnificent stretch of dark green

A FINE OCTOBER BLACK-TAILED BUCK—AN AMPLE REWARD OF A HUNTER'S SKILL AND PERSISTENCE

THE SUMMER HOME OF THE BLACKTAIL

timber, where the ravines harbor deep purple shadows, and see in the far-away valleys the placid rivers winding like silvery threads through the golden fields and disarranged hills, is one's almost constant privilege. But one's dreams may be interrupted any moment by a wild crashing in the brush or the sight of a wary deer darting through the timber—a rebuking reminder that game, not scenery, is the object of the quest. Worlds of dense cover conceal the game from the vigilant eye of the hunter as he creeps forward, listening, and watching carefully for the patch of hair that may betray the alert quarry. But however cautious his advance may be, however carefully his eyes survey the vistas before him, still the dense mazes unite to shield the game. Then keen, alert ears are pricked forward, listening to distant sounds; moist, quivering nostrils analyze every odor, and piercing eyes detect every moving object; while the hunter stumbles through the baffling obstructions of nature. Brushy knolls curving sharply upward, deep cañons stretching toward the valleys and all thickly covered with great trees, standing like so many pillars, and the masses of fallen timber, render most difficult the hunter's advance, while at a single bound the wary deer goes into secure cover. Protective colorations and favoring rays of light come to the aid of the deer in his natural hiding place. Brush, trees, rocks and deer all blend into one continuous maze of deception that puzzles even the most adept Nimrod. Deer tracks are on the slides, trails and sand bars, and in the brushy coverts in the pocketlike gulches are numerous fresh beds indicating the recent departure of these shy creatures.

For hours and hours the hunter may wander over stupendous heights, now gazing into the evergreen depths below, then descending through the somber isle of Douglas firs into the shaded forest, where he feels lost when he gazes at the dizzy peaks where serried ranks of trees blend into green banks. Then he may follow the more open glades and cañons where signs of the quarry are more abundant; but the nodding branches and swaying ferns catch the fickle rays of shimmering light and blend all in subtlest hues that no eye can fathom. In such places the bewitching effects of color, motion and sound unite to shield the deer. And the hunter must be able to fathom the details shrouded in such mysterious surroundings, for the deer appear to understand how to take advantage of these agencies of nature which protect them so well. Then, again, sometimes a buck will stand in plain view watching the hunter, until he realizes that he is discovered, when a single jump takes him into cover or over a favoring ridge, waving a farewell with his stubby tail as he disappears. Another trick of this deer is to lie concealed in the brush until the hunter has disappeared, when he will crawl out and investigate. If satisfied that the intruder has gone on, he sometimes lies down again, but if he feels uncertain as to the whereabouts of the enemy, he then seeks a new lair.

This deer when running is most difficult to hit, for he runs with stiff-legged bounces that easily deceive the rifleman. His gait and course when fleeing through timber, brush or over windfalls are equally as erratic as that of the corkscrew flight of the jack-snipe. And many a crack shot often returns home after an unsuccessful day's shooting minus much ammunition, blaming his gun or its sights for his failure, but well knowing that the undulations of the deer in his hurried flight were too swift for the eyes and muscles of an overconfident marksman.

In the summer the blacktail moves to the higher mountains and is found in abundance at the base of the snow peaks and even on the very summit of the Cascade mountains, but early storms cause him to return to the lower hills; and at this time—about October—one may enjoy the best hunting. At this season the deer are in prime condition and their antlers, being highly polished, make handsome trophies.

Some one has said that "the blacktail loves rare scenery and the harmonies of nature." His haunts always being among the upheaved hills and where he may look down upon the great sea of forest, with the network of turbulent rivers racing through rugged gorges or where the cataract's ceaseless roar adds variety to the woods voices, leads one to assent to this opinion. One thing is certain: one can enjoy hunting this creature with field-glass and camera, for studying his habits is most fascinating and thrilling. At least, my most enjoyable outings have been those during the closed season, when my only companions were my little spy-glass and a kodak.

A TAME BLACK-TAILED FAWN IN WINTER COAT

THE ART OF CAMPING

From the Utilitarian Standpoint

BY CHARLES A. BRAMBLE

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VIII.—Canoes

MOST campers get to their ground by means of a canoe, handled either by themselves or, more usually, by a hired guide. In such a case, if the man is experienced, it is better to leave the selection of the craft to him, as well as the main part of the management; but if the adventurer feels capable of taking charge himself, the following hints may prove useful:

Of all models, the open, so-called Canadian canoe is to be preferred; it will carry more load and in turn is capable of itself being carried more easily than is any other craft. But do not imagine that all canoes will do equally good work or be equally safe. Far from it, some are utterly useless for wilderness work. Most models are better fitted for sheltered waters than for rough lakes, and if you expect to have much open water to cross you must be careful to choose a very deep canoe. For a river, a canoe 16 feet long by 31 inches wide and 12 inches deep will carry two men and some hundred pounds of dunnage. One 19½ feet long, with a beam of 40 inches and 16 inches deep, may possibly carry 850 pounds in all, especially if you have a canvas cover to lace on, with no openings but a circular hole where each man of the crew is to sit. If your canoe is too small or even too shallow, many days may be lost, and it is no joke to be windbound when the grub is running short or one wants to get out before the final freeze-up.

For special purposes, the following canoes may be recommended: A light cruising canoe, 15 feet long, 28 inches beam and 11 inches deep, weighing 50 pounds and capable of carrying in all 400 pounds. For ordinary camping service in smooth, sheltered waters, the 16-foot canoe already described. For a large party where rough lakes have to be crossed, a canoe 18 feet long, 37 inches beam, 15 inches deep and weighing 90 pounds.

The birchbark in the hands of an Indian or a trained white man is the best of all craft, but it is not every one who can bring out its good qualities. The canvas-covered canoe is undoubtedly next in rank, but notwithstanding that the number in use is increasing very rapidly, and probably this type will eventually become the dominant one, for exploration and rough, long journeys experienced men give the preference to those made of basswood. Cedar is lighter, but will not stand the hard knocks that scarcely hurt basswood.

In the South and West the dugout, or pirogue, is, perforce, a favorite craft, and in a few of the shallow, rocky, New Brunswick rivers dugouts are also in demand, because they will stand the dragging and bumping they must inevitably receive, but in all other respects they are dismal craft, and for all-around use of little account. Two men can make a small one in a couple of days with an axe, an augur and an adze, but any one unfamiliar with the eccentricities of these craft had better part his hair in the center, and sit very still, unless he has no objection to getting moist. A wink will set most of them rolling dangerously, and an incautious sneeze invite disaster.

IX.—PACK-TRAINS

There have been many attempts at teaching the mysteries of the squaw and diamond hitches, most of such having been instructions copied (without acknowledgment) from Daly's Manual, published for the use of the West Point cadets. Unfortunately, however, the art of packing is not to be learned from books, and for this very reason it would be mere waste of the readers' time for the present writer to enlarge upon it. To throw any of the hitches, practice and precept must go hand in hand, and throwing the diamond hitch is far, very far from being the whole art and science of managing a pack train. A couple of tyros may get on well enough on any easy stream, without assistance, even should they know but little of canoeing, but no tenderfoot could do anything with a pack-train. A few hints on equipment may, however, be of service.

The best riding saddle is a double-cinch, cow puncher's, weighing 45 pounds, the English park saddle being absolutely useless on the trail. Don't forget a good pair of spurs; these may be wanted in a hurry, and their absence has caused many a fatal accident.

Though you should use a curb bit, take care not to have the port too high, so that your horse can drink with the bit in his mouth.

With the heavy stock saddle it is best to use a good, thick blanket underneath, and after trying several methods I find the British regulation cavalry fold to be the best. This is made up as follows: The blanket is spread and folded into a strip one-third as wide as the original width, by two folds, and this is reduced to one-third again, by two more folds at right angles to those first made. One end is then tucked into the other.

A pair of chain and leather hobbles are often useful.

One hears a lot about the advantages of the aparejo, and no doubt it is best for professional work, because anything from a sewing machine to a barrel of pork may be packed on it and packed to stay, but for a hunting party, it is not nearly so handy as the pack saddle, either the American Army saddle or that used by the Hudson's Bay Company. All these require breast straps, breeching and saddle bags, called alforjas in the Southwest.

X.—SNOWSHOES

For five months out of the twelve those who dwell in the uncivilized regions of the northern parts of this continent must use the snowshoe. To them it becomes of as much importance as either the rifle or the axe. A man in certain situations will lose his life if he break his shoe. With six feet of fluffy snow underfoot, and a low temperature, a man takes most excellent care of the only aid by which he may get back to camp ere the long winter night closes in.

Each Indian tribe had its own shaped shoe, many times a mere matter of caprice, but often adapted to some local condition that the shoe of a neighboring tribe could not so well meet. For instance: The coast tribes of northern British Columbia use shoes that have a groove down the center, are coarsely woven and, strangest of all, have horns of the mountain goat affixed to the outside of the bows, in such fashion that they will give as the shoe moves forward, but act as brakes in case of a backward slip—a very wise arrangement, as any one will concede after seeing some of the places these Indians scramble up when hunting the sheep and goats of those wild Northern ranges.

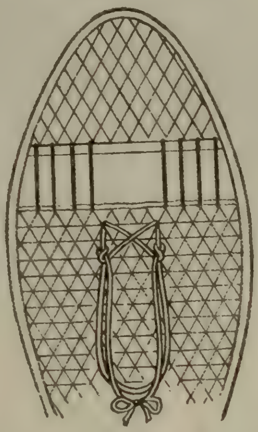
The Cree shoe, on the other hand, is very large and highly curved at the front, because the Cree travels long distances on broad, frozen rivers, such as the Athabasca and the Saskatchewan, and has to face billowy conditions when the snow has drifted.

The Montaignais Indian of the Labrador, who dwells in a country where the small, gnarled spruces grow close together, uses an almost round shoe, as alongside each spruce the snow is less tightly packed than it is a foot or so farther from the trunk, and if he wore a narrow shoe he would often come a cropper. A long shoe he could not use at all. So it goes, long, short, narrow, wide, each has its call and each serves its purpose, or you may be very sure the Indian, being, as he is, the most practical of men, would not use it. One rule is absolute: when the snow is fine and powdery, the webbing will be fine and the meshes small; where the snow is damp and heavy, as is generally the case near the sea, the webbing will be coarse. The finer web gives the better result, but is impracticable where the snow balls through being moist.

There is but one way to tie the snowshoe string—which is or should be of smoke-tanned moose or caribou or deer hide—so that it will permit of free movement and yet never allow the shoe to slip off. The attachment is shown in the accompanying sketch. To tighten the thong, only necessary until the leather is fully stretched, just twist it until the requisite tension has been gained. An expert seldom needs to handle the thong when getting into or out of his snowshoe; a twist of the ankle does the trick. Shoes are always better left outside the camp, but you must see to it that none of the smaller rodents or dogs get a chance to gnaw the webbing. Strings when new had best be treated to a little preliminary stretching; so soak them in hot water, and then hang to dry with ten pound weights at their ends. When almost dry, rub in melted tallow, or suet, and you should then have little trouble through stretched strings. Otherwise, your life will be made miserable for many days, for moose hide, though beautifully soft, is very easily stretched.

XI.—Aids to Vision

Each Indian, when young, carries a telescope in his head. His eyesight is very keen and, moreover, it is a trained eyesight. The tenderfoot looks for a statuesque deer, such as Landseer painted, but the Indian for a brown or red blur that is as inconspicuous as possible. So he sees game much farther off than his white brother, and thereby gets a tremendous reputation for keenness of sight that is, in part, not merited. The white hunter can, however, by the aid of his magic, see game infinitely farther than the keenest dusky hunter of them all. He may choose one of the new prism glasses, or do as does the Scotch stalker, carry a telescope of from 18 to 30 power, though the latter, being somewhat of a load, is generally, in point of fact, toted by the gillie, or guide, as he would be called over here. Personally, I prefer an ordinary field glass having a power of not more than 10, as if of too high power it must be steadied on some fixed support. A magnification of 10 brings an animal that is 200 yards away seemingly to 20 yards, which is enough for all practical purposes. Moreover, the high power glasses are dark in proportion to their power, and this militates against their usefulness in poor lights. It is not always that the article that will seem the best when tested under favorable conditions carries out the promise made when tried under the adverse ones that naturally occur frequently in sport.



METHOD OF TYING A SNOWSHOE STRING

With these few hints on camping I must bring my papers to a close, as the editor has a long list of experienced and entertaining writers eagerly awaiting their turns to speak a few brief words in season. I can only hope that my readers have derived half as much information out of these contributions as I have enjoyed pleasure in writing them. No one, I am sure, appreciates their shortcomings more than myself.

THE END

A BIT OF THE KNIGHT'S INLET COAST

CRUISING THE FJORDS OF THE NORTH PACIFIC

With Inland Trips for Variety

BY D. W. AND A. S. IDDINGS

Fellows of the American Geographical Society and of the Royal Geographical Society

III.—Knight's Inlet, the Prize Fjord of the New World

A WELL-KNOWN traveler, speaking of the famous fjords of the Old World, those of Norway, answers the query, "What precisely is a fjord?" thus: "In briefest terms, it is a mountain gorge connected with the ocean, a narrow arm of the sea extending inland, sometimes for one hundred miles."

Such are the fjords of the North Pacific, of which Knight's Inlet in northern British Columbia is, perhaps, the greatest and grandest. Nearly a hundred miles in length, it pierces the very heart of the rugged Coast Range. With a depth of waters often as great as the surrounding peaks are high, this splendid avenue of the ocean is everywhere safely navigable for large ocean vessels, though naught but Indian craft has ever sailed upon it.

Into these waters we came a late August afternoon. On both hands rocky peaks raised their bald spires heavenward, glistening in the sunshine, while the massive bases of the mountains cast deep shadows far out upon the water, whose creamy coloring told of the mingling with the sea of torrents from melting snow and glacial ice.

There are three entrances to the inlet: at the north is Tribune channel, which leads in from Kingcome inlet; to the west is the main entrance from the troublous waters of Queen Charlotte sound; while Clio channel, through which we had come from the southwest, and Chatham channel from the sou'-sou'-east bend abruptly and enter together from the south.

The fair wind from the west we had enjoyed through Clio channel we now struck as a gale lashing wildly the wide waters of the inlet as it swept in off of Queen Charlotte sound through the broad mouth of the main entrance.

The waters were further commoted by the tide-rips caused by the counter currents from the three entrances. Besides, gusty land breezes played nervously off the mountainsides, making navigation a cautious job. But the wind was fair, so we gave the "Josephine" full sail, and she showed a clean pair of heels, her little crew enrapt in the majestic panorama past which she sped. It was like a beautiful dream; from which, however, we were soon awakened abruptly by a terrorizing side-dip of our craft, as a strong puff of wind off the high mountains caught our sail. In an instant our clever Indian skipper, wise to the consequences, had dropped the peak of the mainsail and a second and stronger puff that otherwise would have capsized us did no hurt.

This was off Boulder point, some fifteen miles up the inlet, and as the day was nearly spent we made for an anchorage for the night in Lull bay, apparently a quiet little harbor, but, as later developed, wholly undeserving of its name, for on its seemingly protected waters our boat tossed like an eggshell the night through, as great waves rolled in from the high seas that raged outside. We put out a stern-line in addition to our anchor late in the night, but still rolled and pitched furiously.

At the head of the bay was a small sandy beach where a little river emptied, after traversing a narrow but beautiful valley which here rent the mountain mass—an oasis of green in a great desert of rock. We went ashore to replenish our water casks, and traveled a piece up-stream. Everywhere the deep, dark pools were black with salmon, and up the rapids they wiggled their way, almost walked, against the roaring torrent. As we returned to our dingey drawn up on the beach, a slothful porcupine plodded across our path, and would have gone unharmed but that his bristles were needed to improvise a shaving brush our kit lacked. He yielded them up and his life reluctantly, the soft-nosed bullets from a new automatic pistol mushrooming poorly in his carcass, flabby with fat.

We staid at anchor until late the next morning, by which time the waters had calmed, the wind having died out during the night. As we pulled around Boulder point we saw a lone deer, a small buck, among some bushes along the scarp of a mountain. Keeping well inshore, we came to a point just opposite his position at a range of about 350 yards, and, taking deliberate aim, fired a single shot, and down fell our quarry head over heels into the water, several rocks with him.

A short time afterward, still becalmed and pulling at the sweeps, we saw two more deer, also several bands of white goats, a beautiful sight as they moved slowly about, high on the rocky mountain sides, cropping the scant verdure here and there. These goats were beyond range, and the deer we made no trial for, though within rifle carry. As we proceeded, we scanned the mountainsides with our binoculars and many other bands of goats and solitary animals were descried, the most of them beyond range, and many mere moving specks of white invisible to the naked eye.

A KNIGHT'S INLET MOUNTAIN GOAT, WHICH, ON BEING SHOT, TUMBLED INTO THE SEA

THE BEAUTIFUL BAYOU ABOVE TSAU-WATI VILLAGE. WHERE THE "JOSEPHINE" ANCHORED

Shortly after noon the tide began running against us, and what with its bucking and the rounding of numerous points, we made slow progress, which was not to be lamented, considering the superabundance of game now visible everywhere. The goats became bolder and bolder as their numbers increased and several splendid shots were offered as the afternoon waned.

A particularly pretty picture was an old billy and a kid who eyed us with a curiosity commingled with stupidity and impudence from an overhanging ledge of rock hardly a hundred feet above the water. "Mr. Billy" was a big white fellow, a specimen of the genus goat that for bearded physiognomy would have put to shame the typical grandpa of the genus man. We wondered at the strange companionship. A nanny and a kid are natural associates, and frequently a ram accompanies them, but it is rare indeed that a billy and a kid are seen thus solitarily together. We parleyed babyishly for the first shot, which proved a true one and brought down the billy in his tracks. He seemed to die without a tremor. The kid, instead of running away, now moved over and about the prostrate form of his putative father and plaintively baaed the while.

Sam, our Indian, thought to catch the little fellow, and, taking to the dingey, hastily put ashore and clambered up to where the carcass lay, a difficult climb, as the overhang of the cliff was almost insurmountable. The ledge where the animals were was situated before our eyes as is the average stage to a spectator in the lowest part of the pit, and it held a further scene of rare interest. As Sam advanced toward the goats, the billy, apparently dead, now shook itself convulsively several times, then slowly rose to faltering legs and with a grunt of rage and lowered head made a dash toward the Indian, who, without gun or anything for protection, seemed doomed to jump off into the sea as his only escape. A large, loose rock lay in the path of the infuriated beast, and Sam saw it and, rushing forward with quick presence of mind, seized it and dealt the animal a stunning blow and it fell heavily. A jackknife, immediately whipped out, was now put to the goat's throat and its death ensued.

Meanwhile the kid had scampered off over the rocks and now, topping a little ridge, it could be seen in full retreat upmountain, accompanied by an old nanny who had evidently been near-by all the time. Why the shot failed to kill the billy will never be known. It entered the animal's belly and tore up his intestines, but his vitals and limbs were untouched. Undoubtedly loss of blood would have inevitably ended the beast. However, his immense vitality, as displayed, must have

AN OASIS OF GREEN IN A GREAT DESERT OF ROCK—A VIEW HARD BY LULL BAY

preserved him his life a considerable time. As night fell we came to anchorage in a bight round Sallie point. We were now entering a region of taller peaks—rough rocks with snowy tops. On our right rose Mt. Young; on the left Cap Cone and Mt. Lillie, hoary headed monsters ascended a mile above earth's common crust by some primeval disruption. Our anchorage was further sheltered by Naena point, a small projection of solid rock that with Sallie point formed a safe little cove. We had come but fifteen miles the day, and then only with the hardest pulling, for not a breath of air had favored our sail. With sundown chill winds off the mountains, surcharged by snow and glacial ice, drove us from deck to cabin and bunks, after we first enjoyed a supper of venison and "spuds."

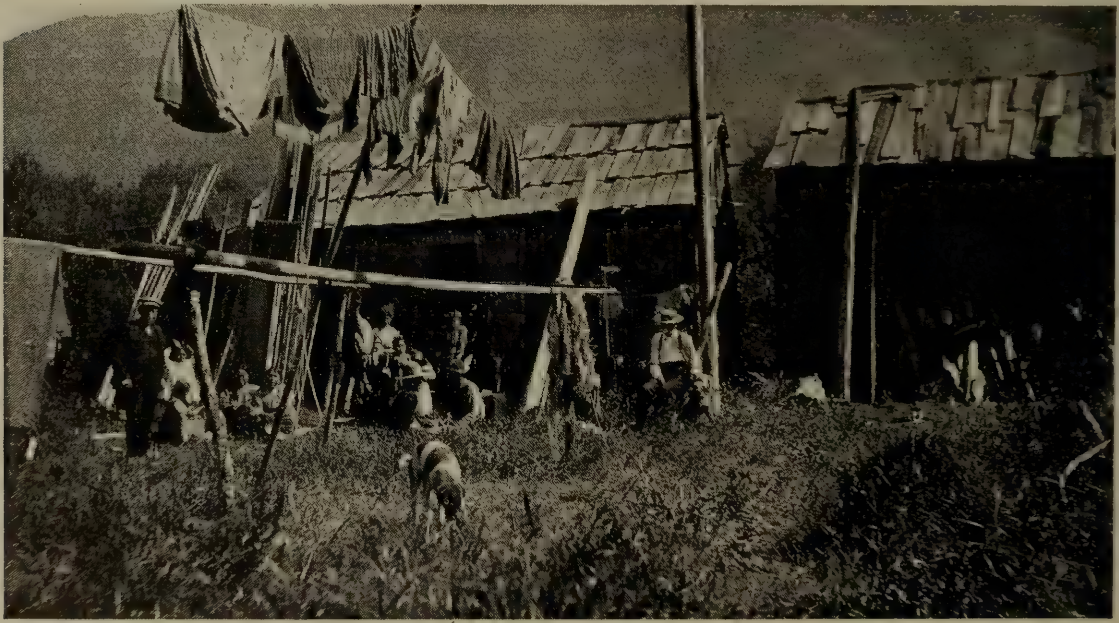
The next day was Sunday, and it dawned clear and cold. A strong head wind beset our course, and we worked slowly up the inlet against it. After leaving Sallie point the inlet swings due north, and the wind blew vigorous and most cold from that quarter, making it chilly work holding the helm against it. We continued tacking all morning, and had made a point just below Kwalate point by midday, when suddenly the wind died and we lay becalmed several hours. Here we found that the waters of the inlet, which had thus far been briny owing to the predominance of sea water, were fresh and drinkable. We had passed the highest level reached by the ocean tides, which at their height extend halfway up the inlet. It was no longer "water, water, everywhere, but not a drop to drink," and this was a great convenience, especially in cooking.

About four o'clock a light, fair wind sprang up and we squared away. Off the point the wind freshened, and after skipping along smoothly for several hours, we moored the "Josephine" for the night in a little bay just below Transit point. Several deserted Indian shacks at the head of the bay stood off in the bush from a sandy beach, where a little river disembogued. An Indian grave topped a little island of rock just off-shore. The picture was a vivid one, the like of which the great North holds many. A family of trapping Indians here had builded rude homes, had ranged the silent place for fur and died. Across the inlet from where we lay at anchor a great glacier nestled near the clouds, and from it, beneath the August sun, like silver threads, a score of streams tumbled down the mountainside. Five hundred feet above the fjord, where the mountain descended in sheer precipice to the sea, the several torrents met again, and rushing on together their united waters formed a great cascade, which with catapultic force shot far out into midair and fell with great resound into the Inlet full a hundred feet from shore.

With night came rain, and it fell in sheets, seemingly thus sent to save from fiery destruction the aged mountains about, as their snowy peaks and rugged sides were lit and relit by savage bolts of lightning. The wind moaned, the rain dashed, the lightning danced and the thunder joined with the cascade in weird booming like many giant cannon, forming a night of wildest Brocken.

We lay abed until late next morning on account of the rain. The large cascade thundered even more loudly now, as, augmented by the night's rain, it hurried to the sea in three torrents instead of one. A breakfast of cakes and molasses over, it was near noon when we weighed anchor. The wind was now fair and our sloop stretched along over the tranquil waters. Axe point was soon abeam, then Wah-shih-las was put astern, and dead ahead we made out the vast green flat, the valley of the Tsau-wati (or Kle-na Klene) river, that marks the head of the inlet. Through the glasses we could see fires and other signs of life on shore, so we knew the country was inhabited. We cleared our deck for action, threw out our flag, and fired a salute to apprise the natives of our approach. The wind freshened into a gale and we fairly flew along under full sail. As we came closer in we descried a row of a dozen or more rough shacks, the Indian village of Tsau-wati. Compared to the uninhabited regions through which we had so long been wandering, it bore the appearance of a populous city. Men, women and children were seen issuing from every hut, almost tumbling over one another in their haste to learn what the matter was.

Soon the current of the mighty river began to be felt as it poured its huge volume out into the inlet. The wind was strong, but when we began to buck the heavy tide of the river in its ascent, we felt the need of more sail, so we paid out the jib-sheets and let the jib belly in the fair wind, too. Huge fir trees, washed down by the current, formed dangerous snags everywhere, which obstructed our course upstream. But Providence and our wits guided us safely by them and we anchored in a bayou of the river above the village. As we passed it by its inhabitants lined the beach and heartily welcomed us, cheering and raising a din by thumping cooking vessels. They were a motley crowd, some dressed in the brown garment which nature had given them, some enveloped in the folds of blankets and others in cloths and cottons of the gaudiest colors.



A GLIMPSE OF TSAU-WATI VILLAGE, AT THE HEAD OF KNIGHT'S INLET

THE MOOSE OF MINNESOTA

The Deer-Hunters' Hope

BY CHAUNCEY L. CANFIELD

OUT of all of the hundreds of hunters who make an annual pilgrimage each fall into the wilds of northern Minnesota in quest of deer, it is safe to say there is not one but has lurking deep within his innermost self a longing, nay, a consuming passion, to meet a bull moose. Each day dawn, as he goes forth, the deer hunter takes with him that hope, which counsels extra caution. How his heart leaps as a twig snaps under his foot, seeming to sound to his wrought-up nerves as loud as a pistol shot. A movement in the brush freezes him to the spot. But a deer steps out instead of the expected moose. He raises his rifle, but no, that would frighten out of the country the moose he is sure he will meet at the next turn. So the deer departs in peace.

He finds fresh tracks. Even he, with his city-dulled senses, knows that they are fresh, very fresh. If he had only been a little sooner on the spot, he tells himself. Away on the newly found trail he goes; hour after hour he rushes along. In his excitement he does not notice the gathering gloom of nightfall. He stops and looks about him. Lost!—what a world of anxiety sweeps over him at the realization. If he is of an optimistic turn, as all true sportsmen are, he accepts the situation philosophically, builds the ever-cheerful fire, tightens his belt in lieu of supper, and awaits the dawn. And so he struggles on to the end of the season, never realizing that the noises he makes in his progress, though unnoticed by himself, are of cyclonic proportion to the moose and send him off on his distance-eating pace that soon carries him out of the danger zone.

Out of the thousands in Minnesota to obtain license tags last year, not one out of each hundred used his tag on a moose, though that does not mean an unusual scarcity of the animals in this State. I am rather of the opinion that it is the lack of ability on the part of the majority who hunt. After a good many years of hunting big game and of studying the habits of wild creatures in groups, I have come to look upon the moose as worthy of the skill of the cleverest hunter. There are, of course, animals the pursuit of which involves greater exertion and hardship, such, for instance, as the bighorn of the Western mountains. Yet, leaving out of account such times as in midsummer, when the moose seeks protection from the insects by taking to the water, and when yarded up in winter, surrounded by deep snow, he is truly a noble and difficult animal to stalk.

Something of the history and habits of this most interesting animal may not come amiss. The name moose is originally American. It is an Algonquin Indian name meaning "browser" or "wood-eater." Our moose is the true elk of the Old World, corresponding to the Scandinavian elk of the present time. Somehow, the name elk was applied by the early English settlers to the wapiti, which corresponds to the red deer of Europe. This left the true elk to draw a native name, which it did very appropriately in the word moose.

The moose (*Alces americanus*) is an animal of which all American sportsmen should feel proud. It is not only the largest deer of America, but is the largest animal of the deer tribe, living or extinct, in all the world. That such an animal, such a desirable trophy, has not gone the way of the bison, but still roams the Northern woods in its wild freedom, speaks volumes for its astuteness and sagacity, keenness of scent and hearing and general fitness to look out for itself. It is entirely a browsing animal, living on such fare as the tender sprouts of the hemlock, birch, alder, spruce, willow, etc. In Minnesota its winter food is lichens, ground hemlock and white cedar.

The rutting season is from about the middle of September to the middle of October. When the sap begins to flow, the cow betakes herself to some bit of an island in the heart of a dismal swamp, and there in the month of May the calf is born, about the most homely, unsightly babe born of all the wood folk. They grow very rapidly, weighing a hundred pounds at four weeks old. The calf remains with the mother for about ten months, when she deserts it.

Before the time of the game law, by far the easiest and most successful time to hunt the moose was just before the rut. At that time the antlers were in good condition and the moose were still haunting the lakes and marshes, feeding on the succulent lily pads, watercress, moose maple, etc. It was a very easy matter, requiring little skill, but silence, to glide along in the twilight or moonlight, keeping the canoe in the shadow of bordering trees, until, when rounding a point, the great amorphous bulk of a moose loomed large in the middle distance. If old at the game, it was no trick to steal forward each time his head went under water in search of the tender roots, until within easy range. Unless it gets the scent, a moose, like most animals, pays little heed to motionless objects. Thus I have advanced until forced to stop for safety's sake, for a bull moose is not an animal to be trifled with. I know of two young men who, only last fall, paid for their curiosity with a narrow escape. It was before the season opened. They were out at dusk in their canoe, floating along some yards from shore, and on rounding a point saw a moose a short distance ahead. They were unarmed, but felt no fear, for they expected every second that the beast would turn and make off into the woods. Nearer and nearer they glided, until with the rush of an avalanche he was upon them. There was nothing for it but to dive into the water and swim, which they did, reaching safety on the opposite bank. After smashing the frail canoe into pieces, the moose calmly went ashore and disappeared in the woods.

It is the irony of fate that the woods seem full of moose before the hunting season opens. I know of another instance that happened last fall, when a moose hung around a camp for a night and part of a day, showing absolutely no fear. The man was practically a prisoner in his own camp, as he did not wish to shoot the animal at a time when he could not ship it.

The much-talked-of though not very sportsmanlike mode of securing a moose, by calling with a birch-bark horn in imitation of the cow, has its stanch devotees, especially where the season opens before the rut. To me one of the mysteries of the great woods is how such a sagacious, keen-eared, intelligent animal as the moose can by deceived by such a palpable fraud. I have seen them come to a call that had, to my ears, not the slightest resemblance to the bellow of a cow moose. The successful sound made by most guides is a long drawn-out call, something like the bugling of an elk (wapiti) though in no way resembling any sound I ever heard made by a moose. The only conclusion I have come to (though one is unsafe in advancing an opinion in the case) is that during the rut the bulls are wrought by their fiery passion to such a state of frenzied excitement that all sense of caution and regard for safety becomes subservient to their one desire, and any sound that in the slightest intimates the possible presence of a cow or a rival acts as a vital stimulant to the high-strung nerves, and they come with a rush. Those that come with caution or swing around to get the wind are usually old fellows, I imagine, who have been deceived before, but still cannot resist the temptation to make sure.

Aside from the mere killing, which is the simplest part of this performance, there is a charm, a fascination in the environment, that makes nights thus spent long remembered. I remember one in particular. The full October moon hung deep orange just over the wooded hills that rimmed the lake. On a little shadowy point that jutted out into the water we drew up our canoe and seated ourselves in an easy attitude of watchfulness. My companion gave the long call. Save for the echo of the birch horn, which rebounded from the distant hills, the silence remained unbroken. Again he sent forth the call. But this time returned with the echo the unmistakable answer of a bull moose—followed almost instantly, so closely, in fact, that the echoes mingled, by the call of a second bull from the other end of the lake. My companion repeated the call. Then from the crest of the hill at our back came rattling, cracking, snapping sounds of a moose passing above us. He had heard the challenge of the other moose and was bent on war. Slipping into our canoe we sped along in the shadow of the bank till we reached a sandbar some hundred yards distant. We were anxious to draw their attention to this point, that we might see the battle. My companion brought the horn again into play, giving, as he called it, "the soft, tender, seductive note of the cow." At once there was a crash of brush and a big bull broke into the open, fifty yards from us. He looked a monster of his kind as he stood there in his massive dignity—ardent passion, unwavering courage, showing in every curve of his gigantic bulk. In maddening suspense, he bellowed forth another challenge, then stiffened into immobility, for on the instant came the answer of his rival. Then burst into view another bull about forty feet from the first. There were loud snorting, a splashing of mud, a crash of antlers, and they were together. Such a smashing and clanging as the metal-like antlers knocked and banged together while they struggled like monster demons in their frightful rage! They seemed quite evenly matched; first one would give ground, then the other. Some bushes partly obstructed our view, so we pushed out into the lake—unfortunately putting ourselves directly in the wind. At once there was a cessation of hostilities as the two bulls became conscious of the common danger. They stood for an instant with their antlers locked. Slowly raising their heads they looked at us, then turned and faded into the dark woods. After a time we tried to draw them again, but to no avail. Supreme silence reigned in the forest the balance of the night.

STILL-HUNTERS STARTING OUT THE DAY BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE SEASON

Another enchanting pastime, so often told of, is "jacking," provided one leaves the firearms at camp, so as not to be tempted. Such a night is worth spending, for many pretty sights will one see. I have started out late in the evening, when the obscurity of a moonless night enveloped all, with only the stars sprinkling a faint light to guide our course. Skirting the shore, I have drifted along until a splashing gave warning of an animal. When the jack was opened a moose would be revealed, his muzzle thrust forward, his nostrils expanded to catch the scent of this strange apparition. Then, as fear would surmount his curiosity, he would whirl and disappear in the darkness. Or on rare occasions the moose would advance to investigate, in which case we lost no time in backing into deep water. Occasionally it has been an old cow moose and her calf, the grotesque, funny form of the latter sharply outlined in the jack's light. It would stand and stare and stare, while the mother would rush out on the bank and move about in nervous apprehension, deploring, begging, beseeching, in her moose way, for her offspring to follow, to leave this strange, insoluble mystery that frightened, yet fascinated.

The calling of moose and jacking at night are both interesting in their way, and well worth the trouble for the glimpses of wild life one gets, but it is not sport; at least, not as I interpret the word. The sport comes later.

When clear, cold, frosty nights, the forerunners of winter, have clipped the trees of their foliage and carpeted the forest against winter's blast; when the first white mantle is spread over all, softening the carpet of leaves, so the foot falls silent, the sport begins. The tingling cold of early morning wakens your sluggish blood to action. You feel born with new energy. Now you are ready to pursue the moose, knowing that he stands on equal footing. Now it is a matter of your knowledge, your skill, your endurance, your man's all, against his sagacity, cunning, sharp eyes, keen ears, instinct, his animal's all, and when the hunt is over and you win, you take home a well-deserved, well-earned trophy, which in all after years is a pleasure, an object to call up fond memory.

Of such a chase I would tell. All fall we had camped where the sight of a moose was a daily occurrence. We had come to feel that we would but have to take our choice of the big antlers we saw around us. But somehow things changed while we waited for the open season. The rut was several weeks past; a suspicion of winter's advent was in the air; the moose had gone to the ridges and rocks. With everything in readiness we awaited the first snow to still the leaves. It came the second day of the open season, and an ideal storm it was, falling thick and fast till three inches covered the ground; not enough to impede progress, and still enough for ideal tracking. The morning of the third day broke clear, and the sun's first rays found us off through the forest for the high lands. With a blanket apiece and week's rations we were prepared to camp on the trail. All day we trudged along, seeing occasional signs of a cow or a yearling, but nothing of the lord we sought. At nightfall we made camp in a grove of maples, with as little commotion as possible and a tiny fire, just big enough to boil water for tea, and ate our supper. Precaution is absolutely necessary when on the trail after moose, for noise carries far, the smoke from a big fire carries farther, and your big moose, once suspicious or alarmed, will light out at a ten-miles-an-hour clip that will soon carry him out of the country. With little ado we took to our blankets and sleep. I had been asleep for some hours when I awoke with a start. What woke me I could not tell, but I had a vague feeling of nervousness, an admonition of some presence; I lay perfectly still, though searching out the underbrush as far as my glance would reach. Looking upward I soon made out, on a limb about twenty feet away, the outline of an animal, then the tiniest gleam of green, and I recognized a lynx. I was not afraid, yet an uncanny feeling crept through me, as I lay watching this haunter of the gloom, who, crouched unstirringly, seemed a malevolent spirit. How long I watched him I don't know, for I soon drifted back to sleep. When day broke I would have sworn it was a dream, but for the material evidence of tracks.

Shortly after daylight we were started. We had been pushing along probably an hour, when we struck the trail, not over an hour old, of a big moose. Then was awakened in us that something which lies dormant, imperceptible, a something which makes man akin to the savage, to the animal of prey. No longer do we think of the pursued as a moose, or a deer, or a bear, but rather the embodiment of an elusive end, the consummation of an eager ambition, an unfathomable desire that draws us on to face dangers, hardships and privations until we accomplish the one great end. And so it was when we struck the trail of the big moose. We sprang forward in eagerness, following swiftly though silently, keeping a keen eye ahead. We came to a small barren, and at a glance saw that the trail led straight across the open into a clump of trees that stood like an island in the sea of snow. Sending my companion to the leeward, I circled around to the windward. Thus, if the moose were in the copse, he would get my scent and break cover at the leeward, giving my companion a clear shot. But when I had nearly completed the circle, I again found his tracks, striking away toward the forest on the other side. We entered the woods and crept along, each as silently as a lynx, for the trail was getting very fresh. Then we caught the sound of swishing limbs, which told that he was feeding a short distance ahead. I dropped on all fours in the snow and crawled forward. The underbrush was so thick that I despaired of a clear shot. Nearer and nearer I crept, nursing the rifle to keep the muzzle free from snow, my trigger hand bared, until at last I made out the huge bulk of the moose. Aiming at what I thought to be his shoulders, I fired, and he dropped in his tracks. I drew my knife and went forward to bleed him. As I walked up I stopped to lean my rifle against a tree, and was instantly startled by a noise. I looked around just as the moose was getting on his feet. And then the occasional newspaper stories of moose hunts I had laughed at flashed through my brain like a moving-picture film; for with head down the moose charged me, furious rage in every outline. I threw my rifle to my shoulder, took quick aim between the eyes and pulled the trigger. The great brute fell "at my feet"—just as the wounded bull moose always had done in the newspaper stories I had laughed about. And so I laughed again, in a sickly way—but it must have been from the nervous reaction of the finish of our long, hard hunt and my perhaps narrow escape; there was nothing funny about it.

And before we had tramped the thirty-odd miles through the snow with the head and the hide to get out of the woods we were agreed that its killing had been for us quite a serious matter. I remember how, mile after mile, I tramped in silence, trying to figure out what had made me laugh; the heavy antlers wearing into my shoulders, the tump-line chafing my head and an impulse tugging at my tongue to cry out to my hunting partner to stop and rest. And as I recall it now, I came to the uncompromising conclusion that really the laugh was on me—and it was, in more ways than one.

A MOOSE-HUNTERS' CAMP—ON HAND FOR THE OPENING DAY OF THE SEASON

HUNTING BIG GAME IN WYOMING

BY A. W. BITTING

FOR a long time I had been anxious to add an elk head to my collection, so when in October, 1903, a business trip to Wyoming came my way, I concluded it would be my opportunity to secure the long-desired trophy, and accordingly made the necessary preparations.

At the railway towns *en route* through Wyoming I saw numerous finely mounted heads of the "Monarch of the Glen"—which made me the more anxious to secure one by my own skill with the rifle. At Opal I procured my license and took my seat by the side of the stage driver for the upper Green River country. The distance of 120 miles to Burns, lasting two days, was most interesting, although a greater part of the country along the way is a dreary waste of grease wood and sage brush—sheep having cleaned up the nutritious grasses that once covered this country, thus ruining the grazing for cattle or large game. The road was in good condition and the coach a very comfortable Concord. The road would at times come to the banks of, and sometimes cross, Green River, a beautiful stream of clear, cold water. Coyotes and gray wolves were seen once in awhile and afforded practice with the rifle, but generally were too far away for successful scores. Sage hens and rabbits were plentiful all along the way.

I stopped over one stage at La Barge stage station, and found excellent accommodations. Here I fished the La Barge, a swift and ideal trout stream, having its rise at the base of snow-capped peaks ten miles distant; the banks in places were densely lined with willows, but with hip boots most of the stream can be fished. On account of poor flies, I lost the finest fish, but got enough for good sport and the La Barge will ever be remembered as one of the finest trout streams I ever cast a fly over. While fishing along this stream I saw numerous mallards and other ducks, and they were so tame that they were reluctant to get up from the water when disturbed.

After leaving Willow Creek station, antelope were frequently seen. Not having met a guide, I did not attempt any shots, although I found others not so mindful of the law. The laws of Wyoming for the protection and perpetuation of game are admirable, yet while the Eastern "dude" (as all are called who come from the East) is "held up" to the fullest extent of the law—"and then some," some of the guides, government rangers and ranchers, at the time of my visit, paid no attention to the laws. A lady on a ranch told me that in seven years they had killed but two beeves, elk, deer and antelope furnishing the table whenever they wished meat—which, of course, was all the time. There were certainly some men who killed elk for the teeth alone, as I found several carcasses with only the tusks taken.

When I reached the Roy Ranch I met my guide, Rudolph Rosencrans, an educated and intelligent young Swiss, a fine shot and expert packer and guide—knowing the haunts and habits of wild animals perfectly. He had expected me, and, therefore, had the camping outfit, pack and saddle horses all ready. So the morning of October 8 found us in the saddle and on the trail for the Wind River basin and big game country. The October weather was delightfully sharp and bracing, and the health-giving odors of the pines, spruce and other resinous trees were most agreeable and exhilarating.

The guide had a log cabin on the edge of the basin and as there were antelope near by, we concluded to stop there for a few days. As the cabin had not been used for a long time we found the earth floor honeycombed by badgers, and wood rats were plentiful, but we soon had the place in good shape, and with new spruce on the bunk and a roaring fire in the large fireplace I felt myself on the way for a good time. Before supper I took my .22 rifle, and after a short stroll along a pine-clad draw, came back with two fat blue grouse, and the camp meal the first night was most enjoyable. On this little excursion I also saw on the occasional patches of snow a few elk and antelope tracks, which gave me renewed hope of success in securing big game in the near future.

Early the following morning we started for a range of low hills a short distance from camp, and with my glasses I soon located a bunch of pronghorns quietly grazing in a little valley about a mile away. We made a detour to leeward of them, and as I raised up from behind a knoll, within 200 yards, they went off on a gallop. One shot from my .303 and a fine fat doe was left behind, giving us plenty of meat and a splendid head for mounting. In this bunch of about twenty-five was only one small buck, and I found does largely predominating in all of the herds I saw.

Not finding any elk, we concluded to go into the basin. Before going down the steep trail that leads into the basin, I looked it over through the glasses. It lay the circular depression in the land between the Wind River Mountains on the east, Gros Ventres on the north and the mighty Tetons toward the west. The surface of this depression was interspersed with mountains, valleys, hills and innumerable clear, sparkling streams and small lakes; groves of spruce, pine and other varieties of trees and shrubs. It was surrounded by snowclad peaks and mountains. There was not a sound to break the almost painful stillness, and I gazed long at this scene, beautiful beyond description and long to be remembered with the keenest pleasure.

THE AUTHOR'S PACK OUTFIT IN THE WIND RIVER BASIN

Once in the basin we selected a charming site for our camp, and from there we hunted in the vicinity for several days. But in the entire time we only heard the whistle of one bull elk. The side of the mountain from where the sound came had a heavy growth of timber and was covered by several feet of crusted snow, and so we only had the satisfaction of seeing his tracks and where he had turned in his course and crossed over the range.

THE BUCK ANTELOPE KILLED BY THE AUTHOR ON THE LAST DAY IN CAMP

We were here forcefully reminded that too much care cannot be taken in putting out campfires; for upon our return to camp one day we found that the fire had eaten along some pine needles and was then burning along the edge of our tent and in a short time would have destroyed our camp outfit—a fine predicament it would have left us in, all owing to a little carelessness.

We reluctantly left this beautiful spot and moved up the valley about ten miles, toward the foothills of the Gros Ventres range. *En route* we came to a place on a small stream where a waterfall dashed over moss-covered boulders, forming a deep pool at the base, and as it looked most favorable for trout, I adjusted my rod, and soon I had fifteen good ones out of the wet.

Toward evening, while looking for a camping place and while scanning the opposite mountainside through my glasses, I saw our first live elk—a magnificent bull with fine antlers. Quickly tying our horses, we moved across the valley and quietly crept along the side of the ridge, on the other side of which we expected to find the quarry. But he had no doubt winded us, for he had slipped away. Selecting a camp site on a little bench on the side of the mountain, we found a small bunch of cedars with just opening enough for the tent to fit in and with a sparkling rivulet flowing only a few yards from the tent. Here we felt beautifully housed.

On the morning of October 16 we started out on foot, and at noon we heard the whistle of a bull. By the aid of the glasses we located a herd of elk in a scattered grove of spruce—eight cows, one calf and a finely antlered bull. We were about a mile away, on the side of a bare mountain, in plain sight of the herd. I did not think we could get near them, but as they had not made out what we were, by careful work we moved away from them, and by circling around down wind and carefully crawling up the side of a hog-back, got within easy range. When I peeped over the top of the ridge I looked square into the face of a cow elk. The rest of the herd were behind the trees, some lying down. The cow at once made a dash across an open space for some heavy timber to the west, the rest of the herd following. As the bull came along I had no eyes for anything else and a successful second shot stopped him at 200 yards. I had shot him through the lungs, a little too far back, and as he recovered himself he went tearing through the timber for perhaps 300 yards before succumbing to his fate. I stopped at a safe distance, and as he saw me the bull made one final effort to rise, making a lunge toward me and imbedding the points of his antlers in the ground. Then I put him out of his misery. He was a fine six-pointer, the antlers being very massive and regular—the main beam 50½ inches and the lifters long and even.

We spent several days in this camp caring for the meat, the skin and the head. And, although my license allowed me another, I felt so well satisfied that I did not hunt further for elk. I still had a buck antelope coming to me, and as I wanted a pair I hunted until I secured a very fine specimen. The antelope had nearly all gone south to their winter quarters on the "red desert," and I fortunately got a fine old buck, they being the last to leave the hills. I saw numerous bear, lynx, cat and lion tracks, but came across none of the trail makers. And so we left them for a future visit to that country. The Wind River basin is a lovely hunting ground, one being loth to leave the camping spots, and then finding the next even more pleasing. The country is not so rough and rocky as the coast range or the Rockies, but down timber is a serious impediment and experienced horses, used to the mountains and jumping logs, are necessary. The weather was delightful the whole time I was there, but it is best to get out of that country by the middle of November, as the snow gets very deep from then on. It is a very quiet country, and it is a relief to hear even the discordant cry of the magpies, and a pleasure to see the demure little "camp robbers." We did not meet a human being on the trip after leaving the last ranch and only once heard the report of a rifle. I would have better enjoyed the trip had a congenial lover of the wild been along as my hunting partner.

THE BULL ELK KILLED BY THE AUTHOR IN THE WIND RIVER BASIN COUNTRY

THE FIGHT UNDER THE MESQUITE

BY EMERY A. PEFFLEY

DON Ramon Ladino resided on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, perhaps not so much from choice as from necessity, as he was wanted on the other side of that muddy stream for various irregularities, among which were horse and cattle stealing, smuggling and other little errors. He was of the *peon* class, but had risen considerably above his fellows; he could talk a little English, wore good clothes and was looked up to by the general run of Mexicans along the river.

The Don was the claimant of a small piece of land in the river bottom, but his house was located on *porcion* 43, which belonged to Don Pancho Yunque, of Brownsville. It was on a high hill overlooking the valley of the Rio Grande for miles up and down; on a bright morning, from his door, Don Ramon could see the tops of the Sierra de Picachos Mountains near Monterey, as well as the Mexican pueblas of Havana and Los Ebanos, on the Texas side, and San Miguel in Mexico.

During the summer of 1904 a railroad was graded up the valley from Brownsville way; a town-site was laid out and the *Americanos* began coming into the new country, which, by the way, was a very old one. Don Ramon was quick to see a chance to eke out the scant revenue he derived from gambling, his chief occupation. He owned a few hundred head of Mexican cattle, some goats and a few ponies, which ranged in the river valley and the cactus-covered hills and plains to the north. And so he started butchering yearlings and peddling meat to the settlers; furthermore, he commenced selling mescal* on a pretty large scale.

In a short time the worthy gentleman's own yearlings were getting scarce on the range. The demand for beef was still good, the *Americanos* being meat eaters who much preferred not to eat goat. So it was an easy matter for him to go back to his old business of "rustling." At first he confined himself to mavericks, as there were several nice ones on the range near the Ojo de Agua, a short distance north of his ranch. But soon he roped a yearling bearing the "Crazy S," "T," "Two-Bar" or any other well-known brand as readily as one that ran through the prickly pear entirely free from any such marking. He prospered so that the near-by ranchmen began to have suspicions that he was either conducting an all-night monte game very successfully or running stock across the river. Yet no one bothered to investigate; in the spring, perhaps, something would be done about it.

On a bright spring morning the Don started on one of his semioccasional trips for a yearling; as usual, he saddled up his tough little brown cow pony and rode off, leading one of his oxen by a lariat to his saddle horn. Oxen in that section of the country are worked to the large two-wheeled *carro*, or cart, the yoke being tied securely to the top of the head, in front of the horns, with rawhide, and with their heads they can pull an astonishingly heavy load. Don Ramon was feeling in fine spirits as he rode out past the *Rancho Banquero* at the edge of town, for would he not get *mas que seis pesos Americano* (more than six dollars American) for the yearling that he would bring in, tied to the great, strong horns of the ox he was leading?

Out toward the Ojo de Agua he rode; on every side stretched the vast plain, covered with prickly pear, mesquite trees and brush; ebony trees (many dead from the nine years' drought in the nineties) and many other varieties of brush and cacti. White-headed hawks gazed at him from the larger trees: a little scary-eyed rabbit peered at him from behind a cactus; the blue quails hushed their calls as he rode by. But Don Ramon heard nor saw none of these, for his mind was filled with his plans of the *mucho grande* swath he was going to cut with the dusky *senoritas* at the *Cinco de Mayo* celebration at Brownsville.

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*A drink made in Mexico from the juice of the maguay plant.

By and by the rustler neared the range of the "C S" cattle, and then he was on the lookout. And when from the shade of a large mesquite at the mouth of a draw a fine eight-point buck jumped out, ran up a little distance and stopped to gaze at him, it passed through his mind in an instant that venison would bring him twice as much as beef, and accordingly he pulled the .44 Winchester from its scabbard and with a quick shot broke both forelegs of the animal just above the pasterns; another shot a little better placed brought it to the ground, and the Don stopped his cayuse, threw the reins over its head, jumped off, turned the ox loose and was soon skinning the buck in the shade.

In a little while there was a rustling in the cactus to the right and up the hill, but, thinking it was his companion in crime, the coyote, waiting for the remains, the rustler paid no attention; after a few moments the commotion increased, and simultaneously pony and ox took off down the trail in stiff-legged, high-tailed fright. Now, it was well-known to our *caballero* that, in the early springtime particularly, a grizzly bear is a bad customer to deal with. Furthermore, his rifle was rapidly on the way back to Brownsville in its scabbard on the pony. So the Don made a run for it, and was up the old thorny mesquite in less time than it takes to tell it. For all the attention he got from the ugly beast below, however, he might have safely gone after the pony; Old Eph was quite satisfied with the buck. But to sit there dangling one's heels, perhaps within a long reach of the monster, and listen all the while to the sickening gusto of his feasting! An old uncle of the Don's had been literally torn to ribbons by a grizzly up on La Plata many years before, and he had heard of others that had met a like fate. He held on to the tree somewhat dizzily, to be sure; and when he looked below it seemed the fierce beast was all mouth and teeth—and frightfully tall, if he should stand up on his hind feet!

After remaining quiet in the tree for perhaps half an hour, the bear continuing his gruesome repast, a queer sensation seemed to be passing over the Don; his skin began to sting and burn as if he was on fire. Quickly investigating, he found he was covered almost from head to foot with large gray ants, and it was their stinging that caused the peculiar sensations; he fought them off as much as possible and found that their nest was in the tree; that it was literally alive with the venomous insect. Below was the horrible grizzly, no doubt waiting for him to fall, and in the tree it was like a living death; certainly, he was "between the devil and the deep sea."

In his sufferings for the next half hour all of Don Ramon's past life passed in review before his mind's eye; he could even see the days when he was a very small *muchacha*—when he had no stain on his character. Then came his days of cock fighting, gambling, cattle stealing and smuggling; when he had to leave Taumilipas *poco tiempo*, and later, all the "rustled" yearlings that had found their way to the tables of the *Americanos* through his agency passed along for inspection, their various brands larger than the animals that carried them. Next the delirious man imagined he was dead and paying the penalty of his sins; that he was in a huge corn popper, with a lot of others of his ilk, over the hottest part of a very hot fire, and he felt he was just about to pop open like a great grain of corn, when a noise in the distance aroused him from his stupor; he looked down and the bear was still feasting, bigger and more ferocious-looking than ever. Just then came a startling "w-o-u-ff" from off in the chaparral.

There were few preliminaries. The newcomer was as hungry and ill-tempered as the first. And so it was that Don Ramon, in the hour of his terrible physical and mental torture, was witness to the greatest bear fight that was ever pulled off in west Texas. With one or two more coughing "wouffs," and simultaneously emitting thunderous snarls of rage, they were at it. Smack, smash, bang! Bang, smash, smack! Such terrible strength, such horrible rage! And such lightning quickness for their clumsy bulk. To have fallen into the midst of that bears' brawl could have resulted in nothing less than quick evolution from man to grease spot. And yet, though the twisted and thorny old mesquite was once or twice shaken as by a terrible quake of the earth, from the impact of the fighting grizzlies, the Don had the wits to remark one thing—they caterwauled not unlike a couple of big cats before they came together; now they growled like the thunders of hell. Ah! how they growled—like the thun——

There was a shock, as though the mesquite had been struck by a shell from a howitzer—the Don was catapulted into the friendly chaparral rods away, and straightway for him all was still.

The fight was short, very short, the gorged first-comer yielding, in decent time, and going off just a little bit the maddest grizzly that ever was—and, fortunately for the insensible Mexican, taking a course away from where he had fallen. The victor lingered to enjoy his well-earned repast, but the fight had so disturbed his nerves that to merely stand and eat was maddening; so he smashed things generally and went off in almost as big a huff as his enemy.

By and by Don Ramon recovered consciousness, and, more dead than alive, tore off his clothes and rid himself of the terrible pests. He was stung on every inch of his body, was swelling rapidly and feeling as if his senses would again leave him. They did. And had not his henchmen saddled up promptly as they did when his pony came galloping in, they might have found him dead; for the gray ants had returned to his naked body from the clothing which he had cast aside, and as it was they pretty nearly finished him. The scared *peons* hustled the Don to town and got a doctor to him, but he fell into a fever and was very ill for many weeks.

When he finally recovered, after a visit to the *padre* Don Ramon decided to leave off cattle stealing. Now he sticks close to smuggling and selling *mescal* to the thirsty railroaders, and if you know him very, very well, and ask him about it, he will tell you it is because he considers the hazards that attend earning an honest living in the back country worse than the chances of a term in jail from the *Mejicano* River Guard. And if you can appreciate this bit of delicate Mexican humor, perhaps he will spin for you the tale of that great bear fight. In that event you will hear a bear story so vivid, so thrilling and so palpably real that you will understand why I have not attempted to retell it.

SOME RULES OF HORSEMANSHIP

BY CAPT. JAMES W. DIXON, LATE U. S. A.

HORSEBACK-RIDING is more generally indulged in now than ever before, which is accounted for by the vast improvement of the streets, roads and byways throughout the country. Undoubtedly the bicycle craze of the last decade of the nineteenth century was a potent factor in the improvement of the roads, and for this, at any rate, we should be grateful. The automobile, while it has its many votaries, will never supplant the horse.

The saddle-horse affords greater pleasure and imparts more benefits to its rider than does any other means of locomotion. Those only who have learned to ride know of its many exhilarating pleasures. The fire and spirit of the horse are quickly communicated to the rider and a certain magnetism exists that is mutually enjoyed. This must be experienced to be appreciated, as it surpasses all power of description.

The tyro requires exact rules of guidance in the selection of a saddle-horse.

First, the height of the animal must be considered; the tendency is too much in the direction of ponies or cobs. Nothing imparts to a long-legged man a more uncouth and awkward appearance than a mount too low for him. For a man or a woman of average height a horse of fifteen hands two inches appears the best under the saddle ; so from fifteen to sixteen hands is about the right height.

The saddle-horse should have a handsome head, well set on; be wide between the eyes (denoting intelligence); have rather small, pointed ears, open nostrils, an arching crest and high withers, with plenty of forehand (the part of a horse which is in front of the rider). He should be rather short than long in the barrel, or what is technically termed "well ribbed up." A straight croup denotes blood; the slant toward the tail in the thoroughbred is but slight and in the Arab is imperceptible. Added to these good points he should have powerful quarters, particularly when jumping is required of him; good legs, a full and powerful chest, pasterns of medium length, round hoofs, rather large than small, and good action. The last he will have if he possesses a sloping shoulder added to the other excellent points, for a sloping shoulder invariably accompanies an arched crest or neck and high withers, the action of the bones of the shoulder governing the action of the fore legs; but if the quarters are narrow and the croup too sloping, the animal will straddle with an awkward gait. A horse well formed in front is sometimes, though rarely, misshaped behind. All manner of boots, knee protectors, weights and outlandish shoeing are then called into requisition to remedy the evils of interfering, overreaching, cutting and the like.

Muscular loins are imperative in racers and hunters. They should also characterize all saddle-horses, for it is impossible that the rider can be safely carried unless the back be strong. Weak loins are usually associated with a narrow chest and lanky frame and denote lack of endurance. A hollow-backed horse, or a "roach-back," should be rejected. A peculiarity of the roach-backed animal is that in leaping he springs suddenly from the earth and buck-jumps his fences without giving the rider time to prepare for the leap. The animal with this deformity does not rise to the leap, a certain indication that the loins are defective.

The tail is a continuation of the vertebræ. A stout dock or root to the tail denotes a corresponding strength of the horse's spine. The position of the tail is very important. It should begin with the prolonged line of the back. Animals with tails well set on are invariably remarkable for speed and endurance as well as great activity. Docking is a fashionable, cruel and useless *fad*, and will sooner or later go out of fashion as it has before.

The head well set on is carried in advance of the body only so far as is necessary to counteract the comparative lightness of the forward structures. Thinness and smallness of the neck are among the peculiar features of weakness and emaciation in the horse. This is always noticeable in old and half-starved animals ; hence it may be inferred not to be a sign of vigor in a young horse.

The ewe-necked horse is one in which every appearance of crest is absent. Animals of this formation, while generally active, are prone to be weakly. Other parts of their bodies are usually narrow and ungainly.

A very important point in the saddle-horse is the formation of the pasterns. There are the long and slanting pasterns, the natural pasterns, the upright pasterns and the overshot pasterns, the last named being about the worst that a saddle-horse can possibly be afflicted with. The pasterns are the natural springs of the horse's body, hence the sloping pastern is an indication of an easy, springy gait; but the long, sloping pastern is a certain indication of weakness, and, therefore, to be avoided. The fetlock of a racer when the animal trots or gallops at full speed, touches the ground every time the weight rests upon the hoof.

In the properly constructed horse, the hoofs point directly forward; those that point inward or outward indicate an imperfect construction of the legs and body and cause more or less faulty action. Beware of upright hoofs and narrow, contracted heels.

In the saddle-horse a good, fast walk is desirable, and in this respect many horses are deficient for lack of a little care. Nothing is more annoying than a mincing trot when other horses are walking, and it becomes very tiresome in a long ride. In the walk each foot is removed from the ground separately. A fast walker places the hind foot some distance in advance of the track of the fore foot of the corresponding side, while the reverse is true of the slow walker. The trot, unless it is fast, is a hard gait for the rider of a certain school of riding, of which something will be said hereafter. The trotter lifts the near fore foot and the off hind one simultaneously. If the gait be slow, the track of the hind foot is considerably in the rear of that of the fore foot of the same side, but as the speed increases the track of the hind foot approaches, overtakes and leaves that of the fore foot far in the rear. At a three-minute gait a distance of fifty to sixty inches intervenes.

A pacer, or racker, lifts the feet of the same side together. This gait, like the trot, may be slow or very fast. Here the track of the hind foot of the same side is far in advance of the fore foot, the distance increasing in proportion to the speed. The pace, or rack, although comparatively easy for the rider, in most instances, is an awkward gait at best and not generally liked by equestrians. There are natural pacers and those trained to the gait.

The single-footer sometimes gets over the ground with wonderful swiftness and scarcely jars or jolts the rider at all. Riding a horse having this gait has been likened to sitting in a rocking-chair. The single-footer's feet move exactly as in the walk; but with speed comes bouyancy and springiness and the feet are lifted higher from the ground. Kentucky thoroughbreds, than which there are no better saddle-horses in America, are frequently trained in this gait and are highly prized by their owners, especially by ladies.

In the canter, termed in the South the "lope," the animal proceeds by a succession of gentle leaps, leading generally with the near, or left, fore foot. Saddle-horses should be trained to change the lead from one foot to the other, thus resting both themselves and their riders and relieving one foot from all the hammering. The gallop, sometimes termed the run, is the canter hurried up, a succession of bounding leaps into which the horse throws all his energy.

The amble is a mincing gait, between the pace and the canter. Although easy for the rider it smacks too much of laziness. Amblers are apt to stumble, and the gait for this reason is not admired by many.

All saddle-horses should be trained to rein over the neck by pressure of the rein against the side opposite the direction desired to be taken. Instead of turning the horse by a tug to the right or left, the bridle-hand is slightly elevated and carried to the right or left, as desired. A horse thus trained is termed "bridle wise."

The beginner's seat for a man is far more secure than the woman's, unless, indeed, the new fashion of riding astride become general; but if his horse be young and spirited it behooves him to be on his guard. In no case should he wear spurs while learning to ride, for obvious reasons. The stirrup-leathers should be the length of his arm, measuring from the armpit to the extreme end of the middle finger. In mounting he should face the quarters, taking the reins in his left hand with a wisp of the mane through his fingers.

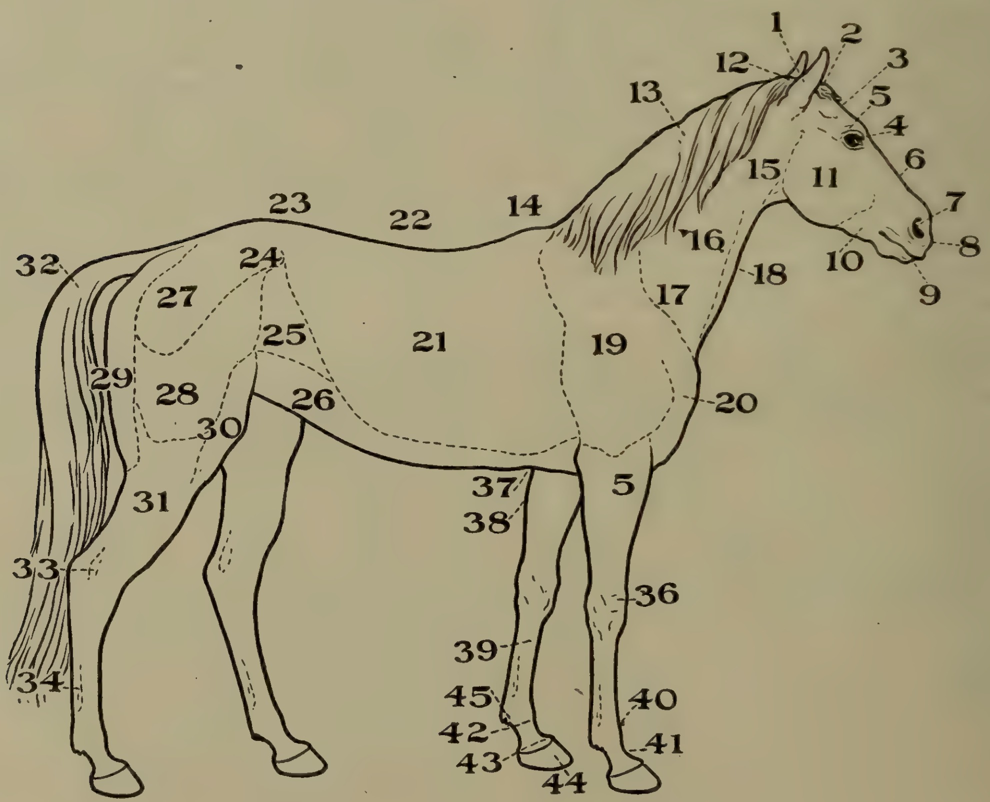

CHART OF THE POINTS OF A HORSE

1, ears; 2, forelock; 3, forehead; 4, eye; 5, eye-pits; 6, nose; 7, nostril; 8, point of nose; 9, lips; 10, nether-jaw; 11, cheek; 12, poll; 13, mane; 14, withers; 15, parotid glands; 16, throat; 17, neck; 18, jugular vein; 19, shoulder; 20, breast; 21, ribs; 22, back; 23, loins; 24, hip; 25, flank; 26, belly; 27, haunch; 28, thigh; 29, buttock; 30, stifle; 31, leg; 32. tail; 33, hock or hough; 34, cannon or shank bone; 35, arms; 36, knees; 37, passage for the girths; 38, elbow; 39, shank; 40, bullet; 41, pasterns; 42, coronet; 43, foot; 44, hoof; 45 fetlock.

Standing close to the horse the left foot should be inserted in the stirrup, the ball of the foot resting upon it, the pernicious fashion of thrusting the foot home in the stirrup being at all times foolish and dangerous and particularly so for the beginner. Simultaneously with placing the foot in the stirrup a spring should be given from the right foot sufficient to place him in the saddle. In riding, the muscles of the thighs should be employed, as well as the knees, to give to the rider his "seat," by which is meant ability to remain down in the saddle, and by which every good horseman is distinguished. Arms tight to the side, toes *in*, parallel with the horse's sides, the right hand hanging loosely, body erect, but not too stiff in the saddle, perseverance and continued practice will, in most instances, make a good rider. Some men can never learn to ride well and for them it can only be said that they did not begin early enough. When opportunity is afforded, every boy should learn to ride.

The woman beginner should be furnished with a gentle, sure-footed, easy-gaited horse. Broken-down, good-for-nothing animals, the only redeeming feature of which being their inability to run away, should never be assigned to a woman, but, strange to say, this is often the case.

The woman beginner's instructor should be particularly careful that she be not frightened. Let him stand at the horse's withers facing the quarters. With the right hand for a step he lifts her into the saddle, she giving a light spring from her right foot simultaneously with placing her left foot in the step thus improvised. Having adjusted and arranged her habit and made sure that the stirrup-leather is of the right length and that the reins are held correctly, start off at a walk, the woman on the off, or right, side. This is a mooted point, but is given emphatically for the following reasons: The woman is thus farthest from all passing vehicles which may be met during the ride; her instructor or companion has his free right hand nearest her in case of need, and as her face and body are necessarily turned partially toward him, conversation can be much more pleasantly carried on. Soon she will gain confidence, and having once become sure of her seat, and the novelty of the situation having worn off, she often becomes absolutely fearless, even under the most trying circumstances. She should sit in the center of the saddle, inclining neither to the right nor left. The reins should always be held in the left hand, the right hand only being thus employed when temporarily necessary to assist in checking too free an animal. What is termed the seat, that is the ability to remain down in the saddle, is only acquired through practice. The third pommel, now in general use on all side saddles, materially aids in this respect, as well as affords much greater safety to the equestrienne. Riding cannot be taught or learned theoretically; it will become perfect, or nearly so, in proportion to the exercise thus taken, and what is a prettier sight than a beautiful woman on a handsome horse well handled and well ridden by her? Riding astride has recently become the mode, although not adopted by many ladies. It is in reality the safest and most sensible method and it is here predicted that it will eventually come into popular favor.

There are several distinct schools of riding. Whoever has seen a race knows that a jockey's school differs materially from all the others and that it is far from elegant or graceful, although he "gets there all the same." Feet thrust home in the very short stirrups, hunched back, arms far forward and ability to stick describes it. The cowboys vie with the Indians of the plains (the best horsemen in the world) in imitating the Centaurs of mythology, but both would be at as great a loss as to how to conduct themselves in a game of polo as would the jockey or the polo player in attempting to lasso and pull down a wild Texas steer.

The military school is that which prescribes the long stirrup, the depressed heel, the light hand and the stationary seat, and no finer military riders can be found than those in our own regular cavalry regiments.

To follow too closely any particular school of riding is unwise in the man or woman who rides only for exercise and pleasure. The good features of each and all should be tried and adopted. It is folly to imitate too closely, for example, the military school, where rising in the stirrups is prohibited, on a flat English saddle, on a hard trotter. Adaptability in this, as in other exercises and pastimes, should be aimed at, but certain rules herein set forth must invariably be followed.

THE FOOTBALL OUTLOOK IN THE EAST

BY W. N. MORICE

THE football season up to the latter part of October in previous seasons has been of importance merely as a means of securing a line on the big teams for their November games, but this has not been the case with the present season. The reason for this lies in the new rules, the effect of which has not yet been determined. As every one knows, there was quite an agitation against football after the season of 1905 and for a time the future status of the game was in a very precarious condition. It must be admitted that the agitation against the game was largely a newspaper creation, and that very few persons who had played the game or who were thoroughly posted in the matter were against it. The trouble lay, not with the game itself, but with the manner in which the rules were enforced by the officials. This, on the face of it, is hard on that class, but upon going "behind the scenes," so to speak, it would have been seen that the fault was not entirely with the officials, but with the attitude which coaches and captains and partisan crowds of spectators took toward an official who dared enforce the rules strictly. The rule book said such and such things were allowable and others not allowable, and provided penalties for the latter, but when there was no body of men to back up the rule book, and an official with nerve enough to enforce the rules, it could hardly be expected that many officials would be any more strict than would insure their securing further games.

There was also each year a greater tendency toward injury, largely due to the above-mentioned laxity of officials. This led to the outcry against the game, and as the papers all over the country took it up and continued it long after the season ended, it was only natural that some radical changes in the game should be made. The history of how and by whom these changes were made is now a thing of the past, and the public is interested now only in how the new rules are going to work out and the effect of the changes. It is too early as yet to give any sound judgment on the latter point. One thing seems to be certain, however—the element of danger has been in no wise eliminated. The rules forbidding hurdling the line and in the open field, the much more strict instructions in regard to piling on after the referee blows his whistle declaring a down, the decided emphasis of the fact that officials are expected to eliminate all unnecessary roughness and, best of all, the greater penalties therefor will, of course, be pointed to as refuting the above statement, but it is a very serious question as to whether or not the new on-side kick rule, whereby it becomes anybody's ball as soon as a kicked ball strikes the ground, does not entirely counterbalance the other points mentioned and adds an element of danger greater than ever before. In any event, it seems to be an acknowledged fact that open play is more conducive to injury than even the old mass and close formation plays. It is not the intention of the writer, however, to put forward the injury question as an argument against the game. There will always be men hurt as long as football is played and occasionally the injuries will be fatal. Football is a game for men in good physical condition only, and facts prove that the number of men injured whose physical condition is properly looked after is very small indeed, in proportion to the great numbers of men and boys playing the game all over the country. Almost all of the serious injuries are sustained by players who have no right to be playing such a strenuous game as football—who, at the most, get out one or two times a week, sometimes only on the days of the games. Is it any wonder that such players are injured?

As to the specific changes in the rules themselves, there is not nearly room enough in this article to go into details as regards the minor changes. The principal changes are as follows:

1. The 10-yard gain required in three downs.
2. The forward pass.
3. The (supposed) restriction on linemen running with the ball from a position back of the line.
4. The on-side kick rule.

All of these changes were made with the idea of opening up the game and doing away with the old compact mass plays, used so persistently to hammer out one or two yards at a time, with an occasional runner breaking clear through the line of scrimmage for a good gain. Numbers 1 and 2 of the above were aimed directly at the offense and at first glance seemed to be body blows landed with terrific force. The outcry immediately went up that even with the heavy linemen dropped back to run with the ball on a heavy mass play at center or the tackles, it would be impossible for any team to gain ten yards in three downs even against a much weaker opponent for any consistent length of time. It might be possible to do it two or three times in succession, but utterly impossible to carry the ball the entire length of the field in one of those series of heartbreaking plunges from tackle to tackle, which we have witnessed in former years. But without the privilege of calling on the heavy linemen it would be doubly out of the question. To gain ten yards in three downs by end runs was not to be thought of.

It will be noted, however, that under the third point above, the word "supposed" was inserted before the word "restriction." When the rules were printed it was immediately seen that this particular rule was so worded that the very point aimed at was still allowed. Consequently, at a recent meeting of the Rules Committee and a large number of officials in New York, this point was referred back to the committee for further elucidation.

If the committee had stopped here they would surely have sounded the death knell of football, for most of the games played would have resulted in no score for either side. The great improvement in the second lines of defense would have caused this, taken in connection with the two changes just mentioned. But, having restricted the offense very materially, the committee then went for defense and, by adding the forward pass and on-side kick rules, very largely offset changes I have designated as 1 and 3, and incidentally introduced an element of luck, the effect of which yet remains to be seen. One thing is certain, under the present rules there will no longer be a "Big Four." It is almost a certainty that Yale, Pennsylvania, Princeton and Harvard will be beaten occasionally by colleges which have always before been rated in the second class. Not only will the new rules themselves lead to this, but also because of the fact that some of the smaller colleges will have better material to draw from, even though not as large in numbers. The reason for this will be the fact that all of the above have adopted the one year eligibility rule, forbidding freshmen taking part in athletics. There are many men about to go to college who would rather have the chance to play four years on Lafayette, Syracuse, Amherst, Dartmouth and other colleges of this class in football than three years on the "big teams." Moreover, the latter will often be caught unprepared early in the season by minor colleges and receive unpleasant surprises, as was the case with Cornell on September 29, against Colgate, and Pennsylvania on the following Wednesday, against Gettysburg. The latter, by the way, has in Sieber a back who would make a place on any team in the country and who would also knock loudly at the door of the All-American eleven.

Of the four important changes mentioned, probably the most important is the on-side kick rule, which reads as follows: "When the ball has been kicked by a player other than the snapper-back, any player on the kicking side shall be on-side as soon as the ball touches the ground." Even though this rule is void if the ball rolls out of bounds or over the goal line, it will at once be seen what a tremendous influence it will have on the defense. The problem at once confronts a coach as to whether or not he can trust the entire backfield defense to one man. If another is dropped back part way, the second line of defense is immediately weakened. The advantage seems to be greatly in favor of the kicker's side, for they know just where the kick is going to be placed and are immediately in motion toward that point at full speed, whereas the defensive side has to first solve the direction and then, if it is a short kick, turn and get speed up. Of course, if the kick is poorly directed, it will often fall directly into an opponent's waiting arms and he will be off with a clear field for a touchdown. There is an axiom that when an irresistible force meets an immovable object something is going to happen. Likewise, when two determined players going at full speed are equally distant from a ball which is "anybody's"—under this rule—it is going to be up to the doctors.

The value of the forward pass is as yet problematical. It is very much restricted by rules and "exceptions," and so far has worked out with very varying success. There is no doubt that the secondary line of defense will be coached to meet it, but just herein will probably lie its value. It will so weaken the secondary defense on line plays, by necessitating their standing farther back to prevent forward passes, that it will be possible to gain the required ten yards by plays directed at the line.

It is too early as yet to accurately forecast the prospects for the success of this or that team. It would be well, however, to keep a close watch on Princeton, Cornell and Lafayette. Yale will undoubtedly have another good team, and Pennsylvania, a little later on, will probably be as good as in 1904 and 1905, even without Stevenson at quarter. Harvard is problematical, having been very hard hit by eligibility rules and greatly hampered by the attitude of President Eliot toward the game.

EDITORIAL

Politics and the Game Warden

As verifying our remarks on this subject in these columns in the October number, we invite attention to the case of Game Protector Frank E. Rowe, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., who is in jail in that place awaiting trial for the killing early in September of Adam Ruscas, an Italian, who resisted arrest (with a shotgun loaded with buckshot) for hunting grouse out of season.

The newspaper accounts of the shooting, and of Rowe's arrest, attracted interest among game wardens outside of the State, and this resulted in some correspondence and the issuing by a county warden of Vermont, at his own expense, of a printed appeal to all game wardens to contribute to a fund for Protector Rowe's defense. We quote from letters written (not for publication) to this Vermont warden by certain game protectors of Pennsylvania:

> . . . I can give you better details of the affair than the newspapers. I am, in fact, a witness on the case and was one of the first on the scene after it happened.
>
> We had a lot of trouble with the foreigners last year, and they started in again this year, and even sent us black hand letters, and invitations to follow them if we wanted to be killed.
>
> The affray in which Rowe killed the man Ruscas took place along a trolley road that runs from Hazleton to Wilkes-Barre. This road runs through a very good hunting country, which has always been infested with foreign poachers. Rowe and his deputy were up on the mountain and they heard some shooting, so went to investigate. They came upon the man Ruscas and another, who started to run. Rowe and his deputy took after them, and then the Italians stopped and opened fire with their shotguns. Rowe returned the fire with his revolver, until his cartridges played out, when he and his deputy were pursued by one of the Italians, who fired several times with his shotgun.
>
> Both Rowe and his deputy were pretty badly shot up about the legs with buckshot. They came home and I was notified. I took the next car to the place and there found a dead man. I waited there about an hour and then a flock of Italians came back and I soon found out the one who had been with the dead man and arrested him.
>
> I only found one dead grouse, or "pheasant," on the scene, but Rowe claims they had a blue handkerchief full of them; I guess the other fellow did away with them.
>
> When I came back I went to Rowe's house and told him he had killed a man. He would not believe me at first. I went to the authorities and told them any time they wanted Rowe and his deputy I would bring them down. Then they were taken to the hospital to have their wounds dressed, and one week later were committed to jail without bail, pending the next term of court. . . . *We have a very crooked court here*, and it *will take a lot of money to get Rowe a semblance of an honest trial*, to hire good criminal lawyers to make the court give him an honest hearing. Why, they won't let me or any of Rowe's friends or relations into the jail to see him. . . . I wish you could meet Rowe; you would like him. He served five years in the United States Army, and his discharge papers rate his record as "excellent."
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> * * *
>
> . . . This case of Game Protector Rowe is going to be a test case, and I tell you we are going to win; but we are up against a stiff proposition. *The district attorneys* who are in now *are men we worked against last election*, and *they have made threats that they have Rowe now and they are going to fix him*. So you see *they will do almost anything to get even* with us. . . . We have left nothing undone; we have hired the three best attorneys in the county to defend the wardens, and it will cost an awful lot of money. But we must win the trial; it will only be justice.
>
> . . . You know there is too much of this resisting arrest and shooting at wardens by these foreigners going on in this country. The other Italian who was with Ruscas did some of the shooting, but although we had him held under charges of felonious wounding and attempting to kill, he was released under $2,300 bail. Who went bail for him? I don't think his countrymen could raise it, or would if they could.
>
> I don't think it is law that none of Mr. Rowe's friends or relatives should be allowed to see him; if it is it is unwritten law.

The following letter from the Pennsylvania Board of Game Commissioners, dated Harrisburg, October 5, shows that the case of Game Protector Rowe, in so far as it concerns the criminal lawlessness of Italian hunters, is not an isolated one. Furthermore, it confirms the preceding reference to the attitude of the Wilkes-Barre court:

> EDITOR RECREATION: I am in receipt of your letter of the 3d, and in reply would say: I consider

Mr. Rowe a very efficient, competent and careful officer. He is in a very rough and dangerous country, which, by the way, is only one of many such in Pennsylvania. Mr. Rowe is not the only officer of this office that has been in trouble. We have had five men shot at, one killed and five wounded, including Rowe and his assistant, during the past year. We are in it all the time with these men and purpose at the next session of the Legislature to present a bill asking that the unnaturalized foreigner shall not have the right to be possessed of firearms of any description in any place within this Commonwealth. I am now collecting statistics from the several counties of the State regarding the murders committed by this class of people during the past year, and the increase of taxation placed upon all our people because of these people.

We are up against a very serious proposition and have got to meet it as men and as Americans and we will so meet it. Our people are about tired out in this matter and something positive will be done. I understand the entire situation around Wilkes-Barre. I have been in that county a number of times and had a number of prosecutions, and know the feeling of the court. I also understand the reasons. We purpose making the best fight possible, and have but little fear of the result. My understanding of this case is that this shooting was justified and right, but I do not care to expose the defense at this time. I thank you for the interest that you are taking in this matter.

Respectfully yours,
Joseph Kalbfus,
Secretary of the Game Commission.

Aside from the vexing question of restricting or forbidding (a hard thing for Americans to agree to, no matter how much warranted) the hunting of the Italians, whose poaching proclivities have been developed through centuries of land tenure systems in their native land, this case, before it has come up for trial even, illustrates the bad effect of mixing politics with game and fish protection.

It is enough that the game and fish commissioners, and particularly their wardens, are constantly opposed in their good work by the newspapers and by an unenlightened, ruthless and selfish people (not the Italians), without adding the enmity of a political faction. The way of the warden is precarious enough, and politics should cut no figure whatsoever in his appointment. Given the assurance that his position nor the game laws can suffer from the politicians, and your warden will gladly keep to his wardening. He knows well enough that in his work alone he may at any time gain the disfavor of the district attorney or the town boss, through the arrest of a constituent or a relative. Let it be given to him to say to all who may carp or cry "unfair," that he does his duty and owes fear nor favor to no one. At least, let it be that the district attorney cannot take to court a political prejudice against the warden.

A Test Case

From the appeal to game wardens sent out by the Vermont warden, referred to in a preceding paragraph, we cull the following:

"How far must a warden go in permitting criminal poachers (who are always armed) to resist arrest and attack him before he draws his own weapons?"

This is a point which will surely be well threshed out at the trial of Protector Rowe; we hope to his profit and with justice to him and all other game wardens. The most insignificant village constable may pull his "gun and blaze away at the casual thief, and if he kills him, it is no matter, the man was a criminal and might have killed the constable—if he'd shot at him. But what of the game warden? We have just reviewed the evidence of a game warden's encounter with two Italian criminals of the black-hand clan, who when caught stealing game birds from the State opened fire on the State's officers with shotguns loaded with buckshot. And because in the fight which followed one of the black-hand gang was killed, the State's officer was clapped into jail, without bail, and his friends, the game wardens, and the sportsmen of the State must be quick to subscribe a sum to retain the three best attorneys in the county lest he be convicted of manslaughter.

How long are the game protectors to be denied by law the right to search without a warrant persons suspected of violating the laws? It is a common practice among Italians to conceal a shotgun on their person by taking it apart and carrying the barrels down one leg of their trousers—and, of course, game illegally shot is as easily concealed. How long shall the warden be required by law to deal gently with these shotgun-carrying desperadoes, who have shot the farmer on his own land when he protested against their hunting and who, as Secretary Kalbfus has shown, are not averse to shooting an officer of the State every little while for practice? If, as alleged, the district attorney's office can be actuated by spite and revenge and bring dirty politics to bear upon the court, it shows that both are in rotten, bad company, and we look to the sportsmen of the State to a man to support the Board of Game Commissioners in having the laws so amended at the coming session of the Legislature that the life and liberty of the men employed in protecting the game and fish of the State shall no longer be endangered by the Dago and his friend the district attorney.

THE GAME FIELD

Lessons of the Sea Girt Meeting

Among the lessons well impressed on the minds of the riflemen at the late tournament of the National Guardsmen at Sea Girt, N. J., was that the barrels of the Government rifles wear out quickly when firing the hard metal-covered bullet. Worn-out barrels were very much in evidence.

The writer was particularly interested in this phase of the tournament, and had gone prepared to measure the barrels that were brought to him. He was tented with Dr. W. G. Hudson and John Taylor Humphrey, and has a record of upward of three hundred barrels that were measured, some from nearly every State in the Union, and the greater number of them measured above .3095 inch and some as high as .3135 inch. The results when shooting at 1,000 yards with such a barrel, when using a bullet measuring the standard size of .308 inch, can easily be imagined. Some of them did very good work at the shorter ranges, but were out of it at the long distances.

Some shooters who were fortunate enough to get a different rifle, after their visit to our tent, stated that our measurements confirmed their suspicions and accounted for the poor work that they were doing at the long ranges.

One barrel was found to measure .305 inch. It was, however, badly fouled with an adherence of the metal from the jacket of the bullet. The barrel was corked up at the breech and filled with Dr. Hudson's solution. The component parts of this solution are as follows, the quantities given being sufficient for the treatment of a half dozen barrels: 1 ounce ammonium persulphate; 200 grains ammonium carbonate; 6 ounces ammonia, 28 per cent; 4 ounces water. The ammonia mentioned is what is known as "stronger ammonia," containing 28 per cent. ammonia gas. The ammonium carbonate and persulphate should be pulverized and left in the solution for a-half hour, in order that it may become thoroughly saturated. A convenient method of manipulation is to force a cork into the chamber of the rifle and fill the barrel to the muzzle.

There was an interesting test of two sharp-pointed bullets of the Spitzer type, at 1,000 yards, with the new Springfield rifle, by Captain Hof, of the United States Ordnance Department. A muzzle velocity of 2,750 feet was obtained. We understand there were between thirty and forty shots fired in the barrel. The rifle was brought to our tent and it showed cupro fouling toward the muzzle for about six inches. It was treated with the solution for about an hour. The results showed that much of the cupro fouling was removed. It was thought best, however, to give it another test, and it was left in the barrel over night. There was but a slight trace of cupro in the morning, demonstrating the fact that the solution will clean the worst barrels if left in them for about an hour. With a muzzle velocity of 2,750 feet per second, to the minds of the experienced the barrel might be expected to have been well coated with metal from the jacket of the bullet. With this example before us, a conundrum arises to the mind of the writer: If the Krag, with a velocity of 1,950 feet per second, wears out barrels rapidly and cupro fouls them, what would a velocity of 2,750 feet be expected to do in that line?

The writer, who for the last thirty-five or forty years has had more or less experience with the manufacture of arms and ammunition, fully realizes that it is very much easier to find fault with guns and cartridges in general than it would be to correct many of the so-called imperfections, and he desires to impress on the minds of his readers that the following is not written in any spirit of pessimistic criticism or fault-finding. At the suggestion of Dr. Hudson, I made and took to Sea Girt with me a tool to withdraw bullets from loaded cartridges. It was fitted to the loading press which was on exhibition. One evening while various visitors were with us, I withdrew nine cartridges, United States ammunition issue of 1906, from a bandoleer and with the above tool took them apart, carefully preserving every kernel or grain of powder in each shell. Dr. Hudson weighed the charges on a pair of apothecaries' scales and Mr. Humphrey wrote down the results, which were as follows: 35.1, 35.2, 34.6, 33.9, 34.6, 34.7, 34.9, 34.3 grains weight. This shows 1.3 grains variation from the lightest to the heaviest charge. The weights of five of these bullets that were taken from the shells were as follows:

220, 218.9, 219.5, 220.4 and 218.4. The extreme diameter of bullets, .309, .309, .308, .3101, .3085 inches. These bullets seemed to be enlarged in the center, bulged out. I would account for this only by the possibility of their having been forced in the neck of a shell that was altogether too tight, thus bulging the bullets. Lieutenant Townsend Whelen, United States Army coach, who was witnessing the test, vouchsafed the statement that one grain variation of powder in the Krag rifle with the regular bullet would cause a variation of 4 feet at 1,000 yards; thus, a shooter having nine cartridges loaded with the exact equal charge might be sighted correctly and make nine consecutive bull's-eyes, and the tenth cartridge having one grain less of powder, the shooter having exactly the same sighting as with the other nine, the bullet would drop in the dirt one foot below the target. If this is a fact, it will account for some of the erratic shooting at 1,000 yards.

Those who are not familiar with the difficulty in measuring 30-caliber or W. A. powder at once condemn the ammunition made by the Government as being inferior, while, to the contrary, the fact is that the machine-loaded ammunition as made at Frankford Arsenal and at the various private manufacturers never was better than it is at the present time. General ammunition must be made quickly and in great quantities at a time. It is astonishing to one who knows what there is to contend with in making cartridges that the general product has reached such a high state of perfection and uniformity. I believe I am well inside of the truth when I state that there is not as yet, neither do I believe there ever will be, made a bulk powder measuring machine that will measure 30 caliber or W. A. powder that will not show as much variation as is shown in the above nine cartridges, and if the test is made with one hundred or more, I will add one grain more to the variation. The only way absolute uniformity can be obtained is by weighing. What is wanted now is a practical weighing machine that will operate with sufficient rapidity. I believe there is something of this kind in the air. It will certainly be a long stride toward perfection when it is produced.

AT THE EXPERTS' TENT AT THE 1906 SEA GIRT NATIONAL RIFLE TOURNAMENT —JOHN H. BARLOW CENTER OF GROUP OF THREE AT THE RIGHT

The American rifle shooter of to-day in the minds of some has become altogether too well posted for the manufacturers. He now carries a micrometer in his pocket, measures his bullets and his barrel, and talks about a quarter of a thousandth of an inch, and in many cases finds fault when things in general are not up to his idea of perfection. All this is good, but there is a limit to everything. There is no doubt that the shooting fraternity in general is indebted to the everlasting desire for improvements in the minds of such men as Dr. Hudson, William Hayes and others. The results each successive year show improvement over the preceding. Impossibilities, however, should not be expected, and if they are, they will not be realized. To expect a rifle barrel with an exact bore and depth of rifling to a fractional part of a thousandth of an inch is too much. When thought is given to the hardness of the steel from which these barrels are made, one wonders how it is possible to get so near to an exact uniformity, and especially when the wear of tools is taken into consideration.

Sea Girt meeting of 1906 further demonstrated the fact that the Krag rifle is a first-class arm, although criticisms were to the contrary when it was first issued. It also brought out that the United States Government, as well as the private manufacturers, can and do make first-class ammunition. The experience and information gathered will be silently working during the coming months for the good of the next meeting, which we all think will be so conducted as to realize our most sanguine expectations.

John H. Barlow.

Killed Shark with Shotgun

Mr. C. S. Cummings, of St. Louis, Mo., whose article, "Duck-Shooting with Gun and Camera," in the October number of Recreation, attracted widespread attention, on September 5 sent us the photograph from which the accompanying cut was made, together with the following letter, dated Atlantic City, N. J.:

"I had an unusual experience while plover-shooting back of Brigantine Beach last week, with Dr. W. J. Burleigh and Captain Ez Bowen. When we were passing through Steelman's Bay I saw the fin of a shark, which was hunting eels in the shallow water. The boatman poled up close to the shark and I shot it with a 465 grain 14-gauge round bullet fired from my 12-gauge choke-bored double-barrel shotgun. It took four of these bullets to kill him; then we dragged him up on the sandbar and made the photograph. He was eight feet six and one-half inches long—the largest seen around here in some moons. The round bullet is a perfect paralyzer.

"It was raining when the picture was made."

Hunting Moose for Money

The supposed protection of this noble game animal in certain States is a pitiful farce. If it were called protection against money leaving these States that in any way could be retained, it would better cover the circumstances. The general public, the amateur and even the fairly well-posted hunter do not realize that certain States are furnishing moose meat and moose heads for market, on call, when desired. So long as the cash is returned to these States the stringent laws are relaxed, or waived, to a

MR. CUMMINGS (ON THE LEFT) AND THE SHARK HE KILLED WITH A SHOTGUN remarkable extent. It is the same old story of "graft." The wary, wealthy old sportsman knows that he has to pay from $3.00 to $3.50 per day for a guide, and he also knows that if he offers $50 to $100 extra to his guide, to secure him a good moose, it is almost a guarantee, although it works much to the disadvantage of the poor and unsophisticated tenderfoot.

JACK-SNIPE PROBABILITIES GOOD

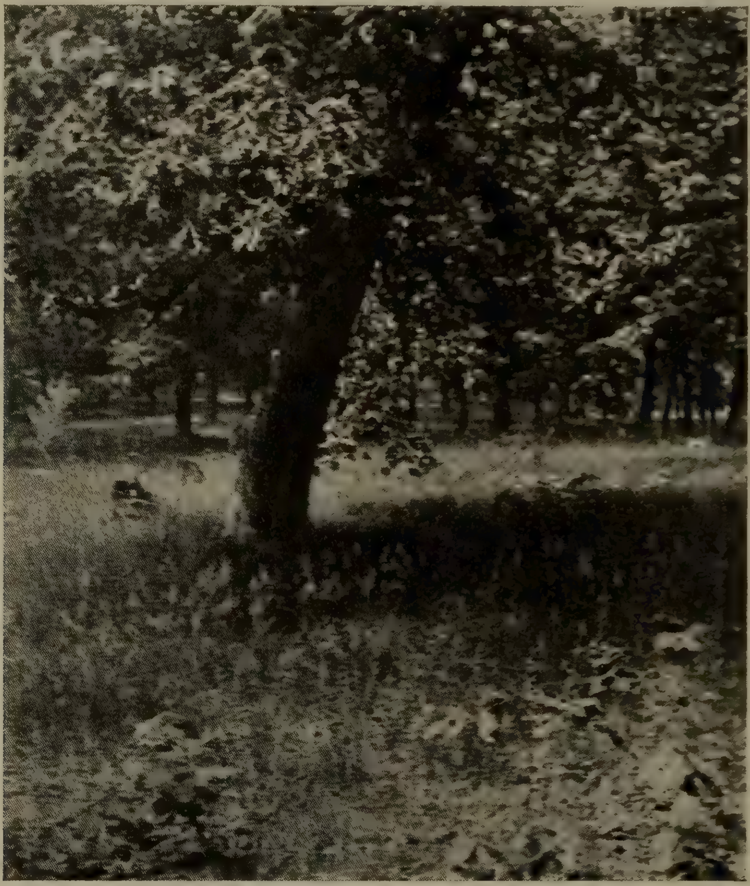
The honest and earnest amateur hunter, not being up in mooseology, etc., is shown the tracks (that's all) of a fine bull moose, but if he gets a shot or secures the game, it is because the moose was walking backward. The green, countrified guide (God forgive me) will take him off the track, or lose the track, if he finds it is only his day's pay coming and no prize or premium offered. But these guides are true to their State. The animal can be had, but his value must be returned to the State. In a nutshell, it is run on the principle of a gigantic game preserve. To any one that knows how to go about it, a fine moose can be had any time for the price.

I have many times received tempting letters from these unprincipled guides such as follows: "I know where there is a grand big fellow, and any time you want him, you know the price." These same guides were guiding sportsmen every day, but they must have been guiding the sportsmen in some other direction, for as sure as I would forward the cash, down would come the "grand big fellow."

When the snow is heavy in the woods and there is crust enough for good snowshoeing, and just before the moose go to yard, two or three of these foxy, so-called guides, having located certain big bulls, will pack sufficient provisions for three to six days and start on what is called a dead-sure hunt. (Hounding deer and such would be commended by the S. P. C. A. compared to this.) Two men are generally ample, but three usually start, and three to four days are generally sufficient; but the poor brute is often brought to the gun in fifty to sixty hours and in the following manner: The fresh tracks are found, and the men on snowshoes are soon off on them. They are experts and can travel remarkably fast. The moose when fresh also travels fast, but he breaks through the deep snow and has a much more strenuous time of it, fast using up his great strength. One of the two of the slaughterers stops and rests; the fresher and stronger continues on. When night falls lanterns are used, and the so-called hunter tramps on, and on, in order to keep the poor animal on the move, preventing him from lying down to sleep, breaking the ice to drink or even from chewing his cud. By and by this hunter tires and his gait slackens. Then his two friends (the relays) come up, and the fresher continues with lantern in hand, keeping the animal on the move. This is kept up as a rule for three or four days and nights, until the miserable creature is walked down—the real term used for this disgraceful mode of hunting.

This is, undoubtedly, the most cruel method of hunting ever practised, as the poor animal when found is scarcely able to stand, and is easily shot. But so long as the money remains or goes back to the guides of these certain States, any mode of hunting will be tolerated.

Not many years ago a wealthy, now resident, brewer made arrangements with three of these butcher-guides, and with a professional photographer, plenty of the best to eat and more especially plenty of the best to drink, went forth on one of these hunts. The brewer and his photographer followed the leaders at their best gait, and when they came up to the game, a handsome but miserable, sick creature, they photographed him in different positions. Then, the last plate being exposed, the brave brewer put the poor animal out of its misery with four bullets in as many different parts of its anatomy. And this is called sport! Wm. W. Hart.



IN THE SQUIRREL WOODS

Chipmunks Do Climb Trees and Do Eat Meat

Of late I have noticed some discussion in the press relative to the tree climbing of chipmunks and some correspondents are most positive in their declarations that the tree-climbing habits of these little rodents is a fiction. But these people are in error. For twenty consecutive seasons spent in my camp I have daily observed the chipmunk, and can positively assert that it is a tree climber. Again and again I have seen them of their own volition climb trees sixty or more feet high. Apparently the little animals are in search of birds' nests, and on one occasion a few days ago a small red-eyed vireo flew at a couple of chipmunks, which were scampering up a white oak tree, and knocked them both from their perch, giving them a fall of about twenty feet.

Chipmunks are omnivorous and will eat meat like a common brown rat. Two that I have in temporary captivity killed and ate five wood mice in six days, leaving nothing but the skins of the mice to tell of the bloody work. In capturing a mouse the chipmunk springs on it like a cat and holds it by placing one foreleg each side of the mouse and then kills it by biting through the jugular vein. It first eats out the eyes of the mouse, then the brain and after that all the bones and flesh.

One old chipmunk at a neighboring camp took after a striped wood frog and the latter kept up a constant squealing noise as it hopped this way and that to escape its enemy. The frog, which was a large one, escaped by doubling on its track and then the chipmunk perched itself on a stone and, sitting up on its haunches, inspected the grass on all sides and continued its watch for a quarter of an hour or more; but the frog never betrayed its hiding place by a move until its bloodthirsty enemy had given up the chase. A few years ago I saw a large chipmunk spring upon a big garter snake and, although the latter wound its sinuous body all around its captor, the chipmunk paid no attention to the fact, but quickly severed the snake's head from its squirming body and then, sitting up and holding the reptile's head in its hands, after the manner of a nut, calmly ate it, bones and all.

I have offered fish to chipmunks, but this is about the only food I ever knew them to reject.

Dan Beard.

In Camp, Pike County, Pa.

Wallace Is Appreciated

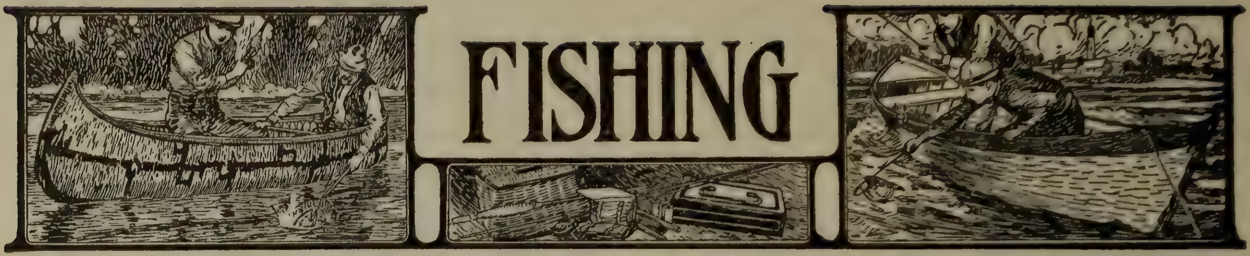
Since the adjournment of the Alabama Democratic Convention, which passed a resolution demanding a general law for the preservation, protection and propagation of birds and fish of the State, hundreds of letters indorsing the movement have been received by John H. Wallace, Jr., president of the recently organized Alabama Game and Fish Protective Association. The bill that will be offered amounts to merely a petition on the part of the sportsmen and lovers of wild life of the State to the Alabama Legislature to legalize their efforts to preserve the few remaining species from extinction and to pay for so doing, and not put the State to one dollar of expense in the accomplishment of this great and valuable economic result. Notable among the communications from distinguished personages is a letter from Mrs. Virginia Clay Clopton, one of the most brilliant women of the South and perhaps the most famous. Mr. Wallace, in thanking Recreation for aid extended in the organizing of the new association, sends us a copy of Mrs. Clopton's letter, which we quote:

Glancing over the *Gurley Herald*, I read with interest the paragraph relative to the noble efforts you are making to save the lives of the beautiful, innocent, sinless portion of God's creation, unable to protect themselves against the ruthless and unceasing and fatal war waged upon them by black and white ruffians. I heartily thank you for the attempt you are making to preserve them in the land. Earnestly hoping you may succeed in securing the passage of any law you may desire, but sadly fear that even legislation will not avail because of failure to enforce the law, as is so frequently the case.

GATHERING HICKORY NUTS—JACK FROST THROWS THE MOST UNERRING CLUB

When my husband and myself settled in this little home, "Wildwood," cutting away the muscadine and grape vines, blackberry bushes and other growth, the beautiful hilltops seemed a veritable concert room for the feathered songsters of the woods. The blue bird, "sweet harbinger of spring," now extinct, the gorgeous red bird, the precious little wren, whose note is liquid melody, the gaudy blue jay in his Tuxedo and white vest, the mockingbird, "the Yorick of the forests," the innocent catbird; indeed, all the birds daily flew down fearlessly and drank at the chicken trough in my yard. Then perching in the nearest trees, would bubble out such a flood of melody, such sweet notes of glad joy, they seemed to return a thanksgiving for the privilege. Now, alas! in this degenerate age there is scarce a bird to be seen or heard in my enclosure of one acre. The heartless white boy, with as little soul or sense as the sable "warlock of the glen," and the freedman are both on the warpath with every invention known of firearms from the old flintlock musket to the finest rifle. From January to January they are busy murdering not only the quail or partridge, but the tiny singing birds regardless of mating time or nesting time, oblivious of the great benefit of the sweet helpers to the gardens or the fields. To post one's land is an invitation to the intruders. Nothing but the strictest enforcement of the strictest laws will leave a bird in Alabama. I have had shots fired so close to my dwelling that the shot fell in the lap of a member of my family seated under a tree in the yard. The squirrels once gambled in my trees; I never see one now alive.

Please use all your logic and all your eloquence, expend and expand yourself on this theme. Were I a man I would go to Montgomery and make a plea in behalf of this God-given but perishing colony. I am so indignant at the wholesale destruction of birds that I could not resist the impulse of my heart to send you this hasty but hearty approval of your great work.



FISHING

About Brook Trout

A subscriber living in a little Michigan town, one of the ever-enthusiastic, eager-to-learn youngsters, who may some day become an angling authority, writes for some inside information on brook trout and brook-trout fishing. "I have fished only one season with the fly," he writes. "Is it true that the brook trout is an inveterate gourmand?

"How much credence can be placed in the story of a trout flopping its tail at a floating insect, to drown it, so it can be easily caught?

"I know from experience that a small-mouthed black bass will leap out of the water on a slack line, trying to throw the hook out of his mouth. I am told a trout never leaps on a slack line, but I did not observe this when fishing for trout, not knowing about it at the time.

"As I have no angling-books, I should appreciate to have these questions answered. Also, I should like to know the meaning of the word *Fontinalis*, and when, to what extent and how horsehair snells and leaders were used."

As answering all but the last question, we recall an article by Wm. C. Harris, the celebrated angling authority, and of whom we shall never get done thinking, though he is now no more of this world. The article appeared some four of five years ago, in a book entitled, "The Speckled Brook Trout," published by R. H. Russell, New York. We quote:

Fontinalis—"living in springs"—is without doubt the most amply descriptive, specific name that ichthyologists have ever bestowed upon a fish, for take a trout from its native and highly aerated home and it will die if placed in water of a higher temperature; put him in a large aquarium tank and ice it as you may, and his life is only a question of a few months; the solstice season ends it. At the New York Aquarium, where every appliance for the preservation of fish-life is at hand and intelligently used, the brook trout can seldom be kept from season to season.

Living thus in pure waters, the habits of the trout naturally partake of the character of its environment, if we except the fact that he seems to be somewhat of a gourmand. We have frequently taken them on the fly when the head and shoulders of a half-swallowed minnow were sticking from their mouths, which would seem to indicate a tremendous gorging habit; but, on the other hand, even this trait would seem to show their eagerness of pursuit for the most delicate entrée of their water menu, the insects of the pools, hence all anglers, with whom to decry their brook beauty is to blaspheme nature, would be disposed to call him a gourmet rather than a glutton.

But be this as it may, when a brook trout is hungry, he is very much like all other creatures of the earth, air and water, including the human family—he will eat what he can get, his own spawn-child, minnows of all kinds, earthworms and grubs, crawfish and dobsons, all living things of the water-bottoms and insects of the air that fall upon the surface of the pool. But he is, without doubt, one of the most energetic and persistent foragers for food that our waters contain. We find him dashing over and through the shallows in chase of frightened minnows; breasting the wild waters of the rapids, while awaiting the drifting bug or other surface-washed food, and then again we find him leaping for hours into the air, particularly in the gloaming, for the midges, the no-see-ums, or the mosquito fly, born and fledged by the rays of a single day's summer sun.

The habits of the trout being born of the springs, with an environment, the beauty and almost kaleidoscopic condition of which, changing with every glint of a sunbeam through the foliage, are, as has been noted, in touch and quality with its habitat. He seeks the purest portions of the home stream, loving the white-capped aeration of the strong currents, and the mouths of the little rill-like tributaries, which not only bring down food for his well-developed appetite, but a fresh supply of oxygen for his arterial system. Whenever he is found in a pool of quiet water, a long stretch of which often exists in large trout-streams, he is less forceful in action, lazily and leisurely taking the surface lure.

Among the fly-fishermen for trout we often hear these characteristic phrases: "He is a slow striker," or "a quick striker," and these qualities when applied to the methods of an angler seem to satisfy his brethren of the craft as to the reasons for success, or the lack of it, in the rodster under discussion. Experience has shown, however, that slow or quick striking on the part of the angler has much less to do with success in scoring than the well-established fact that trout of different waters, even of the same waters where the physical conditions are changing with nearly every rod of its downpour, have varied ways of taking a fly when it is deftly thrown to them, In long, quiet pools overhung with alder growth from which insects are falling constantly the trout has the habit of coming leisurely to the surface, lazily as it were, taking the fly in the mouth in a manner indicating a duty rather than a physical necessity, closing its jaws slowly upon the feathers and then quietly turning tail and returning to its lair below. Now, such fish are a glory to the "slow striker"; he will creel every one of them that rises to his flies. But, then and again, taking the same stream, just above this quiet pool, where a strong rapid is boiling and foaming over the rocks in mid-stream, and "the slow striker" is all afield. A quick eye with the nerves all aglow, an instantaneous turn of the wrist when the slightest swirl in the water is seen, or the faintest pluck at the feathers is felt, are the only assurances of a successful outing.

Much discussion arose, some years ago, as to the trout flopping its tail at a floating bug, in its efforts to disable or drown it and thus render its prey more easy to capture. In rapid or turbulent waters this never occurs; in a large quiet one it has been my good fortune to witness it nearly every day for about a fortnight. This delightful experience was awarded me on the Ontonagon River, some fifteen miles from Watersmeet, Mich. The trout, averaging about half a pound each, lived in a pool with but little current, nearly 300 feet in length and fifty in breadth, the banks of which were densely grown with large alders, the branches overhanging some 6 or 8 feet on each side of the pool. The trout seemed to be loitering expectant under the shadows of the alders for falling insects, which now and then would drop into the water. There was no rush, no flash in the pool of a velvet-robed, red-dotted arrow, but a sluggish coming to the surface of a somber fin with a sort of aristocratic leisure, self-satisfied and confident of success, but a seeming indifference as to the result. It would open its relatively ponderous jaws, gulp down the insect, and leisurely turn tail for the bottom. At least one out of every five of these trout, as if more lazy or less hungry than its congeners of the pool, would rise nearly to the surface and flop its tail over the floating bug, seldom if ever missing its aim, and so far as I could see, the insect being under water, secured its prey at every sweep of the caudal fin. I noted that the fish with this habit were always, seemingly, the largest trout in the swim, hence their sluggish, lazy way of "taking things as they come."

Since the days of old Juliana Benners of 1486, who wrote the first printed book on fishing, writers on angling have described the trout as a leaping fish when on the hook, with acrobatic efforts to free themselves from it. No angling outing could be described or a monograph written on this fish without an allusion to his rapid, aerial, and ofttimes successful gyrations to escape. In a trout-angling experience of about half a century but one instance of a trout, when hooked, leaping into the air, on a slack line, has occurred to me. True, this fish, when tightly held, will come to the surface, with its head and part of its body out of the water, and sometimes with the entire body at length on the surface as it fights frantically to escape, but the angler's rod held tightly and upward causes this; given a slack line and the trout will surge deep. On the one occasion when the exception above noted occurred, the trout was struck in the middle of a small pool, and a boulder protruded its head from the surface on the left side about six inches with a breadth of two feet. Holding tightly, the fish surged deep to the left, and when within a foot of the rock, and unable to go around its lower side because of the strain of the line, and fearing still more its human enemy in front, the fish suddenly leaped into the air on a slack line, and over the top of the boulder, but this unusual strategic action did not save him; in a few minutes he was in my creel.

And as for horsehair snells and leaders, we shall also quote a pleasantly remembered angling writer of other days, Gen. John McNulta. In an article published in his "Fifty Years with a Fly," and telling of trout-fishing on Long Island when he was a lad, in the early '40s, this writer said:

> The tackle then used, except rod, reel, line and hooks, was always home-made. Leaders and snells were made of horsehair—one hair to the snell—two for a distance, then three, and for the upper foot or foot and a half of the leader to the connection with the reel line, four horse hairs, to make the necessary taper. The snells of a single hair on the tail fly being from 12 to 15 inches, the dropper from 8 to 12 inches long, the leader from 5 to 7 feet long, the rod always light and whippy, 11½ to 12½ feet long, weighing 7 to 8 ounces; but if the extra length was cut off the butt to bring it down to 8½ to 9½ feet, as generally used now, it would make a rod much like our modern 5½ to 6-ounce rods. The rods were often home-made, and every angler made his own flies from imported patterns sacredly kept solely for that purpose; except in the direst emergency, or in great stress under strong temptation to overcome the cunning of some particularly sagacious fish. To an expert angler no better description of the character and qualities of the rod can be given than that with a single horsehair the heaviest trout, when fairly hooked, were securely held, albeit let me call attention to the fact that there is a vast difference in the quality of horsehairs, and nice discrimination with considerable trouble was required to get the right shade of coloring to harmonize with the water, generally light, but not white, sometimes, however, a jet black. Artificial color could not be resorted to without injury to the hair and making the snell worthless. I am sure that any expert will find it an interesting experiment to try a single horsehair snell 12 to 18 inches long, a tailer on a fly tied on a 12 or 14 hook at the end of a very fine tapered 6-foot gut leader and a light tapered line and a very whippy rod; looping always, making no knots anywhere to touch the water. Whipping the water with a bulky knotted line or leader will have about the same effect as throwing in pebbles, except that occasionally some stupid fish mistakes the knot when lightly cast for a falling insect, and goes for it instead of the fly.
>
> Then, as now, the anglers, young and old, were ambitious to visit the far-away streams and camp in the primeval forest.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Conducted by George W. Kellogg

Photographic Articles for the Holidays

The amateur can make a lot of dainty souvenirs from his negatives, such as Christmas cards, albums, book-marks, pillow covers, etc.; doing most of the work himself and producing novelties that are of greater value, that will be appreciated more than corresponding goods obtained commercially. He can mount his pictures on the thinnest papers so they will neither cockle nor curl, sensitize and print his fabrics with a few simple operations, and at little expense. For album leaves, Japanese parchment, a cream colored stock; Stratford parchment in white, pale gray and buff, and Strathmore parchment, a white and very thin material, are good. For covers, the herculean, sultan, cadmus, rhododendron, Sampson and camel's-hair papers, which are made in a variety of colors and finishes, will be appropriate. All can be obtained from paper dealers, and from some photo stock houses, who upon request will cut the papers into the sizes desired. If one has a fifteen-inch trimming board, he can cut almost every size that the average amateur will require. The covers should be cut so they will show a margin of at least a quarter of an inch beyond the leaves when the album is open, and be in one piece with a fold in the middle. With the large trimming board it will only be necessary to first fold the cover material, when any size cover that may be required can be cut.

The noncurling method for mounting prints is not new. Formulæ for varnishes to be applied to the backs of prints have occasionally been published, with explicit directions for mounting; the operations being the same as for the dry mounting which we shall describe. The varnishing method never became popular; due, very likely, to the amateur's general disinclination to compound his solutions, which is a mistake, and to the trouble experienced in making a varnish of just the proper consistency. If too thin, it would penetrate the paper and give the print a stained appearance; if too thick, it would run from under the edges of the print in mounting. But with the dry mounting tissue, these troubles are overcome. To use it will require that a flatiron be added to one's equipment. A piece of the tissue, cut to the size of an untrimmed print, is made to adhere to the back of the print by touching the tissue lightly near each end with the tip of the heated iron, while both tissue and print are in contact. This causes the tissue to soften and adhere. Print and tissue should be trimmed simultaneously, so that the edges will be flush. Each print is now placed, tissue side down, in the position it is to occupy on the mount, and the heated iron passed over it a few times, a sheet of clean paper being between the iron and the print. When the iron is too hot, the print is liable to peel; this trouble can be remedied by passing a roller over it or rubbing it down with the hand immediately following the removal of the iron, but without taking away the paper covering. Prints can be mounted on one or both sides of the leaves. If mounted back to back, with nothing else than the tissue between they make effective and unique souvenir cards.

Binding albums is a task easier to accomplish than to clearly describe. Not more than a quarter of an inch from the edges of the leaves that are to be bound, three circular holes should be perforated; one in the exact center between the top and bottom sides, and one on each side of the center half way between it and the outer edges. All should be in a direct line, so that with the leaves arranged evenly there is no obstruction to prevent the smooth passage of the binding material through the series of leaves.

To perforate the covers, take one of the perforated leaves and place it on the inner side of the cover in the position that is intended for the sets of leaves when bound. With a sharp pencil point mark the cover through the perforations, using sufficient pressure to make the dent show on the outside. Then, with the cover closed, perforate both halves with each operation, having the pencil marks in the center of the punch opening.

The binding material may be any of the fancy colored cords, procurable at dry goods houses at a trifling expense; or narrow ribbon. It should be cut in sufficient lengths. The middle of a length should be run through the center perforations in a loop from the back of the cover, through the leaves to the front, and an end through each of the side perforations, then through the central loop, drawn tight and tied in a bow-knot.

Blue prints can be made on fabrics almost as easily as on paper. The process is not expensive; the operations are simple, the results pleasing and permanent. The fabrics should be washed and stretched on light frames. When dry, they may be sensitized with equal parts of the following solutions applied with a tuft of cotton:

a—Citrate of iron and ammonia	160 grains
Water	1 ounce
b—Red prussiate of potash	120 grains
Water	1 ounce

These solutions should be kept separately in the dark, and mixed only as required for use.

The sensitized fabrics, when dry, should be printed immediately, preferably in sunlight, and until the shadows have a deep bronzed appearance. The development should be in clean water, and the fabrics washed in several changes of water until all yellowness is gone. When dry the fabrics may be ironed smooth.

White goods are preferable for this process. The cream and yellows are inclined to give the blues a greenish cast. For pillow covers, mercerized sateen, butcher's linen and some of the cambrics will be suitable.

To Tone Bromide and Gaslight Prints

The tones can be secured, on these papers, with possibilities of failure reduced to a minimum, by resorting to a subsequent toning process. The oldest is the uranium method, which we published in a previous number. This was followed by the hot hypo-alum bath, which after a short period of service was superseded by the cold bath. The baths and the directions for using them are as follows:

HOT HYPO-ALUM BATH

Hypo	10 ounces
Alum	2 "
Boiling water	2 quarts

This bath should not be filtered and it will improve by keeping.

It is advised that the prints, when fixed, be rinsed in three changes of water, then immersed in a strong solution of alum to harden the gelatine, washed and dried before toning. When ready to tone, immerse the prints in the cooled bath, set the tray containing it into another tray of hot water and raise the temperature of the bath to about 110 degrees Fahrenheit; keeping the prints separated from each other until the completion of the toning, which will require but a few minutes.

To prepare this bath for cold toning it is only necessary to dilute its bulk with an equal quantity of water. The prints, after having been washed in a few changes of water, can be immersed at once in the bath, and should be turned over and separated from one another occasionally. From twelve to twenty-four hours will be required to complete the toning. If the prints are taken from the fixing bath and, without washing, put in the toning bath, they are liable to bleach too much. Both hot and cold baths bleach the prints to a certain extent, so it is necessary to make the prints which are to be toned in either a little darker than is usual for prints that are to remain untoned.

To tone by redevelopment there will be required three solutions, which are made as follows:

No. 1

Ferricyanide of potassium (red prussiate of potash)	5 drams
Water	12 ounces

No. 2

Bromide of potassium	5 drams
Water	12 ounces

No. 3

Sulphide of sodium	1¼ ounces
Water	12 ounces

The prints, having been washed and dried, must be bleached in a bath composed of equal parts of No. 1, No. 2 and water, with the addition of one drop of concentrated ammonia to each two ounces of bath. After washing the prints should be redeveloped in a bath of one part of No. 3 diluted with eight parts of water.

Sulphide of sodium being a very unstable salt, liquefying rapidly after having been exposed to the air and having the odor of strong sulphur water, it is advised that it be not used in a room where plates, paper or other sensitized goods are kept; its fumes might be injurious to them. Usually, we advise amateurs to compound their solutions, but we except the sodium sulphide redeveloper, especially where small lots or only occasional work is to be done. The redeveloper can be purchased in convenient form, the ferricyanide and bromide being in capsules, needing only to be dissolved in the requisite quantity of water, and the sodium sulphide being in a concentrated solution.

Correspondence

Mr. A. T. Ross, Dixon, Cal., writes: "I have read so many articles on lenses and their focal length that I am now at a loss to select one. I have just read an article in which it was stated that the lens for a 5 x 7 plate should be ten to twelve inches focus, and in another article that the focal length of the lens should be the length of the plate. What are we amateurs to do when writers who claim to know write such conflicting articles? A short time ago a friend of mine bought a camera with a lens that was recommended by a writer of some note. After taking some views he sent them to be criticised, and the criticism came back, 'Too short focus.' Hence I am writing to you for advice."

Ignore critics and their criticisms. Fault-finding is the easiest of habits to acquire, requiring, as it does, but little use of mental energy. The one criticised is often the better informed.

It is not strange that writers differ in opinion. They accomplish results in different ways and with various kinds of apparatus. The trouble is that too many believe their particular methods to be superior to all others, when in fact, if the desired end be attained, it is of little consequence what means is employed.

There are comparatively few amateurs using lenses of ten inches or longer focus on 5 x 7 cameras. The majority are using lenses whose focal lengths are from 7½ to 8½ inches, and it is usually in some special work that lenses of shorter or longer focus will be useful. For an all-round lens we prefer one with a focal length about equal to the diagonal measurement of the plate, about 8½ inches for a 5 x 7 plate. The focus can be a little less or more without impairing the general usefulness of the lens. If a good anastigmat can be afforded, we recommend it as the best; and for a second choice, a good rectilinear in preference to a cheap-John lens of any kind. Between the lines of our correspondent's letter we read suggestions of a plan to test the ability of critics to designate the work accomplished with lenses of specific focal lengths and will give it to our readers in a future number.

The Kodak Exhibition

It is with pleasure that we commend the Kodak Exhibition which opened its second season early in September and has been delighting, educating and inspiring thousands of kodakers and nonkodakers in some of the larger Eastern cities. The exhibition comprises several hundred enlargements from kodak negatives; lectures illustrated with a superb collection of lantern slides and moving pictures; a display of apparatus and instructive demonstrations. Admissions are by complimentary tickets, which may be had free upon application from all kodak dealers in the exhibition cities. The continuation of the tour is as follows:

New York, Madison Square Garden Concert Hall, November 5 to 17.

Scranton, Y. M. C. A., November 19 to 24.

Pittsburg, Duquesne Garden Amphitheater, November 26 to December 1.

Columbus, Ohio, Memorial Hall, December 3 to 8.

Indianapolis, The German House, December 10 to 15.

St. Louis, Y. M. C. A. (Grand and Franklin avenues), December 31 to January 12.

St. Joseph, Mo., Columbia Hall, January 14 to 19.

Kansas City, The New Casino, January 21 to 26.

Omaha, Chambers Hall, January 28 to February 2.

St. Paul, The Armory, February 4 to 9.

Minneapolis, Auditorium, February 11 to 16.

Milwaukee, Public Service Auditorium, February 18 to 23.

Chicago, Orchestra Hall, February 25 to 28, March 4 to 7.

Grand Rapids, Auditorium, March 11 to 16.

Toledo, Zenobia Hall, March 19 to 23.

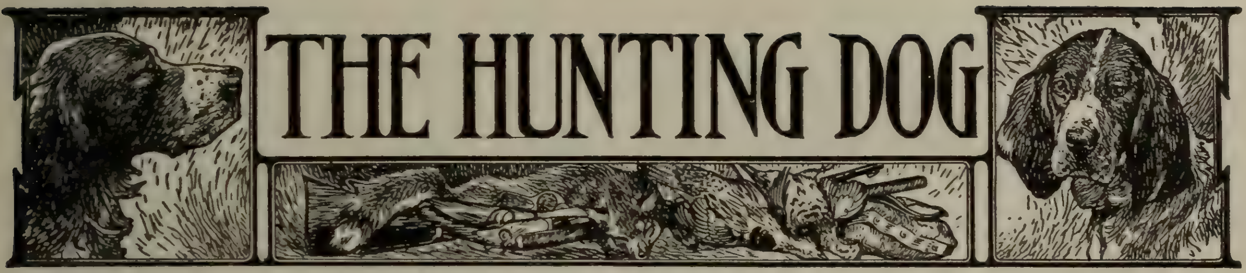
Detroit, Light Guard Armory, March 25 to 30.

Let Us Get Together

Some months ago we commenced the experiment of considering topics suggested by correspondence received from our readers, a plan that we are disposed to continue indefinitely; believing that the amateur should be given what he wants, rather than be obliged to take what he can get. We believe the serious amateur originates more ideas and stumbles upon more ways of doing things than are usually credited to him. We do not believe a few prominent prize winners, occasional and regular contributors to photographic literature, or those who have otherwise attained distinction, have become so proficient that they will not eagerly grasp a new idea or method (though they may not admit it) even if it does come from a less conspicuous amateur. To get in closer touch with the amateur, to make actual workers better acquainted with one another, to bring all together through a mutual exchange of ideas and experiences, we invite correspondence.

Photographs Wanted

RECREATION is constantly in need of good photographs. Send prints from your best negatives, that have not been published, and you will be paid for such as are found available. Good views from the game field and of fishing waters are desired. Just now, snow scenes would be almost sure to "take."



THE HUNTING DOG

The Dog for Big Game

By W. Sinclair Aldridge

Given the right conditions, a dog can be of the greatest assistance to the hunter of big game. In the more settled parts of this continent it is true that a very great majority of sportsmen set their faces against the use of hounds for running deer, and though they, perhaps, go to unreasonable lengths in their opposition, in the main they are in the right. There can be no doubt that frequent hounding does drive deer off a range, and, moreover, hurts the condition of those that survive the actual chase. It is not fair, however, to forbid the use of the dog in out-of-the-way regions because his work is too deadly for a thickly settled and overhunted district. Not only on this continent but in Europe, Asia and Africa, the best and fairest sportsmen have used dogs of various breeds, to their great satisfaction and without any prickings of conscience.

The Norse tracker employs an elk hound, held in leash, when he strives to bring down the Old World prototype of our moose, and without some such ally he would rarely bag his quarry. He leaves the *saeter* (all the moose grounds are small in extent in comparison with a Canadian forest) at break of day or even before, and, traveling steadily and cautiously up wind, depends entirely upon his hound's nose to find the elk he seeks. By and by the hound begins to strain at the lead, his hackles go up, and it is evident that game is afoot, though the duller senses of his master could never have detected the faint taint in the dewy morning air.

After a longer or shorter approach, if all has gone well, the time is deemed fitting for slipping the elk-dog. In a flash he is lost from sight, the dense spruce forest closing behind him, but in a marvelously short time his frantic baying indicates that a giant of the forest has been found. Sometimes the elk breaks away in spite of all the dog can do; in fact, if the animal has by sound or smell convinced itself that its real enemy is man, no dog can hold it. If, however, it fancies its only foe is the small, insignificant though noisy beast that yaps and snaps at its muzzle, it will make blundering charges and great sweeps of massive horns at its active tormentor, becoming so preoccupied that the hunter draws near enough for a fatal shot. This may not meet the ideas of some, but it is quite a matter of opinion as to whether, by the strict canons of sport, it is not a higher form than calling a love-sick bull to his doom.

In the East Indies Englishmen have for generations kept "bobbery packs," composed of bulldogs, pointers, harriers, beagles and terriers, crossed and mixed with the fierce native hounds of the Rampur and Polygar breeds. With such scratch packs all kinds of game have been brought down, and many an up-country planter's life would scarcely be worth having had he to give up his pack. Usually the rifle is not carried by the Anglo-Indian when he goes out with his hounds, a long, keen, hunting knife being substituted ; it takes considerable pluck and agility to finish a big sambur stag, when the seizers of the pack have him at bay in the middle of some mountain torrent.

The best dog for use in the Rockies is, most probably, a lurcher, bred, half collie and half deerhound. Such a dog is not noisy—a foxhound would drive all the game over the next divide with his melody—and possesses enough intelligence to keep away from hoof and horn. For lions and wolves he will not do the work of a bolder dog, one with mastiff or bulldog blood somewhere in his pedigree, but for deer he is excellent. The real hunter, however, uses his dog with judgment and circumspection. The animal is kept to heel until he shows by his actions that he winds game, then he may or may not be slipped, generally being kept in until after the shot. If this has been fatal there is no need for the dog's aid, but if not, then the value of the man's companion comes in. Few, indeed, are the wounded animals that escape to die a miserable, piteous death when once a good lurcher has been slipped on its track.

The writer knows of two packs in the northern Rockies that are kept for bear. The one consists of eighteen-pound fox terriers ; the other of Airedales. Of the two, the fox is the better dog, judging by results. Seven bear in one short spring season—about four weeks—is not a bad record for a pack that would seem at first sight to be of about badger or fox caliber. When these little fellows tackle a grizzly he seems to lose his head, and allows the hunter to come up within a few yards and deliver a neck shot with his .38-55 high power. So far, not a dog has been killed, not a bear missed, though the game has been played for five consecutive seasons—but, then, the big Swedish-Canadian hasn't a nerve unstrung in his body, and pots his bear as coolly as most of us would bring down a snipe.

Indians use nothing but very small curs for bears, claiming that a small, active dog runs no risk, while a big, savage animal will lead but a short and, possibly, not a very merry life. A bear's hug is neither good for man nor beast.

The Quail Dog

It seems from the opinions expressed in Recreation that sportsmen differ as much about hunting dogs as they do about guns. While not a dog fancier nor a trainer of dogs, I have had many years' experience in quail-shooting in many of the Southern States, from Virginia to Florida, and have trained my own dogs. I have used both setters and pointers, and from my observations, the pointer is *the* dog anywhere south of Tennessee.

A well-bred dog is easy to train, but first-class dogs are very scarce and hard to get. No matter how well a dog has been trained, nor how fine his nose may be, he will never be a really good dog in the hands of a man who does not know how to hunt him.

The dog should be trained in yard to "heel," to "hieaway" and "fetch"; that is all the yard training necessary. A dog that doesn't point from instinct is not worth breaking. He should be taken into the field as soon as he is able to stand the fatigue of a hunt, and be hunted alone. He will point sparrows and field mice and chase them at first, but let him go; don't scold nor whip him.

When he finds birds (quail), if he flushes them and chases, don't shoot, but call him back and give him a gentle whipping. Having marked the birds, have him hunt the cover back and forth, making him cover the ground thoroughly—always well ahead of you. If he flushes a bird, don't shoot, but call the dog in and whip him again. When he points, make him hold his game for, say, one or two minutes. Then flush the bird and cut it down, but make the puppy drop at the fire and hold until you order "Hieaway." If he points again before the dead bird is reached, repeat.

When the puppy reaches the point when the dead bird is marked, call "Dead" to him and make him find it. He will point it. Tell him then to "Hieaway" and when he gets the bird in his mouth, call to him to "Fetch." If he does, pet him and make much of him and you will have made a retriever of him, from that moment.

Hunt him this way all the time and never walk over cover where birds are scattered until your dog has covered the ground thoroughly. When the ground is open and the fields are large, as in the South, after the dog has learned to range, he must be directed where to hunt and taught to change his direction and hunt out likely cover by wave of the hand. Never allow him to select his own course and hunt "on his own hook," for if you do, you will have to spend most of your time hunting your dog, instead of birds—if he is a wide ranger.

It is not the wide ranger that is always the best dog. Such a dog, if he has a good nose, may find more coveys, but the sport is had and the bag is made on the scattered birds. No matter how fast your dog may be, unless he can be made to hunt *your* ground, point the single birds, "drop to shot" and find and retrieve the dead birds quickly, he will give no sport, nor will you get a good bag.

The dog must understand he is to find and *point* the bird before he can have the pleasure of mouthing it. You have only to kill it when found; he to find it when dead and bring it to you. This is the culminating pleasure of the hunt to him, so if the hunter in his haste "walks up" the scattered birds himself, without having them first pointed, his dog will soon expect him to do it all the time and will be ruined for single birds. A slow dog, with a good nose, well trained on single birds, will give much more pleasure and success to the sportsman than the stylish wide ranger, not trained to hunt close for the scattered birds.

It is impossible to determine the quality of a dog until he is trained and hunted by a sportsman who knows how to handle him. The best dogs I ever owned were two pointers which I obtained after they were two years old. I can say of these dogs what few can vouch for any dog, that after years of hunting I never knew one to flush a bird. If a bird was on the ground they would retrieve it, no matter what water it crossed or thicket it hid in, and I do not recollect ever losing a bird that I saw was wounded.

Rome, Ga. Wm. M. G.

THE REFERENDUM

The Colclesser Tomahawk

In September RECREATION I notice that Mr. W. Brownridge, of South Orange, N. J., says, under the heading of "A Good Tomahawk," that nothing in the way of a hunting ax equals a Colclesser 12-ounce tomahawk. Now, as good goods are sure to be found out, I wish to say that I, too, am a user of Colclesser hunting axes, only my favorite is a 16-ounce double blade, with a 14-inch handle, this handle being nearly round and quite large enough to fully fill my hand when closed. Also the top end is wound with cord to give a firm grip.

This little ax has been in constant use for nearly eight years and has stood the hardest kind of usage, from cutting the wires to open a bale of hay and the general use around camp to digging traps out of the frozen mud and blazing out lines in "looking" timber lands. The thick edge I use for the rough work and the thin edge for clear timber, and I never in my twenty-five years' experience in the woods saw any edged tool to compare with this little double-bladed ax for holding a sharp edge. Hunting hatchets have been somewhat of a hobby with me. In my time I have used nearly all kinds advertised, besides what I could induce blacksmiths to make for me, but I never as yet got hold of anything half as good for actual use as the Colclesser little axes.

During the last few years I have induced a number of my sportsmen friends to purchase Colclesser tomahawks, and after testing them on outing trips they all had only words of praise for them.

I also have an 8-ounce tomahawk, which I sometimes carry when I wish to go light on a trail after deer or bear. J. B. MILLS.

Metamora, Mich.

Fly-fishing for Hornets

Late in the afternoon while fly-fishing for bass on the lake it is no uncommon occurrence to have the night-hawks sweep down with a w-h-r-r-r-r! after the feather lures; indeed, upon more than one occasion I have jerked my fly away for fear of hooking one of these interesting and useful birds. But the night-hawk is not the only bird which will take the artificial fly; all of the fly-catchers, phoebe birds, king birds or any of their kin will take a fly as readily as a trout. At one dark, deep bass hole, where an "old settler" of generous proportions used to lurk, there was a black alder bush, which, because of the deep shade of the forest trees on the shore, had leaned its trunk far over the dark water in search of the life-giving sunshine, and in the branches overhanging the bass hole two kinglets had built their nest, which I only discovered from the fact that every time I made a cast there one or both the little birds made a swoop for my fly. Although there was more than once a commotion in the pool, leaving a big swirl in the water, which told of the presence of a big and hungry fish, I never hooked it, because the king birds were quicker than the fish and I was compelled to prematurely jerk my line away to prevent capturing one of the little parents of the skinny, fuzzy-covered midgets in the pretty nest.

Not only do various birds readily take the artificial fly, but the big, black, paper nest-building hornets will dart at the feather-decorated hook upon every occasion, and more than once I have had dragon flies try to devour my lures under the impression that they were real, live insects.

Speaking of the ease with which birds are deceived and remembering the old, old story of the artist who painted fruit so realistic that the birds came and pecked it, it may interest the reader to know that when but a small boy I painted a lot of black beetles on a sheet of white paper and placed it near some catbirds with the result that the birds pecked the paper "full of holes" in their efforts to secure the imitation insects.

At Whippoorwill Camp, near Wildlands, Pa., where I am now writing, I related the last incident, and it was met with incredulous smiles. In the oak tree shading the door of the camp is a goodly sized paper balloon of a nest occupied by black hornets who busy themselves searching for house flies; piqued at the reception of my story, I proclaimed the fact that I could fool these hornets with a picture of a fly, and forthwith drew one with a soft lead pencil on a paper pad, while all the "Whippoorwills" sat round and watched. It was only a few moments until a big hornet pounced upon the picture fly, to the great astonishment of the "Whippoorwills" and my great joy, for I had never before tried the experiment, and a failure would have been embarrassing.

DAN BEARD.

Wildlands, Pa.

Easy to Suit

As I take particular interest in the "Referendum," I trust that this department of RECREATION will continue with the same display of enthusiasm and up-to-date ideas as in the past. Certainly those who are in the habit of reading these columns are educating themselves and deriving pleasure therefrom as well as keeping posted up to the minute on a topic which is almost inexhaustible for original opinions and ideas of value to the shooter. I do not think that one who has followed up these articles with the absorbing interest that they afford me can be ignorant of the proper type and caliber of firearm, loads, etc., which should best suit his requirements, whether he be planning a day's squirrel-shooting in neighboring timber or contemplating a trip over the Rocky Mountains or into South African jungles in the pursuit of big game. Indeed, if ever there is an "all-round gun," just the thing for rabbits or rhinoceros, I am confident it will herald its appearance, if not owe its very existence, to this department of RECREATION.

While many hunters carry rifles of the high power type, I cannot see where such a gun is necessary for the game commonly found in the mountains and woods of New York State, Maine and our other Eastern States. On the Western plains and hills, where longer shots are the rule, the flat trajectory and long range is essential, and the small bore rifle with nickel steel barrel, throwing a metal patched soft point bullet, is, without doubt, the weapon which should be used.

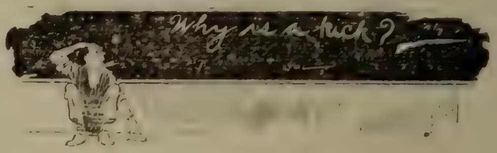
I am not partial to any particular make, as my gun case contains a Winchester rifle, Remington double-barreled shotgun, Colts .32 revolver, Stevens' Lord Model target pistol and a Marlin .22. I have Lyman receiver sights on the Winchester, which is a Model '95 box magazine, .40–72 caliber, and I load cartridges for same, using the 330-grain lead bullet; and any inaccuracies in the shooting of this gun are directly attributable to "the man behind"; in fact, I think the fault lies usually with the shooter instead of the gun when a perfect score is not made, and practice is the best remedy when properly applied.

For bird-shooting I have always used a double-barreled shotgun, as I am not expert enough with a rifle, and have yet to inaugurate the much discussed pump and auto-loading guns.

I have found that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure in the care of a gun. I use Marlin Rust Repeller and 3-in-1 oil, the former in the barrel and the latter for the working parts, and have never been troubled with rings, rust, lead or pitted barrels.

A. D. MILLS, JR.

Albany, N. Y.


Why is a kick?

A Few More Thinks

I read in the September issue of RECREATION an article by L. E. B., of Ellwood City, Pa., in which he says: "I would not have one of the much-talked-of auto-loading guns. They have a poor penetration and make a very inferior pattern."

Let me say that he could not have mine for $75 if I could not replace it with another. I have owned and used all kinds of guns, including the "pump-gun," and I consider the auto loading as far superior to the pump-gun as the latter is to the muzzle-loader, in the way of convenience. There are other qualities of merit in my favorite that I desire to mention, viz.: The auto-loading is the safest shotgun made, the general opinion of the inexperienced to the contrary notwithstanding. By use of the safety trigger it is almost impossible to have an accident in the field or when emptying the magazine. I can recall six accidental discharges in one week by reckless handling of pump-guns while in the field and while removing shells from the receiver. Some will say it was not the fault of the gun, but the reckless handling, which is, to a certain extent, true; for any gun within itself is not dangerous, but some are of much more assistance to the reckless than others.

Again, he says: "The force of the recoil is thrown back into the breech mechanism and is taken away from behind the shot, where it belongs—making poor penetration." This proves to me that our friend is laboring under another misapprehension. The recoil is not and does not belong behind the shot, but is the result of the air rushing into the barrel of the gun to take the place of the vacuum caused by the explosion and is a force acting in just the opposite direction from that suggested by his argument. The recoil force is spent upon the shoulder of the person shooting if he is using the pump or ordinary breech-loading double gun, while, as he says, in an auto-loading gun it is spent upon the breech mechanism in reloading. I have shot one hundred loads of 3¼ drams of smokeless powder at one stand without the slightest discomfort from recoil, while others using the same loads and pump or ordinary guns without recoil pads would stop with half that number of loads and complain of a lame shoulder.

I can put 70 per cent. of the load in a 30-inch circle at 40 yards with my auto-loading, which was as good as I could do with my pump-gun. I have killed ducks just as far as I ever did with my pump-gun. In a very recent trial while using the same kind of load I drove shot just as deep into the leaves of a book as I could with the pump-gun, which proves to me that it has just as good penetration. The pump-gun is a good gun, and if I could not have an auto-loader I would have one. But, like all true sportsmen, while I have my choice I want the best. J. W. Holdren.

Cherryvale, Kans.

Wants No Change

I am greatly interested in the "discussion columns" of your valued magazine, especially in that particular portion relating to shotguns.

I have owned a number of standard American guns, but my present choice, a Baker grade "A," more nearly fills the bill than any shotgun I have ever owned. With 3¼ drams of Dupont powder and 1¼ ounces No. 4 shot, I have killed ducks at eighty yards. Of course, the Parker, Ithaca and Lefever guns are all good, but the Baker, with its unexcelled safety device and strong shooting qualities, always "looks good to me." L. J. Jones.

Pontiac, Mich.

In the Tennessee Mountains

November in the Cumberlands. How much those four words mean only those who have enjoyed an autumn outing in the mountains can realize. When the hickories, scrub oaks and other deciduous trees have taken on their gorgeous garb of red, brown and gold; when the mistletoe hangs in dark green bunches from the otherwise bare branches of the gum, looking in the distance like crows' nests; when the ivy, laurel, fern and holly cling to the brown slopes and aid the pines and hemlocks in relieving the monotonous brown of the forest-covered mountains; when the squirrel is busy among the hickories and the children among the chestnuts, gathering their winter supply of goodies, then is the time to be in the mountains.

I had long planned an outing in the Tennessee mountains along with several companions, but something always kept them from going, so I finally went alone. My stopping-place was the little town of Winfield, in Scott County. I was met at the station by my cousin, Sidney Crain, an old man of some seventy summers, and a resident of that section for about twelve or fourteen years. He was too feeble to accompany me, and so I was obliged to hunt alone in a strange country. Quail were fairly plentiful in the valleys, but I did not hunt them; I wanted to shoot a wild turkey. But although I occasionally saw "signs," I did not succeed in seeing the coveted bird.

I was somewhat compensated for my failure to secure a turkey by the squirrel I shot. I climbed mountains, explored ravines, visited coal mines and had a splendid time in general, returning home feeling better than I had for some time.

Nearly every man in the Cumberlands carries his "gun," and is not slow to use it when aroused. The moonshiner once flourished in this locality, but his day is drawing to a close. Books and newspapers have invaded his realm, and a new era is dawning. Ten years ago guns without "ears" (hammerless) were an object of interest for miles around, and many of the simple implements of every-day agricultural life were unknown. Improvements are slowly creeping into the valley, but many years will yet elapse before the pure mountain air will be contaminated with the smoke and poisonous fumes, or the quietude broken by the noise and confusion of active commercial life.

Clarence A. Vandiveer.

Miamisburg, O.

In re the Game Farm

The September Recreation has an interesting article on the extinction of the prairie hen. When any desirable bird or animal is likely to become extinct, I believe the only effectual remedy is to breed them in captivity. This has been done with the ruffed grouse, and, after ages of failure, the gray partridge of Europe is now successfully bred in confinement in France.

The superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park wrote to me last spring that "the band of mountain sheep in the park became almost as tame as domesticated sheep during the winter when they were fed every day."

Every State in the Union ought to have at least one sanctuary for native and foreign game, and our State fairs ought to offer premiums for the best exhibition of tamed wild animals, both native and foreign. The trouble is we have at least 100,000 men who are ready to slaughter wild animals to one who would save them from extinction. At Oak Park, near Chicago, is what is claimed to be one of the largest pheasant-breeding establishments in the world. There are many varieties of American game and waterfowl bred there. I think RECREATION ought to give us a description of some such place and the methods pursued there; it could not fail to be interesting and instructive.

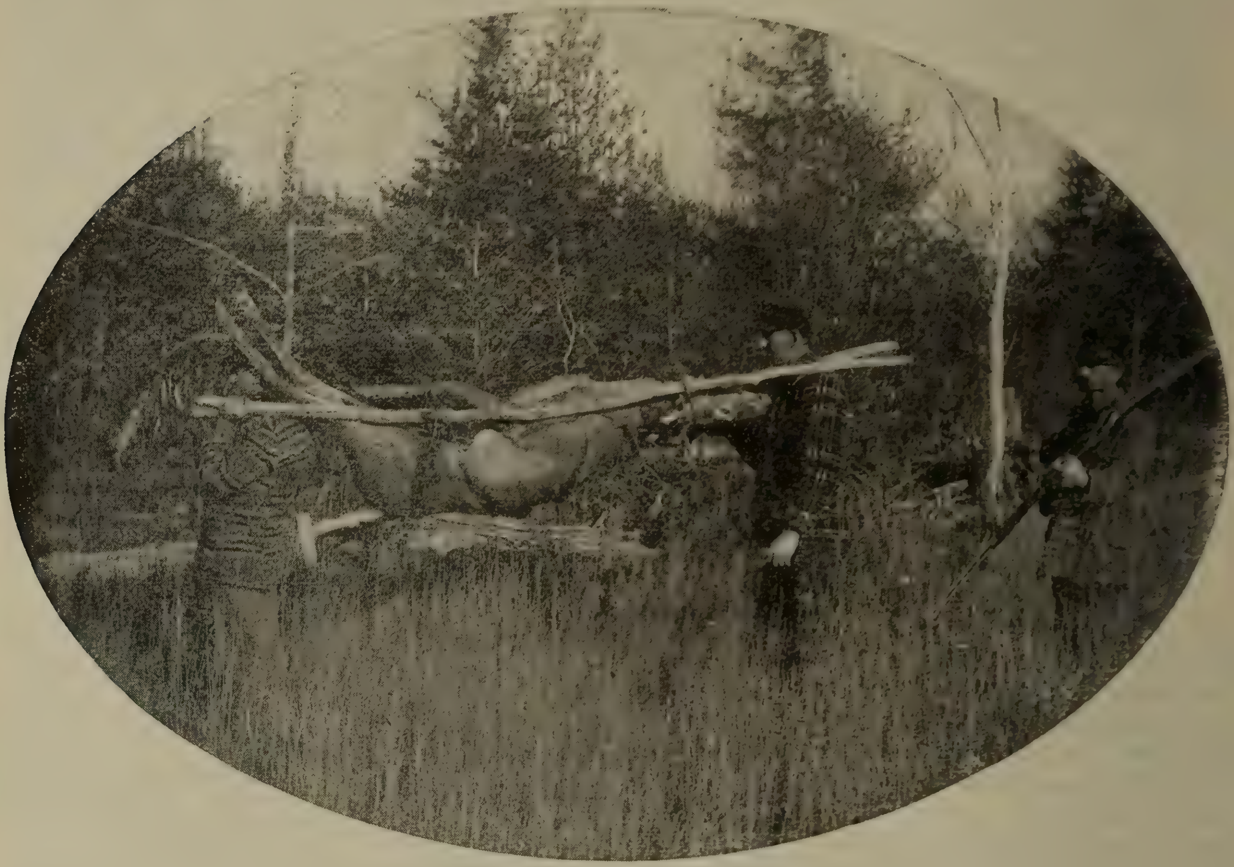
Kerrville, Tex. EDW. K. CARR.

[The February, '07, number of RECREATION will contain a special article telling about a southern California game preserve, where many varieties of pheasants, ducks and partridges are raised.—ED.]

Toting Deer

I observed in the October issue of RECREATION, 1905, an article from John Boyd, entitled "A Hunter's Method of Toting Deer." The illustrations are good and it would be well for all hunters to study them, for the same rule will not apply in all cases, and one is often compelled to try the plan that is least in favor.

I have never put in as much time hunting deer as I have wanted to, but when on my last trip I helped carry a deer in a way that I think is preferable to some ways spoken of in the article referred to. It is simply this: Take two poles ten feet long. (We used dead tamarack.) They should be strong and not very heavy, and about one and a half or two inches thick at the bottom end. They should be strong enough so they will not bend down, as do those in the illustration on page 314 of Mr. Boyd's article, for when they bend down that lets the deer swing sideways and makes it very hard to carry.



HOW THEY DO IT IN MICHIGAN

Lay the poles on the ground parallel to each other, about fifteen or eighteen inches apart, according to the size of the deer to be carried; then pass a small cord around both poles, the length of the deer. Lay the deer on the cord between the poles, on its back, and then pick up the poles, and you have your load. The poles should come upon the deer's side, far enough so there is no swing. Thus it is held in place and is much cleaner to carry than when it is on one's shoulder. The accompanying photo may help to convey the idea. T. JOHNSON.

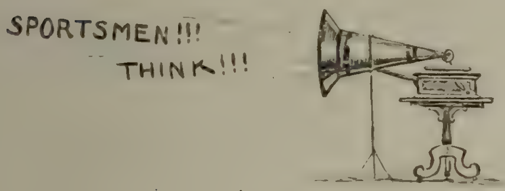
South Haven, Mich.

The Partridge Sights

In reply to the query of Mr. C. P. Winther, Hamilton, Mont., in the September number, regarding Partridge sights, I have never known of them being used on the Colt automatic pistol. The Partridge and Lyman revolver sights are best adapted to the S. & W. revolver, but could be fitted to the Colt by any gunsmith.

J. C. Anderson.

Oak Park, Sacramento, Cal.


SPORTSMEN!!!
THINK!!!

Squirrels with a Shotgun

Very vehemently must I disagree with Mr. Ernest Cave, who, in the September number of Recreation, writes of "Sport in Squirrel-Shooting."

This gentleman evidently has had much experience in squirrel-hunting, and it is only just to say that his article was, in the main, intensely interesting and certainly instructive. But to annihilate a little squirrel with a 16-bore double-barrel shotgun! ! !

Touching the proper arm and the three different types, I note that he calls himself the "up-to-date" hunter. After being taken by the narrative into the squirrel woods and learning our sure (and really very true) lesson, we find our second squirrel has climbed the small oak ten yards—only thirty feet away. "It is an easy shot," he writes, "and you soon have your first squirrel in your pocket." Sportsmen! ! ! Think! ! ! Thirty feet away, with a 16-gauge shell, which is guaranteed to pattern over 240 pellets of No. 7½ shot in a 30-inch circle at 35 yards.

How much better would it not be to accord the squirrel the respect he rightly deserves and go into the woods and still-hunt in reality with a .22 caliber 10-shot automatic.

Shooting with the rifle may seem very much more difficult than with a shotgun to the beginner, but it seems ill to recommend or encourage the use of the latter by the amateur. If, after attaining a degree of proficiency in the use of the heavy arm and a knowledge of and interest in the habits of their quarry, they would discard it for a rifle, there would be limited criticism, but, unfortunately, a shotgun-slaughterer of small game seldom reforms. But, started right, and unless unduly tempted, they would have chosen arms suitable in weight to their game.

Mr. Cave's picture represents him with a .22 caliber single rifle (although his discourse never touches that period). When, we may wonder, did he fall? Let the man with the 12- and 16-bore double-barrel and "pump" keep behind his dogs or in his blind, with these most proper arms wherever properly used, as, for instance, on birds and fowl while in flight, but in hunting animals which may be shot at while in a stationary position use a rifle, and refrain from delivering that charge of shot *that could not miss* into their bodies.

Isn't Mr. Cave "in wrong?"

William R. Lott.

Rainbow Lake, Adirondacks.

A Question Answered

Can you tell me where I can get an old-style Smith & Wesson Revolver, .44 caliber? The gun I want was patented in 1860 and was used in the army. It has a wooden grip and an eight-inch barrel. Richard Valentine.

Erie, Pa.

[Try Francis Bannerman, 501 Broadway, New York.—Ed.]

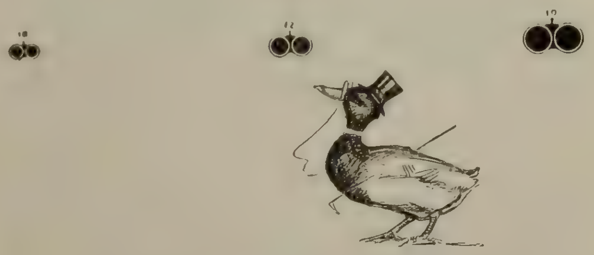
Black 'Chucks in New Hampshire

In the September number of Recreation I see, under "The Referendum," an article by Charles R. La Barre, of Harford, Pa., in regard to the black woodchuck. He asks if any of the readers ever saw one. A black woodchuck was killed in this town two weeks ago (August 28) by Dan Brennen, who is a caretaker of a large summer estate here. Also several have been shot in this town within the past ten years, but, as a rule, they are very scarce.

This same man, Brennen, shot last fall two silver-gray foxes, which he sold in the New York market for $300. The prospect for some good hunting this fall looks promising, as the partridges and rabbits are very plentiful. The quail have all disappeared.

Geo. S. Proctor.

Wilton, N. H.



Ten, Twelve or Sixteen

Just which is best would be about as hard to determine as the proper revolver, which seems to be the leading topic in sporting magazines lately.

I shall not state my opinion as to killing distance of either, but will state that with the three guns, 16, 12, 10, if built in proportion to bore, as to weight, length of barrels, etc., that there is no question but that the 10-bore is most effective as a game-killer, and the 12-gauge next; the same is true of penetration. But this is not the only test—there are several other things to consider, some of which I may mention: weight of gun, weight of ammunition, cost of ammunition, noise and ease of manipulation.

Having used a great many guns of both large and small bore, from 28-gauge to 8-gauge, my experience is that to get a 10-gauge gun that will take a good effective load, and not kick too much, it must weigh 9 pounds; add to this 50 or 75 loaded shells, 1½ ounces shot each, the rest in proportion, and after carrying this load for several hours, and firing several shots, one finds it hard on the nervous system, and the precision and accuracy necessary to good work will be noticeably affected—perhaps not with some, but I have noticed it in myself and also in the case of friends.

I realize that the 16-gauge overcomes this difficulty, but to reduce the gun to a nice proposition and using proper loads also reduces the penetration and especially the pattern to an extent that seems unnecessary.

A man of sound body and constitution should be able to carry a 12-gauge gun, and handle it quickly and accurately, if of 7¾ pounds, and this gun with 3½ drams of smokeless powder, and 1⅛ ounces shot, should give good penetration and pattern; and this reduction of 1¼ pounds on weight of gun, and a pound or two on ammunition, means a great deal after a few hours in the field. It saves the nervous and tiring strain produced by heavier loads, which will more than make up for any loss from a lighter gun and charge. The above is the reason why I use, exclusively, a 12-gauge gun of about 8 pounds, and would not trade it for any 10-gauge.

If my hunting were all on ducks and geese, "blind" shooting, I should want a 10-gauge, and if squirrels, rabbits and quail, would take a 16-gauge, but for an all-around give me the 12-gauge.

I should like to see an article from a trustworthy source showing the velocity when "shoulder shooting" of a 16-gauge, 5½-5¾ pounds; a 12-gauge, 7-7½ pounds, and a 10-gauge of 9 pounds. Also at what distance from the gun the penetration would be equal. That is, if killing range be 70 yards for the 10-gauge, at what distance would the penetration be equal using 12- and 16-gauges? For loads 16-gauge, 2½ P., ⅞ S.; 12-gauge, 3½ P., 1⅛S.; 10-gauge, 4½ P., 1½ S.

This is an interesting subject. Let's hear from others. L. R. Penfield.

Des Moines, Iowa.

[In this connection some experiments which we carried out a few days ago with a very small bore may be of interest. The weapon was a double-barrel shotgun of 24-gauge, weighing 4½ pounds, with 26-inch barrels, the right cylinder bored and the left full choke. The charge used was 2 drams Hazard black powder, and ¾ ounce of No. 8 chilled shot, in U. M. C. Nitro Club shells. At thirty yards the full choke barrel gave a pattern of 222 in the 30-inch circle. This was 74 per cent. of the charge. The cylinder gave a pattern of 210 at twenty yards. Such a gun should be most useful in covert shooting for ruffed grouse or woodcock, but would, evidently, be an absurdly inadequate weapon for the duck marsh. —Ed.]

STRAIGHT
CURVE

Burn Straight Powder

I notice in the September number of Recreation that Mr. Ed. C. Beeching, of South Edmeston, N. Y., says he doesn't want any metal patched bullets to go through his .303 Savage, and so make a shotgun of it. He prefers the new Ideal metal gas check bullet.

Now, which is the hardest on the rifling? Isn't a square edge harder on the rifle than a smooth metal cover? It will wear out the rifling a great deal sooner than a metal patch will, because of the square edge on the base of the bullet. It is harder than a metal patch. It must be very hard and tight-fitting to avoid being blown through the gun by the heavy charges of smokeless powder.

As to reloading the high power cartridges, I don't approve of it myself. I prefer letting the other fellow do the experimenting, and I feel sure I shall live just as long by so doing.

There are some shooters that seem to think they have to use a 13-inch rifle on a deer to kill it. Now, I have known of deer being killed with an ordinary .22 rifle, and have seen many a one killed with a shotgun. It isn't the power of your rifle nearly so much as it is the proper and careful placing of your shots. A big ball will not kill a bit better than a small one, if it is not placed in a vital spot. I can kill as many deer with a .32 Winchester as with a .30-30, or any other high-power gun. Place your shots in a vital spot and get your game. Unless you are able to do so, it doesn't make any difference how big or how hard a shooter is the rifle you carry, you will never get game.

In the mountain regions one seldom gets a shot at game at over 200 yards, and more often they are within 50 yards, so almost any rifle will be effective. There is more game killed to-day in the Western States with the .44 Winchester than with the high power rifles.

Bonaparte, Iowa. Jesse C. Brown.

A High Power Smooth Bore

To those readers of Recreation who are interested in firearms that are out of the ordinary, or to those who have a fondness for the old smooth bore, I have a few words which may be interesting. Realizing many of the advantages of the modern small bores, and seeking to omit the disadvantages, the costly ammunition, the use of hard-jacketed bullets at the expense of the barrel, the insufficient diameter of bore for hunting purposes, I (after two years' wrangling with manufacturers, dealers, etc.) ordered from the Winchester Repeating Arms Company a .50 caliber weapon, with nickel steel barrels (so that high pressure smokeless powder could be used therein) to be smooth-bored, to use either shot or a spherical bullet, to be cast of lead from a mold made especially for the purpose by the Ideal Manufacturing Company. My friends were very emphatic in saying that a round bullet shot from a smooth bore would not be accurate, yet this does not seem to be true, as I have found it as accurate as is paper-patched ammunition in my .32-40.

The versatility of this weapon is remarkable, for by simply changing the shells one can have a load suitable to anything from a humming-bird to an elephant.

By using a small load of powder, with either shot or ball, a low-powdered weapon can be had for shooting small game or for target practice.

With a medium load of powder and a ball, a good load can be had for medium-sized game, being about the same strength as the .38-40 W. C. F., while a properly loaded charge of smokeless powder and chilled shot gives one a load which compares very favorably with a 16-gauge shotgun.

As a high-power big game gun it is certainly "the goods," for with a suitable charge of slow-burning, dense, smokeless powder and a bullet of pure lead weighing 185 grains, it speeds at the velocity of over 2,000 feet per second, consequently giving a very flat trajectory, and a penetration of nineteen $\frac{7}{8}$-inch pine boards placed fifteen feet from the muzzle—greater than the .45-70-500. The bullet makes a large diameter hole, thus bleeding an animal, which is a great aid in trailing wounded game.

The economy of reloading is a strong feature. The home casting of bullets from pure lead or other soft alloy (which means that the wear on the barrel is greatly reduced), the using of bullets without patching, without metal gas checks or without lubrication; the readiness with which shells can be reloaded and the same accuracy maintained with varying loads of either black, bulk or dense smokeless powders, are strong points in favor of the smooth bore.

And as a high-power shotgun, it is possible, but not yet practical. Imagine a charge of shot speeding 2,000 feet per second (as compared with 1,200 feet per second of the ordinary shotgun of to-day), and reaching game 40 per cent. greater distance, and you have it. If kind fortune favors the writer in the future the sporting fraternity may know more about this high-power shotgun. But as it is, all things considered, I have the best all-around weapon in existence, and my fellow-sportsmen who desire an all-around gun would do well to own such an arm.

And now, just a few words to those who wish to experiment with arms. Remember it is extremely dangerous. It takes time, money, patience and toil. Weigh everything well, both in your mind and on a good chemical balance. Work your way, grain by grain. Go slow. Be very cautious. Be careful. Watch out well what you do. Remember that "wise people never take chances." And now, brother disciples of Izaak Walton and followers of the mighty Nimrod, I bid you smoke in peace.

Lawrence, Mass. Weston Osgood.

[Will Mr. Osgood give us the pattern of his gun at 40 yards with No. 7 shot, and its trajectory at 200 yards? Would he shoot it against a .32-40 at that range?—Ed.]

The Wind in the Mountains

Were you ever in the mountains when the wind blew, and did you hear, away overhead in the branches, its wild music and wish to be there for a while and be close to the musicians?

A night or two ago I awoke in a most uncomfortable draught, and turn and twist as I would in my half-awake condition, the cold night air was not to be avoided. He wished an interview with me, and, finding the door open, came grandly in. My tent was arranged so well and everything made snug for the night, the camp-fire was out, and I had been sleeping soundly. It was cold on that clear Sierra night, and most woodmice and others bethought them of some hollow log or cozy retreat. But, get up, the wind said, and with a careful calculation as to which garment I was to put on first, when once the covers were off, I did arise. And how comfortable it was when all was fixed in place and a merry fire set snapping in front! There was no timepiece in camp, and the stars had not been consulted as to where and when they should appear, and what position the Dipper should be in just before the dawn. But one thing was very evident and pressing that needed immediate attention, for I had gone to bed very tired and had eaten no supper.

A strange thing about the wind in the California mountains, and possibly in other mountains, is the regularity with which it will come down hill at night. And when one is arranging for one's camping place one had better speak to the trees and rocks and other residents as to which trees had best hold the tent that its back may be against the downcoming wind. At supper time the smoke of the fire will tell you the trend and path of the night air and you may sleep better if you note it.

In the Adirondacks a man told me that the wind always blew the smoke to the handsomest man in camp, and then, with a wink, he explained that on occasion we were all eligible to that distinction.

Once when on a high mountain near San Francisco I could look down to the ocean and see the waves all churned white in a gale, while all around us was so still I believe one could have carried a lighted candle out of doors.

The men who live in the mountains, and the squirrels, know the temper of his voice and can tell you when a storm is brewing. The cones come rattling down and all the dead twigs that are not just strong enough are broken and cover the ground. Every spring the ground is strewn with fresh litter and it seems that there always will be a number of discards to make, as we would look over old letters.

Sometimes when looking toward the sun you can see silvery threads waving like long pennants on the air and they are at times caught in the light in such a way that they appear violet or green, and one wonders where they are from. Boys will be boys, and I suppose some youngster of a spider is flying his kite against the blue sky of this June morning and wondering why she pulls so, and if he will have time to reel in all the line before his mother wishes some errand done or his comrades go home and leave him on the hilltop alone. And what does the wind do with all these spiderwebs when he comes back? Does he attach them first to the branches of a tree before taking a new point of departure or are there many loose ends that are never taken up? Surely there must be some disappointed spiders at the other end of the lines, and one naturally asks how long did they wait before they realized that the wind had changed his plans.

It has been said that all we can do is to move things, and, surely, the wind is a good mover. Think of the ships and their cargoes and the many other things. But what came closer to my interests one winter while snowbound in the Sierras was the thought that a big pine tree might blow down and crush my cabin and possibly do me harm. It was a large tree and leaned as though hurt in some winter storm, and in passing it on my way to the spring it would talk to me, as trees talk by creaking and groaning, as though old rheumatics had it for sleeping out nights and being careless of the rain, the penalty most of us hardy ones pay for being strong. My suspicions grew from day to day that the old fellow wished to lie down and give up the struggle. But I did not wish him to lie down on me or on my cabin, for he measured about five feet through, and his fall would shake the earth a mile away. On windy nights I would go visiting and if it did not calm down by bedtime, an explanation would be made of the affairs at my house and, with a smile, I would be invited to sleep in peace at my neighbors.

In the spring I moved away, and through the long delightful summer of the California mountains all went well, but the following winter an old trapper wrote me that a large pine to the north of my cabin had blown down in a storm and crushed my little abode. Years after I passed the place and looked over the pieces of snow-bleached boards, and the parts of a rusty stove, and noticed where a shake-maker had taken out a cut to see if it would rive. A squirrel scampered up to a neighboring branch and commenced to dance and chatter as though he was tickled to think of my narrow escape.

And yet I love the wind when he is gentle. He is strong, and we all admire great strength. And if we could see him his very size would captivate us, for he seems to fill the place. And though he has no voice of his own, how he can play on the trees! EUGENE WELLS.

Wawona, Mariposa County, Cal.

PARAGRAPHS FOR PURCHASERS

YOU will be interested to get acquainted with the ripe olive. Ripe olives have long been the principal food in the far Eastern countries, because they are the perfect food, containing intact the oil that the system craves. The table oil which many of us consider absolutely necessary to the meal comes not from the green fruit that we ordinarily see, but from the ripe olive, which is rarely known except to those who are fortunate enough to live in the countries where the olive tree grows. In our own West, where these trees grow and thrive, ripe olives are as well known as a food as potatoes are to the Eastern farmer. This delicious ripe fruit, however, has not been well known here in the East for the very good reason that until recently no process was discovered whereby it could be preserved so that it would keep indefinitely, or until it could be placed upon the tables in climates other than that of its native country. The Lyvola process now preserves this complete fruit-food in nature so that the flavor of the ripe olive is not lost and that without deteriorating it may be kept indefinitely in almost any climate. A ripe olive is a revelation to those who know the fruit in its green state only. Write to the Lyvola Olive Company, Rochester, N. Y., and mention RECREATION.

In their improved Nitro Special single-barrel gun, the Stevens Arms and Tool Company is putting on the market a gun which promises to become even more popular than any they have heretofore brought out. The barrel is made of high pressure steel, with lugs swedged on the barrel *i.e.*, a part of the barrel, not brazed on; it will stand the heaviest loads of dense powder. The new gun has the regular Stevens check-hook to take up all wear and prevent any strain on the foreend, and also has a patent snap foreend. It weighs about seven pounds. To get a full description, with prices, etc., address the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass., and mention RECREATION.

Is there anything so fascinating as building your own boat? The winter is drawing on, and now is the time to begin to prepare for next year's boating season. When the ice is thick over brook and stream, and the fire crackles merrily on the hearth, is the time to think and plan for the coming summer and—why not begin to build that boat you have promised yourself for so many years? Motor boats, launches, sailboats, canoes, all kinds and shapes and sizes, are covered by the Brooks system. A paper pattern the exact size and shape of every piece of wood or metal needed in the construction of your boat is supplied, together with full plans and specifications. Write to-day to the Brooks Boat Manufacturing Company, Bay City, Mich., mentioning this magazine.

There are such a number of books, old and new, good and bad, treating on hunting and fishing, that one is often in doubt as to which to select as containing the most useful information. Andersch Bros., Dept. 51, Minneapolis, Minn., publish a book entitled the "Hunters and Trappers Guide," which will be found of value to any one contemplating going "in" during the coming trapping season. Write for full particulars and mention RECREATION.

Ever try to clean yourself up so that when you struck town you would look respectable, and accomplish it without shaving? Well, hardly. And don't you remember how the wind dried the lather on your face before you could make one sweep with the razor? Yes. Well, next time don't try to lather out of doors with ordinary toilet soap, but take along a stick of Williams' shaving soap, the kind that does not dry on your face.

A folding rear peep-sight is a good thing, all right, but the trouble with it is that when you have finally sighted your moose (who has also just sighted you), and thrown your rifle to your shoulder, you may find that your patent folding sight has folded itself. A little thing like this has cost many and many a hunter a fine trophy. For it causes a loss of a second or so before the sight can be adjusted again, and at the same time is extremely disconcerting. Most often when the hunter looks up from fumbling with his sight the game has vanished. So it pays to have a Lyman sight, which you can lock up, and when you start hunting, it is up to stay. Write to the Lyman Gun Sight Corporation, Middlefield, Conn., and get their circular telling all about it.

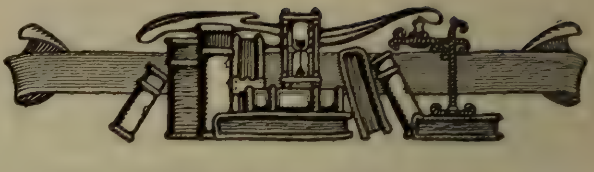
Going to buy that new shotgun this season? If so, and you haven't made up your mind what make to select, write to the Ithaca Gun Co., Ithaca, N. Y., for its free art catalogue. If you want a cheap gun or if you want a costly one, this concern can supply your wants; for it makes fine guns for everybody at every price ranging from a small minimum to $300, and all are guaranteed, right down to the smallest screw.

A few days ago a friend from out of town came in to see us and, after some conversation, remarked, "I'm going to get a motor car." We expressed polite surprise and our cue was naturally to ask, "What kind are you going to get?" After some thought he replied, "Well, I don't know. There are so many kinds, every one 'the best on the market,' that I haven't been able to decide. I think, though, that it will be one of the Pope cars." "What made you pick them out?" we asked. He took a long pull at his pipe and slowly replied, "Well, I've always tried to be a sportsman, and I've always tried to take my successes and defeats just alike—without either shouting or kicking. And so I admire any one who can take his medicine without a murmur, and that's what the Pope people did when their car was unjustly ruled out of the Vanderbilt Cup race. I admire them for it, and I am going to write to the Pope Manufacturing Company, at Hartford, Conn., and let them 'show me.'"

A great many of our readers write us and ask where they can get particular supplies. They ask for fishing tackle, guns, ammunition, cameras, kodaks or sporting equipment of some sort or other, which is, perhaps, a little different, a little better, a little lighter or heavier than the general run of such things. If you chance to be one of the particular class, we ask you first to write to Von Lengerke & Detmold, 349 Fifth Avenue, New York City, before you write to us, and then if they have not got it, why—but they have it.

In the Woods

or in the mountains, no matter how far from civilization, fresh milk can always be had if foresight is used in packing the outfit. Borden's Peerless Evaporated-Cream in cans keeps indefinitely until opened and answers every purpose. It is pure, rich milk, condensed to the consistency of cream, put up without sugar and preserved by sterilization only.



NEW BOOKS

At last "The Dog Book," by James Watson, for which dog fanciers have been waiting since the publishing of Part I in a paper cover, is out. Of course, and as is already generally known among the fraternity, it is far and away the best popular treatise on the dog that has been published, either in America or abroad. There are two heavy volumes, of almost 400 pages each, and hundreds of superb illustrations from photographs, paintings and rare engravings. Preceding the sixty-one chapters, each devoted to a separate breed, are chapters under the headings: "Early History of the Dog," "The Dog in the House," "Exhibition Dogs," "Management of Shows," "Buying a Dog," "Early Spaniels and Setters" and "Training a Field Dog." A glossary of technical terms is appended for the use of the lay reader.

The chief claim for the work, as distinguishing it from all other treatises on the dog, is that the author's conclusions are drawn from years of careful and elaborate research. Furthermore, Mr. Watson may be said to be—in his book—in no wise biased or opinionated. When we remember the dog man's proverbial bent for controversy, and considering the author's long experience as judge, breeder, and reporter of bench shows, it would not have been strange to find the contrary. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York

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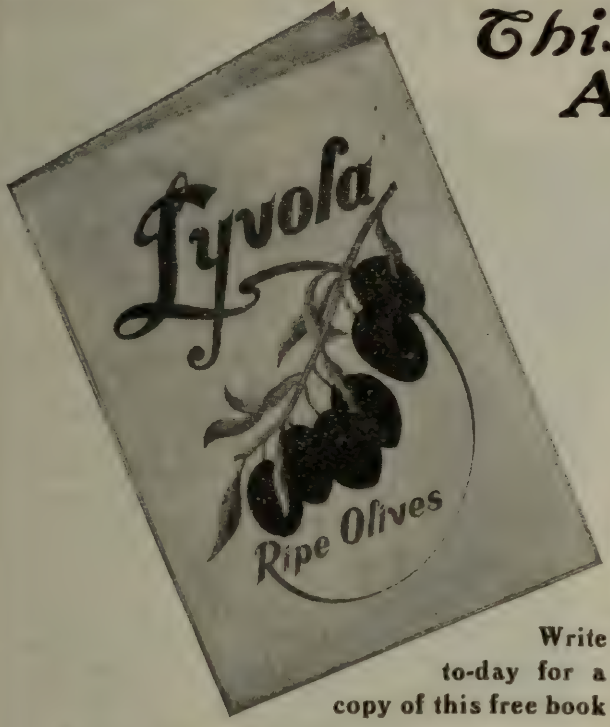
What promises to be the most important book of the year, from the viewpoint of the hunter of big game, is "Campfires in the Canadian Rockies," by Wm. T. Hornaday. It relates the experiences of this well-known zoologist and sportsman, and John M. Phillips, Pennsylvania game commissioner and founder of the Lewis and Clark Club, while hunting in British Columbia. A feature of the book is the illustrations from photographs of live wild mountain goats made by Mr. Phillips at the risk of his life. The text, of course, is as valuable as an addition to natural history as it is interesting as a story, and both Mr. Hornaday and Mr. Phillips are deserving of the praise of the fraternity in producing a work which contains such important and interesting additions to the life history of the Rocky Mountain goat. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City.

This Free Book Tells About a New Food



Write to-day for a copy of this free book

LYVOLA Ripe Olives is a new food product containing 58 per cent. more nutrition than eggs. One quart of **LYVOLAS** equals in food value three pounds of the best meat.

You know what green olives are, but unless you have lived in California, you don't know what **RIPE** olives are.

There's a big difference.

There's as much difference between a green olive and a ripe olive as there is between a green watermelon and a ripe one, or a green and ripe anything else.

The green olive—the olive you know—is a condiment—an indigestible pickle. It is picked green, and in that state it has no nutritious properties. It is injurious to the stomach, overtaxes the kidneys, and you eat it only because you've acquired the habit.

The ripe olive—the olive you don't know—is a perfect fruit-meat, rich in nutriment and health-making properties.

To most people the food value of the ripe olive will be a revelation. According to an analysis made by the U. S. Government, Ripe Olives contain 75 food units, while eggs contain only 48, chicken 19, and milk 13.

LYVOLAS represent the first successful attempt to give a perfect ripe olive to the public.

What is known as the Mission olive has been picked ripe and pickled in salt brine, and has been used in a local way in California for many years. But nobody ever ventured to pack them for the market, for the simple reason that it was not thought possible to do so in a way to make them retain their rich, nutty flavor, and their natural crispness and solidity. And all these years the market has been held by the green olive.

Everybody admits the food and medicinal value of pure olive oil. About this there has ceased to be any controversy. A quart of **LYVOLAS** contains a third of a pint of absolutely pure olive oil. When you eat **LYVOLAS** you get your full quota of olive oil, and you get it pure. You get it also in disguise, for there is nothing about the taste of **LYVOLAS** that suggests oil. They are not greasy or oily in any sense. They have a rich, nutty taste unknown to any other food.

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LYVOLAS are rich in life-giving olive oil without any suggestion of the taste of oil about them. Nature has secreted health-giving olive oil in them, disguised to please the palate and charm the eye. They are simply delicious. Nothing else that you have ever eaten tastes like them. As a health food, **LYVOLAS** are unequaled. They make it possible to omit meat entirely from your bill of fare.

Remember that when you buy **LYVOLAS** you buy a sterilized product. They are absolutely free from bacteria. The fruit itself is by nature perfectly free from every form of germ life, and our process of preservation sterilizes everything that enters into the contents of the package. You may feel perfectly safe in using it as a food.

If you would know more about this natural life-giving food, now for the first time ready to be placed on your table, write us to-day for our

FREE BOOK

It is beautifully printed in colors and finely illustrated. It tells you about olive culture in general and about **Lyvolas** in particular. It is interesting from cover to cover. You will prize it for the information it contains. It is absolutely free, and will be sent, postage prepaid, for the asking. Write for it to-day, as we expect to distribute only a limited quantity of these books.

LYVOLA OLIVE COMPANY

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If they are not **Lyvolas** they are not Ripe Olives.

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M. C. Hutchings, Box 28, Bozeman, Mont., says: "I feel that I cannot speak too highly of Lyvola Ripe Olives as a most nutritious food. I certainly feel that I am doing humanity a favor by recommending them."

Miss S. M. George, 65 Holland St., W. Somerville, Mass., says: "The olives came and we liked them very much, both as to taste and as an article of food. The oil is fine, also. It is the first oil I have been able to use, and the flavor to it does not trouble me at all."

Wm. Hartz, 160 Rutledge Ave., Charleston, S.C., says: "I have eaten green olives and ripe olives, but no such olives as the 'Lyvolas.' They are certainly nice."

Mrs. O. C. Bull, Station 2, 128 Madison St., Traverse City, Mich., says: "I can truthfully say Lyvola Ripe Olives are the best fruit I have ever eaten. I never fire of them. I have been a walking receptacle of drugs, which benefited me for only a short time. Constipation and kidney trouble have been my chronic ailments. The druggist will not be patronized by me in the future. I shall know who to call upon after this."

George H. Porter, Box 944, Stoughton, Mass., says: "Lyvola Ripe Olives are the most delicious of any olives I ever ate, and I have enjoyed them in the past in their own native Californian home."

A. R. Brown, So. Washington St., Whitman, Mass., writes: "The Lyvolas arrived safely, and after eating them a few days after meals, I found besides being the most delicious of anything in the line of olives I had ever eaten that they acted as a digestant, relieving the stomach of that sense of fullness which had troubled me for more than a year, occasioned by an attack of appendicitis."

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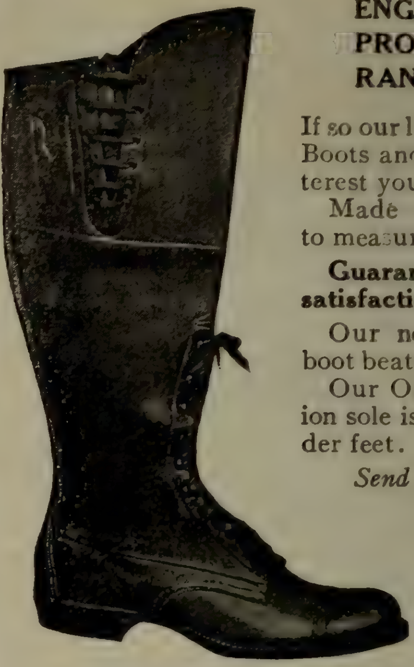

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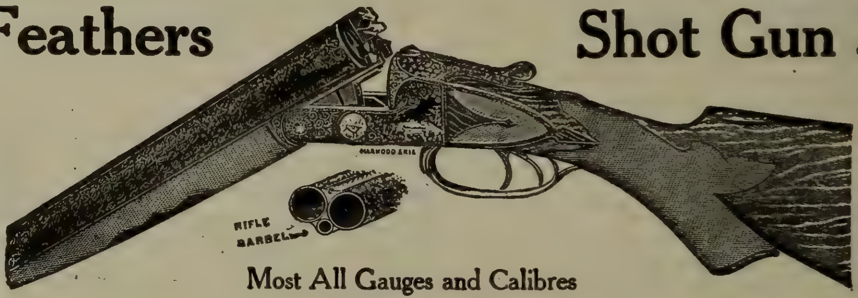

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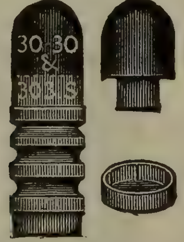

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32 W.S
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32 M.H.P

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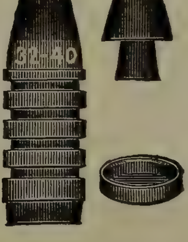

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IDEAL MANUFACTURING CO., 12 U Street, New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

For prairie chickens and quail to turkeys and geese there is no all-around shotgun like the 12-gauge *Marlin* Model 19 repeating take-down.

This gun is light and quick. It comes to the shoulder with the pleasant certainty which means good scores.

The solid top, side ejection, automatic hangfire, safety recoil block and take-down features all make for that *Marlin* comfort and convenience so prized by gun lovers.

Any goose or duck shooter appreciates a repeating shotgun in which the breech bolt, when closed, fills the opening in the frame, thus keeping out sand, rushes and rain or snow, a gun that will not freeze up or clog, and all huntsmen value the safety recoil block, which prevents the breech being opened by accident or prematurely in rapid firing.

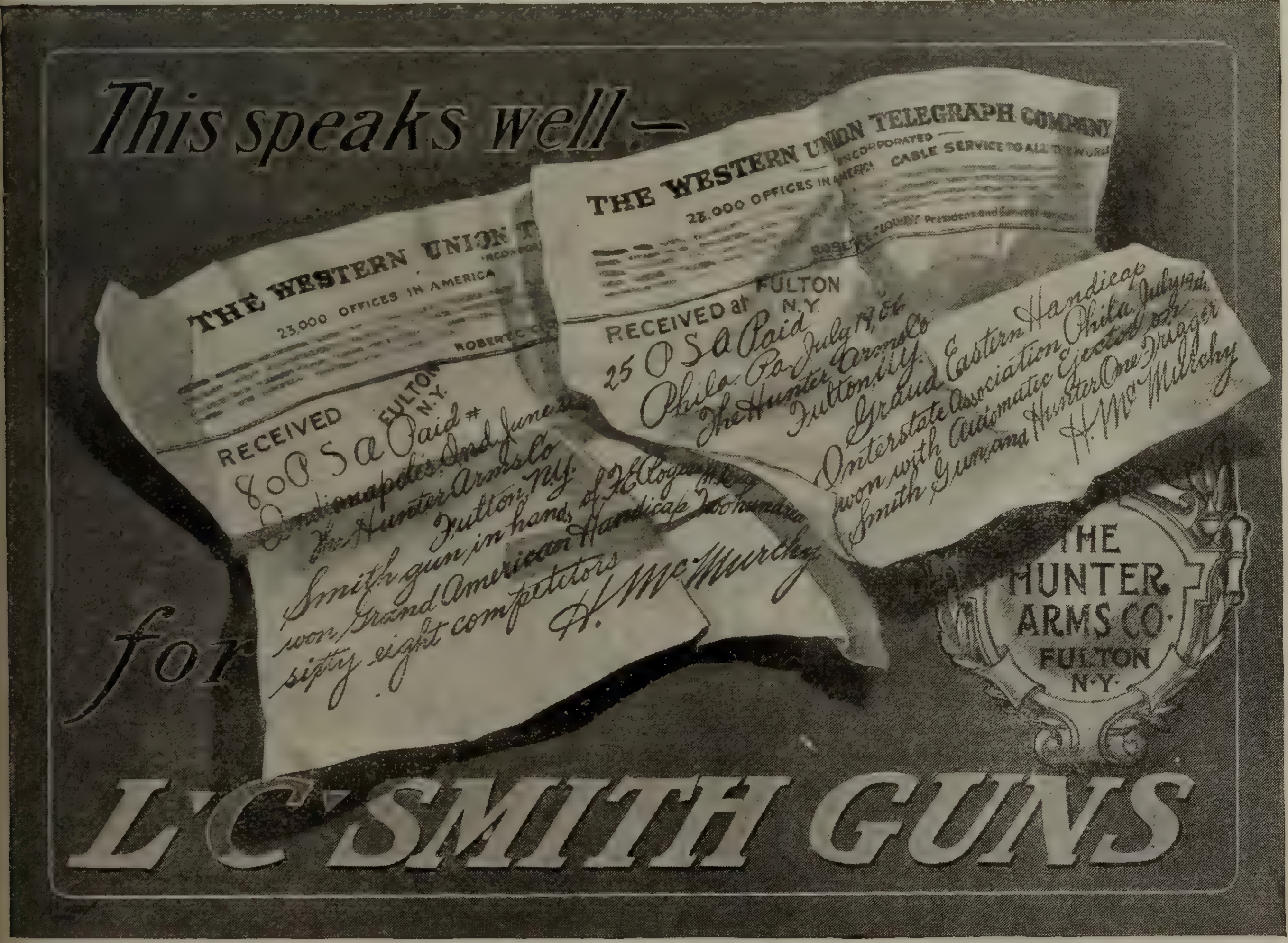
The magazine carries five shells, and with one in the chamber, the *Marlin* Model 19 places six shots at your disposal. All six shots can be fired in four seconds.

The breech-block and all the working parts are cut from solid steel drop-forgings.

Barrels for the Model 19 *Marlin*, Grades "B" and "C," are made of "Special Smokeless Steel" severely tested and are required to put over 325 No. 8 shot into a 30-in. circle at 40 yards.

The many superior qualities of this beautiful shotgun are described more fully in our new Catalogue, which will be mailed you FREE upon receipt of six cents in stamps.

The Marlin Firearms Co., 30 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.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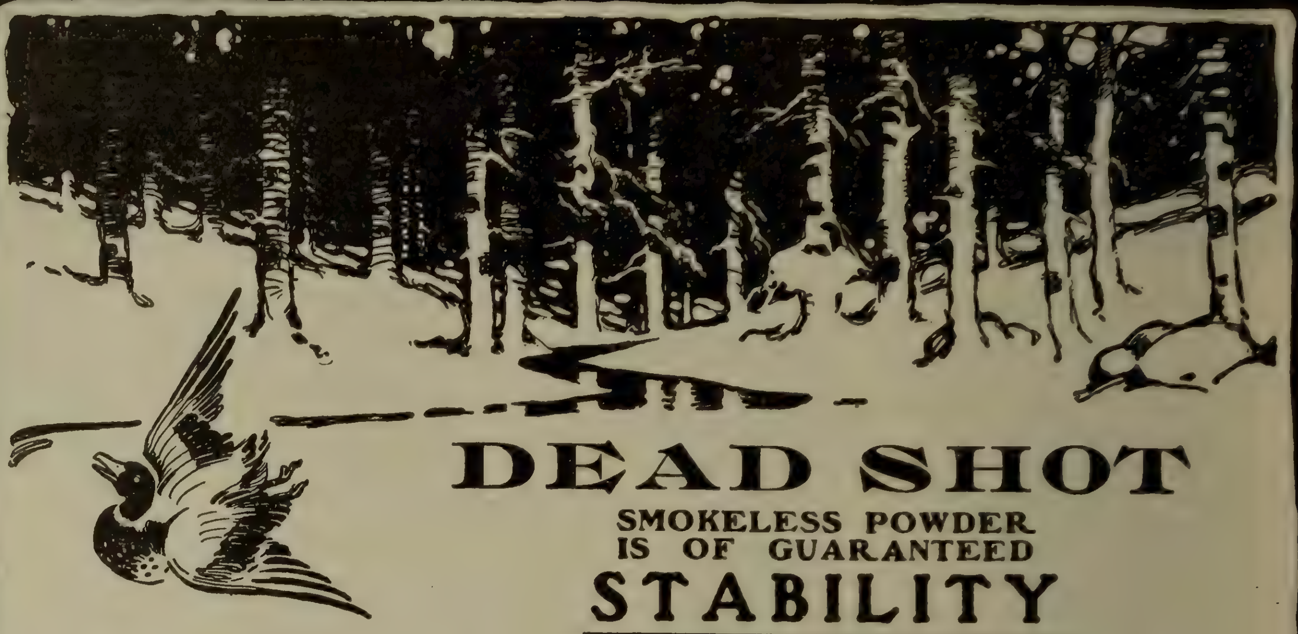

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**SMOKELESS POWDER
IS OF GUARANTEED
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Clean shooting makes a perfect pattern, high velocity, safe, is unaffected by climate.

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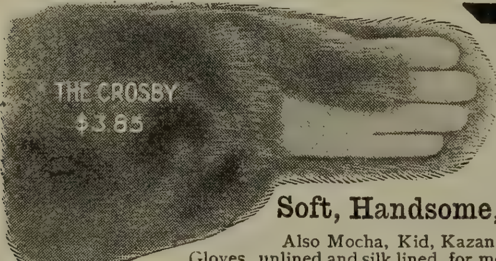

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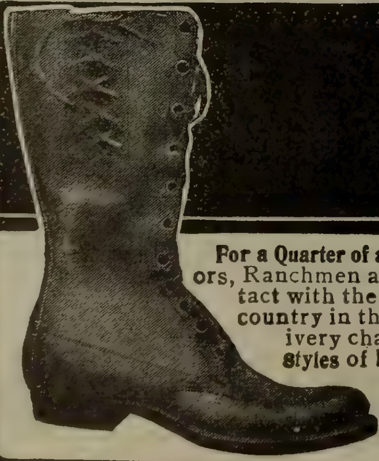

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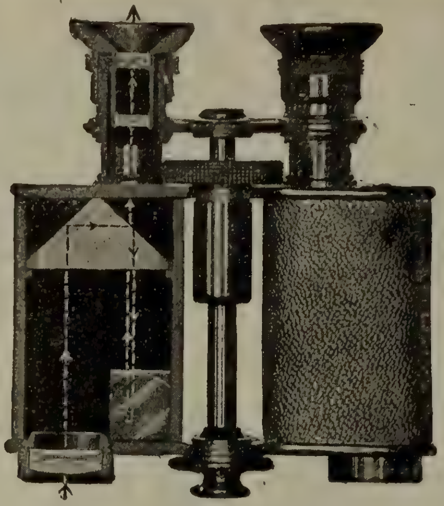

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Large and bulky	Small and compact
Magnifies from 3 to 5 diameters	Magnifies from 6 to 10 diameters
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IT'S ALL IN THE LENS

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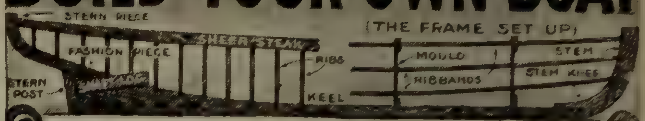

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Yours faithfully
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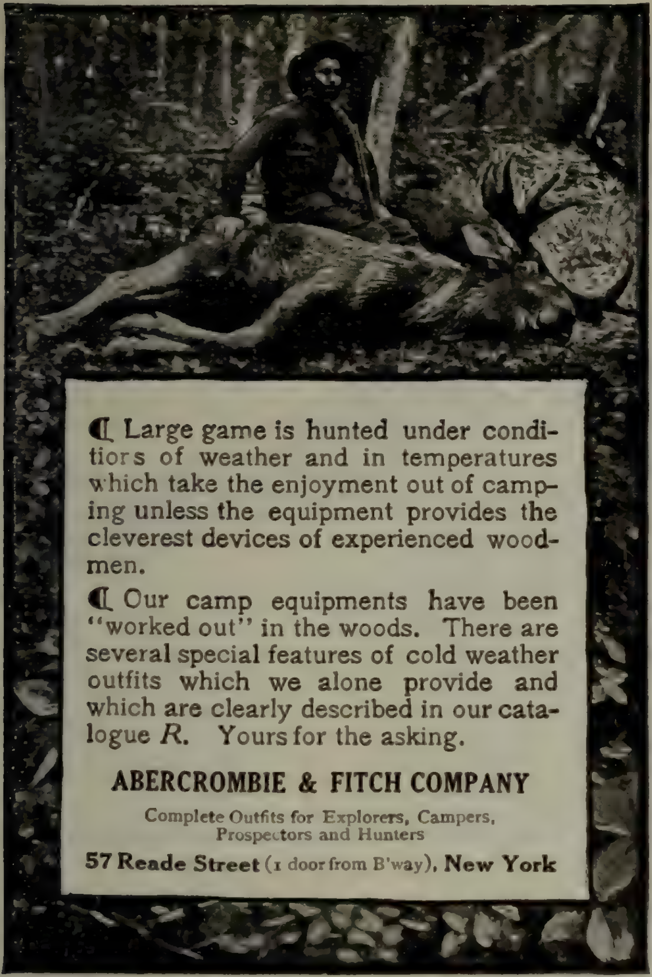
Send for our 1906 catalogue. The Lyman Gunsight Corporation, Middlefield, Conn.



℄ Large game is hunted under conditions of weather and in temperatures which take the enjoyment out of camping unless the equipment provides the cleverest devices of experienced woodmen.

℄ Our camp equipments have been "worked out" in the woods. There are several special features of cold weather outfits which we alone provide and which are clearly described in our catalogue *R*. Yours for the asking.

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SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

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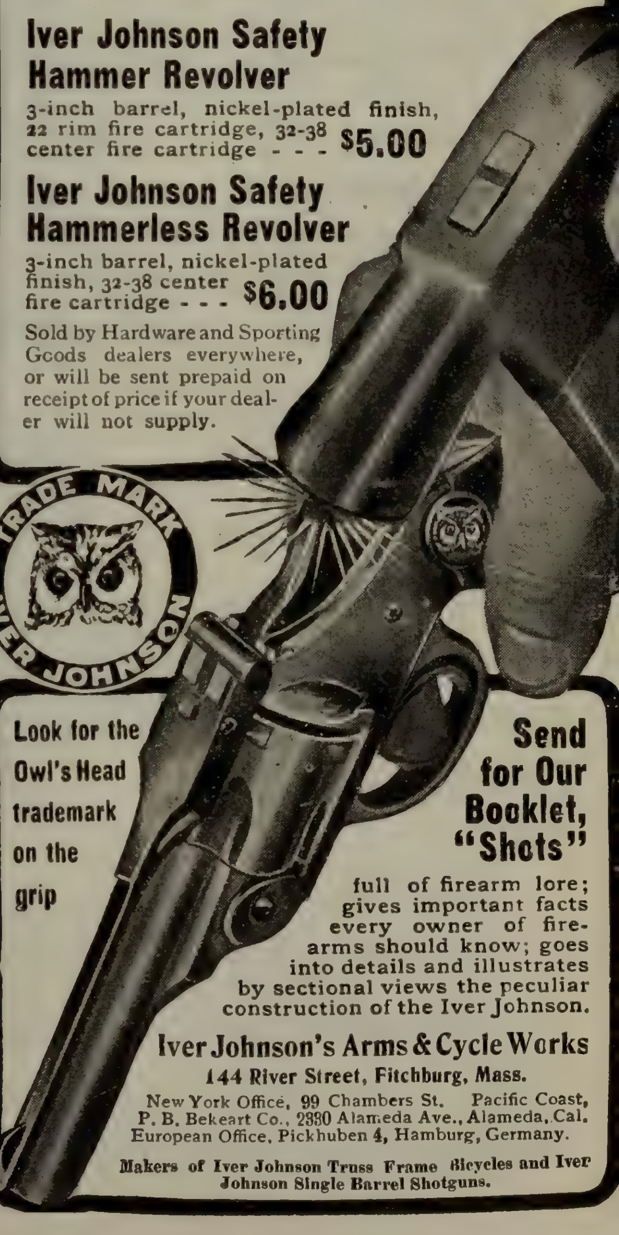
In addition to the safety features of the Iver Johnson is the knowledge of absolute reliability and accuracy and dependable quality.



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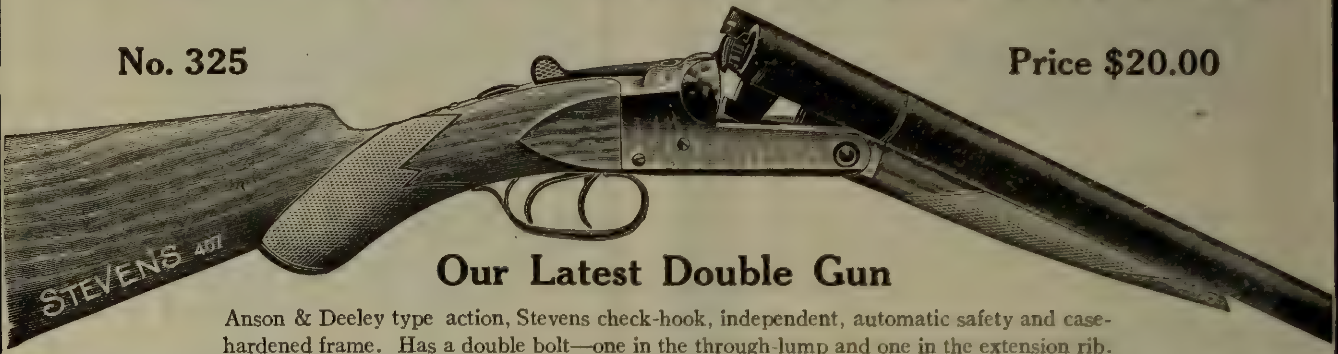
No. 325 **Price $20.00**



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BAKER GUNS

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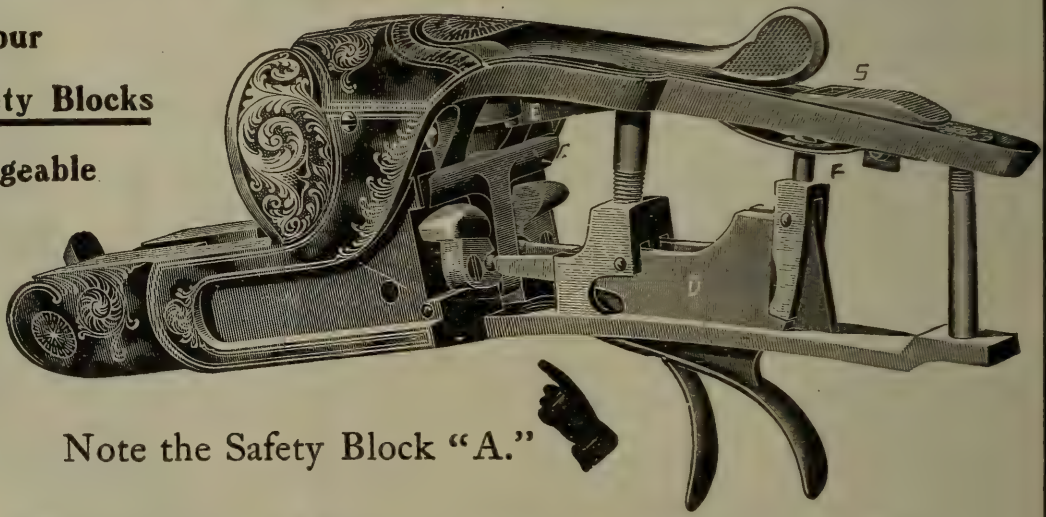
Equipped with our Automatic Safety Blocks are non-dischargeable except by actual pull of trigger, therefore ABSOLUTELY SAFE



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POPE Hartford AUTOMOBILES

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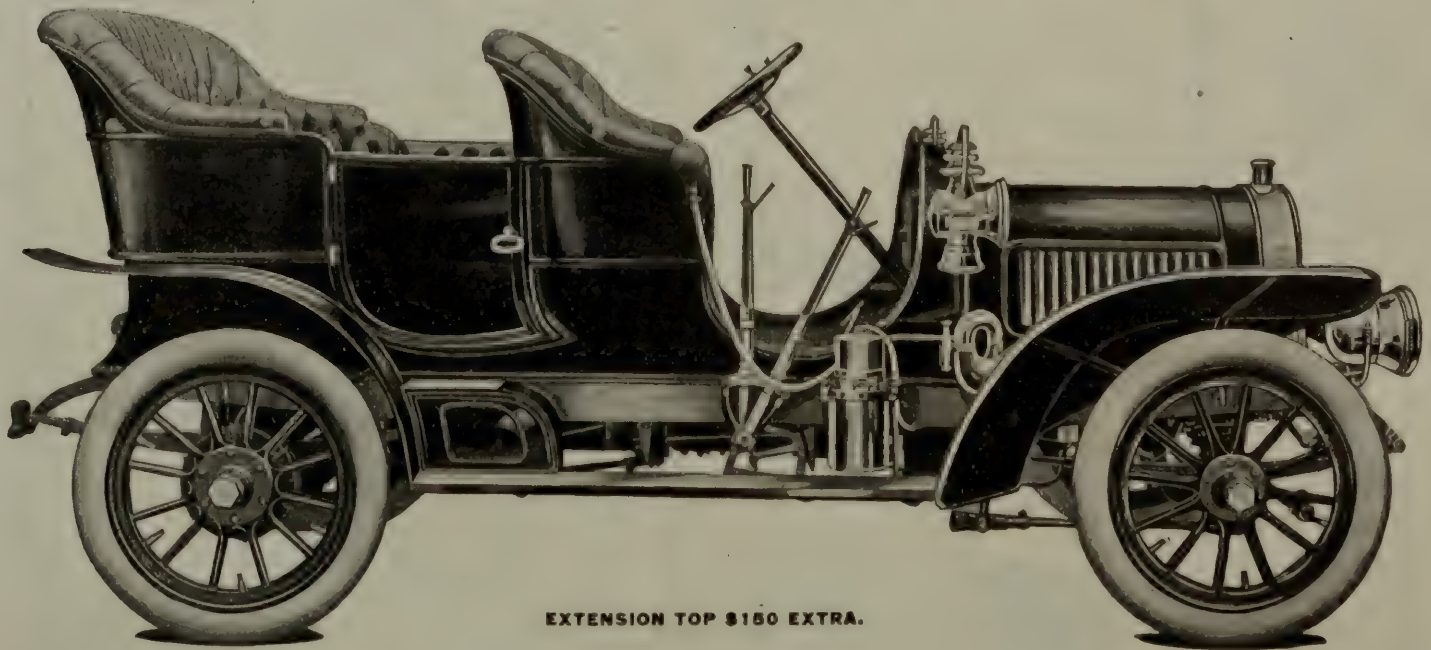

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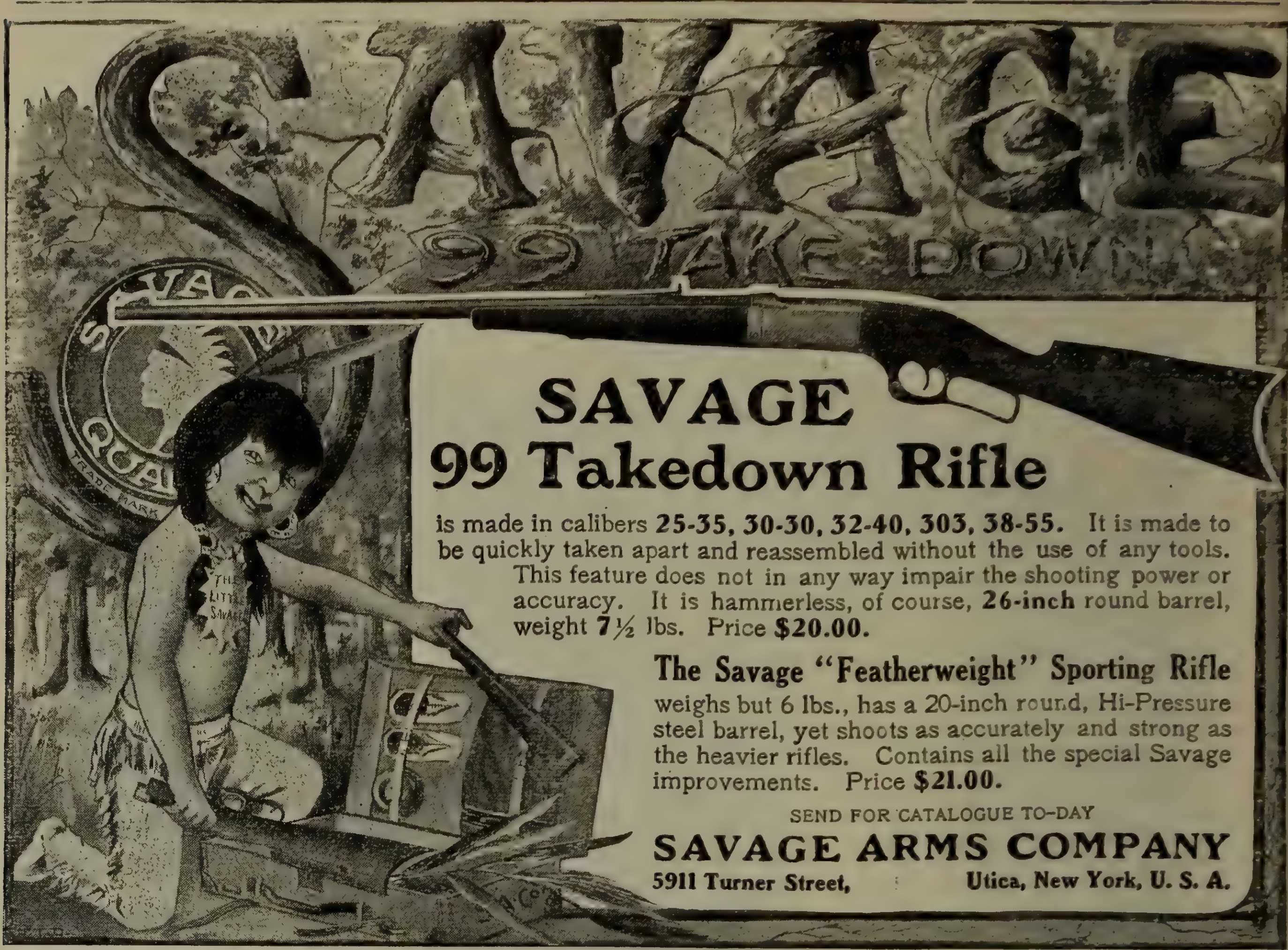

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weighs but 6 lbs., has a 20-inch round, Hi-Pressure steel barrel, yet shoots as accurately and strong as the heavier rifles. Contains all the special Savage improvements. Price **$21.00.**

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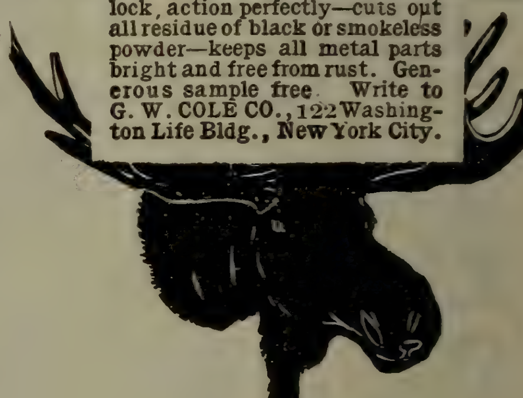

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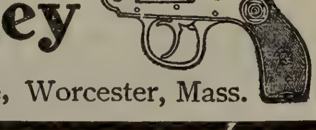

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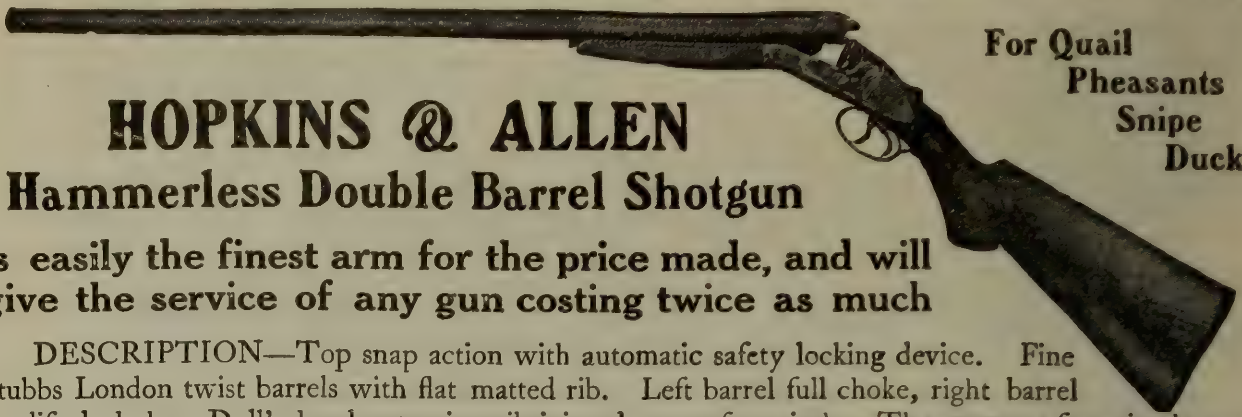

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DESCRIPTION—Top snap action with automatic safety locking device. Fine Stubbs London twist barrels with flat matted rib. Left barrel full choke, right barrel modified choke. Doll's head extension rib jointed on perfect circle. The strongest fastening known made for a hammerless gun. *Can't shoot loose.* Purdy detachable fore-end, selected Walnut stock, chequered pistol grip, rubber capped grip and rubber butt plate; case hardened frame.

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Made in 12-gauge, 28-30 and 32" barrels Weight 7-8 lbs.	**$22**	**This same Gun with Decarbonized Steel Barrel**	**$20**
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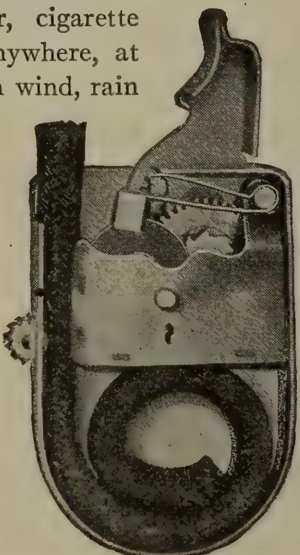
Lights cigar, cigarette and pipe anywhere, at any time—in wind, rain or snow—on land or sea.



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$2,500

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Whatever the point of view—whether it be its smooth and perfectly-balanced action, its ease of control, its comfort of riding, its finish and mechanical refinement, this new model is not excelled by the costliest types of either American or foreign manufacture. It is an embodiment of the many tried and true principles of the wonderful single-cylinder Cadillac, developed four-fold and perfected to the highest degree.

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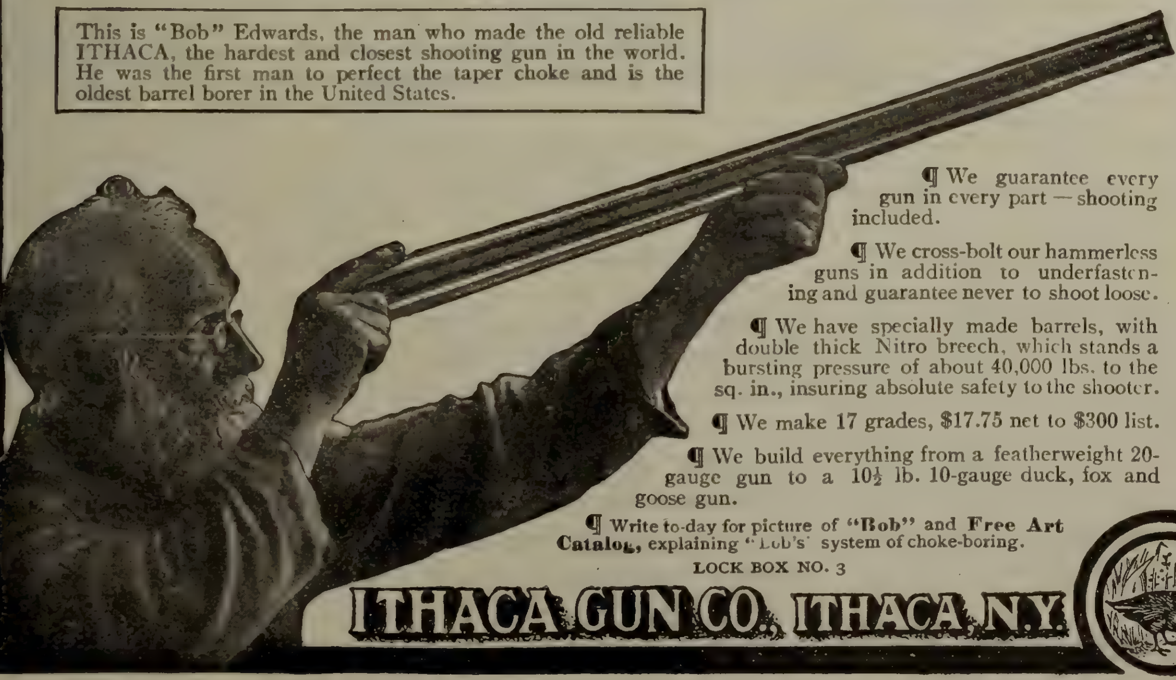

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¶ We believe a little **rugged fiction of high grade** is good to counterbalance the special articles and informational experiences which have made *Recreation* distinctive. And so we have induced a few of **the best-known writers of "been there" articles** to do us **a story** for a change. These we are able to offer **in addition to even more and better special features of vital interest to sportsmen.** We mention on these pages some of the attractive features of the December number.

With Hound and Wild-Cat

By Harry H. Dunn

¶ An informational narrative that, while especially valuable as **telling the how, when, where,** of the wild sport **of bob-cat hunting,** is strong in dramatic interest and **unusually readable as a story.**

SID HOWARD

"Doc" and His Buck

By Ernest McGaffey

¶ A charming story of **an old hunter's coup in the Arkansas wilderness.** Strong in human interest **and rich in the lore of deer-hunting,** it is a **real document of the bush.** Illustrated from photos.

¶ This popular writer of hunting and fishing experiences has written for the December number of *Recreation* the story of **The Christmas Dance at Jimmy Friday's**

¶ It is a remarkably faithful tale of the picturesque life of a lumber camp, involving a charming little romance. Not one of the trashy "love stories" with which the all-story magazines are padded, but **a real, vital tale of primitive life and primitive but interesting people.** It will be illustrated by **Lynn Bogue Hunt.**

With the Mountain Cowboys

By Edwin L. Sabin

¶ A "been there" story that **will take you to No-man's Land** and make you acquainted **with the real American cowboy** as he is to-day. Illustrated from excellent **photographs taken by the author while riding the range with the K-Bar ranch outfit** in Western Colorado.

A County Gone Mad

By J. Williams Macy, Jr.

¶ The graphic story of the turning **topsy-turvy for a night and a day of a whole county** on Long Island, occasioned by the holding of the **great automobile race for the Vanderbilt Cup.** Illustrated from specially made **human interest photographs.**

High Ground in Fox-Hunting

By Brig.-Gen. Roger D. Williams

¶ In his book "The Wilderness Hunter," **President Roosevelt says: "Col. Roger Williams, more than any other American, is entitled to speak upon hunting,** and especially upon hunting large game with horse and hound." **This article will convince you the President is right.**

The Sons of the Settlers

By Ernest Russell

¶ The second instalment of Mr. Russell's forceful series, which begins in the present number, will be entitled

The Genesis of the Pioneer Spirit

Of course you will want to read it, as will every one who owns to **a healthy pride in home and country.** A big subject handled in a big way **by a writer who puts a good deal of love into his work.**

Dutch Corners Days

By Roscoe Brumbaugh

¶ Dutch Corners is a Place, Mr. Brumbaugh says, and we feel sure you will find it a mighty interesting place to read about.

A Smash-up at the Love-Feast

The first of a number of Dutch Corners Days stories, will make you acquainted, and **you'll be sure to want to go there again.** It will be illustrated from **character drawings by Roy Martell Mason.**

Early Winter on the Wahbi

By John Boyd

¶ A very pleasing narrative of a deer-hunting trip in northern Ontario. The kind of story that **starts you planning**—not one of the "I came, I saw and I shot or gaffed" horrors that every sportsman who reads knows by heart. Illustrated from **some unusually good photographs**

Jungle Hunting in Panama

By H. C. Curl

¶ No doubt **you've been waiting for this article**—we have announced it twice before. But **you'll find it was worth waiting for, and worth our advertising it.** Illustrated from **the first good photographs ever made of life in the remote interior of the Isthmus.**

F. L. HARDING

¶ An authoritative writer on angling who proves in his story of

Vivienne

a wilderness bride who grappled with the great tragedies of her life and won out, that he has ability far above that required in the writing of a mere fishing yarn. **Illustrated by Jeanette Wetherald.**

The Passing of Reel-Paw

By Dennis H. Stovall

¶ Almost any bear story will come in for a generous reading, but we venture the opinion that this tale of a certain stock-killing **black bear that mixed it with three plain men of the mountains** will score 'way above the average. **Illustrated by Walter King Stone.**

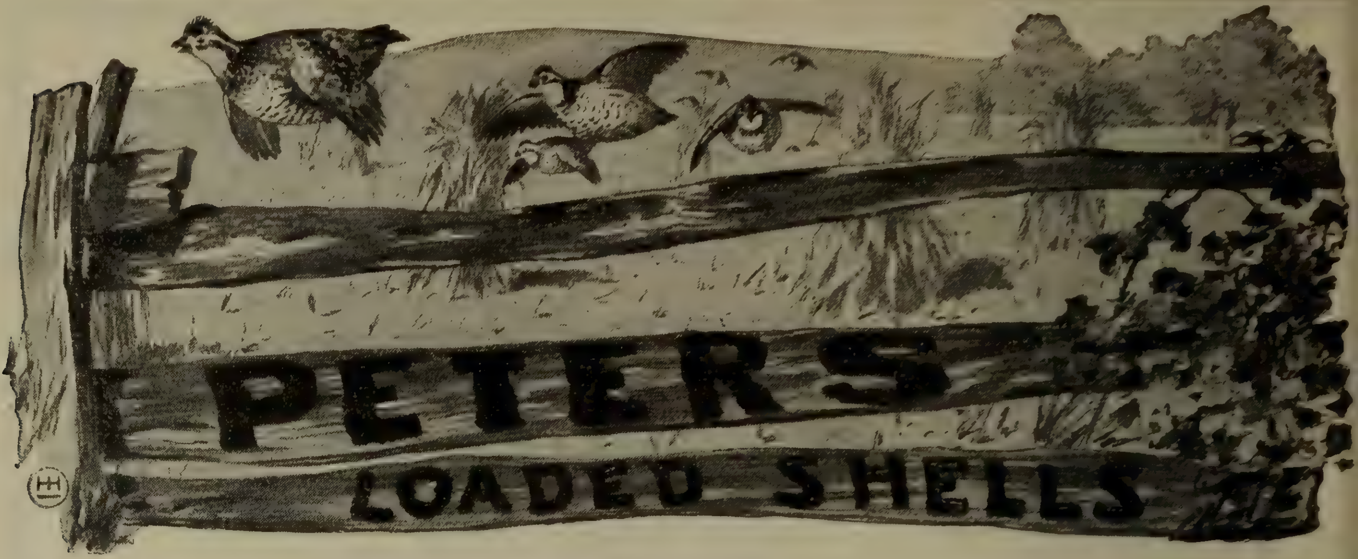
Hunting in the Big Thicket

By Gilson Willets

¶ A story of rare sport in west Texas, in which **bankers, capitalists, negro guides, became equal participants** in the hurly-burly, and **the first man to come up with the bear dogs was the hero of the hour.** Illustrated from photographs.

All This and More in the December Number of Recreation

¶ Special informational articles on shooting, fishing, amateur photography, the hunting dog. You get it **all for fifteen cents**—and **you can't equal it elsewhere for double the amount.** Order from your newsdealer, or, better still, send in your subscription.



WITH the approach of the hunting season the sportsman's thoughts turn to ammunition, guns and other requisites. He will get out his new hammerless gun, or possibly the trusty old double barrel which his father used before him. He will decide where and with whom he will go, and when, and many other details, including the particular make and load of shells which he will use. The man who wants to get the greatest possible efficiency consistent with pleasant shooting will select

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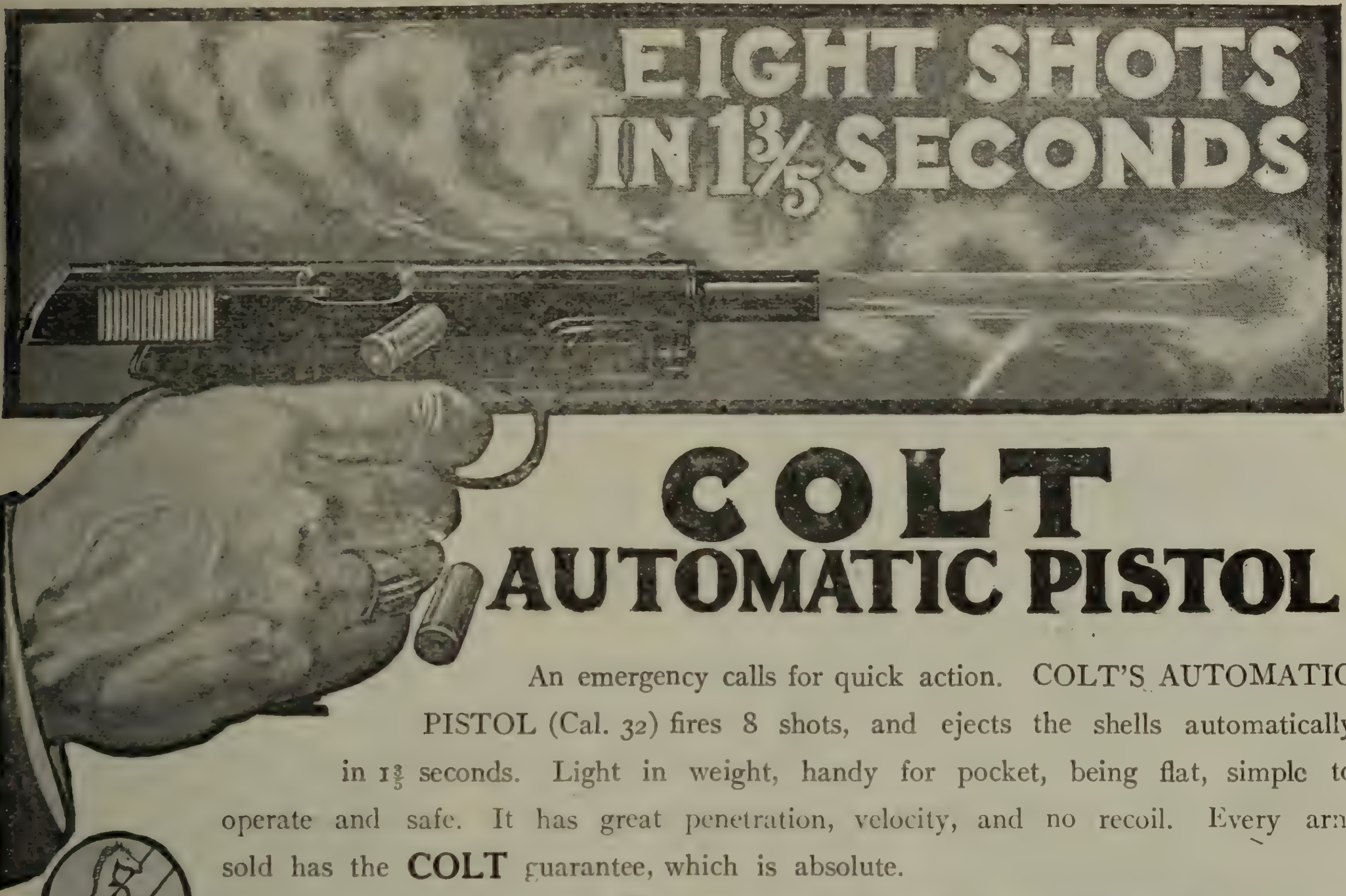
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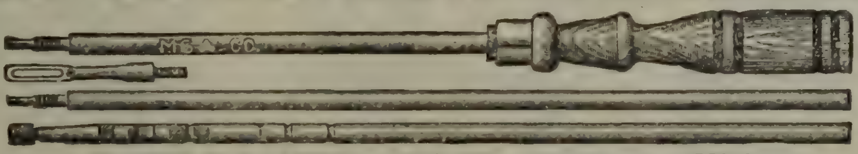

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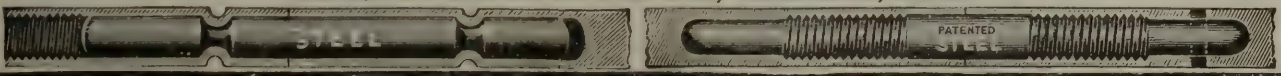

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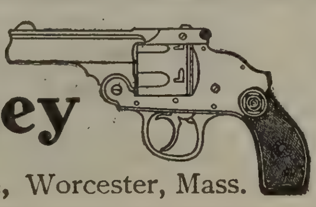

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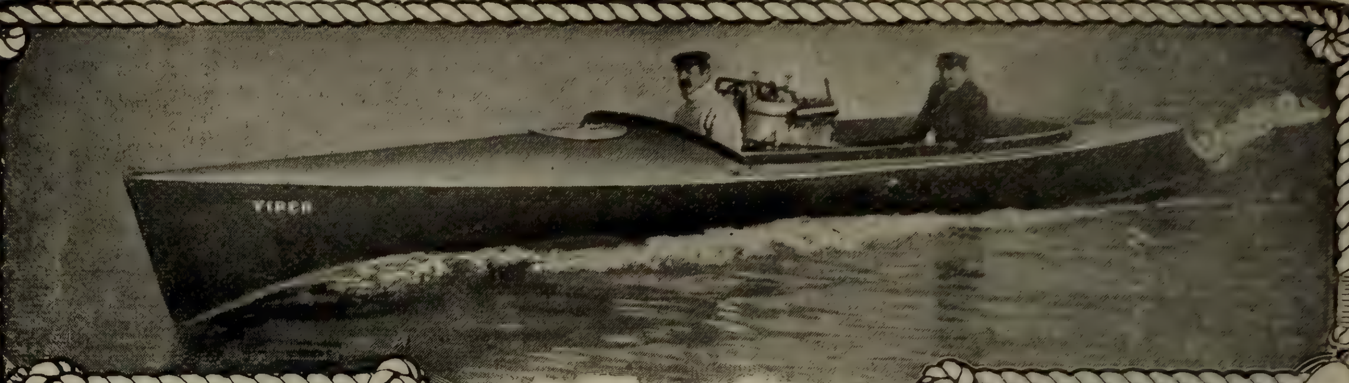

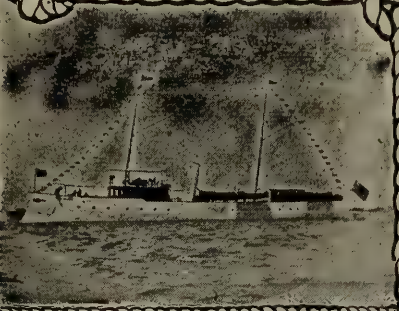

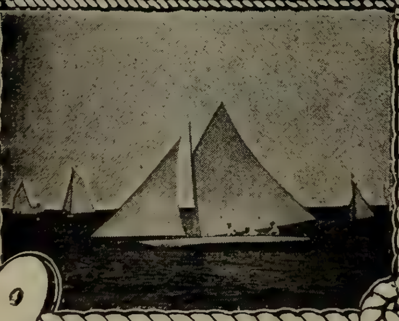

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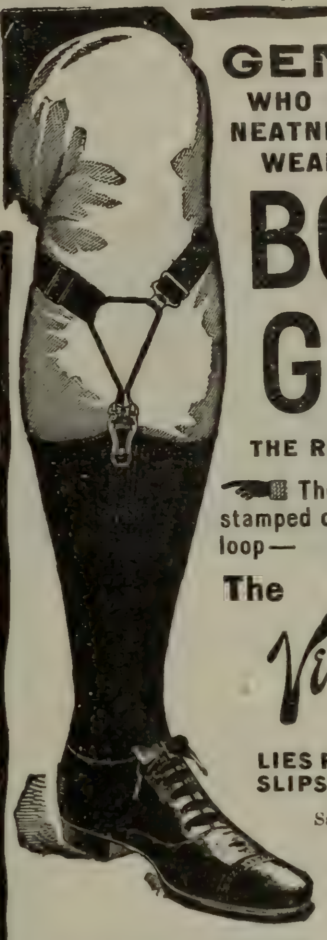

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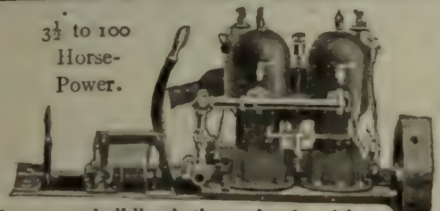

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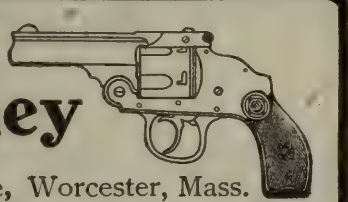

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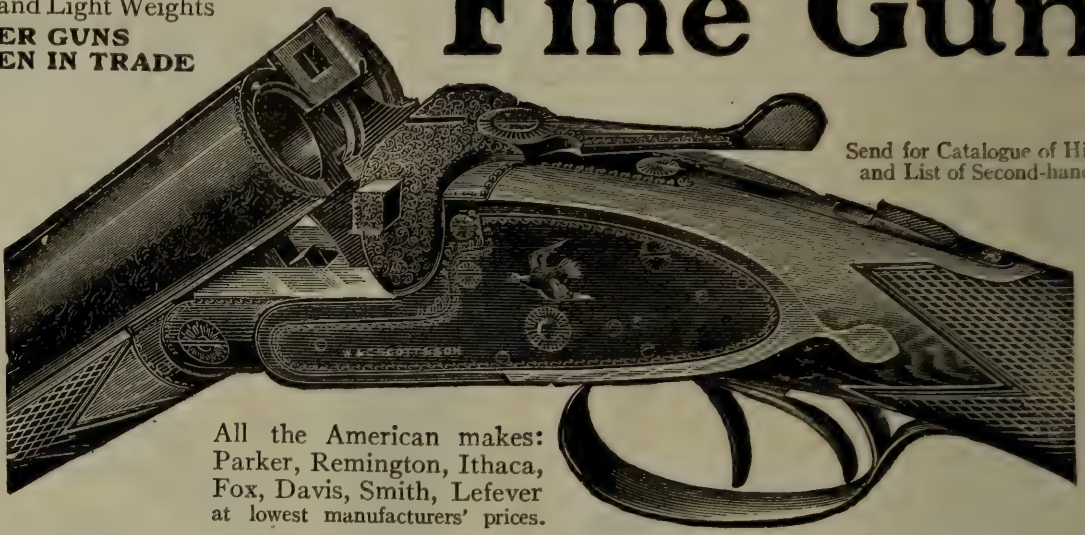

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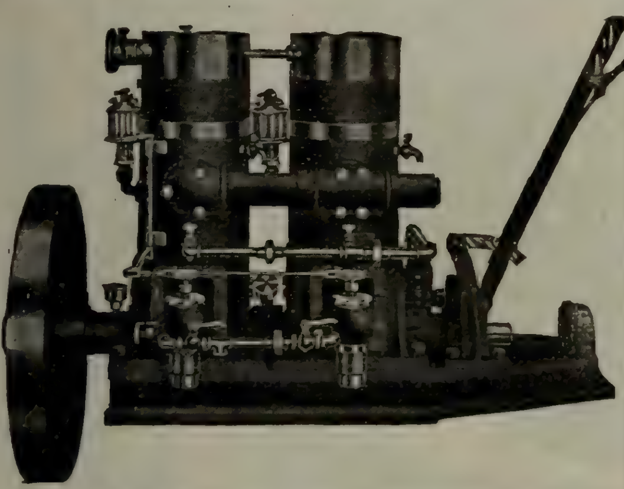

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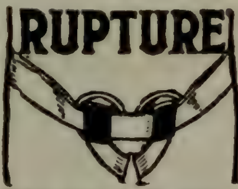

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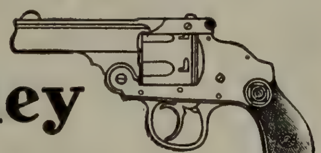

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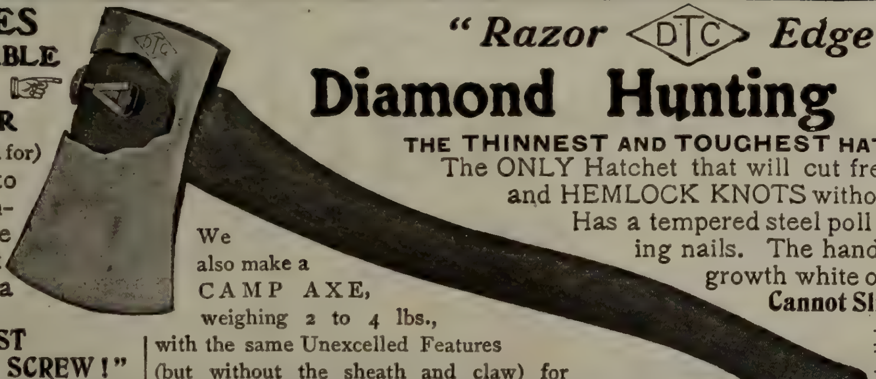

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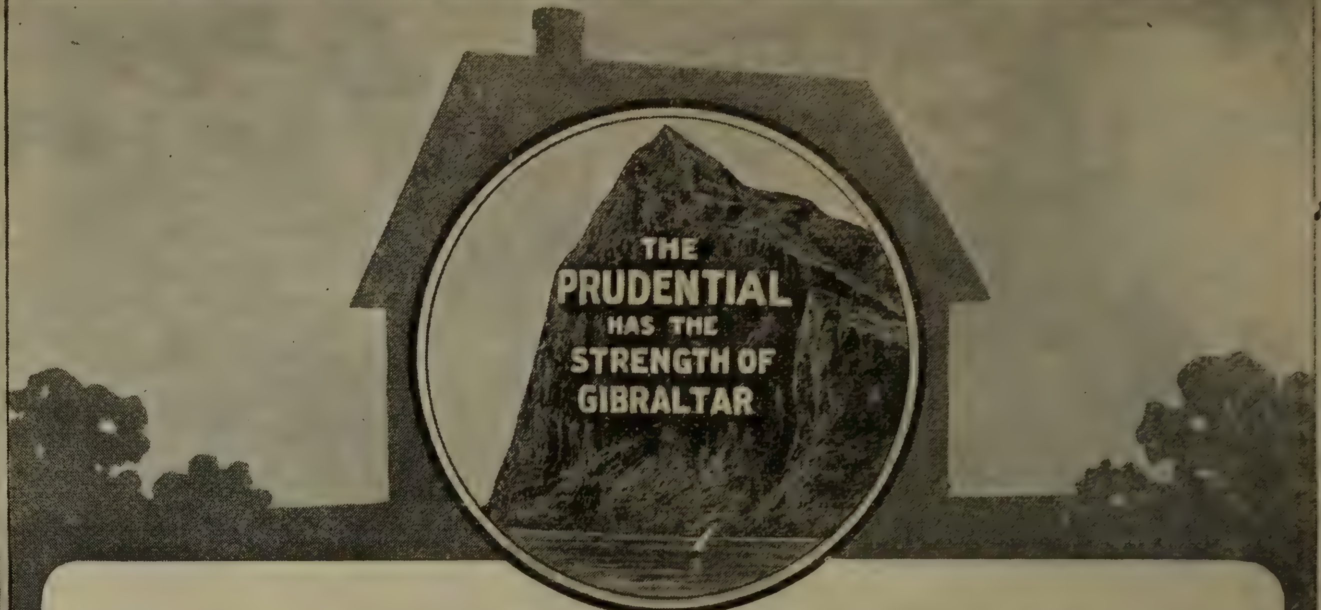

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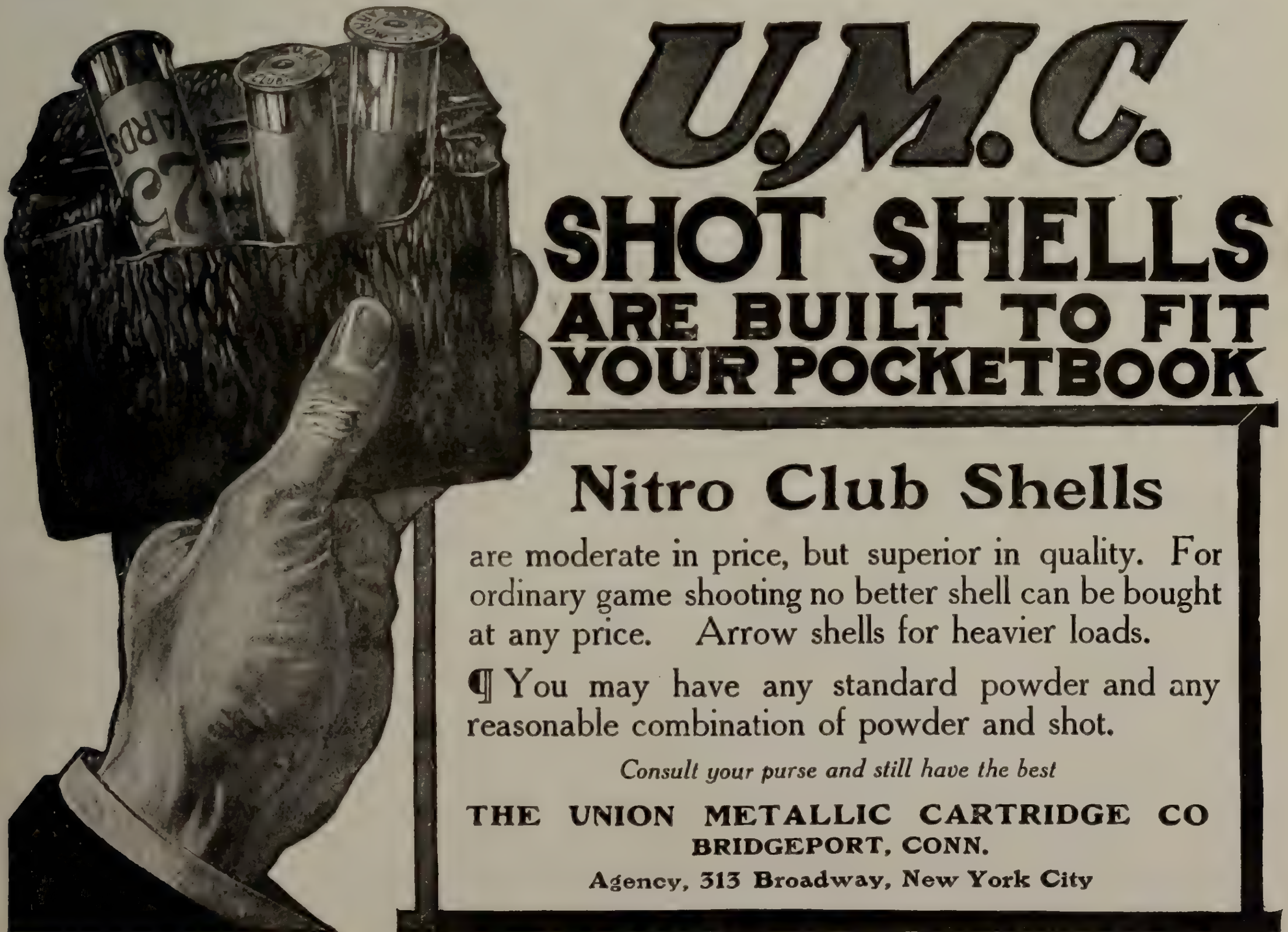

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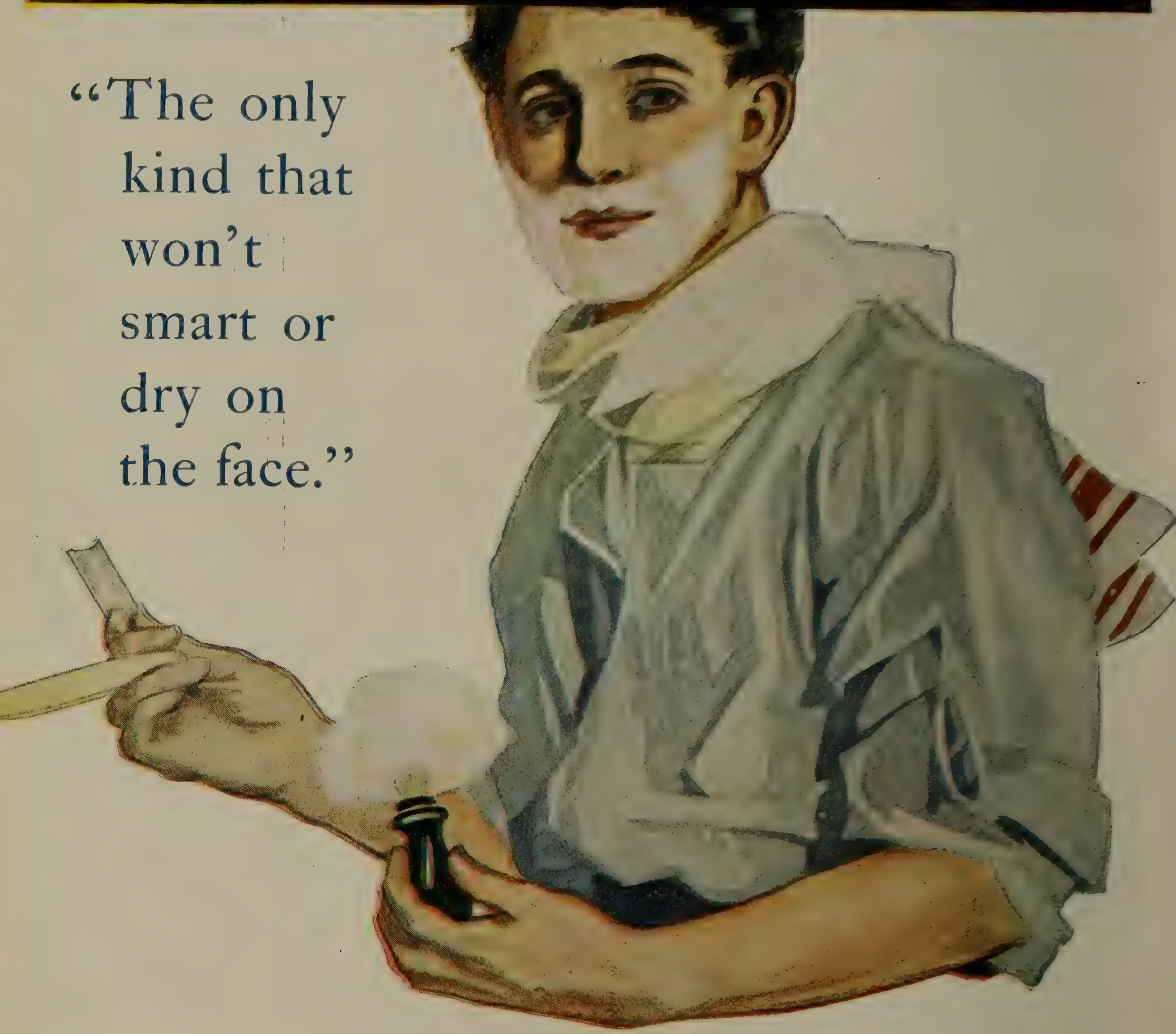

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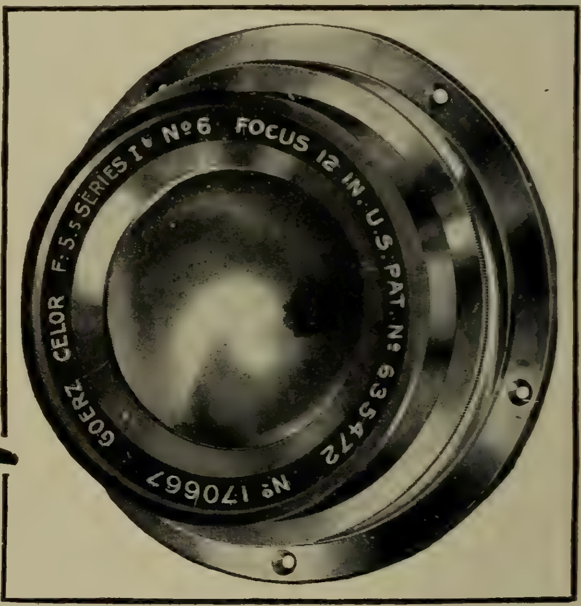
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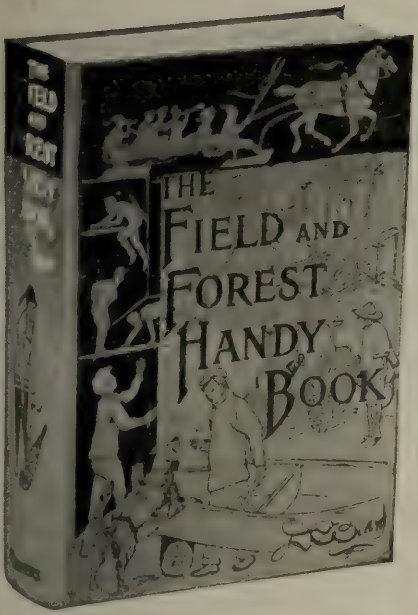

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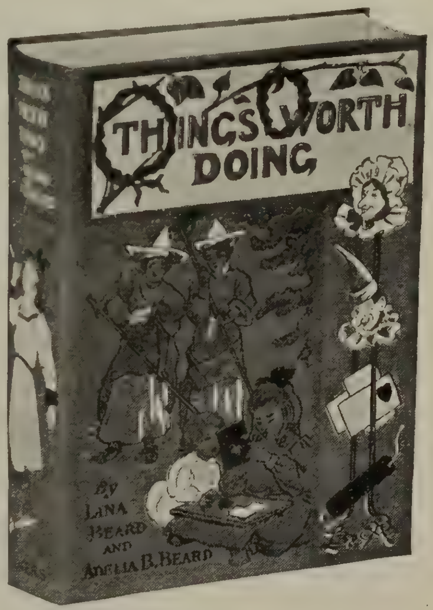

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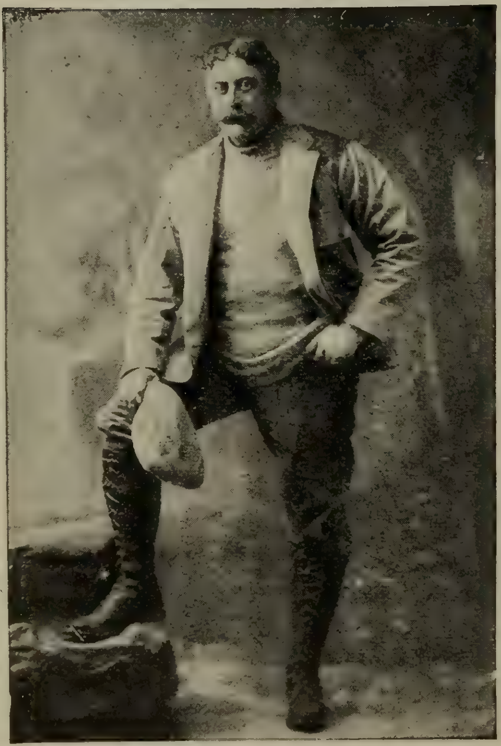
AROUND OUR CAMP-FIRE

SOME IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENTS

WE are compelled to regretfully announce that, on account of lack of space, two of the stories we last month promised to publish in the present number have been held over for the January number. They are "Hunting in the Big Thicket," by Gilson Willets, and "Early Winter on the Wahbi," by John Boyd. We trust this explanation, and our apology, which is here offered, will in a measure excuse their tardy appearance.

An announcement of far greater import, though it may not require the prominence of the foregoing, is the retirement of Dan Beard from the position of chief of the editorial staff of RECREATION. Mr. Beard has taken no active part in the editing of RECREATION for several months past, for reasons which are explained in the following letter:—



Courtesy The Macmillan Company

EDWYN SANDYS

New York, Oct. 21, '06.

To my old friends, the subscribers and readers of RECREATION:—

I find that my art and literary work has increased in such proportion that I cannot give the time to this magazine as of yore, and consequently, out of justice to the readers and subscribers, I have been compelled to regretfully sever my connection; but although I am no longer officially on RECREATION'S staff, I shall not lose my interest in my old friends of the magazine, and they may rest assured that both they and the magazine itself shall always retain the good will of the former editor.

DAN BEARD.

Edward Cave, who is well known to readers of sportsmen's periodicals and who resigned the editorship of *Field and Stream* in March last to join the staff of RECREATION, succeeded Mr. Beard as editor.

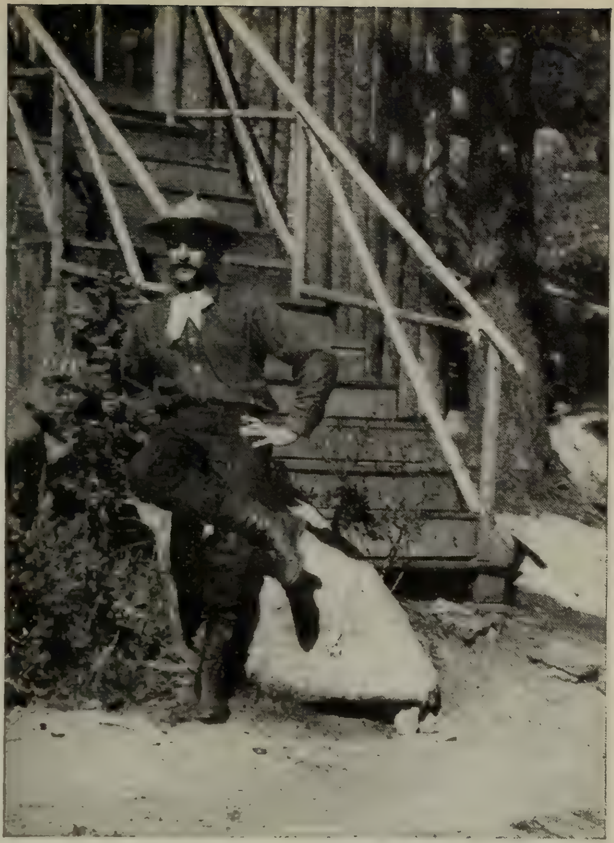
Our third important announcement, and which it truly grieves us to write, is the unexpected death of Edwyn Sandys, of heart disease in New York on October 23. Only a few days previous Mr. Sandys paid us a visit, and at the time looked fit for many long years of the life he so much enjoyed. And then—he was gone! It seems we will never get done listening for his familiar step—for his hearty "Hello!" as he pushed wide the door and drove Worry and Care out of the windows by his very presence. Poor Sandys! Long years will his memory be held dear by the thousands whose lives he made more full by his pleasant stories of shooting and fishing. Though the best years of his life were given over to the drudgery of journalism, he found the time to gain a wide practical experience as a sportsman, and during the past two or three years had been principally engaged in putting the knowledge thus secured into book form. His books "Trapper Jim" and "Sportsman Joe" have enjoyed much popularity with youthful readers, while his "Upland Game Birds" and "Sporting Sketches" are among the best sellers in the catalogue of the latest books for sportsmen.

Mr. Sandys had practically given up all journalistic work the better to carry on his more serious book writing. The stories he was writing for RECREATION were contributed only with the understanding that they were later to appear as chapters in a new book upon which he was at work.

The usual advance schedule of the special features of the next number of RECREATION is omitted for the reason given in the first paragraph. The January number will be an unusually good one, nevertheless. It will be a special winter number, being thoroughly new and timely, both in text and illustrations.

We have been doing our share of planning. And yet, even though we had the space we should be somewhat chary of making promises. No good magazine can be planned out in detail many months in advance, for the shifting of events may interfere with schedules. We can promise, however, that future numbers of RECREATION will show marked improvement: it is the purpose of this magazine constantly to be better. And if it has any other purpose, aside from doing its duty in behalf of the protection and propagation of the game and fish and the preservation of the forests and streams, it is to radiate hope and to instill in each of its readers a laudable ambition—that of leading a full life, be it ever so humble. In short, RECREATION is a magazine for builders, *not* for wasters, and as such it is essentially a magazine for the home. Its scope is broad—as broad as "all outdoors," and every member of the family will find in it something of interest, something worth waiting for. No reader can be so far removed, so obscured by any combination of circumstances, as not to find himself some day the point of impact of some helpful article—something aimed right at his head, as it were, that will have a tremendous influence on his life. That is the real, underlying mission of RECREATION in every home—to have *influence*.

And these things are borne in mind in the selection of everything that is used in the making of this magazine. It was customary in the earlier management of RECREATION, as it is with not a few magazines, to select the most available articles and stories from the "floating" supply—those that are submitted without solicitation. But at best a magazine cannot, as a general thing, in this way obtain material that will conform to any fixed policy and fit into its place in the scheme of a magazine with a purpose. Almost everything that appears in RECREATION is written to order—which gives the reader a magazine totally different from and distinctly better than any other of its class.



EDWIN L. SABIN

A Western writer who will contribute several important articles to RECREATION during 1907

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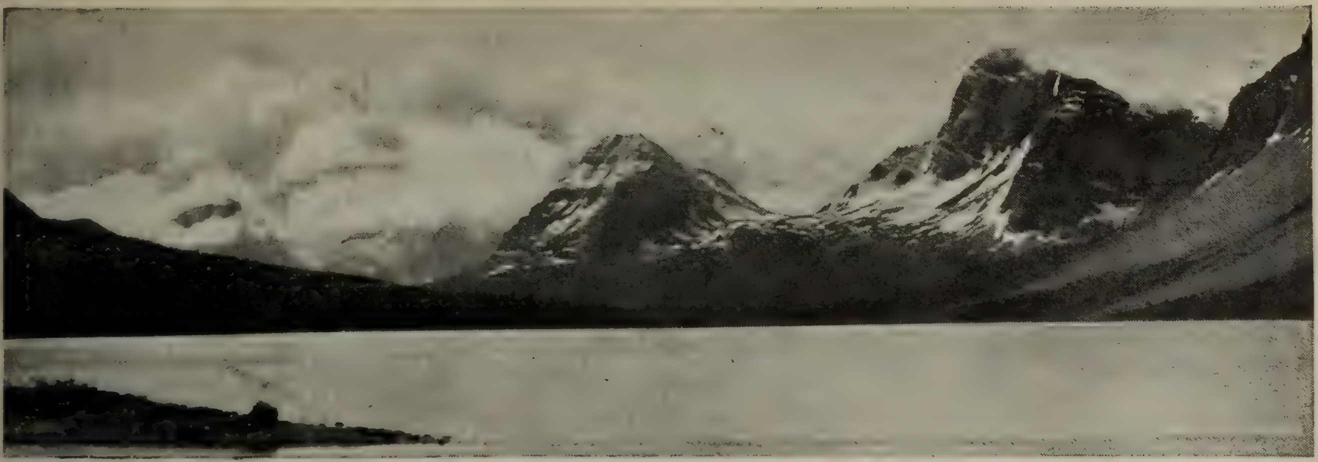

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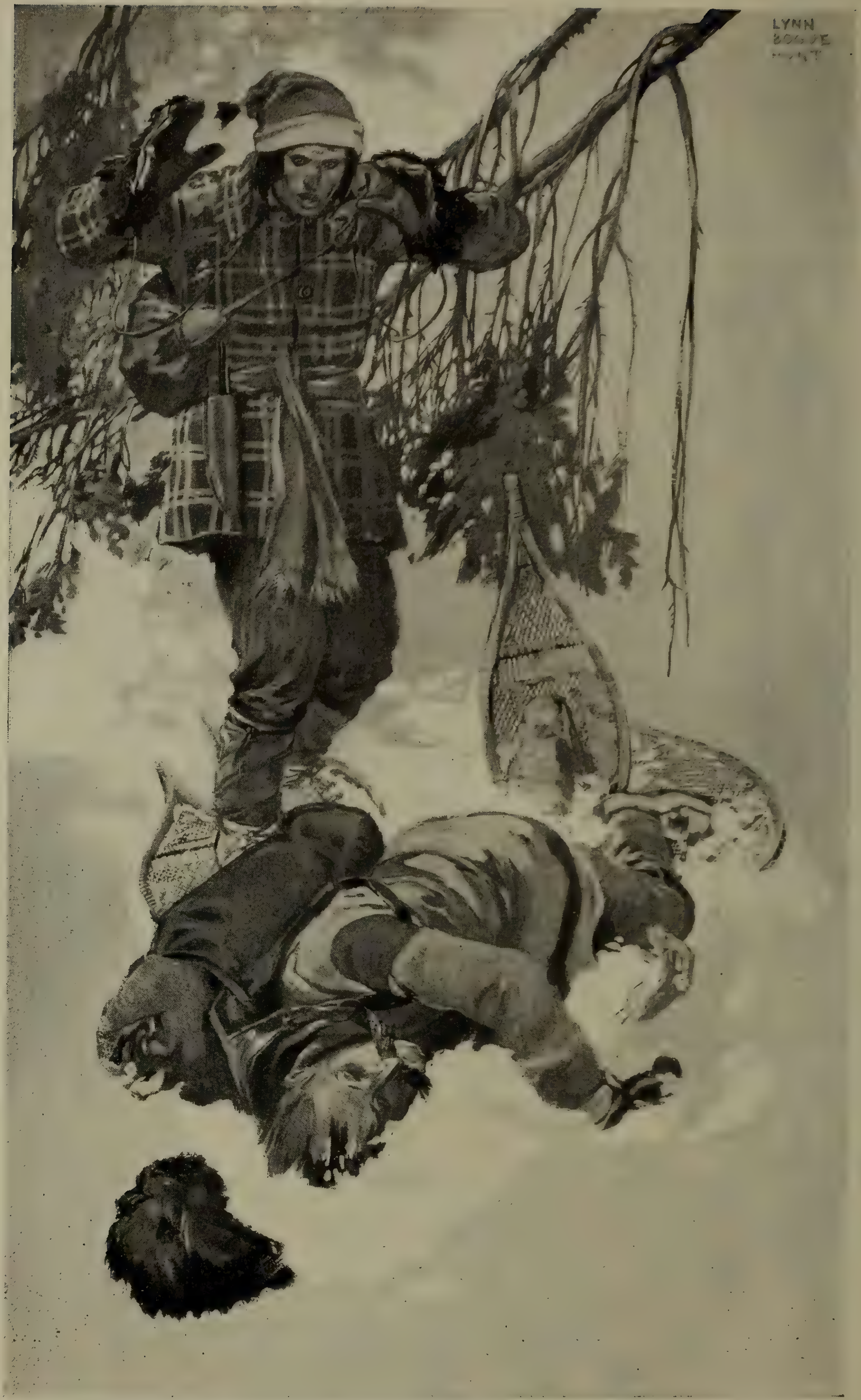
THE CHANGE

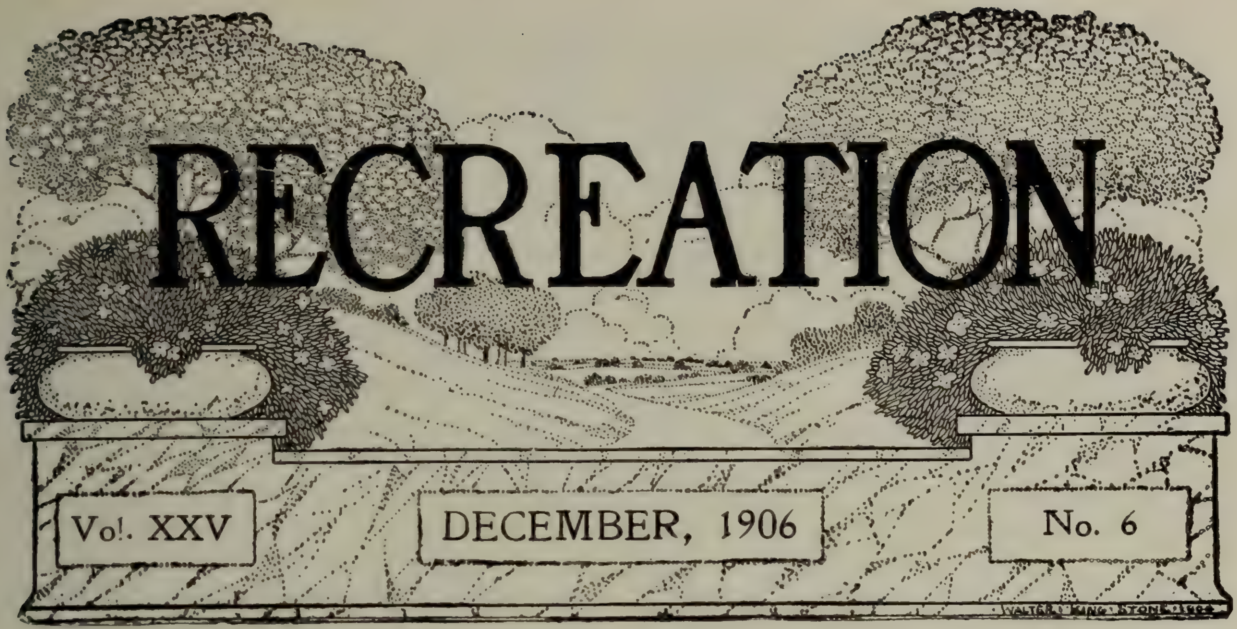
Laughing sunshafts entwined the trees,
And with silken hands in the breeze,
The Fall's kaleidoscopic brush
Tinted the foliage. A hush
Expectant on the trembling air.
Dull, somber clouds obscured the fair
November sky, where still burned
The friendly sun.

And gently turned
Was Autumn's hour. Now the flakes
Sifting down; the snow goddess makes
Her crisp début, while in her train
Come trooping Winter joys again.

—*F. L. Harding.*


LYNN BOGUE HUNT

"For sure he's tire out las' night," whispered Jimmy



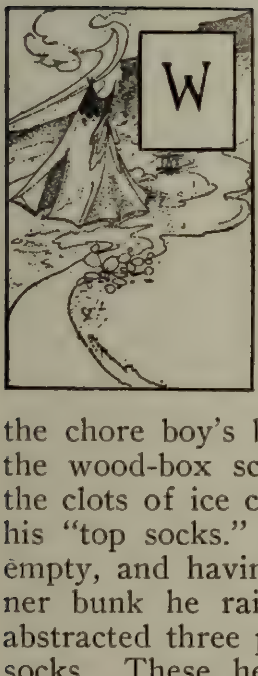
RECREATION

Vol. XXV | DECEMBER, 1906 | No. 6

THE CHRISTMAS DANCE AT JIMMY FRIDAY'S

BY SID HOWARD

ILLUSTRATED BY LYNN BOGUE HUNT



WHEN Dan McAvay, the lead teamster, stumped into camp, the red flare of a frosty sunset lingered on the snow at the base of the tree trunks. He stamped with great 200-pound stamps on the bunk-house stoop, slammed the door, and seizing the chore boy's broom leaning against the wood-box scratched vigorously at the clots of ice clinging to the fuzz of his "top socks." The long room was empty, and having crossed to the corner bunk he raised the blankets and abstracted three pairs of heavy woolen socks. These he carried to his own bunk near the cookery door, and lifting the bed-clothes buried them under the hay which formed his mattress. When the men came straggling in a few minutes later, Dan, his feet "undressed" and his "stags" on, was splashing water on his face from a tin basin on the bench by the water barrels, and spluttering like a boy in swimming.

The camp was a large one. Ninety-five men slept in the double tier of bunks in the sleeping-camp and ate at the long tables in the cookery adjoining. Irish and Scotch Canadians formed the bulk of the crew, big-shouldered, rough-voiced men of vast appetites and many oaths.

In this formidable array of fierce, be-whiskered faces, the smooth cheeks and clean-lined chin of Jimmy Friday looked strikingly meek and boyish. His figure, too, seemed slight in comparison to the burliness and raw-boned strength in the crowding figures of the white men about him, and his manner betrayed a shyness which comes of the lack of self-conceit in the midst of boisterous self-assertion. He waited his turn at the broom and slouched with a long, bent-kneed Indian stride to his bunk in the corner where his dry socks had been awaiting him before Dan McAvay's entrance.

Jimmy Friday was going "out" next day. He had spoken to the foreman about it that morning and the clerk having made out his time, the news spread straightway—Jimmy Friday was going "out" for Christmas.

In the lumber woods "out" means out of the woods or home, wherever that happens to be. In Jimmy's case "out" meant farther "in"; for the halfbreed village at Bear Island was the best part of one hundred miles to the north. Jimmy Friday's grandfather was French—"pure," as Jimmy would on confidential occasions be proud to emphasize—that is, he had been in this life, before the Hudson's Bay company worked him to death at the immature age of 76, many years before. Jimmy's grandmother was Ojibwa, and so was his mother. To all visible intents and purposes Jimmy himself was Indian, with the smooth bronze face, the big hawk nose and the straight black hair of his mother's people. Meek and submissive in manner, strangely gentle in the midst of rough, hulking Scotch and Irish shantymen, no man in camp could swing an ax more cunningly than he and no man in camp could tire him on his feet.

Hence for his ability was he respected; for his inoffensiveness he was liked, and for his meekness was he made the butt for all the camp. For though the meek may in the end inherit the earth, evidence goes to show that it is not this earth to which Scripture refers.

"Where's dem sock?" cried Jimmy, in the first shock of his surprise.

"Lost something, Jimmy?" inquired Dan McAvay, strolling over. In the silence that stole over the pre-supper confusion of the sleeping-camp Jimmy perceived that the knowledge of his loss was common property, and he shrank into his shell of stoicism with sensitive alarm.

"Who's got Jimmy's socks?" cried Dan, and the whole camp took up the cry — "Who stole the Frenchman's socks?" The fact of Jimmy's lone French ancestor and his pride therein had leaked out, and because he looked Ojibwa through and through, the camp's crude sense of humor held him constantly a Frenchman.

Jimmy sat bashfully in the midst of the attention turned on himself, smiling a little in deprecation and wiping his wet feet with the corner of his blanket.

"There's a thief in this camp all right," declared Dan. "I lost a mit myself yesterday morning."

"That chore boy's been actin' suspicious lately," said the blacksmith, with mock solemnity.

"Who stole the Frenchman's socks?" roared the camp, till the spruce rafters rattled.

The loud boom of a poker beaten by a broom handle announcing supper at this juncture diverted attention and the crew filed and crowded through the cookery door, leaving Jimmy to his own reflections. He followed them very shortly, however, and ate as much as any of them. But when Dan McAvay crawled into his bunk that night the stolen socks were gone.

* * * * * *

It was fully two hours before daylight when Jimmy Friday crawled out of his corner bunk and lighted a piece of candle. Then with deliberate, thoughtful movements he stuffed his rabbit-skin blanket into a grain-bag, produced a piece of raw fat pork from among the straw and placed it also in the bag. From the water barrels at the window he brought the camp's great tin drinking cup and tied it by the handle to the string at the mouth of his "turkey."* He felt for the potato in the bottom corner, hitched a bit of rope about the protuberance and pulled it tight. Leading it diagonally up the length of the bag he knotted the other end tautly at the tie strings. Through the loop thus formed he thrust his head. The bag lay comfortably across his back, the rope over one shoulder and across his chest. Satisfied that the pack fitted snugly he slipped it off again and reaching back in the bunk brought forth a sheath knife and its case, tied to a colored sash. The sash he wrapped about his waist, the knife he took in his hand and, lifting his candle from its little congealed puddle of grease, he crossed noiselessly over to the sleeping Dan McAvay's bunk and carefully turned down the top fold of the blanket. With his knife he sliced off a strip of the gray woolen cloth a foot wide, clear across, and replaced the fold as carefully as a mother. Returning to his own bench he stuck the candle upright in a drop of its own hot wax, and taking his knife once more divided the stolen strip of blanket into halves. Without a change of expression or the slightest noise he proceeded to swaddle his feet neatly, layer on layer, Indian fashion, in duffél socks and stuffed them presently into soft, capacious moose-skin moccasins. From under the bench he brought forth a pair of wide, full-bowed snowshoes, with moose-skin thongs ready tied in the squaw hitch. Taking his belted mackinaw coat from the nail at the post of his bunk he slipped into it and adjusted his pack. Pulling down the woolen toque to his ears and lifting his snowshoes he extinguished the candle with his finger and passed out into the black darkness of a winter's early morning.

---

* Dunnage-bag.

It was very cold and the warm breath of the camp rushed out before him in a cloud of steam. Jimmy crossed the dark camp yard to the blacksmith shop, finding his way miraculously among the broken sleighs and road sprinklers and the great pine stumps that had been left there when the camp-site was cleared. Lighting a match he searched till he found the blacksmith's crook-knife, used to pare the horse-hoofs to fit the shoes. It was keen as a razor and made of the best saw steel; there wasn't another such knife within the distance between the camp and Sturgeon Falls. Jimmy smiled for the first time that winter, remembering the blacksmith's feigned solicitude. He jammed the knife into the sheath alongside his own and stepped once more into the yard. At the cook's wood-pile he paused again to feel into the darkness among the chips for the chore boy's kindling ax. It was lighter to carry than the great four-pound chopping axes used at work in the woods, and of a shorter and more convenient length of handle. Pulling on his mittens he swung off up the logging road, following the ruts of the great sleigh-runners by feel of foot.

If Jimmy was happy at having begun the work of meek inheritance and despoiling the Egyptians it didn't appear on his features, when at the first gray shadow of dawn he turned off the logging road and twisted into his snowshoes. Once on a great swinging snowshoe stride, however, and heading up the white plain of snow-hidden Lac d'Original, his blood warmed. A glint of gold came into the east; the air was keen, dry and sweet with the frost. The breathing of the forest's awakening came to him faintly across the snow.

"Mushah, mushah," cried he sharply, as though to toboggan dogs, and then he laughed joyously and broke into a run.

Sixty miles that day did Jimmy lope and walk upon his snowshoes. They'll tell you at Bear Island of much greater walks in a day than that. But Jimmy's route is now on the maps, and by survey, and by fair approximation measures 60 winter miles. By level, frozen lake and river, he went for most part, crossing hills through the warm still forest when the home instinct told him that thus the trail was shorter, the bee-line more direct.

At dusk he turned into a spruce thicket, glanced about him once, threw down his pack, and in five minutes had a big dry pine stub crashing into the snow. With birch bark and a single match he started a roaring fire, and in the glare he cut a pile of spruce brush and laid it thickly on the snow. Also a few birch logs were felled while the light flared fresh, for green birch is good to supplement dry pine for night fires. It burns long and its coals are very hot. Then he melted snow in his tin cup, took tea from a little caribou leather tobacco pouch and boiled it for three minutes to get the good of it. And also he broiled bacon on a skewer of whittled birch.

On the warm spruce brush he spread his rabbit-skin blanket and ate his supper with the satisfaction that comes to a good walker after a creditable day. Afterward he lit his pipe with a flaring stick and taking off his moccasins he unrolled the blanket socks, and rested his bared feet in the warm glow of the fire. The snowshoe thongs had made no mark, thanks to Dan McAvay's blanket.

"The ol' way is best," smiled Jimmy in English, "Dan McAvay *nishishin*—nice feller."

He made up his fire with green logs and pine splits presently, and rolling himself in his woven rabbit-skins, slept peacefully under the winter stars. No breath of wind came into the spruce thicket, and the pine tops whispering far above but made the still, silent comfort of the little camp the more retired.

At midnight Jimmy woke and poked the logs together. In the freshened blaze he threw some ready split green birch and went to sleep again. The snow melting from about the fire left a little hollow to the ground and the heat reflected the more genially thereby on the brush bed above.

Three hours after, Jimmy woke once more and put on his warm, dry blanket-socks and moccasins. Once more he boiled tea in his great tin cup and sizzled bacon fat on the end of a stick. Then stuffing his blanket into his bag he put on his pack and got out into the trail.

Toward the middle of the afternoon a great valley with a white ribbon of snow-buried river came to meet him from the southwest. Out on the snow-carpeted ice Jimmy found a fresh snowshoe track heading north. In an instant he was alive with interest. He inspected the print of the shoes with minute care, studying the shape, the size, the depth of the impression, the length of stride, the mark left by the toe (where it comes through the web of the shoe and digs a little hole into the snow).

"Saginosh," he said at last, "white man; very fresh." He lengthened his stride and swung into the other's trail, following in haste to catch up. For even an Ojibwa loves company on a snowshoe journey, and to-morrow was Christmas Eve. It was the social season of those parts.

If Jimmy Friday thought to catch the maker of that trail before the snow shadows turned to blue he was mistaken. Not till it was too dark to see the track, however, did he stop to build his camp. He had made a long day of it and walked fast. Instead of reaching the village of his folk that night as he had intended to he had been led far aside. Now he would not be home in time to visit the Hudson's Bay store with his time check on the Lumber company. That slip of paper was marked and signed in his favor for $46 payable at Sturgeon Falls. With that check discounted at 50 per cent. he could buy many nice things for his mother and sisters and cousins and cousins-in-law (all Bear Island is related). And for Angele Whitebear a ring! It was exasperating. He had lost a day. And all for the sake of following a stranger's track. But once on the trail there was no giving up for Jimmy Friday. In the morning he would get the start of Him. He would follow as soon he could see. His curiosity and his obstinacy alike satisfied, then would he cut for home. He must be there in time for the dance—the Christmas Dance at Bear Island. He might even have time to buy his Christmas presents at the post—the ring, if nothing more.

Jimmy fell asleep in the warm glow of the birch embers. At midnight a wind arose, and the stirring in the forest woke him from his sleep. The air had changed and he sniffed in sudden interest. The keenness had gone out of the frost. It smelt like rain. *"Kawin nishishin,"* he muttered. "No good. It will thaw; the snow will be as a wet blanket; heavy, heavy."

Before dawn he was on his snowshoes. The track was scarcely distinguishable in the gloom. It was slow work, but the snow was dry as yet. As it grew lighter he lengthened his stride and leaning far forward broke into that strange trot, half shuffle, half plunge, the snowshoe lope of the Ojibwa. Loose-legged it is and tireless, and the spring of the snowshoe frame is in it. The snow grew wet and soft and clung to the web of the shoes. The sky spread low over the forest, laden with gray. Rain was surely coming, rain and hard traveling.

Suddenly Jimmy stopped in his tracks. A strange mark on the snow! It was as if the man had fallen on his knees, plunged forward, struggled to rise and rolled over on his side. Jimmy had seen a man before, a white man, stricken with *mal de racquet* who had made such foolish marks on the snow.

"He 's tire out," said Jimmy. "Why does he need to 'mush! mush!' like dis?"

He pushed on again, more curious now than ever. Two miles farther on, at the steep bank of a creek, he saw marks like that again, and then just a little farther lay the Man—asleep.

"For sure he 's tire out las' night," whispered Jimmy.

There he lay, the stranger, without covering, his big, bulging pack still strapped to his back, his snowshoes twisted about his ankles.

Jimmy recognized him before he stooped. The Syrian pedler who had stayed overnight at the lumber camp one week ago, the dark-featured, hook-nosed man with the black mustache, longer than any Frenchman's; the greasy olive skin, and the coarse black stubble on his jaws and neck. He was making a round of all the camps he had told them, selling watches and jewelry and knives and little things in silk, and so forth, for women in the outlying bush settlements. He had been directed to follow the Sturgeon river down stream to the lower camps—and here he was on the Ombabika! He must have followed up the frozen Sturgeon instead of down, and lost himself.

Jimmy stooped to untwist the snowshoe from the man's foot—the ankle was stiff. He was frozen!

Jimmy stood upright on his shoes again, aghast. Not that he felt any superstitious fear about death. He bore a charm from the priest about his neck which dispelled all that. But what was he to do with the dead man? He had no dogs here, not even a hand toboggan. And the pedler's pack was a load for a man itself. He bent to examine the pack, and an idea came to him like a flash of inspiration. Leather straps were buckled under the Syrian's shoulders, knapsack fashion, and Jimmy loosened the fastenings and removed the pack. He opened the flap, and his eyes glistened as he thrust his hand inside.

Fully an hour did fascinated Jimmy Friday spend examining the contents of that big knapsack, laying the things out in the snow or on his coat spread out like a cloth. Finally he opened his own turkey and rearranged the contents of both. Then he strapped the two together and laid the bundle aside. With his ax he cut some brush and trimmed a young spruce sapling. Laying the green boughs gently over the prostrate figure of the unfortunate Syrian, with his snowshoe he scraped snow over the brush and heaped up a mound. Planting the spruce pole in the snow beside the temporary grave, he notched a slit into the soft, springy wood with his (the blacksmith's) crook-knife, and into the crack he forced a fold in the corner of his red handkerchief.

"I will come with dogs from the Island," said he. "I will bring him to the priest." Then he assumed the burden of the double pack, and plunged on the heavy, clogging snow, eastward for home. His mind had not adjusted itself as yet, but the priest would know. Jimmy would do as his inspiration bade him, and if wrong were entailed thereby the priest would right the tangle and in the end all would be well.

He camped that night as before. It rained hard before morning and he did penance for any uncertainties as to right and wrong which lay within his mind, sitting huddled in his blanket by the fire, piling on fresh wood when needful, but wet and cold and destitute of comfort. Strangely enough that very sense of hardship made him happy. He was paying for his good fortune and the price was little enough. The Syrian's pack was his the more indisputably, the more it rained and the less he slept. Who else was there to claim it with juster title? Friends? Heirs? Jimmy had seen enough of Semitic peddlers to know that in this country they had neither. A despised, spiritless lot who fawned and cheated and grew rich on the money of hard-working men. Anyway, the priest would know, and if necessary he could pay for masses.

When Christmas morning broke a dry wind was blowing and once more frost was sharpening the air and crisping a crust on the snow. With a blithe spirit Jimmy set out upon the last 30-mile stretch of his journey, heavy laden but light at heart. He had passed through the shadow of doubt and his road lay free and glistening before him.

* * * * * *

Old Mrs. Friday and all Bear Island had feasted right royally as was the Christmas wont, on beaver, wild goose, moose meat, pork, whitefish, pancakes and potatoes. Not in all the year was such a chance for growing given brown-faced, beady-eyed little folks as upon Christmas Day. Only once a year was there any certainty of tasting beaver, for the law is now on beaver, and white men only may be seen with beaver skins. So the Company pays less for them than formerly, and anyway, beaver is very scarce. But on Christmas Day—well, beaver is a tradition. And now it was night, all the village was at Friday's house to dance, and Jimmy had not come home from the shanties.

Willy Petrant was there with his fiddle; Jea' Batis' was there with his corked river-driving boots to dance the clog; Michel Whitebear, the chief, still, silent, joyless, was there with his squaw and his pretty, French-looking daughter, Angele. Big Alex Paul, the old bowsman of the Fur Brigade, he of the massive shoulders, the shaggy black-bear head, the great, shining bronze cheek bones and the thin, black, brush-like chin whisker—he was there in the corner, one moccasined foot across his knee, smoking his pipe, and grinning cheerfully through his broken teeth. They were all there but Jimmy Friday. And so, for the young men would not wait, the fiddles rasped —G D A E on the open strings, and the dance began.

They dance at Bear Island like they dance few other places where white men go. In the summer, at the Rangers' hall, you may see them sometimes when a tourist party comes, and a dance is made ready as a show. But the spirit lacks something then. The girls are shy before the ladies from the big, stylish cities and the men feel that it is but a mere awkward show business. It is at Christmas they really dance, and they do not stop except to sleep and to eat, until the New Year has well begun.

Indian dances they are, grafted on to the square sets learned from the French *voyageurs* and the English-speaking Celts who work in the shanties: the waboose or rabbit dance, the snake dance, the papoose dance, the duck dance, the break-down and many others. No Bear Island girl is shy at Christmas time, and rawboned canoemen and fur-trappers grow graceful from pure joyousness. A grand sight it was at Friday's house that night when finally the *muqua** was chosen and the bear dance begun. Now, the bear dance comes last on the long program, and the fashion of its dancing is this: The company, boys, girls, bucks and squaws, form a ring as big as the log walls spread apart, hand to hand, and the *muqua* stands in the center, blindfolded. When the fiddles start, the "bear" growls, the children scream, and lads and lassies twine in the grand chain. When of a sudden the fiddler lifts his bow each man must seize a partner by the waist, and the *muqua* swoops down and also captures one, if he can. This leaves a man without a mate, and he must then forthwith be blindfolded and growl from the ring like a bear. Great fun it is and uproarious even in summer time when tourists come, but at Christmas time who can describe it?

At the very height of the frolic—that night at Jimmy Friday's—the door opened and—entered the priest! And who was it he came leading, already blindfolded? Another *muqua!* Instantly the fiddles stopped in sheer surprise, and right into the arms of the first *muqua* the priest led this new one! Such a strange *muqua!* A rabbit-skin blanket was thrown over his shoulders and gathered at the neck and waist by a red sash. A woolen toque was pulled down over his face, and a great bulging pack was strapped to his back.

The house grew silent, almost, for the first time that night. And then the new *muqua* growled more prodigiously than ever yet bear did. But the fiddles remained quiet, for the mystery still held.

Then did the priest announce that a new game was to begin—the game of Santa Claus, and he told the story as the old people of the South heard it years ago, adding much moral philosophy according to his high place and duty as a churchman. Every boy and girl, every man and woman in the village was to get a present—that was the part of the story that made most impression, however, which loosened the tongues and set good Mother Friday's log-walled, white-washed kitchen in a hub-bub.

From out the pack which the priest helped the stranger set on the floor beside him, there came forth presently a long string of blue glass beads, and a deep, strange voice spoke the name of the littlest, brownest, shyest girl-child in the room. Pushed forward by her mother and encouraged by the priest, she sidled forward, clasped the treasure and scurried back to the skirts of the older women, seated on the floor with their backs to the wall.

Beads, garters, ribbons, rings—every girl got something. And then the boys—knives, neckties, belts, mouth-organs, every one something. Nor did the matter stop with children. There were silk handkerchiefs, dress lengths of calico, scissors, brooches, rosaries, ear-rings for grown women, maids, mothers and grandmothers. Never was there such a game as Santa Claus!

And now the men looked nervous and expectant. Down into that white man's pack-sack went the stranger's hand. When it came forth each finger clutched a dangling watch chain, weighted with a swinging, shining gold watch—yellow watches,—good and yellow,—watches carved with pictures of steam engines like you see at Mattawa and Temiscamingue and Sturgeon Falls,—watches shiny with carved flowers, watches with lids and open faces both. Every man might have one and more were left! Even Michel Whitebear smiled, while old Alex Paul, the bowsman, grinned from ear to ear.

And now the hand of the stranger was dipped into the bag once more. Far down it went.

"Is there a mother here," asked the

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* Bear.

strange *muqua* in his strange voice, "who has a son away on the shanties?"

"Kawin," said Mrs. Petrant. She objected to the lumber camps for mothers' sons.

But all the rest remembered Jimmy Friday, and Mrs. Friday spoke up.

"Here," said the stranger, "are socks such as they wear in the camps." And he pulled forth three pairs of gray woolen socks such as Dan McAvay had stolen from Jimmy Friday's bunk.

"And here are mitts," and he pulled forth woolen mitts such as Dan McAvay had lost.

"And here is a big tin cup—a full pint it holds." And he brought forth a blackened cup such as they use for drinking in the lumber camps.

"And here is a crook-knife," and he laid a farrier's knife beside him on a chair.

"And here is a light traveling ax for Jimmy Friday," said the stranger, and he laid out a chore boy's ax.

Mrs. Friday was exultant with her son's good fortune in this game of Santa Claus. But it was not yet over. Right into the very bottom of the pack went the hand of the stranger. Every eye was on him when forth from that wonderful bag he disclosed a big, black bottle.

"This," said the stranger, "is a medicine only," and he gave it into the hands of the priest as being a better judge of whisky and a safer man to keep it in trust.

"And now," said the priest, "this Santa Claus game is finished," and of a sudden he had pulled the knot of the sash and jerked the woolen toque from the stranger's face and head, while at the same moment the rabbit-skin blanket slid to the ground. Jimmy Friday! Very hot and perspiring about the face and neck but smiling with a satisfaction which scarce knew bounds, our hero stood revealed. Right under the very eyes of Michel Whitebear, he sprang to the side of Angele and kissed her before them all in the pride and courage of his late exploit. And he gave her the very best ring in the pedler's pack, a heavy brass affair with two pieces of green and one piece of white glass in it.

Truly it was a great dance that time at Jimmy Friday's!

THE AUTHOR'S "OUTFIT" ON THE CHUCUNAUGA RIVER

JUNGLE-HUNTING IN PANAMA

BY HOLTON C. CURL

(Surgeon U. S. Navy)

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. W. FEIGENSPAN

PANAMA has been described of late by numerous writers and from many viewpoints. These, however, have usually dealt with some phase of its climate, health conditions, or the canal. The study of its possibilities from the sportsman's standpoint has scarcely been undertaken as yet, for our Americans on the Isthmus have had little leisure for sport, and very few Panamaians care for shooting, unless it has the spice of a revolution in it.

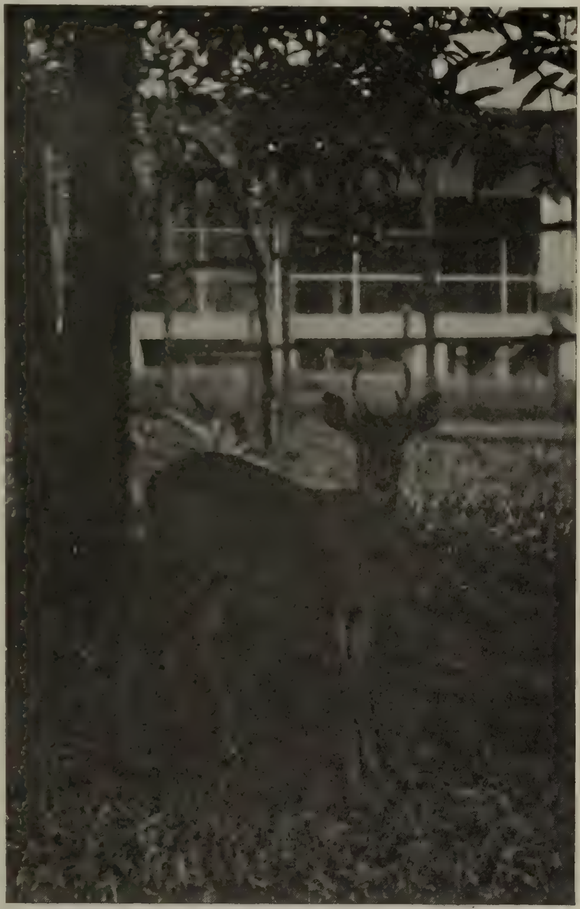
It may be surprising to learn that very fair sport is to be found here by one who cares for shooting, and that there are delightful side trips which the tourist can take, where, within two days' journey of Panama, he can see the native Indians living in the same primitive way that their ancestors did when the Spaniards first landed on these shores. There are beautiful stretches of river where the tropical jungle, with its varied vegetable and animal life, comes as a revelation to one acquainted only with our comparatively somber, Northern forests. One finds whole districts inhabited only by a few rubber hunters, or by a few families living in small clearings along the river. The dry season is the better season for shooting, because the migratory birds are here from the North, and because the game has come down from the hills to the water-holes and rivers.

As in many other things, Panama can be extreme in its seasons and after the torrential rains of the wet season are over, the Isthmus becomes almost as arid as the proverbial desert, although retaining its green forest color. The smaller streams run entirely dry and many of the larger ones are represented only by isolated pools; the large rivers are very low and all animal life must come to water, and that means—"to the hunter." Considered geographically and from the standpoint of the sportsman, we have rather a sharp division into the lowlands and the hill country, in each of which we find different and clearly marked classes of birds and animals. Along the coast and in the swamps, on the low meadows and among the river mouths are found many of the migratory shore and marsh birds, such as the curlew, yellowleg, godwit, Wilson's snipe and teal, with now and then a widgeon and "cinnamon" duck. Swans and geese are sometimes seen, but are rare, while gallinules and rails are common. Here the resemblance to our Northern shore birds ceases and many species peculiar to the tropics or to Central America alone are found. The spur-winged *jacána* or "yellow-wing" is flushed in nearly every lagoon or pond and, although he is not a fast flier, is prized for the table. The newcomer will perhaps see a flock of

SKIN OF A "TIGRE" (JAGUAR), 6 FEET 3 INCHES FROM TIP TO TIP, SHOT BY THE AUTHOR birds which look like geese or brant flying heavily along. Your guide will say, *"Patos grandes, señor, tenga cuidado"*—and if you get one you will see that it is the grand old Muscovy duck, one of the largest, if not the largest, of the order. Herons are everywhere and the collector can now and then get a specimen of the real silver heron and the American ibis as they drift calmly over, ignoring the presence of man, from whom they have as yet had nothing to fear. I have also secured specimens of the roseate spoonbill on the Pacific side, though their occurrence is rare.

If larger game is wanted in the swamps and lagoons, take your rifle; you will need smokeless powder and soft-nose bullets to kill these big 'gators and "kill them dead." At first one wants to kill the big fellows and probably does so, while the experienced trophy hunter takes one of medium size and secures better skin, better teeth and skull. The skull, by the way, is cleaned for you by the ants; those omnipresent, tireless little workers swarming everywhere in this country. Simply put the skull, cleaned as well as you can, where the ants can get at it and where wild animals cannot. In a remarkably short time it is as clean as any skilled workman could prepare it and is ready for a simple lime wash and bleaching in the sun. Set the teeth with plaster-of-paris and your specimen is complete and shows a formidable array of pearly teeth set in most vicious-looking jaws. The alligator here is the same lazy-looking fellow we see in our own Southern states but is much bolder, while among the best "banks" are to be found splendid specimens of all sizes to photograph and shoot. In the higher lands and the hills the variety of game compares favorably with the best in our own country, but, like all country covered by unbroken forest, the cover is so good that the amount of game is not appreciated until it is studied and until your woodcraft, probably learned in Northern woods, has been adjusted to the new surroundings. Instead of looking for grouse or bear signs, you look for *pavos,* the native wild turkeys, and *puercos,* or wild hogs; instead of growing interested over a moose track, you grasp the rifle a little tighter and begin to hurry when a fresh trail of the big tapir shows that the largest of Central American game has passed. For the man who likes shooting, rather than the woods life, the lowlands, with their really good jack-snipe and shore bird shooting, are to be preferred, but to a man who likes "being out" the uplands are full of interest.

Much of the bird and animal life is not, strictly speaking, "game," but it is all new and worth studying. You see doves of several species; "mountain hens" (grouse-like birds resembling our ruffed grouse but smaller); the wild Guinea-fowl; the *paisano* which is like



A TAME THREE-YEAR-OLD BUCK—I. C. C. BUNGALOW IN BACKGROUND a large "land rail"; the *pavo* and *pavon,* or small and large wild turkeys, which come whirring up and out of the thickets to sit calmly in a near-by tree and be shot. These turkeys are large, crested birds, black and dark brown in color, very like our own wild turkeys in general build and habits but as yet absolutely unsophisticated and easily killed. In fact, turkeys and wild pigs form the staple diet among the Indian tribes.

INTERIOR OF A TYPICAL NATIVE HOUSE
There are no walls and the floor is raised eight feet above the ground

As among most other Indians, nearly everything which can be caught or killed is looked upon as fit for food; so you see them kill the various toucans—the *pico grande,* the *pico feo* and *pico verde*;—parrots, from the little green fellows to the great yellow-and-red ones measuring over two feet and a half in length; monkeys of all sorts, including the little squirrel-like marmoset and, last but not least, the hideous-looking, but really delicious, iguana, resembling a dragon with a spiny back and tasting like chicken or frog-legs. These lizards are often six feet in length and are considered a great delicacy by the natives, especially when they contain eggs. The average white man stands aghast when he sees an Indian open a living iguana through a cut in the wall of the belly, remove her eggs and let her go. This apparent heartlessness seems to result in no permanent harm to the animal, which is soon in perfect health again. I have myself seen this procedure and have killed iguanas bearing scars of this sort of "backwoods surgery." The sloth and the ant bear are only killed and eaten by the natives; the armadillo and the *nyequi,* or native "rabbit," are more generally used.

Deer, similar to our own Northern species, are common and are the same cunning, timid animals we see there. In markings they resemble our white-tailed deer, but seldom reach as large a size. Of four bucks killed by me this season, the largest one weighed 100 pounds and the smallest 88 pounds. I have killed a buck weighing 130 pounds, but this is considered very large for this district. Their general habits are similar to those of our American deer, feeding during moonlight nights, and in the evening and morning when the nights are dark, but retiring to the thickets for the day. They lie very close, frequently jumping within ten feet of one and often after one has passed them. From the nature of the country, most shots are made under one hundred yards, and snap shooting with the rifle is nearly always necessary. Early morning still-hunting is both the pleasantest and best way; working as quietly as possible at daybreak along the edges of clearings and over trails.

The Indians have the same attitude toward game that natives are wont to have the world over. It is—"get the game, no matter how." An Indian may start before daylight with his old muzzle-loading gun loaded with hand-shaped slugs, or with his hardwood bow and copper-tipped arrows; he slips along the trails without the least noise and is a splendid still-hunter. His shots are all at short range, and if a deer is wounded, he follows him with his dog. He oftener, however, depends upon waiting near a water-hole at daybreak, or placing noose snares in the game trails. Your guide will be "cutting trail" ahead of you when he will suddenly stop his almost automatic, clipping wrist-stroke with the sharp traveling *machete,* and point out what seems to you to be simply another of the innumerable looping creepers and vines, which so soon obscure a tropical trail. He shows you the cleverly made noose, at just the right height to take the deer's head and neck, and of sufficient strength to hold and strangle him.

One moonlight night I heard a shot and the guide said: "We can borrow some deer meat now from old 'Noma,' for he is out 'tree shooting.'" We did find that the old Indian had shot a deer from a tree overlooking a yam patch where he had hidden himself at dark, before the moon arose. I have never heard of fire hunting or deer drives in the mountains, but occasionally you do see these in the coast lands, near the rivers.

Three species of wild pig are found, and in certain localities are abundant. One variety gives off a strong, musk-like odor; so strong that you can often tell by the scent alone that a drove has passed recently. They live in the swampy land near mountain streams or in heavily timbered bottom-lands where acres and acres of soft ground are found rooted up by these gourmands in search of roots and fallen nuts. The tapir, or, as the natives call it, *vaca del monte,* is a huge, hog-like creature with a queerly curved, projecting snout, an almost hairless skin, and feet which look more like those of a small rhinoceros than anything else. They reach a very large size; three to four hundred pounds being no great weight for an adult, and through soft ground

THE CHIEF OF THE CHOLAS

their trail looks like a series of post holes. The meat is used by the natives but is rather coarse and of strong flavor. All these are best hunted near the water-holes during the dry season. You have rivals in your hunting in the spotted *tigre* and the dark-haired "cats," which make an easy living from among the deer, pigs and lesser forest folk.

These animals, variously called jaguars, leopards and *tigres,* or tigers, are powerfully built and very active members of the cat family. They are common enough in all parts, but, being night hunters, are seldom seen unless hunted. The Indians seldom hunt them unless there is a near-by market for the skins, or when they find that a family of these "cats" are poaching on their game district and driving away the pigs and deer. On the other hand, a considerable loss is experienced every season by the ranchers, who lose young cattle and who are consequently glad to help the sportsman kill them. The best method of hunting them is to wait at daybreak near his "kill." He feeds until it is light and then goes to the swamps or heavy timber for the day. Occasionally one gets a shot when out for deer at dusk, when they are sometimes found hunting along the trails or openings. Human beings are not attacked by them, although an adult male may weigh 120 pounds, and measure seven feet from tip to tip. Their vitality is astonishing. On one occasion I wounded a female jaguar, but she got into a swamp. My Indians followed with a dog and treed her half a mile from where she was wounded. She was weak and swaying, but snarling and showing fight. After they killed her, shooting her through the head, they found that my bullet had ranged through the intestines, stomach and right lung, causing a large amount of internal bleeding as well as two smashed ribs. In spite of all this, she had gone the distance mentioned at a fair speed.

As there are as yet practically no roads in the interior of Panama and trails are nearly always tributary to the nearest river, travel is almost entirely done by canoes. The native *cayuco* or *piragua* of the interior is usually made of native cedar, narrow, flat bottomed and ending in a flat platform-like bow and stern. This peculiar construction is to enable one to land directly over the bow or stern when, due to the nature of the bank, it is impossible to more than force the bow to solid ground. With paddle and pole the native can handle his canoe wonderfully well, even against heavy currents, and keep up the steady swing for hours.

A trip up the river needs little preparation as compared with a camping trip in a cold climate. A good guide with his big working knife or *machete* can do wonders. With this he can cut trail, clean the camp site, make a shelter or house, a bedstead, a mattress of thatch and a cover for the fire—all fastened together with vine ropes which he cuts near by. He can cut firewood and dress game, slice bacon or potatoes, chop out an impromptu paddle or *palanca,* "cut rubber," dig roots, get out fair-sized logs and, if necessary, inflict serious wounds with it. He seldom goes anywhere without this indispensable article and uses it for nearly everything.

As your canoe slips quietly along the bank of some good river, the charm is derived both from the beauty of the scene and from the feeling of expectation regarding new sights and chances at odd sorts of game. You round a bend, your *canaletero,* or paddleman, stops and, as you slowly bring into view the stretch or *vuelta* beyond, probably he says, *"Lagarto, señor, alli! alli!"* and when your unaccustomed eyes finally follow his direction, you see a big 'gator, light gray on the back from dried mud and yellow below, lying like a log on the farther mud bank. He sees you, you may be sure of that; in fact he usually sees everything that moves, and hears and smells as well as he sees; he is in no hurry to slide into the water, however, for he sees native canoes every day and they never bother him. It is true that if you come too near he quietly takes to the water; not that he fears you, but just on general principles, as he is so much more at home in the water than on land.

Your guide is steadily creeping closer, his paddle never leaves the water but even with its slight movement you are lessening the distance. Be careful now, you won't gain much more; there, he has raised his head and in another second he will be started for the water —good! You have hit him! See that head and tail go up? That is a sure sign of a good body shot! Get a couple more in right away before he gets over the shock; if you don't, badly wounded

NESTS (IN TALLEST TREE) OF THE "ORO PENDULA," OR GREAT ORIOLE

This bird is sometimes called the "weaver bird." The nests are about six feet long as he is, he will crawl into the water in a minute. It takes lots of lead for these big alligators, although, with the high-power rifles and soft-nose bullets, the tough hide and horny plates are not much of a protection. You enjoy killing your first alligator; perhaps you kill one or two more ("for the teeth"); then you, also, paddle by and don't shoot. What's the use? It is like shooting at a log and just as much danger to yourself.

Your idea of the sluggishness of an alligator is changed, however, when your bullet touches a big fellow without hurting him much; then you see your log-like, clumsy-looking monster whirl like a flash and lunge into the water quicker than seems credible to those who have not seen it done.

Around another bend and the guide, with eyes everywhere, says *"Monos,"* and points out a band of big black monkeys feeding or traveling through the trees. You can land and walk directly beneath them before they start away. You can see the females with their little ones clinging to their backs and the big males will stop and growl and menace you with a baying, rolling volume of sound like some huge hound. This sound is the first one heard in the morning and the last one at night, and comes booming across the forest to be answered from all directions by the leaders of other bands.

Again the guide points, or you yourself see, big black birds fly from the river bank back into the trees. The guide's *"Pavo"* is not needed for you to know that these are the big turkeys of which you have heard. Out you jump, as soon as the bow of the canoe touches the shore. Go quietly and watch the large trees; there is a hen turkey; better shoot her, or better yet, that young bird there to the right. Yes, you can kill the big gobbler, but he will be as tough as leather. You return to your boat with your turkeys and continue on past trees where colonies of the *oro pendula,* or great yellow-and-black orioles, have woven their pendent nests, hanging from four to six feet in length from the tip of some drooping limb; past flocks of noisy parrots and silent reptile hawks, rubber trees and orchids, copaiba and mahogany; now and again

A FEW OF THE CHOLAS, PAINTED FOR THE OCCASION
Their "best clothes" consist of beads, girdles and regalias

passing a deserted shelter where some lone *caouchero,* or rubber hunter, lived while gathering his valuable "crop" from the hills. When a man finds a rubber tree he may mark it, his rights are always respected, and he may collect its milky, bitter juice at leisure. The Indians are good rubber hunters, but, like all Indians, are not accustomed to regular work. They, as well as many of their more civilized rivals, discount the future and in order to secure all the rubber possible from the tree, kill it by the methods used in extracting the juice. The better class preserve the trees and tap them every year.

You reach an Indian village and, if you have the good fortune not to frighten away the tribe, you can see a race of sturdy, straight-haired men and women, almost naked, brownish yellow in color and with rather pleasing features. The open sesame to their friendship is often found by the old "exchange of courtesy" with the chief, where a *"Salud, señor,"* when the rum is taken, is of more value toward securing photographs and curios than unlimited money would be.

These people live, but slightly modified by civilization, as they have always lived. Their houses consist of platforms raised from the ground and covered by a roof of thatch. There are no walls nor partitions and several families make use of the same shelter for cooking, eating and sleeping. Children are born and old people die all together in this truly communistic society, where all is in common and one man's good fortune is the good fortune of all.

Crudely made stools and baskets, weapons, ornaments and canoes constitute the entire possessions of these simple people. They raise a little corn, which they crush in a wooden mortar with a huge pestle. A few herbs are used as medicine, but "magic" by the medicine man is their principal way of treating disease. A "charm stick" was secured, after much persuasion, from our friend, the chief, and is one of the best of its class. This carved *"cacique* stick" will, it is believed, stop hemorrhage from any cause whatsoever, is much prized by the natives and difficult to obtain.

One of the most remarkable things about these men is that they can travel rapidly, without shoes or clothes, through a country so tangled with vines and thorns as to be impassable to an outsider unless equipped with a *machete.* Indian runners can cover astonishing distances through these heavily timbered hills in a day and come through less scratched and marked than a white man well shod and clothed.

They are fine woodsmen and kill all sorts of game with their old muzzle-loading guns, shooting a pinch of powder and a few slugs. These slugs are carefully dug out of the game and used again, for lead must be secured by trade, and every one cheats the poor Indian.

As an example of their lack of knowledge of civilized customs and articles: a member of our party on one occasion gave an Indian an old coat, for which he seemed very grateful in his undemonstrative way. The donor remembered the next day that some gold and paper money had been left in the pocket of the coat. The Indian was met several days later and, when questioned, said, through the interpreter, that he had found only a "piece of paper" and two yellow *reals.* He had used the "green paper" for *gun wadding* and had only kept the "yellow dimes" because he was not quite sure they were not some sort of money. Who can say that paper money has no intrinsic value in this country?

All in all, a trip to the interior of Panama is well worth taking. The natives are reserved, but, as a usual thing, kindly disposed; the climate is not bad; there is enough in scenery and new sorts of game to keep one's interest and one returns with a better appetite and "glad I went."

THE SONS OF THE SETTLERS

BY ERNEST RUSSELL

II.—The Genesis of the Pioneer Spirit

THE makers of real history are little given to striking attitudes in the accomplishment of their undertakings. A principle is conceived and a plan of action adopted without regard for effect, but with the very definite object of getting a certain thing done—speedily if possible and as well as may be,—but done and over with. Pregnant with ideals, with heroism and force of will as it is, it is still a legacy of achievement that men of heroic mould bequeath to posterity.

It is the pre-eminence of this faculty for doing things in the character of the settler which makes him interesting as a study and valuable as an example. Initiative, resourcefulness and tenacity of purpose were the agents he employed; results were what he obtained. Seldom did he toil under further incentive and stimulus than the prospect of his own achievement furnished, nor did he need them: the crash of the tree under his ax, the rearing of his cabin of logs and the gradual extension of his clearings into plowed land, these were his recompense.

The camera and the bureau of publicity were not for him. Alone he worked out the problems of his time leaving a record of achievement, permanent and unforgettable. Even history frequently fails to transmit an accurate and convincing picture of the virile types of men who marked with such indelible characters the spirit of their time. The temptation of the historian is to forget the Ciceronian maxim,* and to strive for an effect with his own colors and a broadly flourished brush. Thus he often misses the essential vigor and the rugged virtue of his subject.

We all remember the single unprintable word with which Victor Hugo has glorified the last stand of the Old Guard at Waterloo—a word which in its defiance and scorn of death, its supremacy over any other expression possible in the crisis of that terrible moment deserves the fame he gave it. In the unwritten story of our own beginnings we may find like incidents, hidden in the haze of tradition but none the less convincing in their fidelity to the types we picture.

When Ethan Allen and his four score Vermonters swept through the gate of Ticonderoga in the dawn of that memorable 10th of May, 1775, we can well believe, in our conception of the character of the man and his followers, that the surprised sentry snapped his gun—and ran. And when the frightened Delaplace, trousers in hand, opened the door of his room to face an uplifted sword and the summons of "Surrender!" from the tall, gaunt figure before him, he may well have asked, "By whose authority do you demand it?" The historian, the lover of high sounding phrase, has put into the mouth of the impetuous Allen the resounding response: "By authority of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" Brave words indeed! but are they like the man or fitted to the scene? Far rather would the writer accept the

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*The first rule of history is that an historian shall not dare to advance a falsity; the next that there is no truth but what he shall dare to tell.—*Cicero, De Oratore.*

version, treasured among the descendants of that sturdy band of mountaineers, that the actual words of Allen's answer were, "Come out of that, you d——d old rat, and you'll find out!" Rough speech it is but consonant with the roughness of the man and his time, charged with a menace and determination that, scorning a choice of words to illumine history, left death the only alternative to capitulation.

The fiber of this primitive stock is manifest no less strongly in the women of the time than in the men; loyal to the same standards as their husbands, schooled in the same expedients, buoyed by the same determination, they bravely bore their parts to fruition in a national character.

Taken from a multitude of instances the story of Hannah Dustan's heroism may well serve to illustrate the hardihood and spirit of the women of New England.

On the 15th of March, 1697, in an attack upon the Haverhill settlement, the Indians killed some sixteen of the settlers and carried twenty more into captivity. Among the latter was Hannah Dustan who, forced to leave the bed whereon she had been confined one week before, was made to accompany her captors in their northward flight. Mary Neff, her nurse, taken at the same time, went with her. Mrs. Dustan, already ill by reason of her confinement, had witnessed the death of her latest born at the hands of the Indians, seen the flight of her seven elder children in their father's care and watched her own and her neighbors' houses burn behind her. Snow was yet upon the ground and the air was keen with the chill of early spring. She was ill clad and one foot was bare. Behind her lay the tragedy of massacre,—before her stretched the wilderness journey and the unknown terrors of captivity.

Soon the Indians separated, as was their custom after a foray, and Mrs. Dustan, Mary Neff and Samuel Leonardson, a boy captured near Worcester, Mass., became the charges of a small party of two braves, three squaws and seven children. On the evening of March 30th, after a torturing march in inclement weather, they were all encamped upon an island in the Merrimac river near the mouth of the Contoocook. Mrs. Dustan had instructed the boy to inquire of one of the Indians as to their method of tomahawking an enemy and securing his scalp. Little dreaming of the purpose behind the inquiry, the Indian had pointed to his temple and said, "Strike um here," following this up with a graphic illustration of the other operation. The boy made careful report of this to Mrs. Dustan.

On the morning of the 31st, while the stars were still bright in the heavens and the Indians slept on, the courageous women and the equally courageous boy rose and with the tomahawks of their captors killed them all with the exception of a child and a wounded squaw who escaped into the woods. Then scuttling all the canoes but one, and putting into that a gun, a tomahawk and such food as they could find, they began their homeward journey. They had not gone far, however, before it was realized they had brought little convincing proof of their exploit with them. They therefore returned to the island and, by the light of the smouldering fire, scalped their ten dead enemies and putting into a bag these grim trophies paddled southward through the mists which hung above the river. Aided by the swollen current and protected by kindly chance from a meeting with other Indians, stopping only as obstructions to progress made portages necessary, these two women and this boy at last were reunited with kindred and friends and told their story.

It is a grim story but a true one. It needs no embellishment of fiction, no further emphasis than attends the mere facts, to demonstrate their qualities of courage, of physical vigor, of fitness for the perilous existence which beset and surrounded the makers of our colonial history.

The early settlement of the colonies hung for some time about the seaboard and upon the tide-waters of the larger rivers. Following upon this epoch it gradually penetrated farther inland, but until the weakening of the French power in Canada, the aggressive hostility of the Indians effectually held in check the inclination of the newcomers to open up and develop, in any general way, the more remote and unknown interior. Even the proprietors of the vast tracts which had been parceled out as rewards to those prominent in the various Indian wars did not themselves know the extent of their holdings, and it was from the lips of the surveyors, who were finally sent to ascertain the true boundaries, that authentic word of the resources of the new land first came to stir the brains of the daring and send them inland to the "grants" they had secured. The labors of the grantees were of the sort to test "the mettle of men"; they found the wilderness as the Indian had left it, dotted and veined by the lakes and streams whose waters his canoe alone had disturbed, covered with the forests which sheltered the animals he had hunted.

Born and reared in the old world and unschooled to the life which confronted them in their new home, it speaks forcibly of their power of adaptability to these new conditions that from the settlers, whether English or Scotch, Irish or Dutch, a type was evolved unique as were the conditions of its birth and worthy the name American. First of all, and by virtue of that ancient goad to human endeavor, Necessity, they became hunters and trappers and masters of woodcraft. Gradually the cleared areas about the log-huts increased in size, tillage became more and more an occupation, and the farms resulted.

The policy of the proprietors toward the settlers on the whole had been a just and a benevolent one. Inducements to settle had been offered, such as the promise of a lot of land "to the first male child born in town"; there had been abatements of taxes, substantial aid in money had been given in the precarious first years of settlement, range roads were laid out and even meeting-houses were built at the expense of these fathers of the settlements. As immigration increased, the proprietors became less and less factors in the situation; they quarreled among themselves while "the man on the ground" grew in importance and independence.

At length towns were incorporated and a new era began. In the very nature of things these earlier settlements were "towns" in name only, their incorporation serving but to link together in a mutual dependence and a collective independence the scattered inhabitants of a wide territory.

After the storm of the Revolution had passed the settlement of the country took on fresh vigor, the hamlet, that earliest manifestation of man's gregarious habit, sprang into being and the pulse of the East quickened and thrilled to the awakenment of new industries, to the culture of religious faith and to education. The farm was, however, the unit of this structure and its life the embodiment of the living principles which have bulwarked and bastioned the growth of the republic.

In even the most superficial analysis of the forces at work in the formation of the New England character, we are confronted by one positive and omnipresent condition—poverty. The term itself is an elastic one, however, and capable of as varied interpretation as its antithesis—riches. In the sense in which it is here used it shall not mean the state of utter destitution with which it is so often associated, but rather, following the actual source of the word to its prime significance of "preparing little" or "providing little for one's self," describe a condition of very limited means which, if it denied much that we have come to look upon as desirable and even necessary to right living, still carries in its larger aspect advantages and virtues of its own.

This conception of poverty is in essence a recapitulation of the early history of the human race and is the normal condition of the pioneer. It may mean, of course, rather hard external conditions, as of climate and soil and an absence of easily available resources, but it does not imply the dependence of one class upon another. Rather does it proclaim interdependence of the whole community upon one another as friends and helpers in the exigencies of a common existence. Such a condition does not necessarily carry with it any intellectual, moral or æsthetic inferiority or degradation. It is consistent with the highest character and culture. Emerson says of Thoreau, "He knew how to be poor without the slightest hint of squalor or inelegance."

In this consideration of it one might say that poverty is the reaction of a healthy nature upon extreme simplicity of outward conditions, upon life reduced to its lowest terms; it is averse to multiplying the aims and means of living and does not like to burden the present with too much care for the future. It regards enough as *better* than a feast and is easily cloyed with luxuries. It is privation taken in tonic doses.

The life of any one New England farming community of three generations ago did not radically differ from any other. In the one with whose history and tradition the writer is most familiar, the people were either artisans or small farmers dependent for a living on the fruits of their daily toil. They were all of untainted native blood, most of them had skill in their various handicrafts and nearly all were virtuous, patriotic citizens.

They were all poor; that is, they lived upon the product of the constant labor of every able member of every family. They had, and cared to have, little or nothing ahead. This fact distinctly fixes their status as one of poverty. They did not, however, suffer from lack of the necessaries of life. They had food enough, comfortable houses to live in, sufficient and decent clothing for all common occasions. An ungraded or district school was maintained for four or five months in the year to which all children were punctually sent and if kept with less technical skill than schools are now, and having a much narrower range of studies, it was on the whole as salutary and effective as the schools of to-day. But by far the largest and best part of the education which the boy of that day received came not from books. It came, firstly, from the unhindered development of such germs of thought and faculty as he had inherited from a vigorous parentage; secondly, from external nature and the everyday communion with the wild life of fields and woods and waters, the large phenomena and vicissitudes of the weather and seasons; and thirdly, from the drama of human life which went on before his eyes in a theater so small that every seat was, as it were, near the stage.

Moreover, in a condition of poverty, the vital concerns of family and neighborhood are in a perfectly natural and inevitable way made obvious and impressive. Even the child so participates in or comes so near to the great facts of life and destiny—to birth, love, grief, sickness, death—that all the results of human experience and a rare knowledge of human nature are his at first hand to be absorbed, digested and utilized in the natural and unceremonious intercourse of a primitive society. He enters early into the life itself, sees lumber cut from the stump, hauled to the mill and dressed, houses planned and built, wells dug and pumps set, bridges and dams and mills constructed, hides tanned and curried, horses and oxen shod, boots and shoes and clocks and barrels made. He learns to handle an ax, a spade, a hoe and a scythe, to hold a plow and harness and drive horses and oxen; he learns much of the wild life about him; he assists in the nursing of the sick and the burial of the dead. These experiences could come to him in no other way than as the natural result of the poverty in which he lives. They fit him as no other education could for a useful, self-sustaining, vigorous manhood.

It may well be believed that to the influence of poverty may be ascribed much of the sturdy religious belief which always held sway among the New England people, and that a sudden influx of wealth, while it might and probably would have resulted in a more costly house of worship, might also have witnessed a departure from the simple faith which helped them in their hours of trial.

The frequently cited "New England conscience" was no myth. It was the natural product of a time when "a working religion," founded upon simple standards of honesty and charity and fraternal feeling, was a common possession and in daily practical use. It is always a cheering retrospect which discloses such naïve conscientiousness as that shown by one of the forefathers of the hamlet who, when measuring the corn he was selling in one of the "scarce" years, impulsively put in two additional quarts after the bargained bushel. He explained it by saying he was tempted by the Devil to take two quarts *out* of each bushel and determined to "resist" or "cheat" Satan by adding two quarts instead!

The religious spirit was distinctly reinforced and given actual expression by the necessity for mutual helpfulness which always exists in such a community. To be a good neighbor is a cardinal virtue among the poor; and this means not so much the contributing of your substance as the giving of yourself in time of need. Only the past summer in the hamlet of which I have spoken the men and boys, obedient to this kindly impulse, gathered on an appointed day, leaving their own work by common consent, to hoe the growing crops of a neighbor upon whom illness had suddenly fallen; and this without any thought of putting upon the beneficiary an unusual sense of obligation.

January 19, 1810, was the "Cold Friday" and a memorable date in New England history. From the mild temperature of 43 degrees above zero, at sunset of the evening before, the mercury dropped to 25 degrees below zero in sixteen hours! This change was accompanied by a violent wind which overthrew buildings and trees and worked havoc over a wide area. In the hamlet before mentioned, upon a mountain road, there lived, among other settlers, a man named Ellsworth, his wife and their three children. In the violent gale which swept upon their house on that terrible night the windows were blown in and the house itself tottered as if in momentary danger of destruction. Mrs. Ellsworth and her youngest child sought refuge in the cellar while her husband, covering his two other children in bed, started for his nearest neighbor's, David Brown's, for assistance. Though he had to go but a hundred rods, Ellsworth's face and feet were badly frozen and he was unable to stand when he finally gained his neighbor's house. Mr. Brown hastened to the Ellsworth house with his horse and sleigh and found the inmates as left by their father, save that the wind had blown off the bed-clothes from the older children. He placed mother and children in the sleigh, covered them with the bedding and started for his own house. Twice the sleigh was overturned by the terrific gusts of wind which swept the bleak hillside. The first time Mr. Brown urged the mother to try and reach his house as her limbs were beginning to fail. She did so, crawling much of the way upon her hands and knees; while he, having a second time loaded the half-dressed children into the sleigh, soon found them again scattered upon the snow and his sleigh broken. Covering the youngest under a log, he started with the two oldest on foot toward his house. Their cries urged him to the most heroic exertion; but before he reached the house both were frozen in his arms and died soon after. Other neighbors came to the rescue and the lifeless body of the third child was soon returned. The children's parents suffered long from their own injuries and David Brown was blind for the rest of his life in consequence of the exposure of that terrible morning.

No medal commemorates the heroism of David Brown's self-sacrifice for his neighbors and it needs none. It is but one of the chronicles of that obscure little New Hampshire hamlet which are cherished in the hearts of the sons of its settlers and which have become part of the everlasting fabric of their noble example.

Another and less tragic occurrence in the unwritten annals of the town serves to illustrate the methods which were in vogue to rebuke any tendency toward non-conformity to the prevailing standard of neighborliness.

A narrow and selfish man named Mason lived at the very end of a "mountain road," somewhat apart from his neighbors. He naturally wanted the town authorities to keep the highway to his house in good repair, but he unfortunately had made conspicuous and noisy opposition to the keeping open of similar roads in the other parts of the town. One dark and rainy Saturday night a large force of his townsmen secretly assembled with their teams at the point where Mason's road branched off and there built a heavy and handsome stone wall, so that when he started with his family for church on Sunday morning he found himself a prisoner, as far as driving out was concerned, until by two or three days' labor he could remove the obstruction. But this was not the end. Some nights later the wall was *rebuilt,* stronger than before. When the man had finally succeeded in opening his way out for the second time, his unneighborly malady had completely left him.

It has been said that the trials and privations of their lives engraved themselves upon the faces of the pioneers in such deep and ineffaceable lines that they partook of the very character of the granite hills which looked upon their struggles. It would indeed be strange if there were not some reflection in the appearance of men and women who met undaunted so stern a conflict as confronted the pioneers, but it must not be forgotten that there was a lighter and a brighter side to it.

They did not want for pleasure; whether it was "muster" or "town meetin'," a house-raising or other partially festive occasion, mirth and frolic played their parts. Labor, though regular and constant, was seldom overstrenuous or exhausting and time was taken for food and sleep. As Grannie, in Kellogg's immortal "Good Old Times," so well expresses it, "Mother always said she never got her property by getting up early or sitting up late, but *by working after she was up.*" It is a mistake to suppose that the poor are chained down to unremitting toil. They at least know the taste of leisure and ease; their days are made *porous* so to speak with little interruptions and diversions. Even their very poverty, in its complete diffusion, in its existence as a normal condition, like the pressure of the atmosphere, ceased to be felt at all.

There was a simplicity in their lives as of a winter landscape, freshness as of an April morning, invitation to life as to a feast; the ends of living stood paramount to the means; the germs of knowledge and aspiration unfolded under the stimulus of a personal, firsthand experience. Their poverty denied them the perilous privilege of mounting a staging built by others; it quickened their powers of invention, and stimulated their self-reliance; it compelled them, as Thoreau says, to build upon piles of their own driving. How well they built, how much we owe them for the stable structure that stands as their everlasting monument, we of a later day should be slow to forget.

(*To be continued*)

THAD HOG-TIES A MAVERICK

WITH THE MOUNTAIN COWBOYS

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

It was about half-past four in the morning when I opened my eyes in the K-Bar bunk-house, amidst the fastnesses of western Colorado, and blinked sleepily at the muslin ceiling over. The long bunk held five of us—two in the one half, three in the other, the divisions being feet to feet. Somebody in the other half of the bunk was stirring, yawning, presently to throw back a corner of the tarpaulin, to plant bare soles upon the floor, to yawn some more, and to dress. 'T was Thad, the Texan, whose week this was to wrangle, i. e., to bring in the horse-herd from pasture to corral.

He pulled on socks and trousers (overalls covered) and boots, and then donning jacket and hat, for the air was chill, stumped out. Soon we who were awake heard the clatter of his horse's hoofs as he galloped out of the ranch yard.

And now the rest of us, thus disturbed and warned, piled out, to don our necessary apparel for the day; and while doing so, to joke.

We filed to the kitchen dining-room, to wash. Breakfast was sizzling upon the stove, with welcome sound, for Pete the cook had long been up. While we were taking turns at the wash-dish and towel, Jack the foreman appeared, red-eyed from heavy slumber in his private apartment, the ranch "office"; and ere we sat down the horse-herd came streaming in, Thad driving them. The corral gate was closed upon them, and we breakfasted, the menu being fried beefsteak, fried potatoes, fried eggs, coffee and bread (hot biscuit), with plenty of sorghum to taper off on; sorghum sticks fine to the stomach.

After breakfast it was every rider to the corral, to rope his "hawss." The boys detached their ropes from their saddles lying by the bunk-house, and with loop trailing entered the corral. Not being an expert "roper," the writer hung upon the corral fence and watched the fun. Around about the enclosure swung the horse-herd, each horse striving to bury his head among his neighbors, and avoid the noose. The loops shot forth, now here, now there, as the men threw from the center; and one by one the mounts were captured and led away to be saddled. Old Medicine Eye was caught, for the tenderfoot.

"All done!" called Thad.

He left the corral gate open, and the fortunate members of the herd gladly trotted out, and back to pasture.

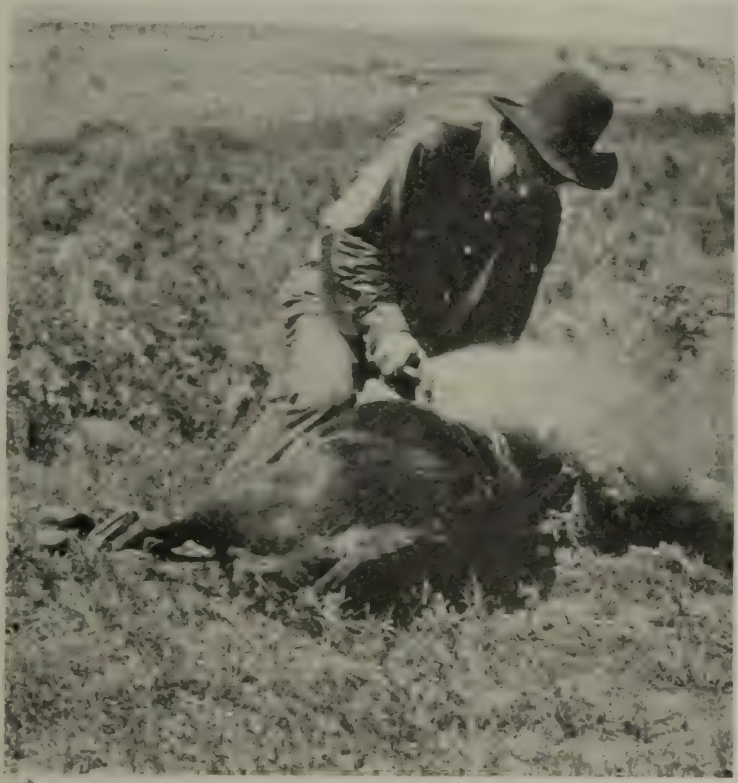
We saddled. The word of the day was of course "ride," and following Thad and Lou, I started out.

The K-Bar cattle ranch is out in the White River country of Colorado, about sixty miles from the railroad. Like many another mountain cow-outfit, it is the descendant of an old plains ranch, relegated by the farmer-rancher to the remote, uncultivated region. The ranch quarters themselves are only two or three log buildings, a few sheds, and a corral, set beside a creek. The cattle range through the hills, at an elevation of from eight thousand to ten thousand feet. The country is marvelously

LOOKING FOR CATTLE—TYPICAL MOUNTAIN COW COUNTRY rough, being full of cañons and deep arroyas, with the mesas and the high hills rising on every side. The flats are covered with sage and greasewood, extending up into the pines and cedars of the slopes. Rocks outcrop everywhere. In such a country the K-Bar cows, and cows of many another brand, rustle for themselves and live almost as wild as do the deer.

Thad and Lou and I rode on, out from the ranch; we forded the rushing, turbid creek, and climbed the opposite bank. Thad was a Texan, and had punched cows all over the Southwest and West for fifteen years. Lou was an Iowan—but the best range roper in this section, nevertheless. Thad wore leather chaps; Lou wore overalls unprotected.

Our horses at an incessant trot, we had gone six or seven miles, along the draw through which wended the crooked creek, when the two cowboys turned into a side draw. Cattle were disclosed ahead of us—a sprinkling grazing upon the grass springing amidst the sage. They raised their heads, as we approached, and stared. Suddenly, without a word, Lou struck spurs into his horse, and sped careening off to the left, as if possessed. While I gazed, startled, Thad, seized by a similar craze, likewise bolted away, to the right. I pursued Thad, my horse deftly picking a path through the brush, well nigh unseating me with his abrupt twistings and dodgings.



. . . *burned into side and flank a big K*

Thad was swinging his rope over his head, and racing an old mammy and her calf. The old mammy went scot-free, but the calf vainly doubled and bawled; Thad's hand jerked forward a bit, the loop sailed true, and settled about the calf's neck. Thad's horse changed course, and the calf, describing half a somersault, lay choking and stunned. When I arrived Thad was standing over, tying its four feet together, while he held a boot-heel upon its neck.

"Why didn't y'u help me rope this calf?" he demanded, with a grin.

I grinned back.

Having hog-tied his victim, he cast the loop off from it; and now assisted by the tenderfoot he gathered some dry sage, built a little fire, and placed therein his saddle-irons (horse-shoes welded shut) for heating. Then he knelt upon the calf, and proceeded with his pocket-knife to ear-mark it and cut a dewlap. The calf bawled to no avail. Thad wiped his knife and fingers on it, and the irons being hot, again knelt and burned into side and flank a big *K*. Crossed sticks were the leverage for his iron.

He scattered the fire.

"Look out, now; this calf's mighty fractious," he warned.

Consequently the tenderfoot mounted in haste. But after removing the rope from the calf's feet Thad calmly kicked it, to make it get up; and it ran one way while he walked the other, to his horse. He laughed. The calf was not of the sex to resent insult.

Lou joined us, and we rode on.

"Bull calf?" inquired Lou, casually.

"No; K-Bar heifer."

"I branded a steer calf for the Lazy Y, over there," explained Lou.

There evidently being no more mavericks in sight (or else Lou or Thad would have seen them) we continued on up the draw, and obliquing began to ascend its side, first plunging into and out of an arroya at least fifteen feet deep. We entered the timber. Thad led, winding through the cedars, now at a rapid walk, now at a trot. It was follow who could, with the branches threatening to dislocate one's neck, or cut one in two at the middle.

We kept on climbing and climbing, and winding amidst the timber, until after an hour and a half we emerged into a small park. Some cattle were pointed out afar to the left, grouped under a clump of cedar. Thad trotted off at an angle; I followed Lou, this time.

Thad disappeared at a gallop; as suddenly as before Lou was seized by frenzy, and went destruction-bent, crashing through the trees and brush. I made a bluff at pursuit—but what was the use, when I was not being paid for it? Life was too precious. As I hesitated, listening, lo and behold, here came Thad, chasing a big calf; riding as madly as he had in the sage, swinging his rope. The calf lunged headlong beneath a low cedar; so did Thad. The calf lurched down a gulch where the branches and brush completely enveloped it; so did Thad. He never faltered; he certainly was a wild Texan. The crashing died away. I was alone.

I painstakingly trailed Thad, marveling at the route and momentarily expecting to come upon his dead body; and eventually found him in the bottom of a gulch, calf down and tied, already marked, and the irons heating in the fire. Thad grinned. His horse was heaving; so was the calf.

AT THE K-BAR RANCH

"Why didn't y'u come along?" he queried.

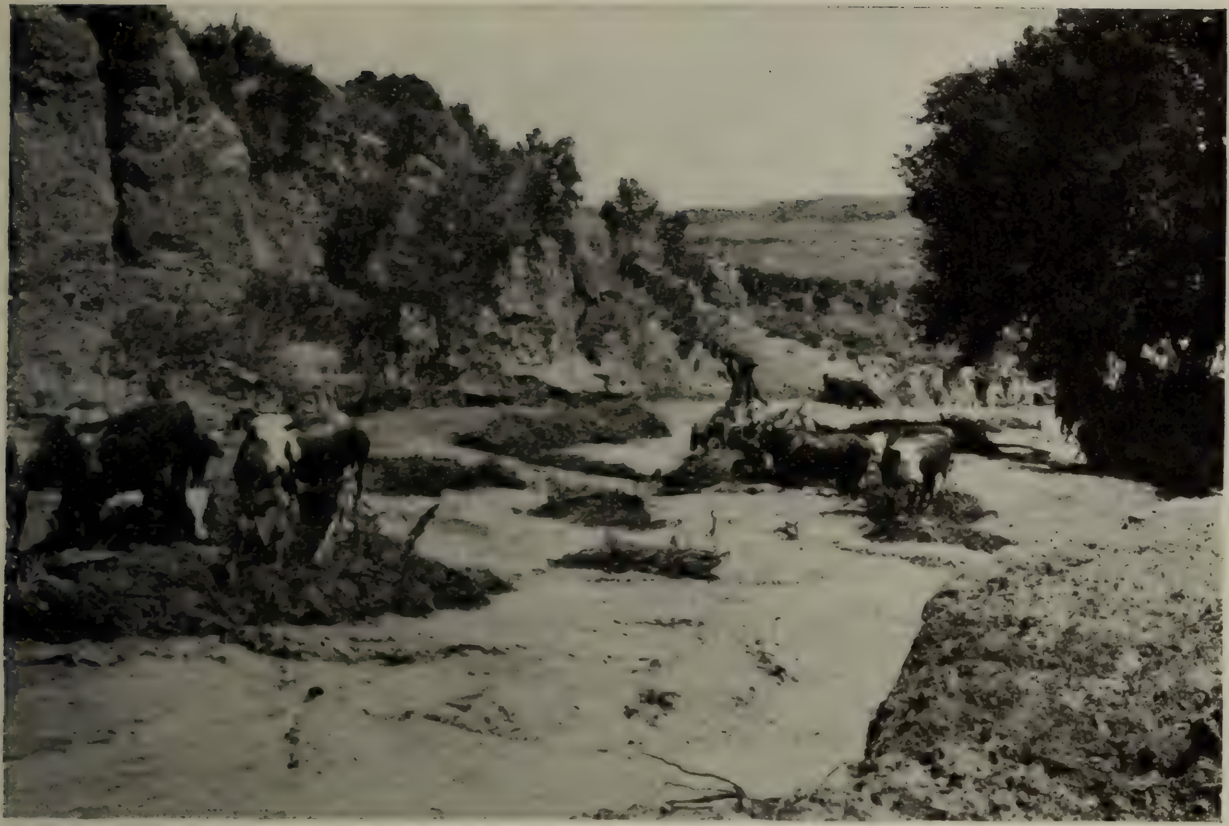
I grinned back.

Having finished with the calf, we rode away.

"Lou get after a calf, too?" he asked.

"He rode as though he was after something," I replied.

About us stretched mile after mile of rolling timber, interspersed with little parks. Thad seemed to know where he was going; I accompanied. We followed a cow-trail, descending; and in due time we came out, below, in a



BOXED IN A CREEK-BED

YANKING A CALF ASHORE FOR BRANDING

sagey draw. Just ahead of us was Lou, coolly waiting.

"Get a calf?" asked Thad.

Lou nodded.

"K-Bar, this time," he said. He turned to me. "You ought to come along," he said, cheerfully. "Met an old she bear with two cubs. She ran off with one cub, and the other climbed a tree. Tried to rope it out, but the branches were too thick."

That was all.

"Well, foh less mavericks on this range," sighed Thad, as we jogged ranch-ward.

'Twas three o'clock when we reached our haven. We unsaddled, released the horses, and dug up what we could for a lunch. Thad extended himself on the bunk, and read a ragged magazine; Lou proceeded to mend his saddle with a piece of raw-hide; I strolled about, straightening my warped legs. By and by the other riders came in, stiffly dismounting.

For us three this had been a comparatively easy day; but not for all. We had ridden only some thirty miles, up and down, and were back before dark.

* * * * * *

To be a mountain cowboy means not only hard, incessant riding, in all weathers, but riding of the most desperate and reckless nature. The mountain cows roam like wild things, and to run one down—even a calf—requires disregarding timber and sage, rock and arroya. It is man's work.

The mountain ranges of Colorado are located, many of them, in the most inaccessible portions of the state: a no-man's land, unfenced, and still untempered by railroad and tourist. To ride them with the cowboys certainly teaches one the country, and no little woodcraft, and it is good fun.

"DOC" AND HIS BUCK

How Skilful Still-hunting Succeeded After Everything Else Had Failed

BY ERNEST McGAFFEY

HE was the wisest old buck in Arkansas. What he didn't know about horses and hounds, guns and hunters, "runways" and "still-hunting," wasn't worth knowing. He hugged the swamps, he did, away down among the cane and the fallen timber, the cypress "knees" and the most remote recesses of the big woods. Let the bucks that wanted to get shot go up on the timbered ridges where the browsing was better. Let them go up where the horses could travel and the hounds run; where the hunters could steal around in their moccasins without making much more sound than a dead leaf falling from a blue-gum tree. But for that old buck, give him the dim recesses where rotten timber lay thickly about, and where the lightest footstep that ever fell would inevitably set the brittle *débris* a-crackle; where horses would sink belly-deep in the swamps, and where the stanchest hounds toiled wearily amid the quagmires and impenetrable tangles of brake and cane.

Even when they did come down there and waylay him, he was not the animal to flash his white "flag," with a rolling gallop through the swamp and underbrush. Not he. It was a quiet sneak with him, gliding away like a gray shadow, with nothing to tell of his disappearance but the clean-cut hoofmarks, and the frantic baying of the hounds. Did he always take the same track when they jumped him? Well, I reckon not. Did he come to the river always at about the same spot to drink, and at approximately the same time? Not since he could remember. Let them get him if they could. He was as wary as an eagle, as full of tricks as a fox. And what a towering deer he was, to be sure, and what a rivalry there was among the dark-eyed does for his attentions. Few were the upland bucks that ever dared to cross antlers with him for their favors. He was too big and fierce for any of them, and indeed he would never have escaped so many pitfalls and ambushes if he had not borne a sort of charmed life among the deer tribe.

When it got too hot for him in his favorite haunts it was said he bore due east and swam the Mississippi river to an island that lay half way between Arkansas and the Lauderdale country in Tennessee. Anyway, he used to disappear when there was very considerable stir around his particular neck of swamp, for as "Doc" Amory said—and everybody called him "Doc's buck"—he would stand just about so much hunting and no more; not more than three chases with the hounds, and say from five to seven rifle bullets whistling past him and burying themselves in the cypress trunks or the enormous ash or cottonwood trees. He would change his address sure, then, and nobody in Mississippi county would see him again that winter.

Many a buck had seen daylight for the last time in those swamps and uplands, many a king of the white-tailed tribe had dug his antlers into the brush or cane in his dying struggles, but Doc's buck still eluded all pursuers. Only one man had ever met him at close range, and that was our darky cook of Camp Plenty, who had taken a short-cut through the swamps one

CAMP PLENTY, WITH THE COOK AND THE HEAVY EATERS ON PARADE evening after a day with the mallards at Big lake. He jumped my gentleman from a bed of rotten logs in the mid-depths of the swamp and poured a charge of sixes into him from a rear elevation, making the buck to thrash vigorously away through cane and timber.

"He sho did hump hisse'f," said Cato. "I reckon he gwyin' yit. De mos' bigges' buck I evah seen in de woods."

We were all sitting around the camp-fire at Camp Plenty that chill November night and the ash logs, piled high against a monster blue-gum stump, shot bewildering, sparkling embroidery far into the jet-black canopy of night. Hoot-owls, raucously inquisitive, hallooed their curiosity and displeasure of this invasion of their chosen solitude. Ed. Hornaday stood at the door of the cook tent, stalwart and straight, a perfect athlete of nineteen years. Doc Amory, sixty-six years old, hard as nails, the best shot and best hunter among us, watched him as he went to the woodpile, caught up an ash log and heaved it on the blaze, with a smile showing his white and even teeth, and a scrap of a song and a scollop of "buck and wing" dancing as he grabbed off the hat of one of the guides. He was always sky-larking and singing was Ed., and old Doc loved him like a son.

CATO, THE COOK

"Ed.," said the old hunter, "I've got two of the best farms in Kentucky, all stocked and fitted out completely. I'd give them both, and that means everything I've got, horses, houses, barns and cattle, everything—if I could stand in your moccasins to-night by this camp-fire, at your age, and with all the long years ahead of me."

The snort of a deer in the near-by brush interrupted this soliloquy, and everybody shunted his attention to where the sound came from. "That ain't your deer, Doc, is it?" asked Johnny Willis, one of the best guides in Arkansas. "Not him," replied Doc, "he knows what a camp-fire is, and he has got less curiosity than a wild goose. By the way, I expect to get old 'Grease-Foot' this trip, boys," continued Amory, as he lit a brier-root pipe and puffed out a tentative coil of smoke. "Yes, the more I think of it, the more I can see myself standing by him admiring his antlers and guessing at his weight. This is the seventh year I've come to Mississippi county on purpose to get his horns, and a little bird tells me I win this time."

"What kind of a bird is that, Doc?" inquired Ed. Hornaday. "The kill-a-loo bird, Ed., the duck-billed thunder-pumper of the Bitter Creek region. Did you notice how quietly I ate my supper to-night? How I slammed those two gobblers down that I shot over on the ridge, and kept up a sort of sad thinking to myself?"

"Why, yes, Doc," chimed in a couple of the boys, "we thought maybe old Grease-Foot had back-tracked on you somewhere and given you the buck-laugh for your pains, and that you were kind of sore about it."

"Boys," said Amory impressively, "I've had three shots at that deer and once I grazed him, if hair and blood count for anything. But to-day I got a hint from the lower sand-bar on Little river which may or may not mean that Grease-Foot is my meat.

"Do you recollect the upper edge of that bar, Clarence?"

The elder guide nodded.

"Well, I crossed in the skiff to the other side of the river, where we saw the turkey sign yesterday, and as I was going past the upper edge of the bar I almost hit the bar itself. And just as I was about to swing past I saw the print of the old fellow's hoofs as plain as I see the camp-fire to-night. They were not fresh, but he had been there at least two or three times during the past ten days. Now, I figure that he sneaks out of the thick brush on this side and swims over there to drink from the island, or the bar, as it is better named. He can see from there in every direction for a long ways, and he may even swim over there after dark. But if he has been there recently, he may take another drink there within, say a week's time, and so for me, every afternoon from late in the day until dark, I watch that bar, me."

"Where will you stand, Doc?" Hornaday eagerly inquired.

"Recollect that sycamore stump that hangs over the current about ninety yards above the bar?"

"It's a cottonwood, Doc," remarked Johnny Willis.

"You're right," answered Amory. "Do you boys any of you remember it?" Several of us had seen this huge

DOCTOR AMORY AND HIS PRIZE ARKANSAS BUCK overhanging trunk and we told him to go ahead.

"Well, I climbed out on her after I had seen the buck's tracks and there's the snuggest kind of a place to squat. It's about a hundred yards, say, for a shot, if I get one. I'm not going to take a rest, as I need hardly promise. But if I get one fair, even half fair shot at that deer, I'll be satisfied to let it go at that, hit or miss."

We had been camped in the wilderness for two weeks. Around us stretched thousands of acres of primitive forest, towering woodlands of gigantic blue-gum, cottonwood, cypress, poplar, ash, oak, elm, hickory and black locust. Dense thickets of green-brier bushes scattered about among the undergrowth made the walking nearly impassable in many places and down in the swamps the traveling among fallen logs and cypress knees was even worse. It was a jungle, and in it were many deer, hundreds of wild turkeys, wolves, wild-cats, panthers, bears, raccoons, squirrels in abundance and opossums.

At Big lake and through the swamps were myriads of ducks, and occasionally woodcock were flushed in the upland thickets. In the river and in the lakes were fish of many kinds, bass, buffalo, bream, cat-fish, crappie and others. Bee-trees were to be found in easy reach of camp, and our bill of fare was something Lucullian.

After breakfast the next morning some of us went north for turkeys, some took the dogs and started for a wild-cat chase and Doc took his rifle and "hiked" for the river. That night the wild-cat hunters came in minus any pelts, but reported two good runs and any amount of excitement. Ed. Hornaday came in with two turkeys, and two fat does hung alongside camp testified to the work of the others. Doc Amory came in last. A grim smile illuminated his grizzled face. "Nothing but a long wait," was his terse reply to the inquiry he read in our eyes.

The succeeding day was a blank for the Doctor, and the rest of the boys were taking it easy, some chopping wood, and a bunch of them bringing in some of the sweetest honey that ever dripped over a hot biscuit.

The third day saw Doc steal off again with the rifle, and the morning and afternoon dozed away with hardly anything to disturb the monotony of the wind in the trees, the occasional swish of passing wildfowl, or the hammering of the pileated woodpeckers against dead limbs. Everybody but the cook had gone fishing with the exception of Doc, and we got back toward twilight, hungry and laden with fish. Amory had taken the clumsy flat-boat, and we had fished at Big lake in order to give him a clean sweep so far as the river was concerned.

We were all standing by the tents, and some one was wondering where the old man was, when a double report from a rifle, followed by a single shot, came sharply up from the distant stream. Ed. Hornaday turned a handspring and emitted a yell at the same time. Hardest thing to do you ever saw. "He's got him!" he yelled, "bet you ten dollars to a bear's claw. By God! the old man has nailed Grease-Foot!"

We took a short-cut pell-mell to the river, and came on Doc presently, sitting statue-like in the crazy flat-boat, and in the bottom of the boat was—say—you ought to have seen that deer! We nearly all fell into the river getting a good view of it, and the old man just sat there grinning like a Cheshire cat and all of us saying at once, "How did you get him, Doc? Tell us all about it."

"Boys," said the veteran proudly, "step up here one at a time. I'm not going to tell you about this wonderful feat until we all get to the camp-fire. But move around here singly now, and respectful-like, and I'll introduce you to my buck."

DUTCH CORNERS DAYS

BY ROSCOE BRUMBAUGH

A Smash-Up at the Love-Feast

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY MARTELL MASON

DUTCH CORNERS is a Place; a peaceful Pennsylvania valley, productive of fine wheat, thrifty men and women, grotesque superstitions and bad boys. In Dutch Corners, it is safe to say, life is as serious and vexing a problem as in any other community; though, of course, affairs there have mainly to do with livestock, crops and the weather.

"Slim" Davis is a big man in the Corners. He is everybody's friend; old and young tell him their troubles. All the scandals, all the gossip, the next weddin', the best way to "break" a colt—these things Slim is well versed in. In the first place, he is worthy of admiration physically. Nature gave him the body and heart of a god, and then put him in the most obscure corner of the world just to see how freakish she could be. A man of 25, a six-footer, blue eyes, light brown hair, and a (once a week) smooth-shaven, swarthy face that is always wreathed in smiles; add to this 'most any sort of rural "clothes," except for an ancient felt hat, which never had a mate, tilted far back on his head—that's Slim.

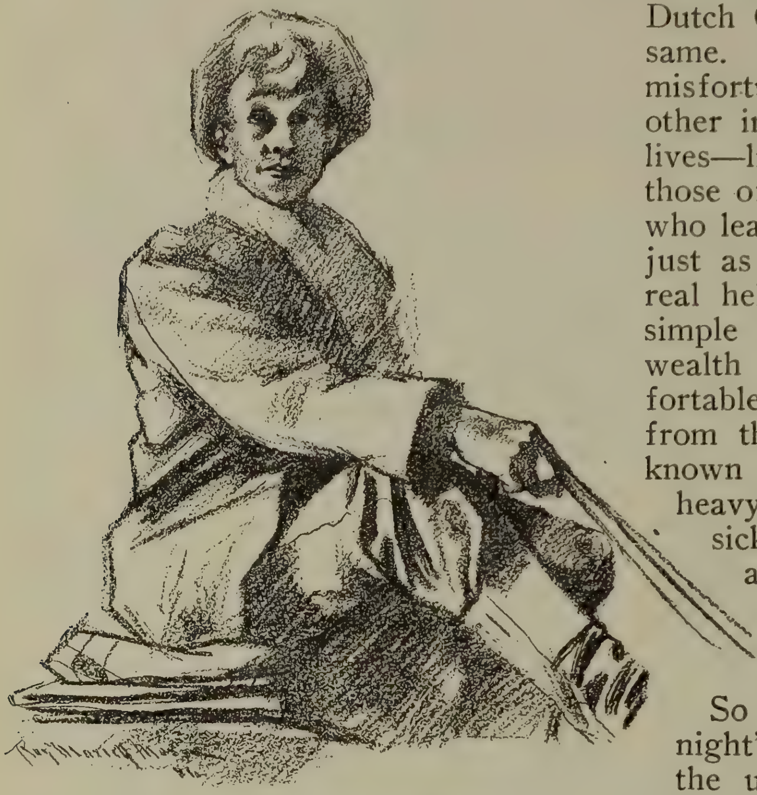
Slim had been planning for a month to take Grace Burger to the church love-feast, a communion peculiar to the Dunkard sect, which consists of a supper and feet-washing. He was "not much on religion," as he said; and it was often whispered about that he made light of some of the beliefs of his neighbors and friends. But Grace, a girl of gentle, old-fashioned ways, who was as sincere in her picturesque religion as in her week-day duties, Grace believed as her father and mother did. That fact made Slim more tolerant and less outspoken, for he had liked Grace from childhood. Why, they had written notes to each other in the little red schoolhouse, and gone to spellin' bees together under blossoming skies the splendor of which lit up a dull, dark world.

Memories like these came to Slim as he read Grace's note saying she had changed her mind and would go to the love-feast with her folks.

"Now what in Sam Hill can that mean?" mused Slim, as he finished the note for the fifth or sixth time on his way home from town, with a December blizzard beating savagely on his honest face. "Somepin durn queer somewheres," he said, half aloud. "Nukh, it's not Grace. Some fool notion of that deacon of a dad o' hers."

The extreme simplicity of his life forbade much philosophizing on Slim's part. Everything was matter of fact with him, as with the vast majority. Not that he was incapable of suffering, but he had too much "hard sense," acquired through contact with elemental forces. He possessed a vague, careless faith in the goodness of things as they transpire—"kill all the kickin' horses." That such a little broken engagement, unless something unforeseen should bring them together again, might change the whole course of their lives, make or mar their happiness, neither Grace nor Slim realized. They were both players in a game unconscious of all its tricks and arts.

The plain truth of the matter is that a "token" was responsible for Grace's note. It seems that one night she was awakened by a loud tapping on her window, and was so frightened by the ghostly sounds that she arose and would not return to her room. No one in the Burger house slept that night, believing as all did, that the occurrence was a "sign" something was going to happen sooner or later. The old folks figured it out easily enough.



. . . *that's Slim*

"Gracie, the Lord has spoke to you in the token," declared the Deacon, in his usual domineering manner. He always made others feel as though the Lord said things through him.

"Yes, it's a warnin', and I 'spect, Gracie, you hadn't ought-a go with that ungodly Slim Davis any more. He's much too worldly," added the mother, always playing a good second-fiddle to her spouse, although he looked upon her as a mere chattel at best.

"Gracie" was not consulted in her wishes; all was decided for her, first by her father and then confirmed by her mother. They were perfectly sincere and meant to do the best possible, but in that, perhaps, lay the tragedy. Dutch Corners folks are all much the same. They make the best of every misfortune; deal honestly with each other in the main, and live honorable lives—lives that bear no comparison to those of occasional ungrateful children who leave their parents to live in town just as they get old enough to be of real help at home. True they are a simple people. Surrounded with a wealth of primitive beauty, and comfortable, perhaps, yet a spark flying from the hearth-fire means some unknown disaster; the falling of the heavy hand of fate in some sorrow or sickness is a special dispensation and chastisement from the Lord. To Dutch Corners these things are terribly real and mysterious.

So the few days until Saturday night's love-feast wore dully away in the usual monotonous fashion, for both Grace and Slim,—the same round of drudgery, the same life devoid of sparkle and diversion. No wonder the great church event was looked forward to eagerly by one and all. Boys possessed of a little nerve and surplus energy always let go on that night. It was a red-letter occasion. And why not? It was only the manifestation of the spirit of play which all lives however humble and simple hunger, and sometimes starve, for.

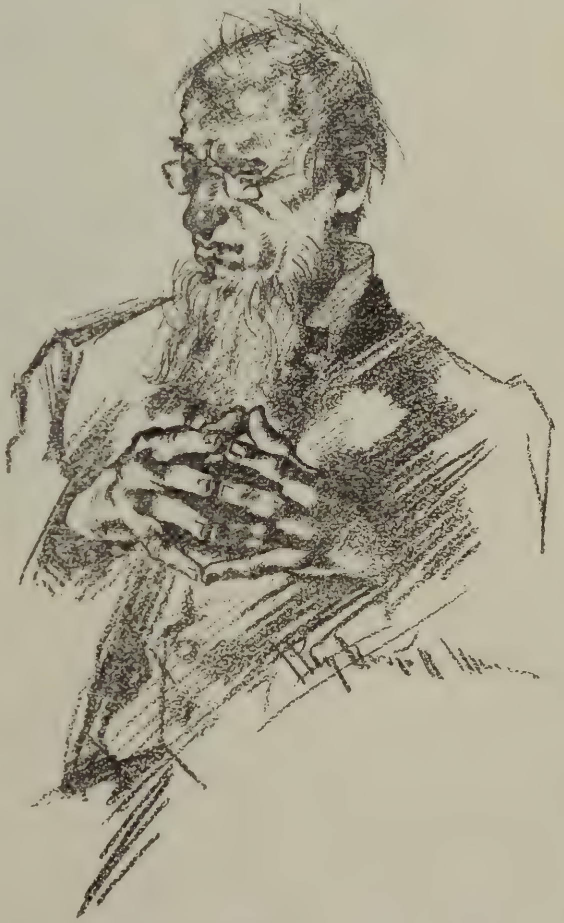
"Git out and have fun while y'r young," was genial 'Squire Bucke's advice to his flock on the eve of such a happening. Gruff and rough on the outside, the 'Squire was nevertheless as good-hearted as Deacon Burger was low-spirited. His children were his dearest possessions, and the consuming ambition of his life was to give his boys a chance to win honors he himself was denied. He and his wife always "stuck by" their children, and their children always "stuck by" them. Faith was the one word written over their door.

The reader is respectfully invited to view snow-buried, snug Dutch Corners. Spread out on either hand like an immense picture in black and white stretched the white fields, bordered with fences and dotted here and there with patches of woodland. In the background the mountains loomed up, dark and menacing. Wherever farm buildings could be seen they seemed to hug close together for protection from the cold. And the buildings of the old-fashioned little village of Miller's Mill, Dutch Corners' principal village, notable for a post office and store combined where you could buy anything from baby ribbon to a harvesting machine, were grouped as irregularly as a box of Young Hopeful's blocks and spools swept carelessly out into the snow.

All Saturday long a crowd of faithful church members worked in the basement of the big, barn-like white church, at the edge of Miller's Mill, preparing the great supper to be celebrated that evening. Some were jolly, some solemn, but all entered the task of boiling beef and baking bread in a spirit of good humor and helpfulness. Passing among the groups of plainly dressed men and women, the latter clad generally in black, with a little white gauze hood or cap as their only adornment, could be seen a few loving, reverent women and girls, who by their very presence lent dignity and an ineffable charm to the scene; women whose whole lives were filled with uncomplaining service, whose thoughts were never of themselves but of those with whom their lot was cast; the sort of women to know whom inspires an unshakable faith in womanhood the world over.

At twilight the labor was completed. The crude wooden benches were inverted in such manner as to form convenient tables, which were then covered with white cloth and "set" with the plainest white china. A score or more little tubs filled with water were in the basement below, in readiness for the feet-washing.

Down the winding roads came the long lines of sleighs and sleds, to the accompaniment of the merry jingle of a bewildering variety of bells. The building soon began to fill, and the available horse-sheds were filled in short order and the fences in every direction well lined with blanketed teams, shivering impatiently in the stinging wind. Within, the two gigantic stoves were roaring and the services were proceeding with singing and praying. In groups of two or more the members seated themselves at the long tables, the men at one side of the aisle, the women at the other, until the entire capacity was occupied. At one end of the building were places for visitors and non-members or those who



. . . that deacon of a dad o' hers

"came to scoff." Slim Davis stalked in with a few cronies as the preacher was reading the text of his sermon, and found a vacant place at the farthest corner of the room. The house was literally jammed. A great number were compelled to stand, which they did with the customary indescribable country lack of grace and dignity. Slim scanned the crowd carefully, seeking one face only. He was at a disadvantage in his position, however, and were it not for the fact that Grace was likewise occupied in looking for him he would not have seen her just then. Their eyes met, they recognized each other, and both felt ill at ease. Why could such a little thing stand between them? Grace asked herself, tempting her conscience.

The service wore on and feet-washing was begun. The little tubs of water were carried in and placed in a row along the altar-platform. Up the aisle filed a dozen or more of the oldest members, who proceeded to bathe each other's feet as that act is described in the Bible. When they finished they kissed one another with a smack that resounded throughout the building. As one lot got through, others filed up as solemnly until all had shared in the performance. There was just the faintest hint of a smile here and there as some bare foot found a hard place on the floor or stumbled against the corner of a bench. Only the very young or unconverted deigned to laugh, however.

Then came the plain but substantial supper. Throughout there was much preaching and praying. Once when a visiting parson made a telling point in a wild burst of oratory one old deacon began to "shout." This was too much for a "bunch" of fellows 'way back near the door of the church, who had imbibed pretty freely of hard cider before they left home. They began to yell, too. Si Echelberger, the roughest of the lot, proceeded to climb one of the pillars which supported the ceiling. But his neighbors saved a bad situation by hauling him down and sitting on him.

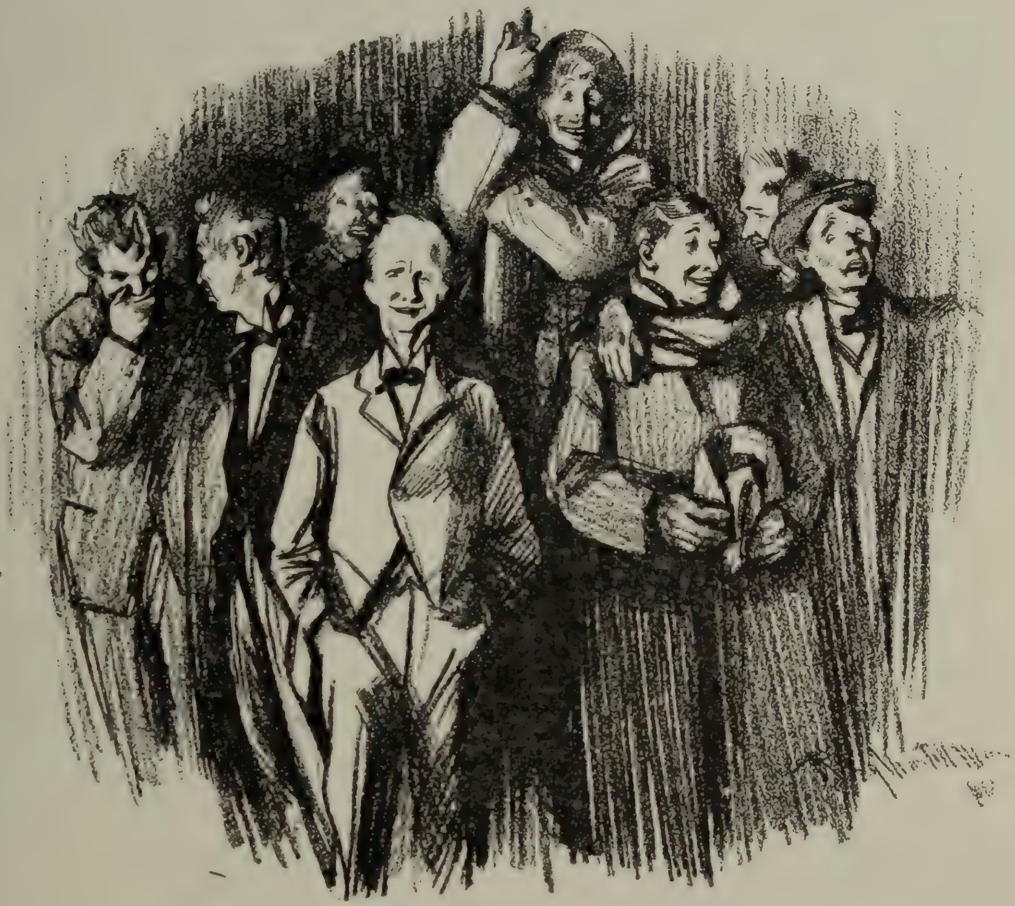
The last sermon was only fairly under way, when some "wild" boy pitched a blank cartridge into the open stove door. The shouting minister had just repeated for, perhaps, the twentieth time the text "It ees finish-ed," when the thing exploded. Everybody jumped, looked scared, but didn't know exactly why.

"I reckon there'd be a regular smash-up if the ol' floor went down," Slim whispered laughingly to his side-partner, Robert Bucke, home on a vacation from college.

It was really a prophetic remark, for it was scarcely made when suddenly the floor of the big old church trembled, then sagged. Imagine the effect! Dutch Corners held its breath and gripped the seat. Then, before anyone had time to comprehend it, there was such a crash that the majority believed it the crack-o'-doom. The cries and screams of the God-fearing crowd gone mad with fright swelled up in a mighty chorus, and an attentive ear caught prayers and supplications for mercy galore. (There were some fine contrasts in the different "pitches" of voice.) The whole central portion of the over-burdened flooring had sunk under the strain upon it. It was a smash-up where pandemonium and panic reigned supreme. Those who could free themselves from the tangle of benches trampled and crawled over each other in a wild rush for the doors. A few sensible ones threw open the windows and scores jumped or fell out of them on to the snow, and in which, be it said, Deacon Burger permanently injured his kneecap.

Immediately following the crash one might have seen a fine sight at the back of the church; for the larger of the two stoves tottered, and falling was grabbed by many hands and tossed bodily out of the wide church door into the snow, where it now steamed like a locomotive in the ditch. Slim Davis it was who saved the great stove from spilling its white-hot contents down upon the struggling people in the pit made by the falling of the floor. With one strong, fearless hand he grabbed the overhanging top of the big stove, with the other he seized the pillar Si Echelberger had tried to climb, and he did it just in time. Slim yelled, there was a rush of his burly young farmer chums and out went the stove, leaving not a few nursing burned hands. Luckily the other stove stood firm on two of its legs, though the others reached out above the sunken floor like the legs of a suspended turtle.

Slim wrapped a handkerchief around his burned hand, then made a bee-line for the spot where Grace had been sitting. Down among the jumbled mass of men and women and benches, he found her the coolest-headed one there. She was trying to revive her mother from a faint and at the same time pacifying those around her. Fortunately the floor had not far to fall, so those who were in the "storm center" were not seriously hurt. There were many scratches and bruises, but no one was killed, no bones broken, it was learned soon.



They began to yell, too

Grace accepted Slim's proffered assistance as a matter of course, and promptly ordered him to do this and that as though he were no better than her father's hired man. Few words passed between them, she never even answered him when he said excitedly he was glad she wasn't hurt. But each was glad for the presence of the other.

"Why wouldn't you come with me to-night?" queried Slim, as he and Grace, unmindful of the lively scenes about them, assisted Mrs. Burger out of the church to the sled, which, despite his injured knee, the Deacon had waiting at the gate.

"Don't let's be fussin' 'bout that now, Slim; you can take me home if you want to," Grace replied, simply.

Londonites, Hardyites, Garlandites, there is little psychology to tell. A trivial incident, a look, a word or two, and the die is cast. After making her mother as comfortable as buffalo robes and the straw in the bottom of the sled would permit, Grace turned to Slim and thanked him in her unaffected and sincere manner. Then she waited while he went for his horse and cutter, reflectively watching meanwhile the steaming stove by the church door. It was all very strange and dreadful, yet to Grace in those few moments alone under the stars and watching the scattering and downcast church members, there came a new understanding. Had she always been too confiding? The contrast of the "pillars" of the church, her own father included, scrambling out of the windows, every man for himself, while the "ungodly" saved the church from what would have proved a fatal fire, was not to be avoided. She saw things in a different light. But she was good, was Grace, and she glanced up at the starry sky with a larger and better faith welling up in her heart.

Slim soon returned, and it was when he helped her into the cutter that she noticed he had his right hand bound up and avoided using it. Instantly she was deeply concerned, which disconcerted Slim not a little, as he made shift to tuck the robes about her. "Felt of the stove with one hand so's t' know where was a cool place t' grab it with the other," Slim explained. But when at last, at Grace's home, the poor fellow unwrapped the rude bandage to have his injured hand doctored, he disclosed a burn that was serious; to say the least. He ground his teeth and swore inwardly, while the hand was being dressed as only an old-fashioned, motherly country girl knows how to fix up burns and cuts and smashed fingers.

"Don't never think about y'rself, do you?" he asked, soberly.

"Yes, mebbe more'n I ought to. You don't want anybody to think about *you*, do you?" she laughed. A tiny teardrop sparkled upon her cheek; only for an instant, for our hero—brushed it away.

The story-teller is not always a maker of untruths. Grace's mother died suddenly on Sunday from the shock of the previous night. Deacon Burger's wife had worked, worked, worked. She was worn out by the burdens she had borne; tired out, tired out, and weary. But everybody said, "Heart trouble." May be it was!

The next day Elder Barefoot called at the Burger home to offer his condolences. "A good woman you hed, Brother Burger," said he, by way of sympathy.

"She wuz a good pardner, you bet, Brother Barefoot; why, I'd 'a' sooner lost the best cow out of my stable."

* * * * * *

"Slim Davis is too big a fellow to mix in with that Burger connection," declared 'Squire Bucke when he repeated the Deacon's brutal words to gracious Mrs. Bucke as they sat side by side at their hearth-fire of Content.

For once the kindly father of Slim's dearest chum missed fire. Though their joys are as shallow as their griefs, no one can say truthfully that Slim and Grace are not jolly and happy in a quiet, humble way all their own. Hard-working, saving, thrifty lives, as honorable as a shamming world ever knew, engaged with plowing, milking, lowly toil, and clinging to a religion that holds few complexities—"the easiest-geared, smoothest-runnin' couple in hull Dutch Corners."

THE START AT SUNRISE

HIGH GROUND IN FOX HUNTING

With Some Notes on Horses and Hounds

BY GEN. ROGER D. WILLIAMS

(Author of "Horse and Hound," etc.)

THE sport of hunting wild animals upon their native heath, whether with hound or gun, is the natural recreation of man. Love of hunting in its different phases is one of the strongest characteristics of the human race, the principles of which were instilled into our remote ancestors and rightly inherited by us, and he who has once tasted the sweets of fox hunting is its devotee for life. The system having once absorbed the love of the chase it can never be eradicated. To real sportsmen, however, the mere killing of the fox is no gratification—the excitement and pleasure of the chase and the health giving exercise are its chief attractions; besides there is no sweeter music on earth to the ear of the hunter than the harmony of the tuneful chorus of eager hounds in full cry, blending with the mellow horn. Fox hunting is not only a recreation and amusement, but a science and an art in which but few ever attain proficiency. It is one of the few sports that are not more or less tainted with professionalism. It eminently encourages companionable qualities in man, is conducive to health and good fellowship. Courage, skill and perseverance are all the outcome of excitement and ardor engendered by the chase and are qualities that should be encouraged and fostered in every man.

Mr. Henry Watterson in his address to the home-coming Kentuckians at their recent celebration in Louisville paid an eloquent tribute to Virginians in which he said:—

"They came, the Virginians, in their homespun in quest of homes with their warrant, their rifles; their payment the blood of heroes."

What a grievous oversight Mr. Watterson is here guilty of! They brought with them, and as much a part

A GROUP OF KENTUCKY FOX-HUNTERS

of their goods and chattels as any, the first fox hounds that came into Kentucky and which, in a measure, furnished the basis for the stud whence have come many of the most noted hounds in the state to-day. On the ground that Mr. Watterson is not a fox-hunter this omission is excused, but it could be excused on no other. When one thinks of the vast strides that have been made in the breeding of fox hounds it seems a far cry to hark back to that period of history when the gaunt, long-eared, deep-chested black and tan hounds were such valuable assets of the sturdy pioneer. There are in Kentucky to-day, and hale and hearty, too, venerable fox-hunters whose first chase was with such hounds and who have had an active part in perfecting the breed of the Kentucky hound of to-day known, and most favorably known, wherever the fox is hunted.

Referring to Kentucky's venerable hunters one's thoughts instantly turn to Col. Haiden C. Trigg, of Glasgow. There are but few lovers of the chase who do not know this Nestor of the sport. Now well up in the eighties he truly is the dean of the Kentucky hunters and known from ocean to ocean.

The following extract from a letter written by a neighbor of Colonel Trigg's gives an interesting description of the colonel and his negro kennel man: "Colonel Trigg has hunted pretty nearly every day this Christmas week. Yesterday shortly after noon and following a light shower I heard a subdued 'toot,' 'toot' of the darky's 'hohn'—just enough to inform the hounds what was 'gwine on'—and a few minutes later they rode out surrounded by the hounds and were away. Despite his years Col. Trigg sits his saddle like a riding master and they say here it is worth as much as one's life to ride with him unless one is a hunter and rider of long experience. On their return I made it a point to meet up with the darky on the pike and made him tell me the following details of the hunt:—

" 'No, suh, we all did n't kill um,' said the darky. 'But I bet y'u dat ol' rascal ub er fox was so skeert he ain't done a-tremblin' yit. Dis ain't de fust time wese run dat fox and 'taint er gwine ter be de las'. Cunnel Haid is er bound to jump um ergain Sattaday and Ise goin' ter chug up dat red devil's hole an' den, boy, dere's gwine ter be some fur a-flyin'.' "

A decided favor has been done me by selecting as the title for this article, "High Ground in Fox Hunting." Kentucky is the highest point in the sport in America—dogs, horses, men and results to score. No state barred. As its hounds represent the highest bred type of hounds all true fox-hunters feel very much at home amid such surroundings. Yet there are fox hunting conditions and customs in certain portions of the United States, to be surrounded by which would make them feel decidedly uncomfortable, make them blush from a sense of unsportsmanlike conduct and the lending of themselves to nothing short of a travesty on clean sport patronized mostly by gentlemen. It would be a hard matter to get a Kentucky or Southern hunter into such a fix. His sense of proportion and the eternal fitness of things is too well balanced; he has had too great a part in lifting the sport to the high plane it occupies in America to-day.

A well-known hunter and breeder of Jackson county, Mo., had a most exciting chase broken up after he had run a fox half a night, and at a time when it seemed the fox must take to cover or be killed. There was something very mysterious about it. True, he had heard the report of a gun but never suspecting the gun had played a part in breaking up the chase the truth did not dawn on him until the next day. The matter preyed on his mind. Then he had an idea. He drove to the cabin of a wood-chopper 300 yards from where the hounds gave up the race and there tacked on a board and hung on the side of the cabin was a red fox pelt, fresh, and fairly riddled with heavy shot. By sundown that wood-chopper had put several miles between himself and his late abode—and he knew better than to ever return.

The history of the hound that has come to be known as the "Kentucky" hound, though of half a dozen different strains, is extremely interesting hound lore and adds by far the most important chapter to the development of the fox hound in America.

A Kentucky fox hunt when it embodies all of its features is a "home made" institution, as are, in fact, those of its neighboring Southern states. The hunt may be by day and it may be by night. Both styles of the hunt have their devotees. Cross-country

MRS. JULIUS WALSH, A CELEBRATED KENTUCKY HORSE-WOMAN AND CROSS-COUNTRY RIDER riding recommends the day chase; the night lends a charm to a close race that is indescribable. There are hundreds of keen, successful fox-hunters in the South—"men who are known by the hounds they keep"—who give no thought to the riding feature of the chase, but who can, as far as sound can carry, tell you what hound is doing his work and what hound is not. This is one of the great joys of the night hunt. The man who has never turned his back to a bed of red coals, peered out into the night while the dew about him congealed into a frost and listened to a sterling race hour after hour has never lived—wholly. Under favorable conditions, and in the vast stillness of the night, you have but to close your eyes when there comes to you, from the dark silent woods, the melodious cry of the pack a mile, two miles, possibly but a few hundred yards away, and see in detail such a picture as cannot be put on canvas. Your ears are tuned to an accompanying chorus that the grand organ cannot duplicate—if you have the "know," if you feel it, if you have the love of the chase inborn. Contrary to many well founded beliefs and customs this is fox hunting—high ground fox hunting. No pink teas at the club house afterward, no discussion as to the relative merits of jumpers, but a cold lunch from your hunting coat pocket and a closer and deeper understanding of the hounds in your pack.

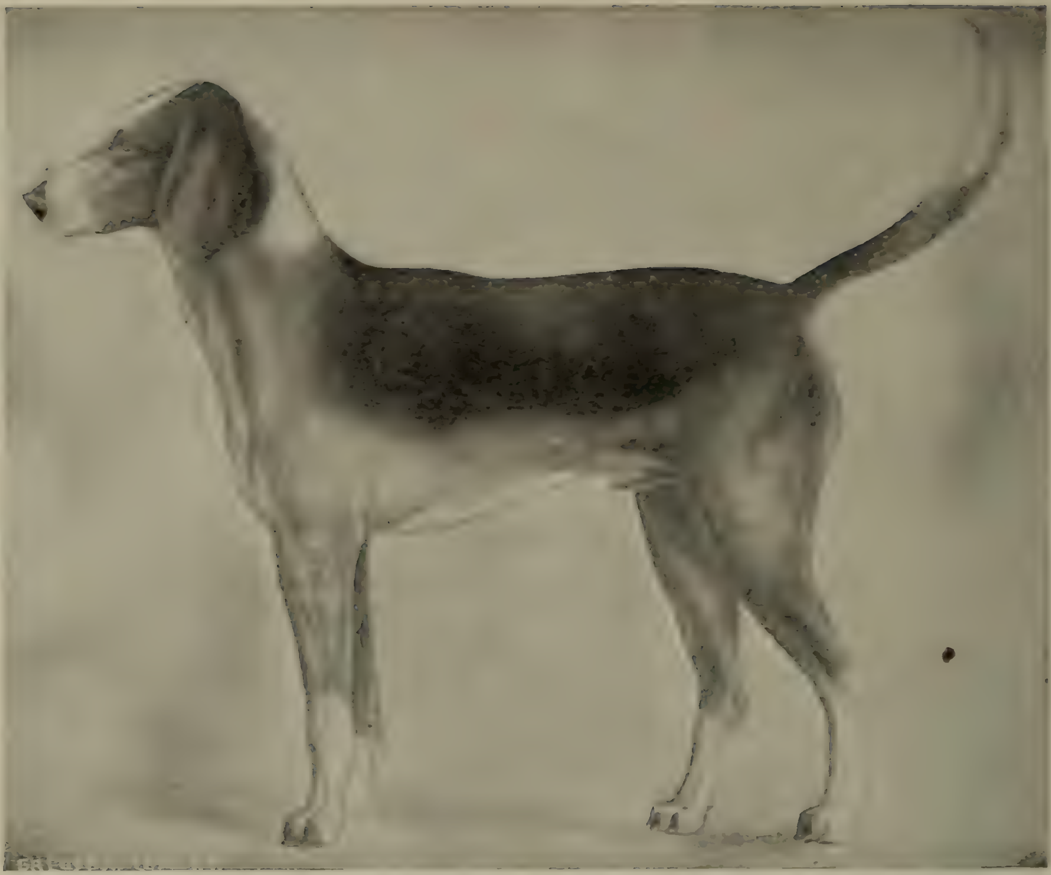
THEY TAKE SOME STIFF FENCES IN KENTUCKY

Kentucky has always been noted for its beautiful women, fine horses and good whisky. As horses and hounds always go together, it is not, therefore, surprising that the records of the bench and hound field trials show conclusively that the very best fox hounds in America come from Kentucky. Kentucky, settled by Virginians and Marylanders, from its earliest settlement was considered the greatest hunting ground in this country, and the many wars waged by the Indians before they would surrender it secured for it its name of Kentucky, meaning the dark and bloody ground. These pioneers needed a hound of endurance and succeeded in breeding such a hound. How well they succeeded is proven by the records of the fox hound field trials which show about eighty per cent. of the winners are of Kentucky strain.

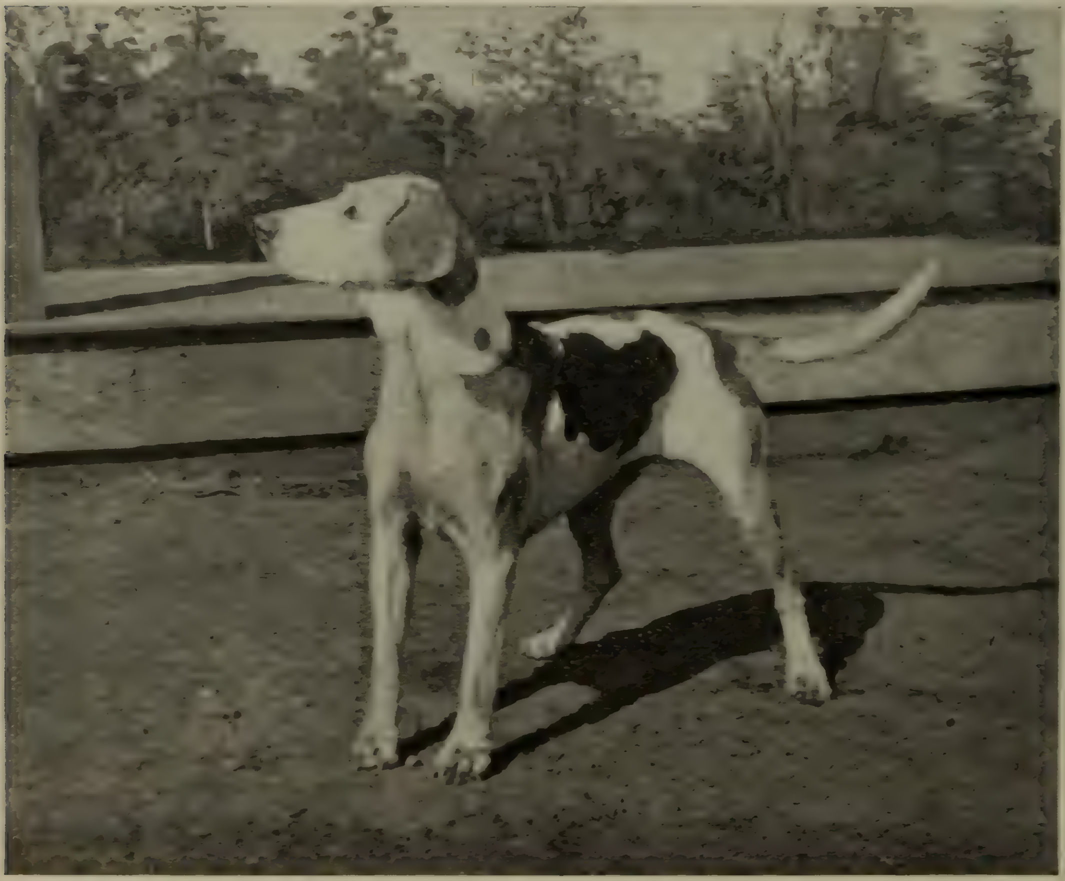
The most famous strain of hounds to-day is the Walker strain; not only in Kentucky, but in the whole United States.

Mr. John W. Walker, born in 1802 in Madison county, Kentucky, and the father of Messrs. Edward, Steve (W. S.) and Arch Walker, who, although close to seventy years old, are to-day considered the best fox-hunters in America, bar none, obtained his first hound from his uncle, William Williams, who used them exclusively for deer. Thus it will be seen that this

AND THE WOMEN RIDE AS CLEVERLY AS THE MEN



TYPICAL KENTUCKY FOX HOUND, WILLIAMS STRAIN—FROM A DRAWING



"WILLING," ENGLISH FOX HOUND BITCH IMPORTED BY FOXHALL KEENE strain of hounds has been in this family for over one hundred years.

I have always been partial to the medium size in hounds; the small hounds are usually very active and possess great powers of endurance, but are at a disadvantage when running through heavy weeds, bushes and briars, and are handicapped by tall fences.

Admirers of English hounds excuse their faults by stating that they are well adapted for the work required of them in England. Granting this, until it is proven that the American hound is their inferior on their own ground in England, I must take issue with them, for I am prepared to state emphatically from personal knowledge, that under the conditions obtaining in the greater hunting portions of America, the English hounds are far from being the equals of the natives or as "all around" fox hounds. There is no doubt that the English hound is the most satisfactory to the hunt clubs of the East, where the majority hunt to ride; they are better trained and broken, more evenly mated as to speed, not fast enough to get away from the riders, more sightly in appearance—if one can close his eyes to the "out at the elbow" and "toeing in" appearance that nine-tenths of them present. The hunting in England does not call for the possession of the same qualities in hounds as it does in America. The coverts are convenient and small, the huntsman knows within a few hundred yards where the fox uses (just fancy it!), and can lay his hounds on the line at any time. The foxes are fat, sleek, well fed (and, also, fancy this!) and in an untrained condition—a straightaway run of eight or ten miles is uncommon. They seldom exceed one and a half or two hours, once in a dozen chases.

It is certain a hound that would be considered a wonder in the grass countries of England, if cast with a pack in America in our Southern states, where he would be expected to take a trail many hours old, in a dry, barren country, puzzle it out for several hours, make a jump and then run it from ten to twenty hours—a feat I have seen performed scores of times by American hounds—would find himself hopelessly out of a job.

I have upon more than one occasion in the "Blue Grass country" heard two and three different packs in the middle of the night, each one after a different fox, making music that would cause the blood to go galloping through one's veins like a race horse.

The large hounds cannot stand the heat, and the constant pounding on rough, rocky ground soon puts them upon crutches. If hounds were required to take up a handicap or impost of fifteen or twenty pounds weight, then the English type of hounds would be strictly in it, but as nose, speed and endurance are the qualities necessary to successfully cope with our red fox, I fail to appreciate this extra weight carrying capacity or see the necessity of having a hound whose weight of bone in shoulder and fore leg will outweigh all of the bones in the frame of his quarry.

In the matter of breeding true to a type we must yield the palm to the English. In the art and science of breeding they are not only the peers but the superiors of all other nations. As to hounds they have established a high standard of excellence as to size, symmetry, conformation and beauty of form and style, and breed for these qualities to the detriment of nose, speed, endurance and fox sense. While we must admit an even, level, sorty looking pack, well balanced in size, color and markings, are pleasing to the eye, yet none of these qualities can compare with those of nose, speed, endurance and fox sense so absolutely necessary in American fox hunting.

Owing to the adoption of the fox hound standard as prepared by the National Fox-hunters' association, the general average of excellence in American hounds is much greater than it was a decade ago.

Hunting in moderation, as indulged in in this country, is a rational amusement and recreation. In England this ancient sport has lost none of its prestige, for it is not uncommon for a man to hunt from four to six days a week. It even assumes the proportions of professionalism, and a man conditions and trains himself the same as horse and hound. We are too apt to forget the fundamental principles of hunting and riding in our greedy desire to become past masters in the art. For instance, how very few of us ever become judges of pace? how few of us fully realize the great importance of giving the subject any thought? and yet to one who desires to be known as a first flight man, one that can live in front, it is absolutely necessary.

When a youngster, my idea of a horse was very similar to the average Kentuckian's idea of the different brands of whisky—"all good, but some better than others." Unfortunately, notwithstanding my love for the horse, close personal contact with certain specimens has caused me to change my views very materially. This change of sentiment may have been brought about by the fact that I have owned considerably more than my share of the really bad (vicious) ones. It got to be quite a saying at the thoroughbred training tracks in Kentucky, if a horse was a bolter, confirmed runaway, or too rattle-brained to stand training, "Sell him to Colonel Williams for a cross-country horse." I have probably bought dozens of such. Among the lot some turned out very well indeed, and only one, "Hickory Leaf," I failed to subdue enough to at least enter to hounds.

I have had more experience with thoroughbred horses as hunters than any other breed, and while for several years I considered them par excellence the best horse for hunting, I have changed my mind, and now consider the half or three-quarters bred thoroughbred the best strain. The nervous system of a thoroughbred is too sensitive. They have too much imagination and it responds entirely too freely when they draw upon it. We all know how unreliable they are when it comes to temperament and disposition. In the words of the Southern darky: "That's what makes me 'spize a hoss."

Different riders demand horses especially adapted by nature, disposition, size and conformation to their own peculiarities, therefore in selecting a hunter I would advise above all things, give preference to suitability. Then I would consider disposition; next, breeding; and lastly, looks. While no animal is more susceptible to approbation and flattery than a horse, I am one of the few that believe horses as a rule are possessed of a low order of intelligence, have absolutely no courage, and naturally are the greatest fools. Always nervous and apprehensive, they never call reason to their assistance. The noble traits of character possessed by horses sounds well and looks well upon paper, but—

Nerve is one of the most essential things in riding to hounds. Loss of nerve causes nine-tenths of the accidents in the field, and though the horse may not possess a very high order of intelligence, he quickly finds you out and never fails to take advantage of his knowledge; thus the horse frequently knows the rider better than the rider knows the horse. If the rider is courageous he immediately recognizes it and the knowledge but adds to his own courage.

In the selection of a hunter, if a kicker or a stumbler or a plunger, by all means choose the former. A horse may kick or throw you off, and as the old darky said about being blown up on a train, "Dar you is"; but if he stumbles and falls with you, it is as he said about being blown up on a steamer, "Whar is you?" While risk and danger incurred are factors that add to the attractiveness of the sport, take my advice and do not seek them through the means of a stumbling horse.

VIVIENNE

A Romance of the Restigouche

BY F. L. HARDING

ILLUSTRATED BY JEANETTE WETHERALD

SHALL we starve here, *petite chérie,* shall we starve like cattle all alone and not resist? *Le Bon Dieu* did not give life to lose it as a white-hearted hare. I can get him . . . the moose . . . he flounders, so—I get him in the snow gullies and to-night our *joli maison,* Vivienne, once more will know the grand smell of the fat steak. Come, *petite reine,* let me go. *Holá!"*

Broad and big, Gaspard d'Autigne, in caribou-hide moccasins, jersey, and wool trousers, swung from the clearing into the curtain of the forest. His rifle was tucked under his left arm, for his right was held aloft, in adieu to Vivienne, the pretty village bride of the autumn days.

The clouds hemmed in the earth with a frowning threat; the air tingled with extreme cold; the snow reached up the tree trunks that cracked with frost like fireworks. Though little past noon, the sun was giving up its attempt to pierce the sullen sky. The great rugged youth, in the full bloom of superb manhood, pulled his skin cap about his ears and plodded on the fluffy snow up the hillside, his cross-gutted snowshoes swinging the long stride of the *voyageur.*

The crude yet compact arrangement of hewn tree-trunks that meant home and shelter to these wilderness invaders, lay in an open cleared ground. The nearest neighbor might be reached in four hours' walking, the railroad in a day, the great river in a short while, for it curved about the opposite base of the hill at whose foot the cabin snuggled among the birches and hemlocks, now tesselated with pompons and fringes of driven snow.

Vivienne turned back toward the door, sick at heart, her fair features drawn in hunger and foreboding. Their deer-meat had been all taken to the open fire to the last piece and eaten sparingly. Their *cache* of dried hams and shoulders had been cleanly rifled by the brazen wolf-pack, that braved the man as never before, for the winter had been cruel. Now Primal Necessity walked with them, step for step.

To leave her, with the dull storm again drawing in—it was a hard struggle for Gaspard the fond; but to be left was even harder. The high spirit that was her legacy from that unfortunate Marquis de Montrouge, noble of France, who sought to shake off a persecuting fortune in the new world, rebelled against her woman's limitations. She should run at his side, shoulder to shoulder, she and her Gaspard! "The Blessed Virgin follow his every step," she murmured, entering the massive doorway as the thin obscuring sheets of snow recommenced. *"La neige,"* she sighed, *"toujours la neige."*

Hour to hour, Vivienne crouched by the wavering flame upon the rude hearth, adding fagots when forced to resuscitate the unsteady blaze. Then hour after hour she slept. Dreams of her father's house, the *Eglise,* the rare ride over to Metapedia for store-fixings, disquieted her fitful rest.

Cramped from her long vigil, she noted the light around the cracks in the door-frame with indifference. Slowly she realized that Gaspard had not come home and that her body cried for food. It was an effort to unloose the door, and a heap of snow sprawled across the floor as she forced the catch. The depth was now three feet where two had lain yesterday. The wind had been hushed, it had not yet drifted in the woods.

Where was he? Her heart grieved keenly; she missed the cheer, the unfailing optimism. The forest dwarfed and oppressed her. It was a hateful thing. It barred them from the world. It had taken away her husband, Gaspard of the clear blue eyes that met her own in exquisite understanding. Perhaps those same eyes were troubled at the moment, perhaps her help was needed against some unforeseen misfortune that had gripped him in the frozen wilderness.

Vivienne, with the diminutive snowshoes her partner had fashioned with loving hands, set forth, she knew not whither. She must find him and share whatever fate was his. A great axe, the only available weapon, hung heavily upon one strong and shapely shoulder. Her graceful form took up the swing, the straight, sinewy limbs placed each stride with accuracy and skill.

Around the hill, on to the white plain of the ice-clasped river, she plodded slowly. The clouds still harbored danger; it was an armistice of the elements, and not yet peace. Far ahead a fox was skulking, with great labor in the yielding hollows of the banks. Savagery, grim and stark, colored the scene.

At first, the wearied woman had shouted, but the effort reduced her strength too greatly. By and by she left the river, reasoning that Gaspard would have returned had he reached this highway of the wilderness. Through thicket, tangle and underbrush she continued in a daze, now and then stumbling. A commotion, a scuffle to the right, attracted her and mechanically she turned her steps toward it. Down in a shallow ravine, a gray body plunged and wallowed unavailingly. Vivienne saw before her a great awkward moose calf quite unable to extricate himself from the walls of the cold, elastic substance through which his sharp hoofs cut. Cautiously Vivienne drew near, a grim exultation bringing her breath in racking throbs. There was a sure but desperate swing of the ax-edge upon the awkward head that peered up at her in dumb appeal from the level of her knees. Then she sat on the warm body and rested. The work of severing one of the hams was titanic labor, requiring many rests and nearly draining the last of the splendid endurance that had stayed her so far.

In the middle of the day, she started back, dragging the mass of red meat by the hoof and chewing slivers that tasted like a Heaven-sent blessing to the abused palate. Her hopes rose, Gaspard would be there; how proud he would be of his Vivienne! He had called her Venus, now she should be Diana!

With head thrown back, this daughter of Quebec fought her way through the heavy snow, while she hummed a bit of "Marseillaise." Père Grinaud had taught it to her in his simple schooling, the best the village afforded. Good Père Grinaud! How the sight of your black gown brought a welcome in every habitation. It was a grand song, he had said. Its buoyant swell fitted her mood as she drew near the cabin.

She passed the clumsy bread-oven, a snowy sentinel, and called, "Gaspard!" A ripping, crashing reverberation faintly reached her tense hearing; far off in the jungle of tree and brush, a great lofty branch had yielded to its icy burden. Then all was deep silence, save for the muttering of the rising wind. In an agony of apprehension, Vivienne searched with terror-widened eyes the fringe of the grim forest and shouted and shouted. The world seemed dead, no crisp, strong voice saluted her with the well-loved *"Holá!"*

Bewildered, she went within and barred the heavy door. Her erect poise relaxed as she sank upon a great bear-skin that was thrown before the hearth. Her brain faltered, the room seemed to dance about her; a jumbled heap of steel traps grinned through their cruel teeth from a corner. Her wayward glance fell upon the bleeding meat she still held, which woke her from her stupor. A heavy meal threw a better light upon the situation. She would presently return for the other ham of the moose; her strength had come back; it would not take long. Gaspard was, perchance, quite close at hand, powerfully putting distance behind his snow-shoes.

"Whin-r-r, whir-n-n, wheen-n-n." The crooning drone of the accelerating winds played about the corners of the cabin. Opening the door, the air smote her flushed cheek with affronting chill; it was growing cold, icy. No trip for the treasure by the friendly river; that store of food must be abandoned now. Only time for hurried armloads of fuel, a trip with shovel, ax and pail to the spring to clear the snow fallen since the last drawing, to crack the ice with the ax; then to breathlessly hurl into place the weighty portal behind her as she dragged the full bucket into the rugged cabin.

The tempest, born at Hudson's bay and of unknown Northern wilds' adolescence, swept in full growth over the forest. It would be short, but chaos while it lasted. The heavy logs of the walls groaned and strained but held intact. The close air within became cold and of a threatening drowsiness.

Near the fire, upon the bear-skin and with blankets about her, the young girl clung to life in this paroxysm of the elements. Her wild thoughts flew ever to her lover, her adored Gaspard. *Bon Dieu,* where was he now? Oh, that this should fall mercilessly upon their short happiness! A shapeless dread, unframed, hovered about her understanding, but ever she fought it off. No, not that! He was strong, he was wise, he would not be conquered. She sobbed softly, her frail body swaying from side to side. It was night now, she knew. Yes, it were best to eat a little morsel more, he might need all her strength.

Suddenly, a great weight fell against the door. Vivienne stood transfixed, one arm advanced toward the hunting knife upon the rough mantel. Her breath refused to come, she seemed to hear her pulse beating in her ears! A moment passed, something knocked against the door, just distinguishable above the bedlam of the blasts. A great hope welled up in her breast; she leaped to the door and tore frantically at the fastenings. Without lay Gaspard.

The Good Virgin, she always thought, must have given the strength that drew him into the little harbor from the storm and rolled his unconscious form upon the spreading fur by the blazing logs. What mattered tempest, hunger, privation, now! A great reaction swept over the girl-wife; she threw herself upon her husband, fumbled at his red muffler of worsted, cried his name again and again. Why, he was talking now! Gaspard's eyes were closed; she bent close to catch the words. "Henri, in two months, now. I'm to marry Vivienne, Henri. It is good to live. You know not that love, *mon ami,* your life is like a rose . . . that . . . never . . . opened." He rolled fitfully and shook a great sigh from his massive chest. Vivienne loosened his clothing and kissed the wet forehead. Then she brewed some meat broth while she forced the slivers of roasted flesh between his starved teeth. He drew in the red life and sighed again. It had been three days and he had traveled far.

Oh, her loved one, her great, gallant boy! He did not know his wife! Ever to Henri he talked, his old mate of the trapping, of how he had loved her. "A kiss from Vivienne, Henri, and a man might die, his life a full one."

He should not die, she hotly cried aloud to the heedless storm! An hour fleeted away while she strove to warm and revive the weakened spirit. At last Gaspard breathed with more regularity, the wrinkled brow lay smoother.

Slowly the storm passed on to the south, the air within the cabin grew comforting and clearer. Upon the black tangled fur of the huge bear-skin the rugged form of the trapper twitched feverishly. The wife knelt beside him, the snapping flames lighting her earnest face. Her hands clasped a celluloid crucifix, tight to her heaving breast. Her lips moved in supreme supplication.

Down by the frozen river, the wolf-pack held saturnalia about a yearling moose, found dead in a ravine.

* * * * *

The advancing scouts of daylight that crept through the ventilating apertures up under the eaves, saw two figures closely lying upon a frame of glossy black, before the gray expiring ashes of the fire. One slender arm lay across a great breast beside it, a poem of suggested emotion in its pose, thrown there as its impassioned owner had surrendered to an insistent body-call for sleep.

Vivienne started up in half-dazed bewilderment, looked about and the memory of the evening rushed upon her. She turned to her partner; he slept in a stupor and his face was feverish. He would be very ill, the conviction forced itself upon her; she would need drugs and aid. She gently took his rugged hand and smoothed it as she pondered.

To reach her brother's house would take four hours at her best speed. Gaspard might die while she was gone; he would surely die before her eyes if she remained. The terrifying reality of life seemed to stand before and stare with stony dullness into her inmost mind. Desperation laid bare the primary instincts of her nature. Through the vapors of fear and doubt, the spirit of Montrouge rose to ascendency. The *esprit* that grew proud and self-reliant in the gaudy courts of Louis XV, that fought for *La Belle France,* that dared the terrors of the *monde nouveau,* brought determination to the emergency.

She fenced in the helpless man with heavy green fire-logs that he might roll neither into nor away from the replenished fire. She rearranged the blankets, cut up a panful of the roasted steak and placed it at hand.

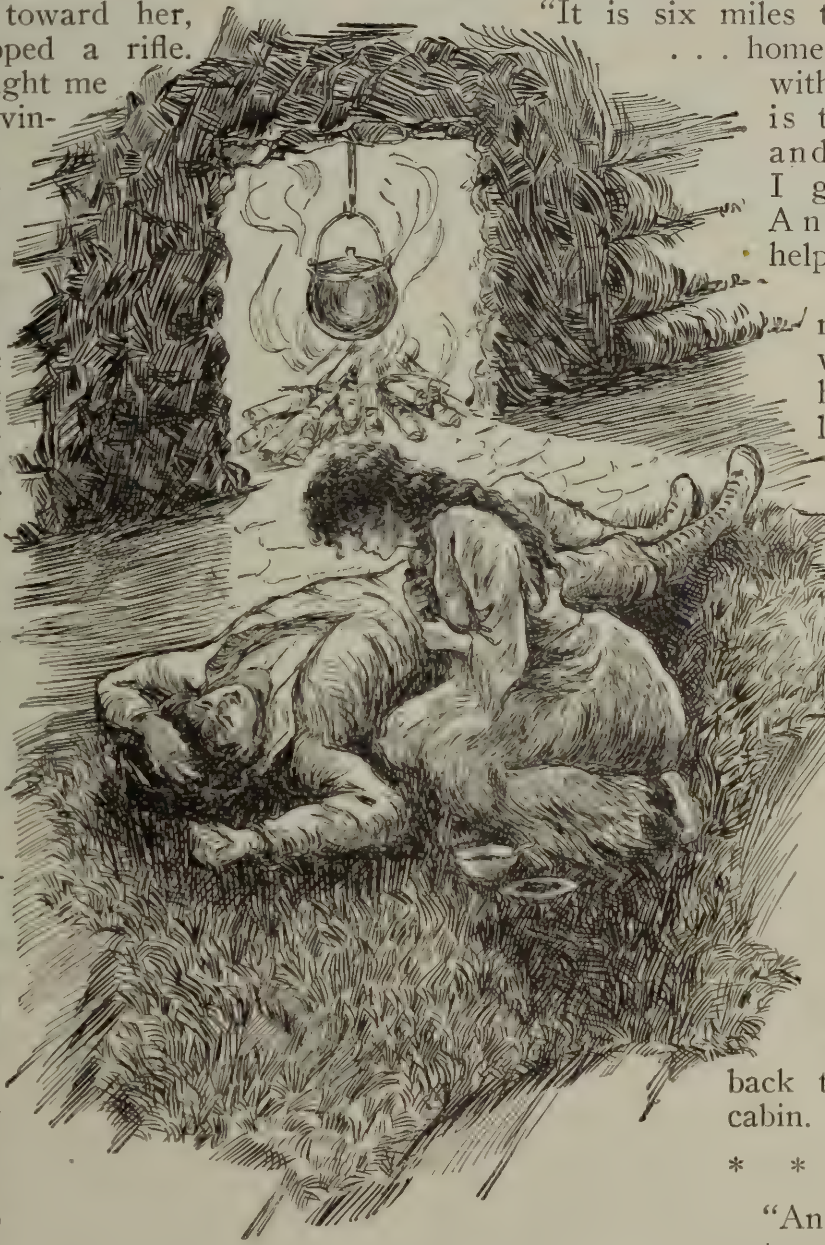
Adjusting her snowshoes, a kiss, adieu, and Vivienne drew the door into place and fastened the latch, then quickly plunged into the hard journey for aid. She tossed back her pretty head; the tingling life coursed through her. The stride stretched out; it was a joy to be active, to fight for her husband!

The nature-folks were still cowed by the late war of the winds, though a pert whisky-jack or moose-bird in black and white chitted from a berry-bush and a ghostly hare scuttled off with a trail of fluffy puffs of snow from beneath his heels. Vivienne passed through the ten acres of timber ground Gaspard had cut down for farming. A little farther on she turned on to the broad river and made faster progress.

Five miles now lay between her and home, seven more must be coursed along before Andre's house could be seen. She gritted her teeth and gasped in a great breath. Strength was at its height, it would decrease as the minutes flew. A few bites at the wad of moose-venison felt sweet to her dry throat. At length she came to where she must leave the river. Clambering up the bank, the dim, snow carpeted trail turned abruptly to the right.

A short, heavy man stepped around the bend and, at the sight before him, froze in his tracks, motionless, mute. Vivienne also halted, and looked wildly, searchingly into his visage. "Victor!" she almost screamed the name. "You—!" He nodded his swaddled head, black eyes staring above a prominent nose, a mouth set thin and firm. He was of her height, stocky yet agile.

"We thought you dead, in Ontario. You did not return! *Mon Dieu!* You are real? You *do* live?"



At last Gaspard breathed with more regularity

He moved toward her, his hand gripped a rifle. "Yes, you thought me dead," a great vindictiveness was in the deliberate voice. But let it not be thought Victor Dion had fortified his hate with liquor; he could drink, ah yes, but there was a time for it. "I know," he continued, "they told me in Amqui last night when I came back. You broke your promise, you! Gaspard d'Autigne, he is your husband now?"

Vivienne dropped her head and stood limp and silent.

"I was only two years gone. A man does not die in two years. Where is this Gaspard? I have come. I have come." His clenched hand upon the rifle barrel signified his purpose; Vivienne cried sharply and grasped his arm.

"Victor, Victor, look at me! For our love that was, Victor, not that! It is too late, he is dying."

He looked suspiciously into the deep eyes and, for a moment, a recollection softened his expression. "*Les mêmes beaux yeux!*" he murmured. Then, "Where is he, I say?" he demanded savagely, to hide the passing weakness.

"It is six miles to . . . our . . . home. He lies with fever, it is the storm and no food. I go now to Andre for help."

"You go now,—back with me," he said softly but firmly. "I have whisky. I must see him. No, Madame Vivienne, I will not harm him while he is sick."

In silence, Vivienne accepted the command and turned back toward the cabin.

* * * * *

"And you will not come?" Dion leaned forward from his seat upon a pile of cut fuel, the fire-light throwing his profile into strong relief. Vivienne crouched upon the side of the low couch, her hand clasped in the nerveless one of Gaspard, who muttered incoherently. She shook her head as one who hears in a far-off fashion, her eyes anxiously upon the man she loved, in torment before her helpless, willing hands.

"I have found the silver in the West. You shall have a *château, jardin, voiture, chevaux*—all, if you only come, come with me. Let us go, Vivienne. He will die. I love you!"

She laid the blanket over a protesting shoulder and smoothed back the wayward locks that fell upon the broad forehead. *"Mon amour,"* she cried,—but it was to the fever-racked man that prattled of laying nooses for hares back in his boyhood days with Henri, the *bon camarade*.

Five birch-partridges, caught in their retreat beneath a huge fallen log, on the return to the cabin, lay upon the hearth-stones. Victor listlessly plucked at one as his brain wildly tossed and turned. He must have her—he must! Here she was at his elbow! Long nights, with the stillness of the wilderness around him, he had watched his lonely campfire in far Ontario and in the flames there ever played the fair face of Vivienne. He had planned, it was all to be for her. And when the silver, the sacred silver, had smiled at him,—ah! it was for Vivienne, she should be a grand dame. He had come to overwhelm her with his love and prosperity and he had found—this!

Was that half-dead village youth to keep her from him? She had loved him first; Ontario was far to the west.

He begged, he threatened, he coaxed, pleaded, reasoned, implored. Vivienne answered but one word, "No." She said it quietly, her eyes lingering upon Gaspard.

He could force her to go, he would, now. He rose. The sick man rolled toward the fire-light, his errant tongue sighed, "Vivienne." With a wave of love in her voice like a suppressed blast from furnace fire of passion, she clung to his breast, pressing her lips to his. "It is I, thy Vivienne, I," she whispered.

Forgotten was Victor's presence; he stood irresolute, unnerved. No, he could not do it. She would never love him again. He must go.

Victor Dion prepared another draught of diluted whisky and induced the delirious man to gulp it down. He turned to the woman.

"Do you hear me, Vivienne? I am going, forever! I shall stop at Andre's house, he will come. I will tell Père Grinaud. Your man will live, though many days may pass thus. I, Victor, am a man of honor, *l'honneur de France*. I leave you. Adieu."

He stepped out into the moonlight, upon the enameled, glistening snow-crust. She followed, dumb with the wonder of it all.

"You will remember Victor, you will?" he said pausing, rifle in hand.

With a great effort, Vivienne drew herself up and met the situation. "You were dead to me once, Victor; it is best that you be always dead to Vivienne."

"Dead," he slowly repeated. His bare hand caressed the rifle; he eyed the piece reflectively and thumbed the hammer. He glanced again at Vivienne. "Good-bye," she said, extending her hand. "Yes," softly continued her girlhood lover, "forever dead. *Et mon coeur serait mort, aussi. Toujours, . . . toujours.*" His voice faltered, gently he kissed the brown curls that lay upon her forehead, and strode off, out of her life forever.

"Vivienne," called a querulous voice within the cabin. "Who is it? Who is come?"

And Gaspard d'Autigne, once more conscious, but dizzy and weak and unable to rise from his couch, gazed at his girl-wife, who now pillowed her pretty head on his breast and wept as though her little heart would break. It was all very strange, and he wondered and wondered.

A COUNTY GONE MAD

The Topsy Turvy Effect of the Vanderbilt Cup Race

BY J. WILLIAMS MACY, Jr.

UP to 11 o'clock on Friday night, October 5, Nassau county, Long Island, was comparatively rational. Considering it was the eve of the greatest outdoor event of the year in all America, the automobile road race for the Wm. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., cup, Dodge and I were a trifle disappointed. We had come early in a hired runabout, thus avoiding the rush and crush on the ferry-boats and trains, and spent the evening watching for the fun to begin. But so far everything was flatly decorous, tiresomely like noon hour on Nassau street—except for the darkness and the automobiles. We kept moving about, from one place to another, looking for "sights" that never appeared. There were great crowds collecting everywhere, of course, and the highways and the byways overflowed into dooryards, fields and vacant lots. The peanut vender and all his tribe turned the night into day with gasoline torch and leather lungs, and the brain grew dizzy watching the countless thousands of glaring automobile headlights.

As midnight drew near, however, the county began to liven up. And as we were careful to keep in the thick of things, we saw it all, from the gay crowds of society folk at the big hotels, to the arrest of pickpockets, the overturning of a pie emporium by a runaway horse, a fight between hack drivers, and men and boys sleeping, by hundreds, in the fields. I was impressed by the last named spectacle, yet not more than by the constantly increasing swarm of automobiles. They came from everywhere and anywhere that a motor car might come from. And through it all, Dodge at the wheel of our little gasoline runabout wormed his way as skilfully as the best of them, nor once forgot to inquire after the comfort of the chauffeur, who rode, perforce, on the tool-box.

"How soon do we sleep?" I ventured, it now being midnight and I feeling vastly tired.

"Sleep!" shouted Dodge. "Sleep!" and he playfully cuffed the chauffeur. I inwardly groaned, for I feared the worst. Nor was I wrong. Almost immediately we turned in at a roadhouse from which there came the sounds of much revelry.

"Come on," said Dodge. He paused on the top step of the veranda and turning, looked down upon the French chauffeur and me. He struck an attitude, and we stood respectfully waiting. He seemed to sniff the air, as a war horse scenting the battle afar. Then in his deepest chest tones he roared: "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow *night* we sleep!"

We ate, drank, and Dodge, at least, was merry. I made an honest attempt to forget my sleepiness; and the chauffeur, could he stand it?

"Oui, oui!"

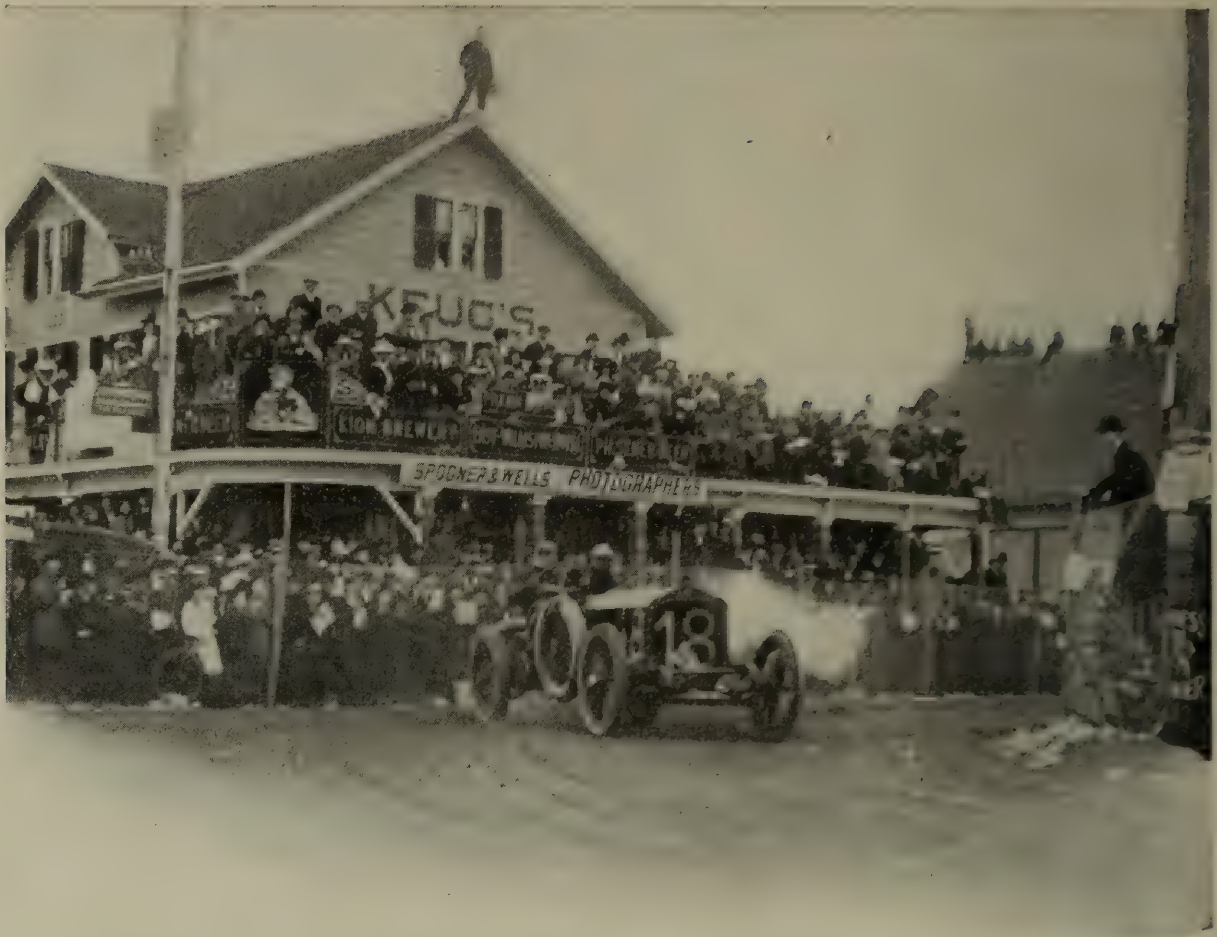
After midnight the sights were the gayest. Although the great majority found sleeping quarters, if not indoors, then in tents, in automobiles and on the ground, there were countless all-night parties like our own, most of them enjoying the lark with freest abandon. Conviviality had the right of way, it was the part of every one to kick up high jinks and help keep the county awake. Whoop-ee! Honk, honk! Way for the right honorable Mr. Nobody—in your dust behind you. Health to men and death to—to—any old stick-in-the-mud you happened to think of. We stopped nowhere for any length of time. What was the use—you'd have to pay for "parking" your car if you didn't keep moving. Back and forth, round and about we whizzed; Garden City to Mineola; and all around the 29-mile course, stopping at every roadhouse, and then back to the big hotels at Garden City. Then all over again, and about four o'clock we joined the procession toward the starting point of the race.

It was yet quite dark when we reached Westbury. But what a mob! The county was getting up and stretching itself. A special train of some automobile club, Chicago or Cleveland I know not, was turning out a merry crowd. Farm houses and barns, town houses, stores, shops were debouching sleepy-eyed but merry "guests"—thousands of them—housed and fed and sent on their way to see the race minus about five dollars per head for "bed" and breakfast. There was one small house at a crossroads where by the aid of our headlight we counted 23 persons coming out—and there were not more than six rooms in the house at the most. On all sides in the darkness we heard much talking and laughter. Tents were being struck, automobiles were tuning up. Automobiles, carriages, motor cycles, bicycles, not to mention humble "shank's mare," which was, of course, greatly in evidence, and kept mighty busy dodging its more pretentious neighbors, all moved briskly along. Soon we turned into the Jericho turnpike, and the automobiles made one long, continuous procession, all headed toward the same goal—the grandstand.

THE START OF WAGNER, WHO EVENTUALLY WON THE RACE, AT 6.25 A.M.

WAGNER PASSING THE GRANDSTAND, AT AN EARLY STAGE OF THE RACE

NEAR THE FINISH LINE LATER IN THE RACE—SHOWING HOW THE CROWD INVADED THE COURSE



DURAY (THIRD PLACE) ROUNDING KRUG'S CORNER

By and by, when we were yet a good half mile from our destination, we took off our overcoats and Dodge turned the car over to the chauffeur, telling him to run it into a field and there wait for our return when the race was over. Now came the real enjoyment of the occasion. We were free to move about as we pleased and see the crowd as well as the race; and the one would be no more interesting than the other.

Perhaps I have taken over long to get to this point of my tale, but I am not telling the story of the race—the race was merely the cause, I am sketching roughly what I saw of the effect.

We marched along, finding our way with comparative ease in the semi-darkness of the early morning mist, until we came to the woven wire fences, nearly ten feet high, that had been erected to keep the crowds off the course. We followed along behind one of these, stepping over the forms of hundreds of sleeping men. How they slept I cannot imagine, for the racket of the incoming motor cars, which were being "parked" by the hundreds in the fields on either side of the turnpike, was tremendous. Added to this, there was the undertone of thousands of voices, such as swells up from any great crowd.

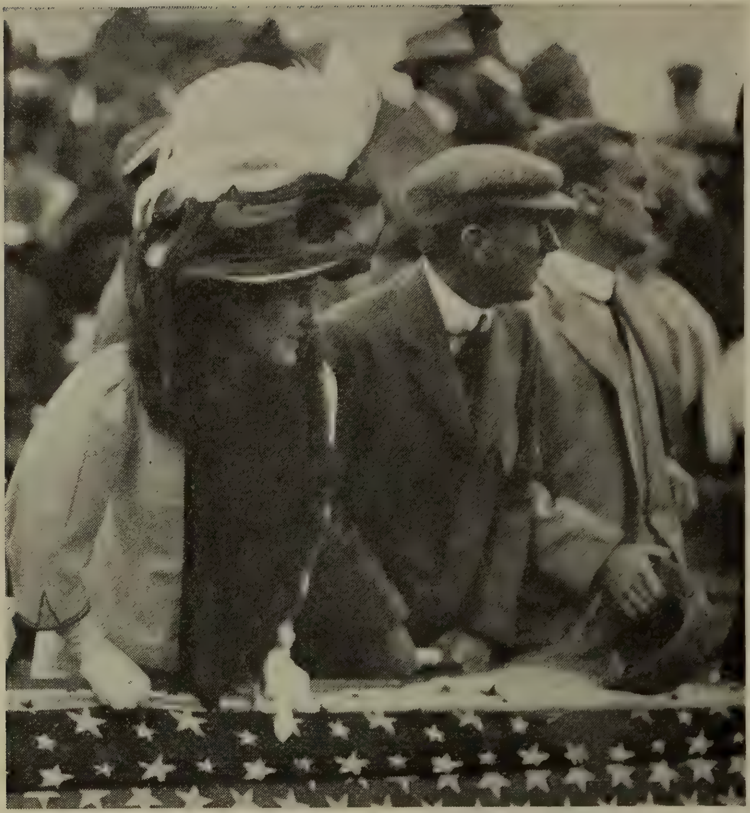
Day began to dawn—a gray, October day, damp with the ocean mist that still hung low over the countryside. It was not cold—I feared rain. But Dodge said no. As it grew lighter, the scenes presented were the most animated. As early as 5 o'clock the course was lined by thousands of people, old and young, big and little. The turnpike was constantly packed with vehicles. Pretty city girls by the thousands passed along, traveling in automobiles with rich papas and mammas, all arrayed in the latest and strangest looking automobile wraps; country girls, too, each accompanied by her best beau, who, with affected unconcern, devoted his entire attention to handling his excited team. But not all the motor cars and carriages contained pretty girls. There were automobiles without number, and horse-drawn vehicles of all descriptions, jam full of men; not a few contained parties who had made a night of it, and as the daylight grew stronger, these presented sorry appearances. There was a far greater percentage of dirty collars in Nassau county that morning than there ever were before. But what of it? It was a time to let one's self out a little.

The sandwich venders were early abroad, scores of them, and a lone "hot tamale man" did a brisk business while his supply of tamales lasted. Then the program barkers appeared. People of all ages and stations flocked in. I was particularly interested to see the first little country girl arrive on foot. Of course the boys were on hand, long before me, and many little girls were already there in carriages with their parents. At last I saw her coming—two of her. They were little tots, about eight or ten years old, blue gowned, and came from across the field that stretched away behind the great grandstand. Shy they were, and holding each other's hand, but drawn on by a compelling curiosity. And soon they were making themselves at home in an abandoned touring car a hundred yards back from the turnpike, for all the world like a pair of blue-birds inspecting a nesting place. And there they wisely remained throughout the whole race, nor knew at any time just what was going on, so busy were they enjoying their stolen automobile "ride."

Dodge had secured seats in the grandstand, but we elected to remain on the ground for a while. By this time the race officials were abroad, and sleepy-eyed policemen and men carrying red flags were clearing the course. The sun, now well up, was peeping through the clouds and aiding the gentle breeze to dissipate the morning mist.

TRACY "AFTER SCALPS"

Then came Dodge's office boy, his collar wretchedly soiled and his usual happy-go-lucky air displaced by a woebegone expression. I told him to chirk up, that Dodge had really been expecting him. But he could not smile, and with his hand on his heart told us how he had got "a rib nearly broke" in the jam on the ferry-boat crossing the East river from Manhattan. He illustrated by placing his camera at his side, where he had held it to avoid losing it. On the train, he had been compelled to cling all the way on the steps of the



LADY WILLOUGHBY D'ERESBY, AN ENTHUSIASTIC SPECTATOR

front platform of the front car, hence the dirty collar. "I wisht I'd stayed home," said he, dolefully. "It was worsen the Dewey Day p'rade or the fireworks accident in Madison Square. Ev'rybody in New York is out here."

JOHN W. GATES—HE PICKED THE WINNER

The crowd was now becoming impatient for the race to start; the wire fences were being covertly pulled down and the more daring ones were ready to get out on the course as soon as the race was on. Police and deputy sheriffs fumed and fussed, flagmen implored, but all were answered the same way: "We'll get back when the cars come—we're not anxious to go home in a box." It was 6 o'clock and we made for our seats in the grandstand.

Already the racing cars were lined up, one after the other, looking fit, every one, for the ten rounds of the 29-mile course. Le Blon, of the American team (Thomas), was to start first. Heath, an English driver of a French car, and who won the first race for the Vanderbilt cup, in 1904, was to start second. Promptly at 6.15 Le Blon was sent away, and high in the air a detonating bomb announced to the assembled thousands that the race was on. The remaining starters were sent off at one-minute intervals.

I soon was convinced that the grandstand was not the place for me to see the race—there was too much clockwork certainty about everything there. No sooner was the last car away than the man with the megaphone began telling us just how the race was progressing, getting his advices by telephone from different points on the course. The bulletin-boards told too much. So I induced Dodge to come away with me, and we pushed our way out and followed along up the course for perhaps a quarter of a mile, to where the wire fences were down and the crowd swarming over the course. I wanted to see that crowd get back when the first car came along. The grandstand crowd had too much of the everyday, race track behavior about it. I wanted to see rumor travel in the time-honored way, to get away from the dead sure statements of the man with the megaphone.

THE OFFICIALS—MR. VANDERBILT IN CENTER

A quarter of an hour had passed—every one who had a watch carried it in his hand. It would soon be time the first starters were finishing their first lap. The crowd was out on the course, gazing down to where a slight bend in the road cut off the view. A great assemblage was waiting there, at the bend—there was the best chance for a smashup at the turns—filling the road and resisting all efforts to clear it. Now they were giving way. The flagman at the bend waved his little red flag, a bugler blew a blast. "Car coming," was passed along. The crowd fell back, necks craned. There was a banging as from a quick-firing gun, a cheer from the crowd above, and Lancia in his big Fiat skidded into view around the turn. The crowd yelled and waved hands and hats as the big racer shot by, vomiting flame and greenish smoke from its exhausts. Closely following came Jenatzy—and the two held these relative positions until the last lap.

The other cars followed at short intervals and soon all save Wielshott in his Thomas flyer had passed. Later, news came from the grandstand that Wielshott broke his steering gear on Manhasset hill and lost control of his machine, which plunged through the

MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT, JR. (LEFT) AND MRS. SIDNEY D. SMITH, WATCHING THE RACE

fence and came to a stop in a ditch after seriously injuring a boy. Neither the driver nor his mechanic was hurt, but the machine was so badly damaged as to necessitate its retirement from the race. The news soon came that in addition to Wielshott's accident, Shepard in his Hotchkiss (France) had run down and killed a man who tried to cross in front of him near Krug's corner; and that Tracy in his Locomobile (America) had badly hurt a boy.

And so the race proceeded—car after car passing and repassing—skidding into sight, gathering speed as it came up the road, passing with a rush and a roar, and disappearing beyond the grandstand between the cheering ranks of speed-mad spectators. It was soon discovered that the American team was badly outclassed, so far as winning was concerned, but they kept doggedly on; for there are more possibilities of the unexpected happening in an automobile race than perhaps in any other sport. It was comforting, to say the least, to learn that the honor of having made the fastest lap in the race rested with Tracy, who made one circuit in the hitherto unprecedented time of 26 minutes and 21 seconds, traveling around the 29-mile course, with its dozen dangerous turns, at a speed of 75 miles an hour. Had he had even ordinary luck with his tires, the figures at the finish might have told a different story.

It was now the end of the ninth lap, and the leaders were ding-donging away, very close together as to their elapsed time. The cars of Wagner, Tracy and Lancia now passed almost together in the order named. But it was only the seventh round for Tracy, and sad it is to tell; for he passed the best of them while his tires held out. Wagner had 6 minutes time allowance over Lancia, he having started 6 minutes later than the latter, and so was now 6 minutes in the lead. Jenatzy, who had, up to now, clung close to Lancia's rear tires, was reported stopped by tire troubles.

JENATZY GOING OVER EIGHTY MILES AN HOUR

Every one walked restlessly about, watches and scores were compared as the minutes dragged slowly by. "It looks like Wagner," was the consensus of opinion, and yet—a roar went up from the grandstand. Word rapidly was passed along, "Wagner is held up at Bull's Head with two bursted tires." He had 6 minutes to put on those tires. Could he do it and still finish within 6 minutes of Lancia?

"How about Lancia?" the cry went up. "All right," came back the reply. "And driving like sin to make good his chance," added another. Would Lancia win? Could Wagner get those tires

HEATH, WINNER OF 1904 RACE, WHO WAS OUTCLASSED

on in time? All was now wild excitement. The sympathy of the motley American crowd was, as usual, with the under dog, the hard-luck victim. Cars passed unnoticed and uncheered. All attention was on the two leaders.

The red flags were waving, the bugle sounded. "Car coming," shouted a stentorian voice. Every one was out in the road. A cheer swelled up from the bend, where the crowd was eagerly peering down the road. "Lancia," was the yell. Sure enough, a rattling, irregular banging, and Lancia's car swung into sight, coming, it seemed, as no car before had come—and gone. A deafening cheer arose, for many thought him the winner. But the wise ones noted the time and waited.

A minute passed. Men shook their heads. Another minute. Still no sign of Wagner. There was a deal of restless moving about. Inquiring glances passed from man to man. A third minute. Almost all hope was gone.

"What's that?—sounds like a cheer away off." Every one was looking at his neighbor and listening intently.

Again it came, and this time nearer—a cheer, unmistakably. Red flags waved, the bugle sounded once more. The spectators at the bend were yelling like demons. There was a backward rush of the crowd, another booming of exhausts and Wagner skidded into view, almost burning holes in the road with his speed. Everything depended on a few seconds and he knew it. Ah, but he was cool—not an inch did he swerve from his course, after all those terrific 290 odd miles. A zip, whizz, roar and he had flashed by and over the finish line, where the prolonged cheering proclaimed him victor.

Tense faces relaxed, and gently, kindly, condescendingly, everybody told

LANCIA, WHO LOST THE FIVE HOURS' RACE BY LESS THAN FOUR MINUTES

his neighbor, "I told you so." Duray in his de Dietrich soon followed, plowing his way through the throngs which now flocked the course, and took third place, with Jenatzy a good fourth. Other cars followed, to be stopped as they passed the finish line, while still others were stopped at various points around the long course by means of telephonic communication with the flagmen, because of the danger to the now totally unrestrainable crowds.

Thus ended another great cup contest. Hunger and sleepiness soon drove the multitude hurrying away from the scene. A heavy shower came up almost immediately after the calling off of the race, and Dodge and I sought the shelter of the grandstand, where we sat and watched the autos go by. Three

THE CROWD IN FRONT OF MR. VANDERBILT'S BOX IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE RACE columns abreast they were, two going one way, and one the other. We tried to estimate the approximate total valuation of the automobiles that were in the county that day and how far they would reach if strung out in single file, but it was too big a job. "It's all over but the smell, and that's all over, too—all over the county," was Dodge's facetious comment. "But I tell you," he resumed, more seriously, "if you want a study in contrasts, just you come out here to-morrow."

Luckily for Dodge—for his last words prompted me to felonious assault—he just then spied our Frenchman in the runabout, and soon we were "lost" in the homeward-bound rush.

There has been only one unfortunate feature of the Vanderbilt cup races—the danger to imprudent spectators. The recurring accidents, with their resultant fatalities, have not deterred the multitude from continually invading the course. And it is gratifying to be able to say that in another year for the sake of driver and spectator alike this danger will be lessened or entirely eliminated by running the race on a special automobile speedway, for the building of which a stock company has been incorporated since the holding of the last race. Given this, in future years the race for the Wm. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., cup will surely outclass the great road races of Europe; for American spectators will not lose interest nor American manufacturers cease trying, so long as a foreign driver and a foreign car holds that cup.

CHICAGO
AUTOMO

THE HOMEWARD BOUND AUTOMOBILES, AFTER THE RACE—SCATTERED PROGRAMS BEHIND THE FENCE

THE PASSING OF REEL-PAW

A Rogue Bear of Southern Oregon

BY DENNIS H. STOVALL

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KING STONE

YOU will be disappointed if you look for Bear Camp on the map. This name has been applied, by sundry men of the trail, to that vast and isolated, mountainous and pine-whiskered region of southern Oregon in the Coast range, and on Rogue river, the latter called *"Tra-het"* by the red men, meaning "Evil waters."

Bear Camp is sixty miles below Grant's Pass, and as many miles from civilization. It is mountainous, but not craggy. The cañons are deep, but not sheer except here and there where belts of serpentine lift their walls of opalescent stone. The highest ridges and "hog-backs" are but 6,000 and 7,000 feet above sea level. It is called Bear Camp because it is, in truth, the great "camp," or fattening ground for all, or nearly all of the black, brown and cinnamon bears of the Coast mountains. To Bear Camp bears come in veritable droves, in late fall and early winter; from the north as far as the Umpqua, and south as far as the Klamath, to wax fat on sweet acorns.

When the feasting days are over, and the mast bushes and sweet acorn groves are buried deep under the snow, the bears, with sleek fur and fat-rolling barrels, "den up" for the winter, finding in hollow logs or rocky crevices fit places for hibernating.

With a desire to find the game at its best, both as to meat and pelt, my old-time bunkie and "pal of the grit," Dan Willis, and I, packed our cayuses late in November and hit the trail for Bear Camp. I closed my desk and typewriter for a month's trip into the wilds—a month's stay in the pine woods, there to enjoy the genuine freedom of the mountaineer.

Our kit and outfit, limited to the carrying capacity of two Indian ponies, was carefully made up, and with a full understanding that we were out for bears. Bear Camp is no auto-touring country. They who hie there must leave the benzine-wagon behind with the spring mattress and the table napkin. Outside our canned goods, sugar, coffee and beans, we carried but little grub. Meat was to be our principal maker of bone and tissue for that trip, and meat we were out to get. We carried a small shelter tent and roll of blankets; also, two changes of wool underclothing; and this, with the exertion of the hunt, was calculated to keep us warm and comfortable in all conditions of weather. Two .25-35 rifles with ammunition, an ax and hunting knives, pipes, tobacco and matches, completed the kit. The last strap was buckled, the last item on the list was scratched, and we were ready for the trail.

We rode "Nip" and "Tuck," two cayuses Dan brought over the Cascade mountains from the bunchgrass prairies, and drove "To-Be" and "Not-To-Be," the pack animals, ahead of us. I say we drove them; that is the way we started, but before we were five miles out of Grant's Pass, we grew weary of prodding Not-To-Be, and were content to let him follow behind.

There are twenty-two miles of wagon road down Rogue river, as far as Galice, that leads and winds through an American Switzerland. Fifteen miles below Grant's Pass, and just out of Hell Gate, we crossed the river by ferry. Then the road climbed up, up, over Taylor mountain, hanging to the cañon wall, suspended at places 1,000 feet above the river.

At Galice we left the wagon road, the stage station, the telephone, post office, camp store and all other evidences of civilization, and struck the manzanita-walled trail for the deeper mountain wilds. We made camp the first night on Rogue river, a few miles below Galice; had a supper of quail and rainbow trout; a long, peaceful chat and smoke while we sat on our unrolled blankets and surveyed the wide world around us; then turned in and slept the deep sleep of the man of the outer world.

We were on the trail again by seven next morning. It was yet dark; for the November days are short. But soon the sun peeped over the saw-tooth ranges and melted the frost on the undergrowth. All day we clambered and climbed. The trail dimmed out and we followed the ridges. Every hour took us deeper into the primeval. Most of the time we threshed the undergrowth and threaded our way between the giant trees, under the impenetrable canopy of the forest. Only now and then we emerged upon an open.

On the third day we traveled higher. There was a deeper tang of the cedar and balsam fir in the air, and a sharper spice of the early winter frost.

By mid-afternoon of the third day we reached our journey's end, a trapper's shanty in the heart of Bear Camp. We were now at an elevation of 6,000 feet. The heavy timber gave way to sparse hemlocks and stunted pines, with an undergrowth of cinnamon and sweet acorn. The atmosphere was bright and crisp. We were fifty miles from any highway wider than a pack trail, and, according to Billy the trapper's most conservative calculation, we were "seventy-five miles from a keg of beer by the shortest route."

Billy gave us the big warm hand of the man of the mountains, and though we had never met him before, we were acquainted with him in five minutes, and he made us at home in less time than that. He insisted that we camp with him. We accepted, piled our traps in a corner, hobbled the cayuses, and sat down to a royal supper of roast venison, broiled bear steak and Dutch oven biscuits.

After the meal was done, and the tin dishes doused and swabbed, we sat on the shanty door-step and smoked and talked. Rather, Dan and I smoked and listened while Billy told tales of his experiences as trapper, hunter, guide, prospector and Indian fighter. We knew that Billy was old, very old, but we were staggered when he told us that a man died young unless he lived to be ninety. When we asked how old he was, he spoke up quick and sharp:—

"Old? Do you think I 'm old? I 'm only ninety-five."

Then we understood how the old trapper could tell of things that happened in the "fall of '49," the "spring of '52," or "the bad winter of '56," as readily and easily as we could recall occurrences of last week.

"Venison and bear meat, plenty of open air, plenty of work and plenty of sleep have done it," said the old mountaineer. "If everybody quit pork and beef and ate deer meat, slept out of doors and close to the ground, they would all live ninety or a hundred years instead of sixty or seventy."

And from this topic Billy switched to bears in general, and then bears in particular, by which we came by the knowledge of *Reel-Paw, the great black bear of the Coast mountains. Reel-Paw was the terror of every rancher in southern Oregon. For years he had defied man, gun and dogs. His original home was the limestone caves of Greyback, but he ranged all the way

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*In the earlier days of his notorious career, this big black bear was caught in a trap, which he dragged away with him, finally escaping from it, but not till he had broken and badly maimed his foot. This caused the deformity that later gave him the name, "Reel-Paw," which, in Western trappers' parlance, means "Club-Foot."

WALTER
KING
STONE

He paused just an instant, fanning with his paws and wagging his great head the while, and gave vent to a horrible roar from the Siskiyous to the Calapooias. Though a black bear, he was of immense size and fully as powerful as a grizzly. He ventured down into the settlements when feed was short on the ranges, and devastated entire gardens; not satisfied with a vegetable diet alone, he entered the sties and the sheep corrals, carrying off full grown pigs and lambs. He was frequently "seen running away on his hind legs, hugging a sheep under one fore paw, and a pig under the other!" Many times Reel-Paw had been "shot after," as Billy expressed it, but the big bear always got away with the lead. "B'ar dogs" only attacked him once. If they survived that first merciless cuff, they were wise enough in the future to leave the monster alone.

And now we learned that Reel-Paw was in Bear Camp. Others older and wiser than we might have shuddered at the thought, but Dan and I were heartily glad. We were out for bears; a grizzly would be preferable, but since that was impossible Reel-Paw would do.

Billy shook his head very soberly when we told him we wanted to meet the big bear. When we asked him if he would take us to Reel-Paw's feeding grounds he was silent. We insisted, and he finally agreed to guide us there.

Before attacking Reel-Paw we first spent four days stalking the more timid bears that came to feed in the sweet acorn patches near Billy's cabin. If the sportsman gets out early enough, it is as easy to hunt and kill bears by this method as it is to creep upon and shoot ducks in a mill pond. We would locate a sweet acorn gulch, and learn by signs whether bears came there to feed. We would then take a stand on the nearest ridge, and get Mr. Bruin when he came out to breakfast. The "nearest ridge," however, would be a full quarter-mile away. Hence this method of taking a stand, like that of stalking upon a drove, requires the hunter's aim to be sure.

Out of twelve shots we got five bears—two blacks, two browns and a cinnamon. Trails of blood left by five others convinced us that they carried away our lead. Unless a bear is hit very near the fatal spot, just behind and beneath the shoulder, he will get away with half a dozen bullets. But a .25-35 is big enough for the biggest bear, as is likewise a .30-30, provided he is hit in the right spot. We saw a small brown bear scamper away with a broadside from Billy's cannon-like .44-40, with no more concern than if he had been peppered by a .22.

We skinned the five, soused the meat, and made off early one morning for Reel-Paw's feeding grounds. We rode the ponies to the left prong of Cow Horn, where we tethered them, and pushed on toward Mule mountain afoot. It had been a cloudy night and morning revealed two inches of snow. The sun came up warm and bright, and the white carpet soon had dark splotches here and there which, by contrast, were as black as if a big bottle of ink had been spilled over the mountains.

Ten miles from Billy's shanty, and while tramping the unmelted snow on the bottom of a cañon, we came upon a bear track that set our hearts a-thumping. The imprint of the right front foot was broader and deeper than that of the left, as if caused by some strange deformity. Dan and I stooped and examined them critically.

Billy only gave them casual notice. He had seen them many times before. "They are Reel-Paw's tracks," said he. "I 'd know 'em if I came a-crossed 'em on the Sahary desert."

Then we stood up and listened to the old hunter's plan of attack. About a mile farther down the cañon was a sweet acorn patch, toward which the big bear was heading. Since Billy knew the location of the patch, he deemed it best that we divide forces, and stalk. Dan and I were to wait an hour, while the old trapper climbed up and around, and approached the patch from the other way. When the hour was up, Dan and I were to move on, stalking low. Thus we would approach the patch from both sides and give the bear no chance to escape, except up the steep wall of the cañon, unless he chose to attack us.

"Remember Reel-Paw is no ord'nary bear," cautioned Billy, when he left us. "Make sure of ev'ry shot; and don't let him get too clost."

When the hour was up, we started briskly down the cañon. The wind was toward us, and we had no fear of the bear catching the scent. Finally we came in sight of the wall of serpentine that arose sheer on each side of the cañon. Billy had told us the big bear's feeding grounds were at the base of that precipice.

We dropped lower and crawled, sneaking over the half-melted snow with our noses close to the trail and using every available rock and bush to screen our approach. For over an hour we dragged our bodies through the slush, till every thread of our clothing was water-soaked. But we cared not for that. The spirit of the chase had entered us, and we thought only of the game.

At last we reached a knoll, topped with cinnamon. We crawled up to this and lifted our heads for a peep. There they were—a whole drove of them—three blacks, a brown and two cinnamons. And over the drove towered a huge black monster, shambling uneasily to and fro, sniffing keenly with his pointed nose as if apprehensive of impending danger, and crunching the mast nuts between his jaws as he trotted back and forth.

"It 's Reel-Paw!" we both exclaimed.

We raised our rifles, but at that moment two shots came in quick succession from the other side, and we knew they were from Billy's old .44-40.

"Woof! woof! woof!" snorted the drove, as they crashed madly through the undergrowth, passing us like the wind. To the eye on the rifle sight, each bear was a blurred streak of black or brown or yellow swiftly drawn through the brush. But we let drive, and brought down a cinnamon.

On the farther border of the acorn patch, and fully two hundred yards away, we saw the huge black monster lumber swiftly off up the cañon, his heavy coat of fur glistening on his round barrel like much-rubbed sealskin. Instead of following the main drove, he turned and bore down upon Billy. We finished off the cinnamon, which was squalling hideously, and made shift to refill the magazines of our rifles as we ran toward the trapper.

We saw the white hair and beard of old Billy appear above the growth; he arose and stood unflinchingly in the trail. Reel-Paw advanced on his hind legs, opening and snapping his jaws, and grotesquely rubbing his face with his paws. Even from where we were, we could discern the deformity of his foot. "Slam it to him!" we yelled in chorus.

We had small fear for old Billy. We were confident he would bring the bear down with one shot. So we were horrified when we saw the big brute rush forward with a roar of rage, after the trapper had fired into his face. Billy got in a second shot, but it accomplished no more than the first, and before he could fire a third the bear was upon him, had wrested the rifle from him and swung it, with the strength of a Titan, against the trunk of a hemlock. Billy was old, but he had not lost the agility of youth, especially at a time of such emergency. He dodged quickly to one side and scampered across the cañon, drawing his long hunting knife as he ran. There was a narrow slit or crevice in the serpentine wall, and he backed into this. It was too narrow for the bear to enter, but not so narrow or deep that he could not strike into it with his paws, despite the ugly slashing of the long hunting knife.

Dan and I threshed our way through the brush to the old hunter's assistance, and on the way I fell and falling discharged my rifle. I took the left of the cañon, Dan the right, and in this way

I came first within range of the bear. He was striking savagely into the crevice, with blood spurting from his paws, when I took quick aim and pulled the trigger. But I had neglected to throw in a new cartridge and the hammer fell on an empty shell. What followed occurred so quickly that I am unable to detail this portion of the affray. Reel-Paw leaped backward and turned upon me, once more rearing on his hind legs. He paused just an instant, fanning with his paws and wagging his great head the while, and gave vent to a horrible roar, it seemed for the purpose of frightening me. I fired, but so excitedly that the shot had no effect. The rifle was snapped from my grasp. In his great rage, the bear took the weapon between his teeth, though he made no attempt to bend or break it, as I have heard of bears doing. But this little manifestation of supreme anger gave me an opportunity to escape, and I made use of it by taking to my heels and scampering up a hemlock. Ordinarily it is a foolish thing to climb a tree when pursued by a black bear, but I fancied Reel-Paw could not follow me, because of his deformity.

There is no accounting for one's behavior at a time like this. While I sat perched on the hemlock limb I found myself subconsciously doing the simple things habit had taught me, one of which was to pick the burs from my flannel shirt, the other to pull off a button that dangled from my coat, which I carefully put in my pocket; for I always carry a big needle and a spool of heavy linen thread to re-sew shop-fastened buttons. I was trying to remember whether I had put the needle and thread in the kit, when a louder roar from Reel-Paw reminded me of my surroundings.

The enraged monster turned growling and snapping upon Dan, streaming blood on the snow as he crossed the cañon. He dropped to his four legs and approached Dan with wide open maw, from which his long red tongue protruded. Closer and closer the bear drew to the hunter, finally halting and snarling down from the crest of a boulder.

When Reel-Paw raised himself for the final rush, Dan raised his rifle gradually, until the bead was on the fatal spot. And then, just when Reel-Paw would have leaped, the .25-35 cracked out loud and sharp. The great bear tilted his muzzle and gave an agonized scream, something I had never before heard a bear do. Bloody foam spurted from his maw. His whole upraised body suddenly relaxed, and he fell in a lifeless heap, rolling off the rock and almost upon the little man who brought an end to his savage career.

I jumped down, and we ran across to Billy. He had come out of the crevice and was cleansing two deep gashes on his hand with snow. It was a bad wound, and we wanted to bandage it at once; but the old trapper would have none of our assistance. "I can't always have you around to help me," he said, "and I 'd rather do it alone—I might forget how, if I let someone else do it for me; besides, I want this medicine to take effect first."

He plastered the wound with snow, and calmly remarked: "There 's no salve made that equals that—it 's no fake—heals up a hurt quick as magic."

Though we were afraid the old trapper would "catch cold" in his wound, and told him so, he only laughed at our fears. However, he finally allowed us to bandage his hand. Then, standing over the dead bear, we fought it all over again; for actual bear fights are as unusual as they are lively. I had never before seen a black bear fight. One of old Billy's heavy lead bullets had literally torn the bear's lungs to bits, but this, before Dan's last shot, had been the only effectual one. And contrary to what I had thought, Dan shot at the brain, not the heart. No doubt this accounts for Reel-Paw dying so suddenly.

In Reel-Paw we had 500 pounds of bear. We skinned him where he fell, pared off the fat and cached the meat, later making two trips for it. The fur was very heavy, and superb in gloss. When we packed our ponies to strike the homeward trail, we spread it temptingly before the shanty door where old Billy sat and smoked. Though it was a prize we gladly would have claimed, we knew it rightly belonged to him.

"We 'll leave this with you," Dan said, as he combed his fingers through the long fur. "If there 's one man on all the Coast range that fully deserves Reel-Paw's hide, that man is yourself."

The old trapper shook his head in silence, pulling hard at his corn-cob while he gazed off across the mountains. There was something in his face we had not seen before—something that drove the usual cheerfulness away—that momentarily exposed the wrinkles and betrayed his age. "No," he said finally, and with his gaze still on the distant mountains, "Reel-Paw's hide don't belong to me. Take it away. I wouldn't be comfortable with it around. Reel-Paw was no ord'nary bear."

There was genuine feeling in his words, the real feeling that men of the outer world have for the wild things around them. He was the kind of man who kills the wild things, but who never hates them, and who has but little desire for trophies of the hunt.

We partly understood, and with no further word Dan rolled up the massive hide and strapped it to the pack. We mounted our ponies and rode away. At the point where the trail dipped into the cañon we turned in our saddles to take a farewell look at the little cabin. The old trapper still sat in the doorway, peacefully puffing his pipe and gazing off across the purple mountains.

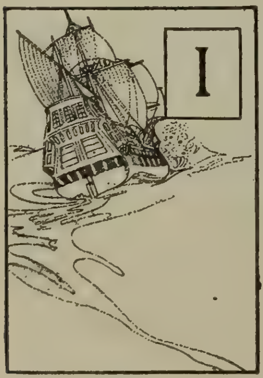
CRUISING THE FJORDS OF THE NORTH PACIFIC

With Inland Trips For Variety

BY D. W. AND A. S. IDDINGS

Fellows of the American Geographical Society and of the Royal Geographical Society

IV.—Up Stream to the Glacier of the Tsau-wati



IN Northern British Columbia at the head of Knight's inlet, on the broad flat through which the glacial-born Tsau-wati (or Kle-na Klene) river surges its way, the Ta-nok-teuk and A-wa-awk Kla-la tribes of Indians have a large and most picturesquely pitched summer village from which they hunt the mountains for the numerous goats, sheep, bears and deer, and fish for the salmon, oolichan and other fishes of the region. "Tsau-wati" means in their language, "the home of the oolichan," a little fish of the North Pacific that swarms this river in early spring, which the Indians take in great quantities and render of its oil an appetizer to them of use akin to the butter of civilization. These Indians also kill many seal and some whale and porpoise.

ASSISTING THE POLERS WITH THE TRACK-LINE—TSAU-WATI RIVER

In winter the population of the village moves down the Inlet to an island just beyond its mouth, in Queen Charlotte sound, where the rigors of weather are mollified by the trade winds. However, the fierce cold at the head of the Inlet is occasionally braved by some of their number, detained by the decrepitude of old age or for the purpose of engaging in winter trapping and hunting.

The location of the Tsau-wati village is ideal. The immense flat on which it stands is surrounded by snow-capped mountains,—the very heart of the Coast range. Several arms of the river ramify through the flat, affording the villagers perfect water communication to all its parts. The soil is a stiff clay with some sand, and the tract is for the most part thickly timbered with small bushy aspens and overrun with tall marsh grass, with frequent interstices of wild rice where the land lies lower and is marshy. The aspen copses are the home of many grouse, the wild rice patches the feeding grounds of honkers and ducks in myriads. Huge thickets of berry bushes fringe and climb the mountains, and here the grizzly comes for the ripening fruit from his fishing grounds in the near-by river, often rudely disturbing the patient Indian women gathering the berries.

They were glad to see us, these simple aborigines, and gave us a hearty welcome when we came ashore, after mooring our sloop a piece up the river. The beach held many dug-out canoes, large and small, fantastically wrought and painted at the prow, whilst many other like craft were being paddled about as the owners raised their nets that labyrinthed the river, and took the catch of salmon. The houses were built entirely of split slab wood roughly fashioned and put together, and were not of the large communal proportions common to the Indians of the outer coast, but mere hut-like affairs. They stood on stilts, some steps up, out of deference to the flood-time, when water covers the entire flat.

There were two head men or *tyees* in the village. The chief one was called "Humsit" (One who gives many feasts), the other was "Seawit" (Everybody paddles to his house). When we called, Humsit was engaged in boiling seal-blubber, and sat stirring a huge cauldron of the stinking stuff, now and again dropping in a fresh chunk from the mass which lay heaped up in one side of his house. Outside were stretched many bladders of the same animal. Humsit was a great hunter of the hair-seal which abounds in the Inlet waters but is of no commercial value, though these oil-loving natives prize it highly for its blubber, which they boil into oil, as Humsit was doing. The bladders are preserved for floats for use in whale-hunting. They affix to the harpoon a long rope and to it at the other end a number of these seal-bladders, which keep the harpooned leviathan from diving and also show his course.

We passed next to the cabin of Seawit, where a group of men were seated on the ground engaged in sharpening long stout poles for use in pushing their canoes upstream against the mighty current of the river. Such poles are carefully selected and cut from an indigenous tree akin to ironwood in hardness. The sharpened points are made harder by burning. We seated ourselves on the ground with them and making use of our limited Chinook vocabulary, likewise limited on their part, began something of a conversation, which was supplemented by Sam in their native Kwakwelth tongue. We thus learned of the great glacier some twenty miles farther back in the mountains, where the river heads, and of the perils of life and splendors of scene attendant upon a trip upstream to it. They also became garrulous, and excitedly gesticulated in telling of the huge grizzlies, the many deer, goats and some sheep that ranged along the river's course. Their bear stories were harrowing in the extreme and Seawit displayed a scar or two to substantiate some hair-breadth escapes.

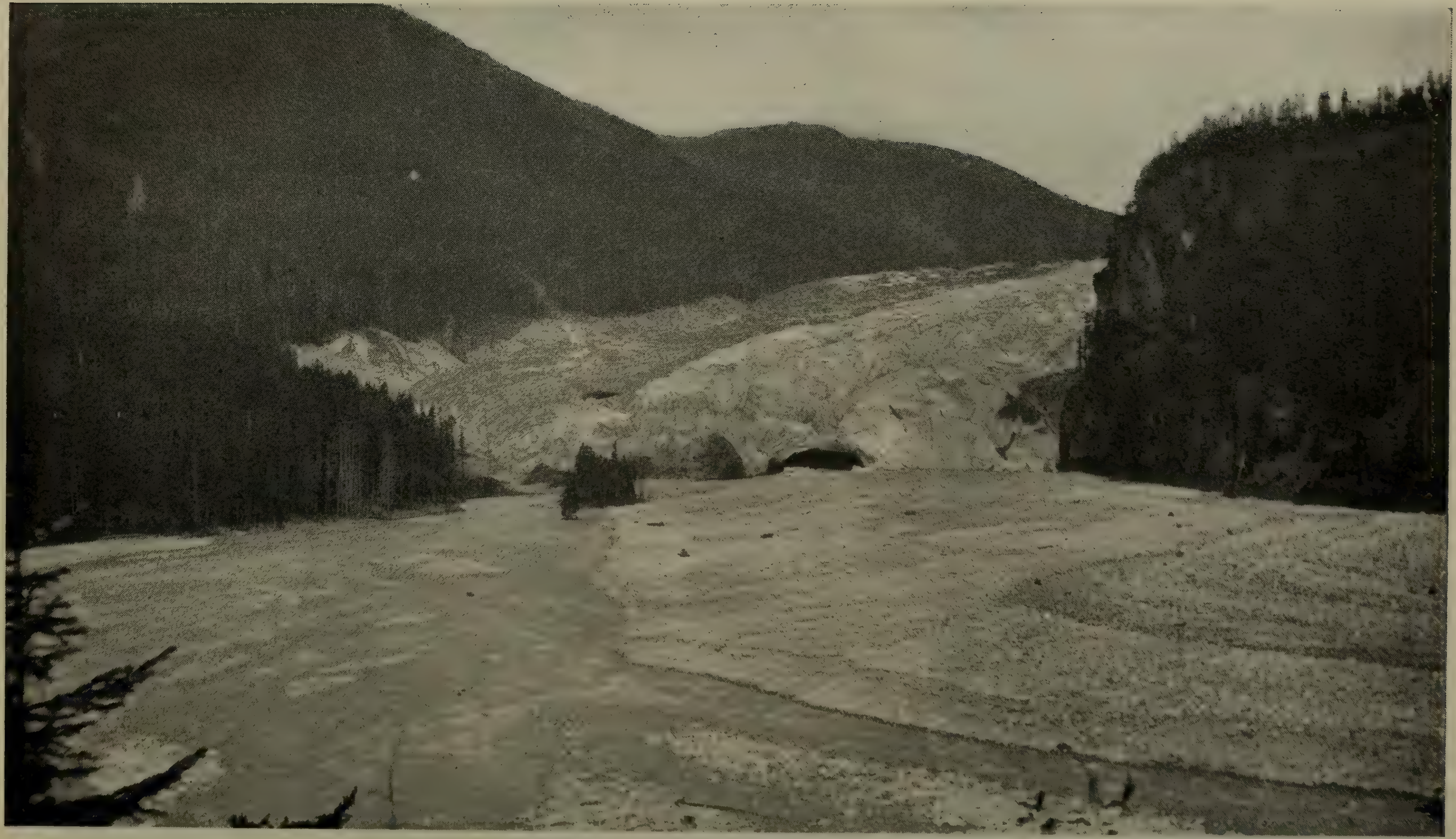
On the strength of their many statements of the fabulous region beyond we determined to make the trip to the glacier and see for ourselves. Accordingly we instructed Sam to open negotiations for the hire of two pole-men and a canoe of suitable size for our party. This proved to be no easy matter, for at once they found we wished to go thither they all displayed an unwillingness to accompany us, even suggesting dire results. But the salmon fishing had not been particularly good, and while money would hardly seem to be an object in such an out of the way place, its temptations were too strong for them to resist and we finally succeeded in engaging two *skokum* (strong) men, Chief Seawit and Mo-nok-Kwa-la (One who gives away many blankets), for the journey, both polers of accomplishment as we were assured by all, nor were we to be disappointed. We were to pay five and a half dollars per day for the two men and a canoe, and the start was fixed for the following morning. These arrangements completed we went aboard the sloop and got together sufficient supplies and a light outfit for the trip.

Next morning about nine o'clock Seawit and Mo-nok-Kwa-la came alongside in a well-proportioned dugout canoe some thirty feet in length and of ample beam, into which we loaded our dunnage and embarked. The early morning had been foggy, but as we left the village the fog began to lift, with promise of a clear day. The work of our polers began at once, as the current everywhere was much too swift to be stemmed by paddling. Mo-nok-Kwa-la stood upright in the bow and Seawit in the stern. Each would alternately plant his pole firmly in the river-bed and then push on it with all his might, the other holding the position already attained. Thuswise they managed to force the canoe slowly and laboriously ahead. They certainly earned their money. A detour through a branch stream, where the foliage was so thick as to nearly overarch, brought us several miles on our way through waters less rapidly running. Then we came out into the main river again which swept along like a tide-race, boiling, tumbling and whirling as it went its mad way. The river was a succession of elbows and curves, as it wound here, there and everywhere through a broad gravel flat, which was walled on both sides by lofty mountains, fir clad half way up. On the flat were frequent copses of fir, aspen and a species of maple, the shelter of deer, and of the grizzly bear. The ascent of the river valley would have been impossible on foot, for every hundred yards or so brought up on some meandering of the river which must be crossed. It was almost impossible by canoe.

MO-NOK-KWA-LA (BOW) AND CHIEF SEAWIT, THE SIWASH CANOEMEN

We always kept close in to one bank of the river or the other. When we came to a convex curve of the stream, there was necessarily a stretch of comparatively still water back of the point so that we could creep up to it, have a moment's breathing spell, and then boldly dash around it. But when we reached a concave curve the situation was entirely different, for there the whole sweep of the river was upon us and we could do naught but make across by fierce paddling to the convex curve of the opposite bank, in the eddy of which we could hang on, to rest for the struggle around the point. Nor were such crossings of the river,—always broad at such places,—at all an

THE TSAU-WATI GLACIER (IN THE NOTCH) FROM THE AUTHORS' CAMP



THE GREAT GLACIER OF THE TSAU-WATI, SHOWING THE CAVERN FROM WHICH THE RIVER FLOWS easy matter, for, paddle as we might, the raging torrent would catch our canoe beam on and carry it far below the point on the opposite bank for which we were headed. Now and again, too, we would ship some sea in the bargain.

Farther up the river flowed in many treacherous rapids, beset with tree snags and jagged rocks. To pass over these frequently required a combination of energies, our party tugging at a track-line as we toiled amongst the huge boulders of the beach, whilst the Indians in the canoe poled with all their vigor. At times the rapids ran too little water to take the draft of our canoe with all aboard. Here we would disembark and walk, leaving the natives to weather the job alone. Now and again the order was to fairly lift the boat over the rocks, and then waist-deep into the icy waters all went. Thus for three days we toiled up the mighty stream, never faltering until huge ice-cakes, tearing downstream, threatened our bark, though at the same time bespeaking a near approach to our goal,—the great ice-cake itself. As we proceeded we saw many goats feeding along the mountain sides, whilst on our enforced walks ashore we observed innumerable fresh spoor of deer and huge grizzlies.

In the afternoon of the third day we came in plain sight of the Great glacier of the Tsau-wati, the source of the river. The huge *mer-de-glace* glistened vari-colored in the afternoon sun, silently beckoning us to a closer inspection, impossible except on foot, for the river now fairly boiled with savage undercurrents which threatened to swallow us up. So we pitched our camp in a little fir grove off a sandy beach in a notch of the mountains' rock-walls, about a mile's walk from where the river first emerges from a great cavern in the glacier. Before supper the Indians gaffed over an hundred pounds of fine salmon in about ten minutes immediately in front of camp, and we feasted on them. We also hailed "the ice-man," as he "drove by" in the stream, and indulged ourselves in several "high-balls," cooled with chunks of glacial ice.

An early start for the glacier was made next morning on foot, and we soon covered the intervening mile or more of silty flat, and stood at the foot of the immense *névé,* as it rested in the very bed of the river. Through a vast cavern in the glacier, whose orifice reflected radiantly all the colors of the spectrum, a great torrent emerged, bearing innumerable chunks of ice, and formed the river. Here a most perilous part of our pilgrimage began. Nothing daunted, we ascended on to the great ice fields themselves, as they stretched out in a solid mass for three miles or more, at one point exceeding a mile in width, and bounded on all sides by high peaks. To obtain a better view, we scaled one of these peaks, which seemed to frown down a further challenge. From its altitude, some nine thousand feet above sea level, our eyes feasted on a thousand peaks, wrapped in a world of snow and ice, and away to the west and east, far below, our binoculars picked out green valleys and winding streams,—a paradise lost for British Columbians to some day regain.

The mountain peak and glacier were descended and then the rigors of rapid-running were encountered. We shot the half hundred rapids of the river in our Siwash canoe at a lively rate. What had taken days in the ascent was made in a few hours going downstream, the work requiring even greater skill and presence of mind, which our Indian canoeists possessed in a high degree. And we again reached the village at the river's mouth in safety.

(*To be concluded*)

WITH HOUND AND WILD-CAT

BY HARRY H. DUNN

"The hills are dearest that our childish feet
Have climbed the earliest; and the springs most sweet
Are ever those at which our young lips drank,
Stooped to their waters o'er the grassy bank."

AND so I think of those first hunting trips of youth, those days afield, on foot or on horseback, or in the old spring wagon; alone or in company with some one of the many old Nimrods that still, thank God, adorn every country crossroads in America.

It seems to me the best of all of them were those born of foggy, dew-drenched mornings in the hills of southern California. There, astride a sure-footed little sorrel pony, I followed headlong the deep-throated hounds. There, too, slower and with more work beneath the hot sun of the afternoon, the dogs and I tracked now and then a lank, red-coated mountain lion in all his wanderings beneath the tangle of willow growth that choked the wider cañons.

Differing essentially in many characteristics from riding to hounds in the Eastern and Southeastern states, there is yet no sport in all the category which I have tried, to equal the hunting of wild-cats and coyotes, with now and then a fox or mountain lion thrown in, over Southwestern hills. In the first place, the game one hunts is different; there are plenty of foxes in southern California, but they are of an inferior breed to the long-tailed, red-haired fellows that the hounds of old Kentucky are wont to trail. In the main they are small and gray, and they "hole up" at the first close cry of the dogs. In the more inaccessible places there are a few red foxes, but they, too, are poor sport-makers, and lions are so infrequent south of the Tehachepi mountains that they do not count. The chase of the California lynx in its two varieties—the small plateau lynx and the larger bob-cat of the hills—has, however, in a measure, taken the place of these and it is of the running down and killing of them that I shall tell, adding a bit concerning the peculiar breed of dogs that has come up to meet the demands of the hunters of this region as well as the short-limbed, broad-chested horses that are the best for this game.

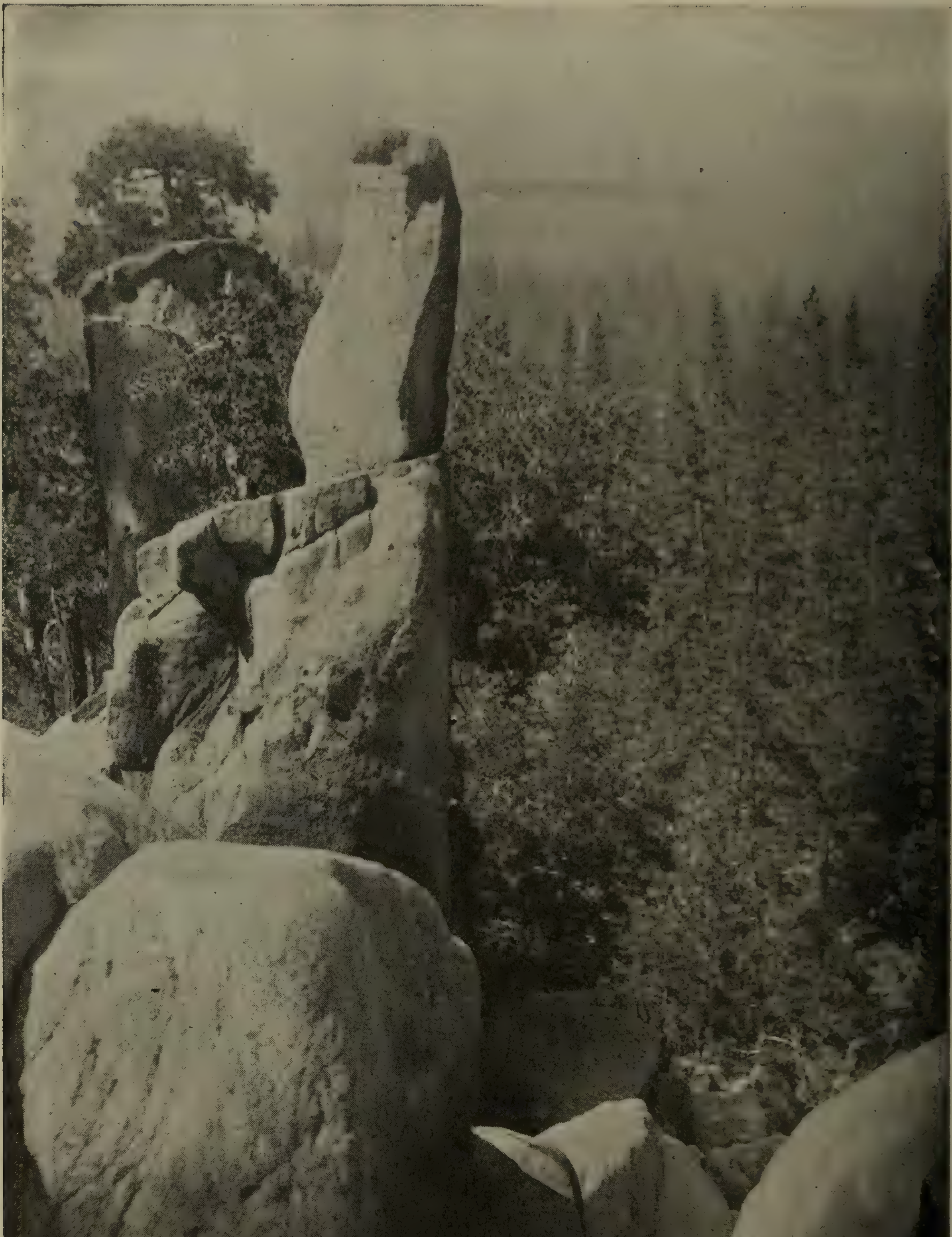
In the first place, the wild-cats of California are game creatures, good, long-winded runners, treeing only when compelled to do so by the close proximity of the dogs, and fighting bravely to the end when shaken out of some tree or dislodged from an insecure perch on the rim of a cliff. As has been said, there are two varieties of these cats. One of them is small, in some cases scarcely larger than an overgrown Maltese tom; in perfect pelage, this cat's coat is of a reddish tinge, marked, of course, with the usual wild-cat spottings along the flanks and on the insides of the legs. He is a frequenter of the lowlands, being found quite as often among the willow groves within stone's throw of the surf as in the oak forests of the hills. In such localities the peculiarities of the plateau lynx's coloring makes him very hard to discover—indeed it is quite out of the question to stalk him as one might a coyote or a fox or a blacktail.

The other variety is much larger, often weighing up to fifty-five pounds, though the usual run is below thirty. They are animals of the higher foothills and of the mountain slopes up to three or four thousand feet. In color they are uniformly gray, spotted and marbled to some extent with black and darker gray, the whole shading into a sort of roan on the back, but nowhere approaching the rufous markings of the lowland lynx. This animal is more often seen than any other of the Western cats, not excepting the mountain lion, and is the better game for the sportsman, either on horseback after hounds or at the sport of still-hunting—which is and always will be the crowning test of the hunter's art. Some day, when I get a little more time and can go out and make some pictures to show just what kind of conditions we outdoors dwellers have to go against here in the Southwest, I am going to tell about two or three trips I have made still-hunting those little wolves of the mesas hereabout, the coyotes. But for now, to the cats!

I doubt if anywhere else in the Union but in southern California is the hunting of wild-cats with hounds regularly carried on as a sport. At Santa Ana, Orange county, California, however, there is a club of more than two score members organized for this purpose, holding their meetings in April, I believe, at the Orange County park, in the mouth of the beautiful Santiago cañon, wherein lies Helena Modjeska's delightful home, Arden. Practical experience among the members of this club and among scattering outside hunters as well, has shown that the country and the game make peculiar demands on both dogs and horses. In some localities where the cats run, whole townships will be covered with jagged rocks of various sizes; in other sections the underbrush will be so thick that it is impossible even for the trained cow-ponies to force their way through it. This makes the running of the dogs much harder than it ever is over the grain fields and the fallow lands of the South. Dogs of the very best of hound blood, brought here from famous breeders in Kentucky, have been totally unable to keep up with very mediocre country-bred dogs of the local breed. In coursing coyotes, which run over more open country, I have no doubt that these Eastern dogs would pick up more of the little wolves than our dogs, but they cannot even disturb the calm way of the average wild-cat's life, let alone make him take to a tree.

The ideal dog of this country is short and stout of limb, built close to the ground; muscular yet not too heavy, with powerful jaws, able to kill his cat once treed; and not afraid of the "sassiest" wild-cat that ever breathed. To a dog who has been in the habit of running helpless foxes all his life, the business end of one of the larger California lynxes must look very bad, and I have known more than one good trailer to turn tail at sight of it. I think a wounded lynx, cornered, is the worst fighter out of doors.

These dogs of the Southwest are deeper throated than the Eastern hounds. Not that their notes are more sweet, but they are more strong, they seem to have greater carrying power. And they must have, for much of their baying is done from the depths of steep-sided cañons where no ordinary-voiced hound could make an impression on the silence. Oftentimes a bulldog is carried by one or more members of the hunt, so he may be in to do the killing, but there has lately been bred up a pack of dogs whose lineage I do not exactly know, and whose beginning is said to have been quite accidental. They are good, steady runners, not quite so strong of nose as the regular hounds, but much more skilled fighters. I am showing a picture of these, and they seem to have Great Dane blood in them as well as some hound. My friend who has them is some miles away at the present writing, but I hope to learn from him later the crossing of these, that is, provided he himself knows. In many ways they seem to fill the bill exactly, and, with the addition of two or three experienced hounds to do the actual trailing, would



GOOD MOUNTAIN LION COUNTRY, IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA make a pack from which little could escape.

I remember four o'clock of an April morning a few years ago. The sun, of course, had not yet lifted himself above the wall of the Sierra Madre, but it was not dark in the sense of that inky blackness which usually just precedes the dawn. Instead the stars yet flickered in their myriad places and the whole world of the air seemed filled with a luminous glow. A mocking-bird sang near by and from his perch beneath the eaves a linnet answered him, while all over the valley the barnyard cocks sent forth their first wavering challenges, each to each. I suppose it was a beautiful morning, yet I do not believe I noticed it or appreciated it half so much as the horse on to whose back I was hastily throwing a saddle. High in air he held his sorrel head, mincing about the while with his dainty feet as if all his world depended on his getting away with me on his back.

And, finally, we did get started, he and I, with two good fox hounds a-trail. We rode up through the hills, past thickets of elder and water mootics from whose hidden corners bands of little blue quail called sweetly to the dawning day, and from whose tops noisy jays proclaimed their whereabouts to all the world. The road was good, the air cool and of such flavor as only southern California can produce, so we pushed on right merrily, the dogs, knowing well that more serious business was in hand for them, letting sundry rabbits and huge pack-rats go by unnoticed. After about two miles of this we turned into a rude gateway and followed a winding trail up the sidehill to a rambling frame house set in an angle of the hillside and surrounded by a thin line of pepper and eucalyptus trees. Forth from this came my old friend Ed. G——. Chained round about were eight of as fine wild-cat hounds as I have ever seen. The wild-cat hound isn't much to look at, he is all business.

After some little talk with Ed. about the weather, prospect for cats and those hundred-and-one other fool things that two hunters will always discuss ere they start out, I was taken into the house and introduced to the rest of the party. They were two in number and proved of the same jolly sort as Ed. Mrs. G—— was there also, but as her part in the hunt comes later, let us leave the house for the present.

In ten or fifteen minutes we were off. The dogs, all except three of the most tried and trusted, were held in long leashes, running from Ed.'s saddle-horn. Out through the gate at the end of a long lane the way led and then through a low draw in the hills into a valley the center of which was now a shallow lake.

At the other end of this lake a pair of coyotes were drinking as we rode into view. For an instant they stood as if carved in stone, so dull gray that they seemed to blend with the mist, to make the gray dawn more real than they themselves. Then they seemed to melt into nothingness. I know of no other animal that can so successfully do this trick as can the coyote, except the big gray lynx. The dogs did not see the little wolves, but their faithful noses warned them and they set up the wild howl of the chase. But we were in no mood to squander precious hours after the fleet-footed wolves. Indeed, though Ed. has caught them with this same pack of hounds, it is doubtful if we should have ever come up with the coyotes over such rough country, doubtful, too, if they would not have holed up in some one of the many low-lying caves to be found in these hills. So the horn was sounded and, slowly and regretfully, their tails a-trail, back came the dogs.

We stopped at the lake a few minutes and let the dogs drink their fill. Purposely they had not been given water at the house, even after their breakfast of cornmeal mush and "cracklin's" from the butcher shop, and they were a bit dry now. None of them drank much, the older dogs the least of all; presumably they had learned that they could travel better on a little water than on a great deal.

From here we followed along the ridge of the hills—we were now on the cattle range of the great Chino ranch—until we came to the side of a cañon, better wooded and more steep than the rest; this was known locally as Brea cañon, from the immense beds of asphaltum found along its bottom. It was, at the time of which I write, practically uninhabited, and down into it we sent the three trailers reinforced by two other of the older and better dogs. Ed. assured me that there would be something doing in a very short time and he proved a truthful prophet. The hounds entered a small patch of scrub oak midway down the cañon side and almost immediately broke into strong baying. At the same time there slipped out of the other side of the covert a rounded body, silent, and running with every motion of the cat tribe.

As one man we raised the view halloo, and with a jerk of his hand Ed. released the remaining five dogs and sent his horse headlong over the edge of the hill. A more reckless and still a more sure rider than Ed. I have never seen, yet he has never been injured, and I do not believe he has ever injured a horse on any of his trips. After him I went and after me the other two. Once through the fringe of brushwood that rimmed the cañon we saw slipping away for two hundred yards or more beneath us a steep slope of green fox-tail grass, wet with the heavy fog and the dew, the slipperiest thing in all the out-of-doors. Before we could check our horses, Ed. was half way to the bottom, and my little sorrel, putting his front feet together, started down. Believe me it was a most exhilarating slide. Just as I reached the bottom of the hill I turned to see one of the other members of the party, coming behind, slipping feet foremost down the hill. In all truth it was a laughable sight, but the fear that he might be injured held back any laughter until he got to his feet roundly berating the saddle girth that had broken. Relieved of rider and saddle the trained cow-pony walked decorously to the bottom and there stopped, feeding contentedly from the lush grasses.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WILD-CAT DOGS

There is enough hound in them to give them the necessary trailing ability, enough Great Dane to give them weight and stamina, and just a "leetle" bulldog to make them good fighters

By this time the hunt, with Ed. a-trail, had gone well up the cañon. I rode back up the hill and got the luckless saddle, only to discover that it had been put entirely out of commission, the cinch being broken in two places. There was nothing for the hunter, then, but to follow bareback; he declined this and sat down on a stone to await our return. The fourth member of the party had also been about overcome by the hill and decided that he would "rest" until we came back.

My horse was still comparatively fresh and I put him up at a good pace in the direction whence came the dogs' voices. Clear-throated hounds that they were, even their bell notes could never have reached me had not the sun by this time driven the mist away. As it was, I had ridden considerably over a mile when their cry changed; they suddenly began to bark treed. Next I heard Ed.'s strong voice: "Down, Reddy. What's the matter with you, Spike? Looks like this was the first cat you ever treed!" and a lot more talk to the dogs. My dogs came in for their share, too, for there's nothing small about Ed. I could hear him talking to Colonel, my old black-and-tan-and-white hound. "You old spotted rascal," he was saying, "don't you just wish you could get at that cat? We know what we'd do to him, don't we?" And then Colonel would whine and "talk back" to the hunter just as if he knew what was being said to him. Good, old, faithful dog, he went over the long trail by way of a rattlesnake's fang almost a year later, as he was trailing through a bit of grass-grown lowland.

The cat was in the very top of a sycamore which overhung the bed of the cañon. The dogs had run him free of all cover and there was nothing for him to do but climb the tallest tree he could find, which he did, and there he was, his green-yellow eyes glaring down on us with the bravery of a last despair. Poor, brave old cat, he clung as fiercely to life as you or I, mayhap he fought for it much better than you or I would have fought under such fearful odds. Indeed, I think that had I been leading the hunt that day I should have called away the dogs, and yet, a glance from the crouching cat to the pack of dogs gathered in a restless ring around the bole of the tree, brought back all the hunter there was in me, and I let out a yell of exultation when Ed.'s gun cracked and down came the tawny-gray body, squarely into the mouths of the hounds. For only a moment they worried it, and then, sure that it was quite dead, went on up the hillside in search of another trail.

The discussion as to the best all-round dog which Ed. and I held over the body of the cat was interrupted by the call of the hounds a half-mile or more up the cañon. After them we went, pell-mell, and, in the course of another hour got another cat, not quite so large as the first, but of the same variety. Then we lost the hounds on a coyote trail, from which even the horn could not call them back, so we turned in our tracks down the valley. There we found the two "also rans" awaiting us, and, with one of them mounted gingerly bareback, took the trail for home.

We found a steaming hot breakfast awaiting us—Mrs. G——'s part in the hunt—and it was certainly a dandy. Up there on the hillside the sun was shining brightly, but, though it was ten o'clock and after, a pall of fog lay on the valley below, and we could imagine the dripping brush of the lowlands through which I would have to pass. So I lingered, until well after noon, when, the sun having cleared the valley from the grasp of ocean, I rode regretfully down the hill and back into the "Land of No Hunt."

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THE FOOTBALL SEASON IN THE EAST

BY W. N. MORICE

At the time of writing this article, the last of October, it is just beginning to be possible to get a good line on the relative strength of the Eastern elevens. The preliminary games ended a week or ten days ago and the contests of the last two Saturdays have been hard enough to give a severe trying out to the "big" teams. From now on the public will be interested in the final games of the season and the intervening contests will give the basis for comparison.

Unfortunately, the failure of Pennsylvania to place a team in the field of equal ability to those of the past two seasons has robbed the intersectional game with Michigan on November 17 of much of its interest. It will probably be very generally admitted that this game would have been the most important of the whole season had it not been for Pennsylvania's defeats at the hands of Swarthmore and the Indians. The reason for this far-reaching interest is not far to seek. For years Michigan has been at the top in Western football, even though defeated by Chicago in 1905 in a game in which the only score was a safety. Naturally the people of the West have thought that their football was at least on an equally high plane with that of the East. The reputation of Yost and his "Hurry-up" teams has gone far and wide over the country. For several years it has been hoped that Michigan could schedule a game with one of the strong Eastern teams and thus settle the mooted point as to whether Western football was really first class—at least as represented by Michigan—or whether Yost's success was due to the fact that his opponents were really very weak.

Until this year it has been impossible to schedule such a game, because the schedules in the East were already hard enough and in some instances too hard. Possibly the fact that Michigan did not want to enter into an agreement for one year only, but wanted the promise of a return game the following year, in the West, was a factor. Very possibly, also, the fact that the Eastern eleven would have had very little to gain in reputation by a victory and a very great deal to lose by a defeat, entered in. Be these things as they may, the break between Pennsylvania and Harvard offered the opportunity and the Michigan game was scheduled. Pennsylvania's position with Yale at the top of the football ladder in 1904 and 1905 well qualified them to represent the East in a match against Michigan as the representative of the West. The football public all over the country has looked forward to this contest for months and it is a question if even now, when a Michigan victory seems an assured fact, there will not be a tremendous and wide-spread interest when the seventeenth of November comes around. Unfortunately the Yale-Princeton game is on the same day.

Before referring to the work of the various teams, it may be well to consider how the new rules have worked out. First of all it will have been noticed that there have been very few big scores run up. If the memory of the writer is not incorrect there have been only four scores of over forty points by the big teams, made one each by Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Cornell. The reason for this is easily found in the 10-yard gain rule. Even with the help of the forward pass and on-side kick rules, it has been very much harder to gain first downs, even against weak opponents. Another point brought out is that much of the time taken out in past years was done unnecessarily. The new rule about taking out time by a side only three times in each half, without penalty, has worked wonderfully well. Games are over in certainly not more than three-quarters of the time required in the past. It cannot be possible that the changes made in the rules have reduced the liability to injury to such an extent as one would naturally suppose, judging from the few occasions when time is called, and it can only be taken for granted that there was a great deal of "killing time" in order to recover wind in the past.

The on-side kick rule has put a decided premium on sure catching of punts and alertness by the backfield on defense.

Pennsylvania has found this out to her sorrow. Whether the rule is a good one or not is still an open question, at least in the writer's mind. There are always some kicks which cannot possibly be handled on the fly, and by reason of the shape of the ball these kicks are likely to take an ugly bound when they strike, thus introducing a very decided element of luck, and it may very well be that some games will be decided on just this point and allow the really weaker team to win.

Last and most important of all, probably, comes the forward pass. Some teams have made very much more of this than others. It has, of course, been worked out in very many different ways by different coaches, but the important point is that it has been proven not only a play possible to work successfully when a team is "in a hole," but also it can be used as a system of offense, combined, of course, with a judicious selection of other plays. At the beginning of the season it was thought by many that, on account of the many restrictions with which the forward pass was hedged around, it would be found practically worthless as a play. Quite the contrary has been the case. It has already shown many possibilities and it is the only thing that has saved the game from deteriorating into merely a kicking game. Without the forward pass it would be absolutely impossible to score on a team anywhere near equal in strength except on a fumble or a brilliant individual effort. The "10 yards to gain" would have been an insurmountable obstacle.

At the present time Princeton seems to stand out head and shoulders above the rest of the Eastern teams. The Tigers have a very powerful line from tackle to tackle, and at least one of the ends, Wister, seems to be fully able to take care of himself in fast company. In the backfield the team is also very strong and with the recent decision of Rulon Miller to play again, it is particularly well off in every backfield position and department, so much so, in fact, that Miller may eventually be played at end, where his great speed should make a star of him. While it is early to make predictions, and bearing in mind that "Prophets are not without honor," etc., it looks now as though Princeton would be rated number one of the Eastern colleges when the last whistle blows ending the season.

Cornell at present probably stands second to Princeton, although there is not very much on which to base a comparison. The Ithacans are a pretty big team and evidently combine speed with physical strength. They are especially strong in the backfield and prospects for a victory over Pennsylvania on Thanksgiving Day were never brighter. But back in the years of Pennsylvania's slump in football, say from 1900 to 1903 inclusive, the Cornell teams went down to Philadelphia full of confidence and the sure-thing feeling and have returned home sadder and wiser, except on one lone occasion, and this year history may repeat itself. The team made a good fight against Princeton, although the players themselves were disappointed at not winning.

Yale startled the football world by an exhibition of hurricane play against Syracuse, running up over fifty points in short halves, but slumped badly against Springfield Training School and State College. It looks as though this year's Yale line is the weakest the Elis have had in years, possibly the weakest they have ever had. Heroic efforts are being made to bolster it up and if this is accomplished it will be a great triumph for the coaches. The backfield men are distinctly good and, with a good line in front of them, enabling them to get a good start, they will test the defense of any team.

The only thing of note that Harvard has done up to date was the score against Springfield Training School. Forty-four points must have looked very big in New Haven, following so closely on Yale's 12-0 victory over the same opponents. The West Point game on the following Saturday probably showed Harvard's true strength more nearly than the Springfield game. In no department except kicking did Harvard show up at all out of the ordinary. The team has a couple of good backfield men and two greatly improved guards in Burr and Kersburg, the latter especially showing up better than in 1905. Outside of these two men the line is of very ordinary quality, at least in so far as it was made up at West Point. A significant point is that the "beefy" men have been eliminated with one exception and tall, "rangy" players put in their places.

West Point and Annapolis are neither of them as good as in former years and the annual game on December 1 is not likely to show much in the way of modern football.

EDITORIAL

The Persecuted Game Warden

Our editorial comment in August RECREATION on the murder, last spring, of Deputy Game Protector I. Seeley Houk, of New Castle, Pa., may have brought forth some criticism, because we held that the attitude of the daily press and the general public toward the game warden and his work tends to incite the more brutal of his enemies to take his life. We think we succeeded pretty well in answering, in the November number, any such criticism. And if any of our readers wants further proof that we are right when we maintain that the game warden does not receive the support and protection that are his due as an overworked, underpaid and generally disliked worker in behalf of the public good, then we invite attention to the case of Deputy Commissioner of Fisheries and Game Adam Rausch, of Lawrence, Mass., who, on October 14, was shot, perhaps fatally, by Patrick Cahill, a farm employee of Edward B. George, whose place is near Rowley. Cahill, with a companion, was found breaking the game law, and the shooting occurred when Deputy Rausch, with Deputy Commissioner Wm. W. Nixon of Gloucester, attempted to arrest the men. The story of the shooting, as published in the Gloucester (Mass.) *News* of October 15, is in substance as follows:—

> It is alleged that when the two men drew near Rausch said that he and Nixon were officers, exhibited the badges and told the men that they were under arrest. It is alleged that Cahill then said, "You attempt to arrest me and I 'll blow your brains out." Rausch then seized Cahill, this version of the affair says, and a slight tussle then ensued, at the end of which Cahill breaking away ran about 15 feet, then turned and discharged his shotgun at Rausch, inflicting the wounds. The farm hand then disappeared into the woods.

And as to the effect of the shot, the Boston *Globe* of the same date says:—

> Arriving at the hospital, Rausch was thoroughly examined, and it was found that some of the shot had passed completely through his body, entering the breast near the top of the right lung and coming out at the back. His condition to-night was extremely critical.

Later examination by a Boston specialist in the treatment of gun shot wounds resulted in the removal of two gun wads that had entered Rausch's right breast and traversed the ribs to find lodgment in the back.

From a letter to RECREATION from the Massachusetts Department of Fisheries and Game and dated October 23, we cull the following:—

> . . . Deputy Rausch has been well known to us as a man of exemplary habits and excellent judgment, and of keen enthusiasm for the protection of game. He has served as deputy since 1902 with marked success.
>
> There seems to be no shadow of excuse for the action of Cahill, who shot him. Neither Deputy Rausch nor Deputy Nixon had revolvers in their hands, and both showed their badges to the offenders.

At the most, Cahill's fine would have been $10, had he submitted to arrest. Did he take the chance of murdering the deputy commissioner because he did not want to pay a $10 fine? Well, hardly. Men do not take such a chance, and before witnesses, if the matter of a nominal fine is all that influences them. Cahill was actuated by hate—hate engendered in him, as it is in many of his kind, by the generally hostile attitude of the public and the daily press toward the game wardens and their work. It may not be that harm is meant by the majority of persons who defame the game wardens, or by the newspapers that seek popular approval by "roasting" them whenever the opportunity occurs, but it is a fact that every such utterance tends to incite crime. A good many "sportsmen" there are in Massachusetts, as there are elsewhere, who are guilty of contributing to the crime for which Patrick Cahill must stand trial.

To Protect the Warden

As supplementing what we said on this subject last month, we submit the following, which is from a letter received from the Massachusetts Department of Fisheries and Game in answer to a letter from the editor of RECREATION asking an expression of opinion from the chairman of the commissioners. We quote:—

> There is no question that a *properly authorized, responsible paid deputy should have every safeguard which surrounds the regular police or constable.* For the proper enforcement of the law it is necessary that they should have some means of ascertaining what game or useful birds the man suspected has in his possession, and this cannot usually be done without a right of search. We feel that the act that we recommended last year, copy of which is inclosed,* was warranted by the facts and conditions, and would greatly strengthen the position of the honest hunter, and make the law-breaker much more liable to apprehension.

We trust that, with the added strength of their position from developments during the past year, such as the shooting of Deputy Commissioner (Warden) Rausch, the Massachusetts Department of Fisheries and Game will succeed in getting the proposed act upon the statutes. And that the commissioners may show their recommendation has the approval of representative citizens and sportsmen, we ask every reader of this magazine who lives in Massachusetts to cut out the copy of the act which appears in small type on the bottom of this page; paste it on a sheet of letter paper, indorse it and send it to George W. Field, Chairman of Commissioners of Fisheries and Game, Room 158, State House, Boston, Mass. And furthermore, we urge the various game and fish protective associations throughout the state to give the act their official indorsement. These associations have great power, and the president of one of them only recently wrote to RECREATION saying, "We have never failed to get any law enacted that we have recommended to the legislature." Surely, here is a chance for his association to exert its influence in a good cause.

Politics and Game Protection

The matter of divorcing politics from game and fish protection is not one to be disposed of by one issue of a magazine such as RECREATION. It calls for the united efforts of every sportsmen's journal in the country, and of every sportsman who is not making his living out of politics. That there is a crying need for shutting the door of appointment against all political heelers, and practicing the straightforward methods of Commissioner H. G. Thomas of Vermont, no honest man who reads these pages will deny. So long as politics cuts a figure in the appointment and the work of game and fish commissioners and their wardens, just so long must game and fish protection and propagation suffer (and unnecessarily) a terrible handicap.

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* A commissioner of fisheries and game, or any duly authorized deputy thereof, may demand of any person who is, in the opinion of such commissioner or deputy, engaged in the taking, killing, hunting, trapping or snaring of fish, birds or mammals contrary to law, that such person shall forthwith display for the inspection of such commissioner or deputy any and all fish, birds or mammals then in his possession; and the refusal to comply with such demand shall be *prima facie* evidence that the person so refusing is engaged in the taking, killing, hunting, trapping or snaring of fish, birds or mammals in violation of law. The said commissioners and their deputies may call upon any person or persons in the name of the commonwealth to assist them in the execution of their duty in the enforcement of the fish and game laws; and whoever, being so required, neglects or refuses such assistance shall be punished by imprisonment for not more than one month or by a fine of not more than fifty dollars.

This act shall take effect upon its passage.

A score of newspaper clippings, each from a different part of the country and all bearing us out in our contention, lie before us at the present writing. Our space being limited, we select the two shortest ones. We quote:—

G. C. TOWNE RETIRED

Removed From His Position of Game Warden for Political Reasons.

G. C. Towne was let out of his office of game and fish warden Saturday. He received word that his connection with the commission was at an end. Undoubtedly he could have held the office if he had been willing to get out and work for Johnson for governor, but he would not do this.

Mr. Towne has held the position for three years, and it is not too much to say that he has been one of the most active wardens in the state. If the commission wanted a good man in the position it did not need to have let Mr. Towne go. Like anybody who shows activity in the position, he has made enemies. —Mankato (Minn.) *Free Press.*

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GAME WARDEN RESIGNS

J. L. Quigley, game warden for Shelby county, has tendered his resignation, giving as a reason that the prosecuting attorney has refused to follow his suggestions in prosecuting parties for violation of the game law.

It is said that Mr. Quigley was very ambitious to be chosen game warden for Shelby county, and that he worked hard to secure a number of signers to his petition. He is said to be an enthusiastic sportsman, which means that he wishes the game protected in a sportsman-like way. Politically he is a Republican, and although Shelby county is Democratic he had no difficulty in finding plenty of men to sign his petition. He is much disappointed over the failure of the prosecuting attorney to institute action against what he regards as palpable violations of the law. —Macon (Mo.) *Republican.*

Of course the cause of game and fish protection suffered in both instances, just as it has suffered and always will wherever politics is a factor.

A hopeful note, and a telling one, was struck in the province of Ontario when, at the convention of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective association, held in Toronto on the last day of August, Chief Justice Falconbridge defined the policy of the association as follows:—

(*a*) That game fish and game through the attraction they form to tourists are a most valuable financial asset to the province, and that, therefore, their protection should be encouraged.

(*b*) That the food-fish in our waters should be conserved and regulated for the good of the masses of the people and not wasted or used for the benefit of one small class of the community.

(*c*) That certain game birds and song and insectivorous birds are an immensely valuable friend to the farmer in destroying harmful insects, weed seeds, rodents, etc., and the lack of knowledge by the public on such subjects should be combated steadily.

(*d*) That the wild lands of the province suitable to game and the waters of the province suitable to game fish should be ever kept the property of the public and that the association must always endeavor to prevent the acquisition by individuals or groups of individuals of large tracts of territory for the purposes of forming private game preserves.

(*e*) That the association should have no connection with politics or any political body.

Mark well the last paragraph. On this side of the line it is the usual thing for the game and fish protective associations to take just the opposite position with reference to politics. It is gratifying, indeed, to see the brethren to the north of us declare their independence. When our own associations so far advance their methods as to follow the example of the Ontario sportsmen and send recommendations to their legislatures backed by no other than legitimate arguments, then we shall feel we are progressing.

Another Warden Murdered

On November 4, in the woods near Scranton, Pa., Deputy Game Protector Charles Beacham was shot and immediately killed by Michael Shemitski, whom he attempted to arrest for violating the game laws.

The situation in Pennsylvania calls for a very decided curtailment of the liberty (which has been turned to license) of the alien element in the vicinity of the coal mines, and an end to representation in the legislature which accepts a few thousand votes as a return for game and song birds shot contrary to law and game protectors murdered for interfering.

THE GAME FIELD

To Protect Texas Quail

In line with what we had to say in these pages in a recent number, concerning the protection of the bob-white quail, Theodore Rufner, of Houston, Tex., late of Pittsburg, Pa., in an interview published in the Fort Worth (Tex.) *Record*, is quoted as saying he purposes introducing in the Texas legislature a bill to provide for a two years' close season on quail in Texas.

Mr. Rufner, after reiterating our statement that it has been the custom of Northern shooters to hunt in Illinois, Indiana and Iowa until the first of the year, and then drift southward and bang away at the quail in the sorghum fields of Texas and the lower Mississippi country until the dogwood trees begin to bud, admitted that he himself had, in the past, played well the part of Tom in the cat and canary game.

"There were years," Mr. Rufner is quoted as saying, "when I killed as high as 2,000 quail in Texas. I now regard it as slaughter of the worst sort. I then regarded it as sport. I think that a man should be more temperate when he goes into the field with his dog and gun. He should not kill save for the sport. I think, also, that the peripatetic sportsman should be barred from the state. Only residents should be allowed to hunt quail in Texas.

"I shall endeavor to get passed at the next session of the Legislature a measure prescribing a penalty for killing quail in Texas for two years and shall also endeavor to secure the passage of another measure prescribing a rigid punishment for any outside sportsman who enters the state and slaughters more quail than he can himself use."

Brave words, and no doubt well meant. But it is doubtful if the sportsmen of Texas, or the Game Committee of the Legislature, will pay much heed to the "peripatetic" (whatever that may mean) man from Pittsburg.

Certain Texas sportsmen, who have lived in the state all their lives and none of them killed in all their experience as many quail as the ex-Pittsburger admits having shot in one season, have already prepared recommendations to be submitted to the Legislature and having principally in view the saving of the quail from non-resident shooters and the Northern market for both live and dead birds. At a meeting held in Waco not long since, which was called jointly by the Texas Game, Bird and Fish Protective association and the State Audubon society, there were formulated recommendations looking to the institution in Texas of a bird and game warden system, with a tax on resident and non-resident gunners to support the system. Capt. M. B. Davis, of Waco, and Prof. H. P. Attwater, of Houston, were the prime movers, and delegates were present from all parts of the state.

We fear Mr. Rufner, late of Pittsburg, will not make a success of posing as the saviour of the Texas quail.

A Big Shot

A good friend, who modestly signs himself "C. O. Z.," contributes the following goose-shooting yarn, with the accompanying photographs. He makes no apologies for it, for it is Jim the lighthouse keeper's story; he asks the simple question: "What 's the matter with Jim?"

It was nearly noon, the sun was high in the heavens and the "beetles" and yellowlegs had ceased their flight till the turn of the tide. We turned back the cool, damp seaweed, of which our blind was built, and exposed a row of plump black-breasted plover, yellowlegs, and robin snipe, the result of our morning's sport on the spit. These we carefully stowed away in the pockets of our coats, and, stretching our legs, we started back to the light, leaving our decoys standing on the now dry flat, ready when we should return for the afternoon shooting on the flow tide. The bracing air of Prince Edward's island had whetted our appetites,

ON THE SPIT

and we hurried across the broad marsh in anticipation of the luncheon awaiting us.

As we neared the little, white lighthouse, Jim, its good-natured keeper and our mentor, strode toward us. "Did ye get 'em?" he bellowed.

"Yes, we got a few, Jim," was our answer, as we began to unload our well-filled pockets. "Twenty-five, twenty-eight, thirty-two, and mostly beetles; wait, here 's another, thirty-three. How 's that, Jim?"

"Ye done good, boys, oh, ye done grand! Did n't I tell ye if ye lay on that spit ye 'd get 'em? Me and Keeler never lay there without we got birds. It 's as sure as if ye had 'em, and surer. Ye got all there was in it, that 's for sure, without a doubt. Come in, boys, and have a bite to eat. Carrie, the boys are hungry," he called through the open door to his wife.

"Lunch is ready," came the pleasant and most welcome answer, and we rushed in and attacked the plain but well cooked food with a vengeance.

Having finished our meal, and as the tide had not yet begun to serve, we went out to smoke and bask in the sun. It was always at these times that we got Jim "talking." He never needed much urging, for Prince Edward's islanders are proverbially loquacious, and Jim was no exception to the rule. We were usually able to propose a topic for his conversation, and once started, he could talk on interminably. But this day the topic presented itself as a large flock of geese, the first of the season, came flying in high over the mouth of the harbor, and after the usual circling, alighted near the great beds of eel-grass, which furnish food for the great number of brant and geese every fall.

JIM

"The geese is come, boys," Jim exclaimed enthusiastically; for although he had shot hundreds of the wary "honkers," he would often get as excited as a tyro. "I must sink the box over on the spit by Holton's island. Ye must get some of them geese 'fore ye go, that 's for sure. I 'd never forgive meself, boys, if I did n't get ye a crack at 'em, an' ye comin' way from the States only once a year.

"Ye should 'a bin here last spring; I 'd 'a showed ye what goose shootin' was!

"I mind one day I was over to the 'Black banks'; me father was desperate busy and I come to help him. We was standin' on the shore side o' the decie (decoy) house, when the old man looks up and says, 'There come seven geese, Jim.'

"I looks up an' see seven geese a-comin' low over the sandals (sand-hills) and light on the ice, side o' the open water front o' the lobster fac'ry. Says I, 'How 'd ye like a goose?'

"The old man says, 'Not too bad,' so I grabbed me old gun, shoved in a couple o' shells o' double B an' jumped into the paddle boat. She was all white, jest like an ice cake, an' I turned the paddle-wheels careful like, you know, boys, an' I jest sorter drifted down on them geese with the floatin' ice. Here was me a-churnin' them paddles, easy like, an' watchin' them yary (wary) birds out o' the peep hole o' me boat. Well, them geese set there, onsuspicious, a-pickin' an' a-prunin' theirselves, contented like, you know?

"At last I was within twenty yards o' them, so I slapped the gun'le, seein' they was lined up pretty, and up popped them seven necks, lookin' like there was only one. Then I riz up the old gun and 'Rip'——. They was the d—est floppin' I ever see, but nary goose riz. There was them seven heads,—not six, mind ye, but seven,—shot clean off, an' the blood a-flyin' like anything, an' me a-whoopin' an' a-hollorin' at the folks on shore.

"That there ice fer a rod around was so red from blood that not a goose come into th' bay till that ice melted. It was a desperate massacree!——Oh, ye need n't laff, it 's as true as I stand here! Me father is an honest man, ain't never cheated no man, an' I can call on him to testify. Yes, it was a proper massacree!"

We leave it to the reader to "come back" at Jim.

JIM'S LITTLE WHITE LIGHTHOUSE

An Unusual Midnight Encounter

If we fail to get, about every other month, a letter postmarked Byron, Ill., we begin to fear we are losing our grip. But when the overdue letter from Riverside farm comes along, radiating good cheer even before the envelope is cut, all 's well once more. Here 's the latest, neatly typewritten on half of what apparently once served as the wrapper for a magazine, the reverse side bearing a return address, a canceled three-cent stamp and the inscription, "Dr. A. J. Woodcock, Riverside Farm, Byron, Ill.":—

(*Rewritten for* Recreation *at the request of Charles Hallock.*)

Memory often harks the writer back to a certain day in a late December when at 2 o'clock a. m. (alone) he was crossing the divide between the ultimate sources of the Broken-back and Paint Rock creeks, far up among the Big Horn peaks—a far cry. We were well up under the divide when the moon rose above the mountain and flooded the snowy slopes with her bright, silvery light. Directly my horse told me that something was moving near us. Mind your horse, friend, for not the eagle himself has a keener or truer eye, and you shall travel far in a dangerous country and be successful in your hunting. There before us was a band of bounding black-tailed deer, 35 in number, the most glorious sight these eyes ever beheld.

I slipped out of the saddle, getting Old Seal between me and the band of deer, which were now charging rapidly down upon us, drew the .45 caliber rifle from its holster and laid it across the horse, which trembled with excitement and the intense cold, but stood like the rim-rock on the mountain behind us. When within half rifle shot of us the band of deer halted, and in the moonlight, so intense and clear at that great elevation that coarse print could have been easily read, they gave an exhibition of the poetry of motion—the song (whistling snort) and dance of the black-tailed (mule) deer on their native range. . . . It was a still night so that the dreaded body scent of the man came not to the nostrils lifted so eagerly to catch it. These deer had never met a hunter at night in those then pristine solitudes. My horse and the deer seemed to recognize each other. For 4 months, almost nightly, they had used the same range and were friends. A magnificent buck left the band and for some minutes pirouetted about on the mountain slope between us, at times coming so close I could have hit him with one of the camp sinkers in my pack. He could not make out what kept the horse so still, and grew suspicious and more nervous in his dance of curiosity in his efforts to make out what so palpably baffled all his senses. At last a faint puff of air touched my cheek and in an instant the dreaded man odor, which generations of persecution has taught the cervidæ is but the possible precursor of a deer's death, trans-formed each member of that band into a pitiable object of terror, which glanced a few times from the snow on the mountain side and with the grateful sense of escape from a great and imminent danger dropped over the summit divide.

Of course the tyro in sport will say: "Buck fever." In the immediate presence of the fast vanishing big game of America the writer often has had and hopes to have again that form of buck fever. That veteran American sportsman and campaigner, Theodore Roosevelt, is, I believe, subject to the same form of malady and has been known to pass much time among the big game of this country without even taking the trouble to pack a rifle and has taught us both by precept and example that the truest, keenest of all pleasure to one worthy of the name "sportsman" comes in forming the acquaintance and carefully conserving the lives of the wild creatures yet remaining with us.

DR. WOODCOCK AND SADDLE-HORSE "OLD SEAL" DRAGGING A MIDWINTER GRUB-STAKE INTO THE CAMP OF THE GREAT DIVIDE, 1895

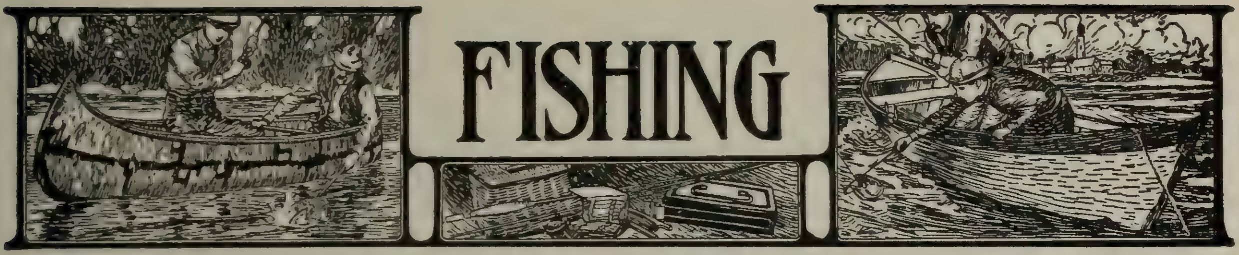
To which we can but append our editorial, "Hear! hear!"

New Species of Mountain Sheep

A new species of mountain sheep has been secured by C. G. Cowan, a well-known sportsman who comes from Ireland each season to shoot in British Columbia, or the Yukon. Its range is between the head waters of the Skeena and Stickine rivers, British Columbia. Only one very imperfect specimen has been brought out ere this and that is in the Natural History museum, South Kensington, London. It was thought that this might be merely a rather dark example of *O. stonei,* but the one shot by Mr. Cowan was a member of a band of ten that all showed the same differences from the typical *stonei.* The new sheep is black with the exception of the rump patch. The sheep was preserved entire and sent to the Hon. Walter Rothschild.

Game Propagation in Wyoming

A number of ranchers in Wyoming will undoubtedly take advantage of that clause of the game law which permits, with the consent of the state game warden, the capture of a number of wild game animals, for the purpose of domestication. Young elk, of course, will be the principal game captured, which will be accomplished with comparative ease when the animals are in the valleys during the winter and come to the haystacks for feed. But the capture of the young (under three months old) of deer, antelope, and particularly mountain sheep, will be rare.

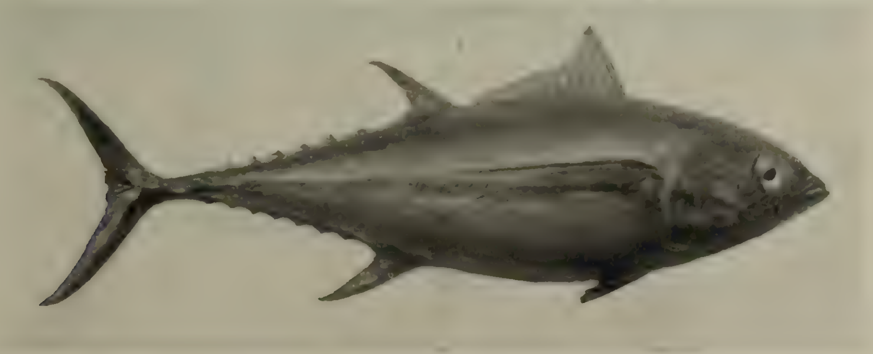


FISHING

Conducted by F. L. Harding

No flourish of trumpets, no program of innovations, accompanies our initial writing under this department heading. We intend to make friends, a host of them, and our purpose is to number *you* among them. We purpose that you shall soon find yourself joining in our little "confab" in each issue before laying down the magazine; that the fisherman's lobby will prove magnetic, providing bright, interesting matter that really cannot afford to be missed by the alert, progressive fisherman. We solicit brief, clear narratives and suggestions that should be of special value to the great angling brotherhood at large.

If you know—lucky chap—of something good in the way of locality, method, tackle, bait, let us all have the benefit of your good fortune, as becomes a big-hearted, broad-gauge sportsman. These are to be your pages; don't hesitate to use them as a medium of interchange of experience and common meeting-ground.



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THE JAPANESE ALBICORE

Or yellow-fin tuna, whose appearance in California waters has sprung a tremendous sensation there

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A Japanese Invasion of American Waters

A most startling state of affairs has just developed in southern California and the manner of it runs thus: It was commented now and then during the summer of 1905, by observant anglers, that many of the tuna taken among the Islands seemed oddly formed in several minor characteristics, but these were passed as individual freaks and no material discussion resulted. In the summer and fall just passed, tuna were taken as never before, a total of nearly 450 falling to the rods. Now the invariable presence of these peculiar markings became so manifest that further disregard of the innovation became impossible. The pectorals were plainly larger in proportion to the size of the fish than the orthodox tuna (*Thunnus thynnus*) and the fins in general displayed a yellowish tinge—also a decided novelty!

Grave apprehension spread among the ranks that Old Neptune was playing tricks with the sportsmen. Appeal was accordingly made to one of the greatest living ichthyologists of the Western Hemisphere, Professor David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford university, who, after careful examination, pronounced these strangers to be the Japanese albicore (*Hirenaza serino macropterus*) or yellow-fin tunny, absolutely unknown in American waters until last year and at best a rarely seen specimen. These fish have been present in the Santa Barbara channel for 7 months in great schools and none of the standard type of tuna has been observed. They attain a maximum weight of 75 pounds as the rod records show, whereas *Thunnus thynnus* grows to above the 1,000-pound mark. On 9-ounce rods the "Japs" have fought like fiends and are no discredit to the family; they are much superior to the tuna in point of edibility. Now, should a 100-pound specimen be taken, the Tuna club would confront a pretty problem as to awarding a "button" and the honor of active membership to the captor of one of these exotic intruders.

The new yellow-fin tunny is preëminently an autumn fish, if these last 2 years may be accepted as a precedent, whereas August 15 was wont to mark the close of the season formerly.

Mr. Lafayette P. Streeter, member of the Tuna club, Gold Button member of the Light Tackle club and member of the Asbury Park Fishing club, New Jersey, in the writer's opinion in the first rank of American sea fishermen, has this to say from his wonderful catch of 17 yellow-fins this summer on the 9-ounce rod:—

"They rank with any game-fish that swims. In the hypothetical situation you have suggested, that of the capture of a 100-pound fish, I believe the club would issue the sacred button, as though it were a blue-back. . . . The common albicore is a tortoise as a game fish in comparison . . . they are brilliant fighters. . . . My gold button fish weighed 51 pounds, requiring 1 hour and 40 minutes' fight. . . . It was a grand battle of extreme fierceness on the tuna's part."

The Gulf Stream on the Atlantic side has altered its course in 1906, as the universal report of navigators assures us. Is it not possible that, perhaps influenced by the terrific seismic disturbances of the year on the Pacific shores, the Kuro-Shiwo or Black Current of Japan that warms the southern California waters may have as well been subjected to a diversion in its general course and so lead these strange denizens of the aqueous unknown to appear some 5,000 or 6,000 miles from their accepted habitat?

Where are the vast millions of tuna that ranged the district in 1900 and 1901? Will the true leaping tuna reappear to challenge these aliens for his old grounds?

The affair seems to us, indeed, amazing, and the situation next spring will be followed intently by ichthyologists the country over. We have Mr. Thomas S. Manning, treasurer of the Tuna club, to thank for bringing the matter to our attention.

Ireland Sets the Pace

The First Annual Casting Tournament of that lusty infant, the Anglers' club of New York, assumed an international air of importance. The presence of an angling star of the first magnitude, John Enright, of Castleconnell, Ireland, immediately brought the attention of the fishermen on both shores of the Big Ferry, and the fact that Uncle Sam's professional representative was no less prominent a person than Reuben C. Leonard added increased interest to the affair.

Mr. Enright's visit, for the sole purpose of entering the lists, will without doubt add great stimulus to fly-casting in the Eastern states. His manipulation of the 20-foot rod was quite a revelation to the spectators, for our comparatively limited field for the weightier salmon rods has resulted in almost universal ignorance of their practical handling. Those anglers familiar with Nova Scotia and Newfoundland fishing doubtless were more appreciative of the fine points of Mr. Enright's style, particularly his clever treatment of the backlash. As an object lesson to those fortunate enough to have been at Harlem Mere, Central Park, on Friday, October 12, to witness him fracture his record of 147 feet, made in the London Crystal Palace in 1903, by an amazing cast of the salmon fly to the 152-foot mark,—the exhibition was invaluable as a visual demonstration of the possibilities of the rod.

The tourney was held on a small dock constructed for the purpose, on the 110th street side of the lake, and an unexpectedly large crowd attended the two-day function, being favored with good weather. The casts were measured by an unique arrangement of floats of various colors to indicate the distances, attached to a galvanized wire. Split bamboo held the American fancy for the fly-rod and largely for the bait-rod as well, the latter running about six feet in length.

On Saturday, the 13th, the representative from Erin again claimed the laurels in casting with the 14-foot rod, using the salmon-fly, making 126 feet and eclipsing his former record. He employed a greenheart rod in this feat.

No one must conclude from this that the

visitor was the "whole show," though he did run away from the Yankees in every event in which he competed.

In the accuracy contests, in which the club's ingenious target demonstrated its excellence, the home contingent showed up splendidly. In the half-ounce bait-casting, 5 casts each at 60, 80 and 100 feet, Mr. Leonard swept the field, scoring a percentage of 97 10-15. Chas. W. Stepath won out in the trout-fly for distance at 82 feet, open to those who had not made more than 75 feet in any previous contest. In the unrestricted trout-fly for distance, Leonard once again plainly demonstrated his superiority, with a cast of 105 feet, winning the event on his average of three casts. In event No. 2, salmon fly-casting for distance, rods not longer than 18 feet, the palm again was awarded to Mr. Leonard, best cast 137 feet, while E. J. Mills ranked second,—125 feet. In the single hand bait-casting for distance, open to all, Reuben Leonard won with an average of 176 feet, best cast 187; second, R. J. Held; third, Chas. W. Stepath. Mr. Leonard's collection of silverware was materially augmented by his participation in the tournament.

The real value of such contests, apart from the club life, is a true one to all Americans who at times use the casting-rod. Individual styles, exhibited publicly in the open air by experts, outweigh carloads of literature on the subject as an educational factor. However, we cannot commend the club's action in not restricting the professionals to a class by themselves.

Across the Round Table

December's chill lays a restraining fetter upon the fishing appetite of those in the Northern latitudes. Some adventurous spirits waylay the wary pickerel through elevator shafts cut in the ice on ponds, through which the luckless fish find themselves "going up" with disheartening rapidity. Even in so comparatively uninvolved an operation as lowering a live minnow through a trapdoor in the solidified element there are several little hints to be offered that may be found to add greatly to the enjoyment of the fisherman. It is a common thing for a party to go off for a morning's jolly sport, with a crisp, invigorating bite to the air and the half haze veiling the sun that threatens snow, and to divide into two factions which devote their time respectively to skating and to fishing. Now, if the adherents of the hook and line are rather indifferent to the question of catching pickerel and are out more for the joy of being alive on such a fine day, we have no

THE HOTEL DEL CORONADO
Winter headquarters for outside fishing at Coronado Beach, California

wish to disturb the arrangement. But to those who like to bring home a good showing of the slender beauties it is extremely important that the skating should not be done in the vicinity of the holes, if the ice is less than four inches thick. There can be no doubt that the oscillation of the ice fabric communicates these vibrations locally to the water and, as any fisherman knows, fish are more susceptible to disturbance of their native element than they are to either sight or sound. Better catches will be made if quiet is maintained above, and the fact that large strings have been taken under the conditions criticised is no proof that still better ones would not have been made had the situation been as we recommend.

But this, while absorbing sport and healthful outdoor diversion, is poor substitute for the lithe rod and the sensitive reel. Now the man of restricted means must perforce content himself with recollection and repairing of tackle.

Texas, Florida and California offer some very good sea-fishing in winter. Those who are fortunate enough to be among the palms in sunshine instead of the pines in frost may revel in sport royal. In the South, about the tan-tinted beaches and bleached keys, the broad-beamed yawl may be the scene of terrific warfare with that leviathan, the Florida jewfish. This is not a sport to be approached by the angling novice; there are features to a four-hours' scrimmage with a desperate 300-weight of crazed marine life that cannot be advised as a first lesson in oceanic angling.

A snapping breeze in an open catboat, or sloop, ricochetting from wave-top to wave-top, with the lusty kingfish rising to the trolling squid with a swirl and vortex of foam, brings blood to the cheeks and a new light to the eye! Did you ever couple up to a big 20-pounder that felt fine and dandy—while the old boat was scooting along at fifteen knots? No! That'll make you sit up and take notice if it ever occurs, and don't make any miscalculation upon that.

Westward Ho! we find the schools of albicore in a mood for cutting up. They delight in hazing the tenderfoot, as all good Westerners do, and these crafty mackerels behave as though they knew his penchant for the "simple life" and had determined to worry him beyond endurance. After a whirlwind half-hour, the albicore (*Germo alalunga*) will suddenly cease movement. Here the callow novice seeing the golden opportunity come at last, throws all his weight into that awful heave on the strained rod. Señor Albicore simultaneously starts off for parts unknown as though someone was after him with a warrant. Result—well, you know the result! Ye gods and *petits poissons,* would n't that make you boil! Never mind, square up with the boatman for the ruined tackle like a good fellow and paste the experience away in your mental scrapbook.

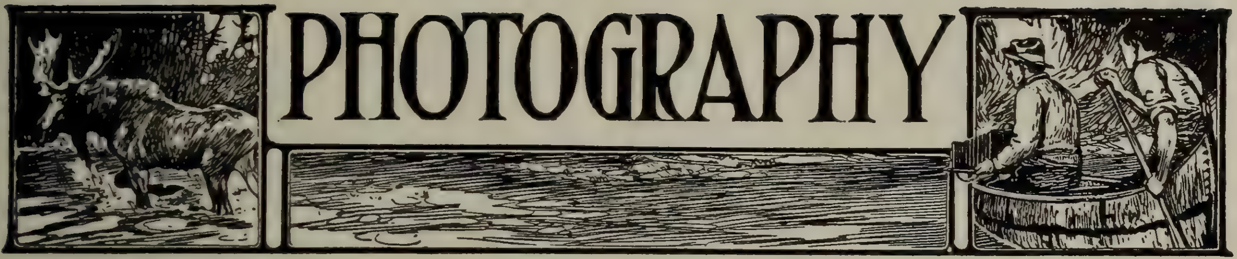
Something That Will Interest You

Not so very long ago we were asked this question, which upon reflection appears more complex than at first reading: "Which is the more important feature in the construction of the artificial fly, the coloring or the shape?"

Now this looks rather a simple, guileless query, but after a little thought you may find yourself in a snarl. We are not as infallible as the Oracle at Delphos, nor as uncommunicative as Napoleon found the Sphynx, yet we feel that our readers should have some very interesting opinions upon this subject. Accordingly we "lay it before the House" and you are invited to submit your respective views, limiting letters to 400 words. The most rational, clearest statement wins RECREATION for a year to any address. The lists will close January 10, the subject to be discussed in our March issue. What do *you* think about it? Do you rely on a lucky blend of tinting *or* upon a life-like image of the flickering insect?

In our coming issue we purpose having a plain talk on the anatomy of fishes, in an entirely unscientific way, yet adhering strictly to the physiological truths. We think that fishermen as a class should know more about the internal economy and general makeup of the handsome creatures that give them so many hours of delight, and our aim will be to present the matter briefly and in a style that will find ready understanding.

PHOTOGRAPHY



Conducted by George W. Kellogg

Coloring Easily Learned

There are few photo-colorists who are not, either consciously or unconsciously, using dyes in one form or another. No other colors are so much condemned nor are subjected to as bitter criticisms and unreasonable abuse; yet, in spite of these, the art of coloring photographs, engravings and lantern slides with dyes is surely winning its way. There are no objections to the process in which the writer has not shared; and it is due to the fact that the dyes being more easily worked and giving better results than any other colors he condescended, under protest, to use them. The term dyes is used not only in reference to colors sold as such, but to all other preparations that stain the print or paper and will not wash out readily by the application of clear water, as do the regular artist's water colors.

It is not necessary to confine one's self to any particular make of colors. For those who prefer to make their own we

A GOOD PICTURE OF A BULL ELK IN THE VELVET

Even though it was taken in the zoo, it is worth having, and suggests a series of pictures of game that would have considerable money value

have indicated a method in a previous article. For others who prefer not to have the bother there are "just as good," but no better, that can be obtained ready made. With equal care and the same manipulations all are capable of identical results. We found but one brand of transparent colors that was unsatisfactory, but to the best of our knowledge it has long been off the market.

In connection with the Diamond dyes referred to in the July RECREATION, we would recommend light blue for wool, which with yellow makes good greens for grass and foliage; and blue for cotton which is excellent for skies. A large assortment of colors is not necessary. Scarlet, yellow, orange, brown and the blues are the most essential. By combining two or more of these, a variety of other tints are possible; and, if desired, other stock colors may be purchased. The greens should be let alone. Mixtures of yellow and blue will be the more satisfactory and will not change their hue in drying.

The paper has much to do with the color effects. Prints on the rough Steinbach and similar stocks can be made to represent genuine water colors; and a royal bromide print can be converted into a fair imitation of an oil painting. Velvet Velox, Velvet Bromide and Royal Bromide papers are easily colored and require no preliminary sizing. Carbon Velox and the other bromide papers absorb so much color that, when dry, they have a dull, displeasing appearance. This can be overcome by sizing the print prior to coloring.

A size that is easily made is as follows:—

Gum Arabic,......¼ ounce.
Water,............8 ounces.

Beat up the white of one egg, add to the gum solution, with ten drops of carbolic acid for a preservative. Mix thoroughly and filter. Take a small quantity of the size, dilute it with five to eight times its bulk of water and apply to the prints with a flat brush; an inch camel's hair or Siberian wash brush will be suitable. If the paper is very porous two or more coats of size will be advantageous. Little pools of size that may collect on the print should be broken up and spread over the surface.

In the selection of brushes for coloring there are differences in opinion among workers. Some use the flat brush almost exclusively, others nothing but the round. Some would have nothing but the expensive red sable, but the majority use camel's hair. Both round and flat will be useful, and the less expensive will as satisfactorily meet all requirements. A quarter- and a half-inch flat and three round brushes of different sizes will be ample.

The colors can be mixed and diluted in small pools on a sheet of opal or common window glass. If the latter is used, it is advised that a sheet of white paper be under it, so that the worker may readily distinguish the tints. Any desired shade of green can be made with blue and yellow, the tints being varied as the proportions of the colors are altered. Yellow and brown, or blue and brown, make good shadow tints for the greens; scarlet and orange, appropriate flesh tints; while orange and yellow make a variety of yellows, to which scarlet or some other red may be added, when desired, for sunsets or other subjects that require brilliant coloring. Purples are obtained by combinations of scarlet and blue, and brick reds by mixing scarlet with a large proportion of brown, and with terra cotta alone, or with some other red and brown. Other colors less frequently needed will be useful occasionally, either alone or in combination. To reduce the colors to the desired shades it is only necessary to dilute with clean water. All dye colors are self-blending when applied in thin washes; none blend when used otherwise. It is better to apply the colors too weak, rather than strong. The necessary strength, and superior effects, will be obtained by subsequent applications.

The colorist should closely observe color effects in nature and endeavor to reproduce them, in preference to imitating the work of another. The directions which follow merely suggest to the beginner how he may start. By observation, and with a little experience, his ideas will enlarge so that if put into practice his work will steadily improve.

To color a view begin with the sky by going over it with one of the flat brushes containing sufficient clean water to cover the sky surface, and wiping or blotting off the surplus moisture. While the print is wet color the sky, beginning at the horizon, with a very pale tint of yellow, orange, or a pink made by diluting the crimson or scarlet; and drawing the brush across the print with bold, quick strokes, work rapidly toward the top. Then, with a very thin blue, begin at the top and work down into the other tint. These operations may be repeated until the coloring is of the requisite depth, and as a rule the lighter tints should be at the horizon, giving the effect of distance and perspective. The preliminary wetting of the print makes it the more easy to apply the colors smoothly, but it can be dispensed with after some proficiency has been acquired. Reflections of the sky in a sheet of water should have the same tints, and other reflected objects should be given their appropriate colors. In applying the washes it is not necessary to let one tint dry before putting on the next.

The distance may have a wash of blue, and the middle distance can be brightened by a minute portion of yellow added to the blue. These may be varied as occasion requires; for instance, in sunset scenes it is proper to have in the distances suggestions of the brilliant sky tints, while in a winter landscape there are few instances that will require any of the bright tints. In the distances atmospheric effects, not detail, should be aimed for; flat washes and subdued tints will be sufficient.

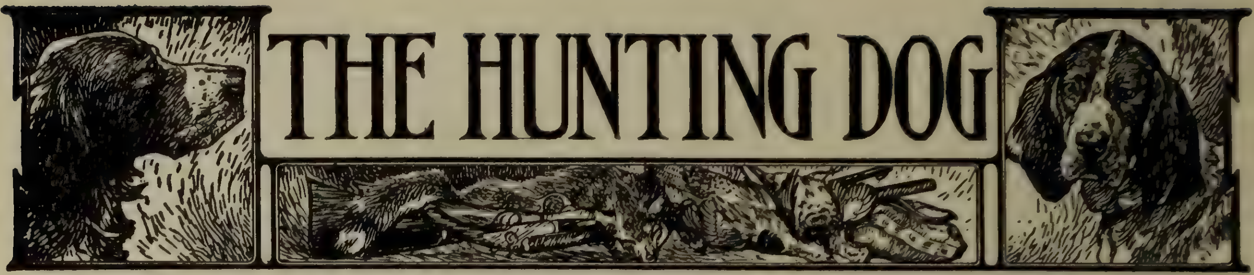
In the foreground more attention should be given to details, and the coloring should be stronger and more brilliant. But it is advised that, instead of very strong general washes the tints be applied in successive washes until there is sufficient depth of color for a ground on which to work up the details. This will have a tendency to transparency, and will lessen the possibility of "muddy" effects. A round brush that can be drawn to a point is preferable for detail work. The strongest and most brilliant colors may, with judgment, be used; but to prevent the running of the strong colors, it will be better to let the flat washes be, at least, surface dry before attempting the details. Brown will now be useful in various degrees of strength, alone and with other colors for deepening shadows, for tree trunks, fences, roads, and applied alternately in light tints with light blue it makes an effective ground for rocks and bare earth. The high-lights of foliage can be touched with strong yellow, and little patches of bright colors can be dabbed here and there on the ground to represent blossoms, fallen and brightly colored leaves and other pleasing effects that are not in the print.

Practice, perseverance and the exercise of judgment will soon enable the beginner to transform a dull, uninteresting print into a thing of beauty. The process is easily mastered. Try it. If you have troubles, make them known. It is our purpose to help. You may stumble upon a new "dodge" which your fellow-workers will appreciate, and possibly some of them will have something equally good to give in return.

Will these colors fade? The almost universal answer is, "Yes." Recently we heard a color demonstrator declare that he had known them to fade so badly in six weeks after application that there remained only a suggestion of the original color effects. The colors are condemned without having had their day in court to which they are entitled. It is amusing to hear the accusations by individuals who are marketing similar colors under names representative of ancient civilizations and far-away lands; always without producing the faded goods.

The writer has used these colors more than a decade, at first of necessity, now by choice, and can produce on demand all of his earliest color work in which the colors are apparently as brilliant as they were when first applied. But even this does not prove the permanence of the colors, as the colored work has been subjected to no severe tests; and as the work was for personal use, and for the purposes required was very satisfactory, no experiments were made to ascertain how severe usage the colors will stand without being affected. Tests, not only of the Diamond dyes but of other dye colors, will be made in the near future, and a year hence the results will be made known.

[Note. The papers mentioned in the above article are those that have been used by the writer. There is no reason why the colors should not work as well on other gelatine-coated surfaces. Small saucers or, better still, artists' porcelain slants will be useful for mixing colors, especially the wash tints.]



THE HUNTING DOG

The Fox Terrier

By Mortimer Browne

Although the rage for the fox terrier has passed somewhat, and other breeds have to a certain extent taken its place, yet it still ranks as one of the most fashionable of small dogs and will, undoubtedly, be a pet and companion in the future as in the past. As a house dog the fox terrier is nearly perfect; indeed, when not snappy, it fulfills every demand.

Few persons realize that no better sporting breed for certain purposes exists. Western hunters know this, and several packs used for hunting bears are composed exclusively of fox terriers. Well do I remember "Patch," the leader of the pack belonging to Marty Lund, a Swede who eight or ten years ago made life miserable for the bears of the Purcell range, British Columbia. Patch would not have stood the remotest chance of even a H. C. at either Croft's or the W. K. C. shows, but when it came to downright hunting he was strictly in it. There were half a dozen others in the pack, but none was so active, intelligent and keen as Patch. Marty did not care a rap about a straight front, or a long "varmint" head, but he knew a good dog when he saw it, and the best he had ever owned was Patch.

"You'd ought to seed that ther' dawg act the time my old rifle missed fire, up Quartz creek," Marty once said, as we lay toasting our shins before a camp-fire not far below timber line, watching the said little hero licking his paws after a hard day's work. "It was in the spring o' the year, and all the b'ars was down along the bottom lands, and I had got my share—four in seven days' clear hunting, and only ten days away from settlements—when we run on to the biggest tracks I ever seen, agoin' into a big belt o' willows. The dawgs took after him, Patch in the lead, and in a mighty short time they had him rounded up.

"Scared? No, sir, them dawgs are too active for any grizzly. Seems to me they kinder make a b'ar batty. He don't know what to think when he sees them little white divils a-runnin' 'round, fit to beat the band, and hollerin' blue murder. So he just sits down on his stern and watches out for a chance to swipe 'em. But he don't get 'em often. Let's see," here Marty began to reckon on his fingers, "there was Bob—never amounted to much, had no savey; and Lucy—a smart little bitch, but terrible venturesome; and Kaiser, and Siwash, that's about all I remembers havin' lost, and I've been at the game nigh on to ten years. Well, as I was sayin', Patch and the rest o' the pack had that ther' b'ar rounded up and I took a'ter them for to get a shot at the old varmint.

"Well, I soon cum'd to the b'ar. Ther' he were sittin' up lookin' real mean, and the dawgs a-circlin' round, but bein' mighty 'ticular not to let Mr. B'ar git a swipe at 'em. I walks up slow and easy to within fifty feet, and then the rifle misses fire. Yes, sir, it warn't no repeater, and long 'fore I could ha' got ready for another shot Mr. B'ar would have had somethin' to say, for he had seen me at last an' was just startin' to git busy.

"What did Patch do? Why, sir, he just sailed in for that ther' b'ar's rump like h——l, and blessed if the old varmint didn't clean, plumb forgit all about me, and turn to chase that ther' dawg. Well he didn't catch him—quite—though once or twice I thought he had, and I felt kinder sick to think o' poor Patch—but he did catch a 500-grain bullet 'bout six inches back o' the ear—after which he knowed nothin'.

"No, I don't know as how I'll sell Patch, *just yit*. Eh, boy?" and the big, hairy hand patted the dog's head. "Grizzlies bain't as plentiful as *they* was, and Patch ain't as young as *he* was, but we *might* chance across one next spring all the same."

THE REFERENDUM

The Hoxie Bullet

I am surprised that I have seen nothing in the Referendum department of Recreation concerning the new Hoxie mushroom bullet. I have been using them in my .30 caliber Savage, and would almost say there ought to be a law requiring hunters of big game to use no other bullet. It is the most humane bullet imaginable, because it is a perfect paralyzer. I would like to hear from others who are using the Hoxie, particularly from someone who has tried it on moose. Is it possible for a bullet to mushroom too *much,* so it does not penetrate far enough to cause a mortal wound or otherwise disable an animal as large as a moose, supposing it strikes the shoulder? Wm. E. Mack.

West Woodstock, Vt.

Certainly

Is it worth while to reload the .25-20 with black powder and lead bullet for woodchucks?

With a resizer could the same shell be used four or five times safely?

East Aurora, N. Y. Philo Fritz.

[Yes, 19 grains of black powder and a 77-grain or an 86-grain bullet will do nicely for 'chucks. In the case of the .25-20 W. H. V. and similar smokeless loads the metal of the shells sometimes becomes strained and the cartridges will not stand reloading many times. When black powder is used one may reload sometimes a score of times.—Ed.]

Skunks and Yellow-Jackets

It has been some time since I wrote you anything about Lake Chelan. There is nothing new or startling to write about. The tourist season is over (October 15) and has been the shortest known on the lake. The fishing has been extra good. Judge E. Jaggard, of St. Paul, Minn., and S. H. Pendleton, of Santa Ana, Cal., both expert and enthusiastic fishermen, pronounced it unequaled. Grouse shooting has been good, but they are high up on the mountains. Bears have been more numerous than usual. A party of three were out from the foot of the lake less than a week and returned with three black bears.

Now for a question or two:—

Do skunks clean out yellow-jacket nests?

Is there such a duck as the black-headed widgeon? There have been several flocks of ducks on the lake lately that I am not familiar with and I have been told that they were widgeons. The duck is about the size of a bluebill, about the same color, with white feathers in its wings; head and bill shaped similar to those of a brant.

Snow on the summits of the mountains is likely to drive the deer down. None have been killed this season.

Jas. W. Nicol.

Moore P. O., Wash.

[We have always made it a rule not to investigate the habits of either skunks or yellow-jackets, and we cannot imagine anyone witnessing a cleaning out such as our correspondent suggests.

The ducks referred to were probably white-winged scoters.—Ed.]

A Squabble Over Squirrels

I don't agree with Wm. R. Lott, who, in the November Recreation, criticised Ernest Cave's article on shooting fox-squirrels with a 16-gauge gun. Furthermore, I don't believe he lives at Rainbow lake, Adirondacks. He lives in New York city, and never shot a fox-squirrel in his life, or else I make a very poor guess. He is just another one of those Eastern chickaree-shooting individuals that think they can teach us Western men the ethics of sportsmanship. I take no offense at Mr. Lott, in particular, but I think a man should not be allowed to "talk" in the Referendum department until he knows what he is talking about. Mr. Lott seems to forget, when he talks about "starting right," that the average boy, when he gets big enough to hunt, cannot afford more than one gun—and even if he could, his parents would forbid the additional gun as a useless extravagance. Naturally, then, he must shoot a shotgun; the small game most hunted, and with success, by the younger sportsmen the country over, are not .22 caliber game, in actual hunting.

Let the boys start with a shotgun—it is not half as dangerous in careless hands as a .22 rifle; and as for giving a boy an automatic, that would be the worst kind of foolishness. It is an actual fact that far too many boys are allowed to hunt with rifles. Particularly in the Adirondacks, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, you find boys and tenderfeet without number hunting with rifles and ready to shoot at anything that moves. If they would first learn how to behave in the woods by hunting small game with a shotgun, it might be safe for a real hunter to be abroad in the deer season.

As for the "shotgun slaughterer of small game" exterminating the fox-squirrels, I will willingly lend Mr. Lott a good 16-gauge hammerless and turn him out at daylight in the squirrel timber near my place and give him the gun if he gets more than a half dozen squirrels by the time the cows come home—and we have plenty of squirrels.

New Boston, Ill. Ed. James.

Leave Well Alone

Will some reader of Recreation please advise me in regard to the proper load for a .32 Special Winchester with black powder? How many grains of powder and how many grains of lead, say for 100 yards?

I wish to reload my shells for small game; how many grains of smokeless powder are used in loading the .32 Special with nitro powder?

I have just purchased a new .32 Special and I think I have got the ideal gun for both large and small game. However, my experience is quite limited in hunting for large game. E. F. Greenough.

Summit, Colo.

[(1) Use 40 grains of powder and a lead bullet weighing 170 grains.

(2) We do not advise on reloading with smokeless, holding the practice a dangerous one, excepting for experts.—Ed.]

Defends the Auto-Loader

In the September Recreation I see a letter from L. E. Burkett, of Ellwood City, Pa., in which he makes a few statements regarding auto-loading guns, and also mentions the .35 caliber auto-loading rifle. I note that he says he has seen an auto-loading rifle fired at a plank (dry oak) at fifty yards, and that the .35-caliber ball did not even stick in the plank, but rebounded and he picked it up. He also says that he would not have one of the auto-loading guns because they will not kill. Experienced as Mr. Burkett is (for he says he has hunted game, big and small, for thirty years) I am afraid that in the matter of auto-loading guns, and especially the rifle, he is just a little inexperienced.

Now, as a matter of fact, I have personally shot my .35 auto-loading rifle through four inches of dry oak, using the soft point bullet, and I fear that if Mr. Burkett were to stand behind an oak plank, while someone shot at it with the .35, he would feel very unpleasant after the first shot. Consulting the Winchester catalogue, Mr. Burkett will find the following to be true:—

"Model 1905—Self loading rifle—Velocity of bullet (at 50 ft.) 1,400 ft. per sec. Penetration in ⅞-inch pine boards, at 15 ft. from the muzzle, with soft-point bullet, 10 boards and with the full point the penetration is 18 boards. It has, or rather the energy of the bullet in foot pounds at 50 ft. is, 782 lbs."

I think that this rifle shows good shooting qualities, and produces enough shock for anything up to a black bear. I do not think that the bullet should rebound when shot at an oak plank, for even the .22 automatic will not do that. I think that the bouncing back of this bullet was an accident in this case, and may have been due to some defect in the loading of the cartridge and would, therefore, ask Mr. Burkett to give the .35 auto-loader another trial before condemning it.

Now, as to auto-loaders in general, I can see nothing wrong with their shooting qualities. I have owned, at different times, and shot the .35 auto-loading rifle, the .22 automatic, the Browning shotgun, the .32, .38 and .45 automatic Colt's pistols, besides three Lugers, two of the .30 caliber and one 9 m-m. The Browning (now the Remington) shotgun with 24 grains Laflin & Rand powder will do good work and shoots well. All of the automatic, or auto-loading, Colt's mentioned shoot as well as one could wish. My .45 A. C. P. will penetrate a green 6 x 6 cypress post; I think that enough to please anyone. As to the Luger, it is also a powerful small arm, having a muzzle velocity of 1,150 ft. and a maximum range of 2,000 yards—how is that for an auto-loader?

As to the auto-loader losing chamber pressure by the breech block having to be thrown back, I would say that this is, in a measure, true, but with our modern smokeless powder it amounts to very little. I certainly do not mean to say that the .35 auto-loader is powerful enough for all uses, nor do I mean to say that it has the penetration of a .30-40, but I do say that it is a very handy gun for deer and black bear, plenty powerful enough for both.

My .30-40 box magazine rifle will, with a full point, penetrate a three-foot gum tree, as it has often done. We, however, do not hunt gum trees, but game, and, therefore, use a soft point, losing greatly in penetration, but gaining in shock to a vast extent. Were I to hunt elephants, and desire to penetrate them end to end, I would choose a .30-40 or the .30 U. S. G. M. '03 Rimless and not a .35 auto-loader. I should like Mr. Burkett to give the rifle another trial and let us hear from him again. JOHN P. BOAGNI.

Opelousas, La.

Foot Pounds and Foot Seconds

I have taken great interest in the revolver correspondence which has been going on for some time in your Referendum columns and thought that the inclosed might interest some of your readers.

I have used the .450 cartridge loaded with both ordinary and man-stopping bullets, and find decidedly less recoil when using M. S. bullets.

Will you kindly let me know what is the lightest powder load I could use in a .38 S. & W. and .45 Colt's and still use the 145 and 255 grain bullets?

Will you kindly explain the meaning of foot pounds and foot seconds and give me any further enlightenment on the subject, as I have often wondered what they meant? GEO. M. CATHCART.

Glasgow, Scotland.

[Better shooting may be had in the .38 S. & W. Special with 20 or 21 grains of powder than with less, though you may, of course, use any reduced load you deem desirable. The .45 Colt's is loaded with either 28 or 38 grains of powder and for target work the lighter load has some advantage.

Foot pounds means a force equal to that exerted by a weight of as many pounds falling one foot. Foot seconds are equivalent to the number of feet traversed in one second, at the velocity of the projectile at the instant specified.—ED.]

Grand for 'Chucks

I note that P. Walter, of Iver Grove, Minn., asks in July RECREATION about the "ideal rifle," mentioning the .25-35 Savage. I have never had a Savage of this caliber, but have a .25-35 Winchester single shot and, as the twist is the same, powder and bullet the same and workmanship even up, my experience may help.

My previous letters to Recreation, one in January and one in the August number, may give some ideas. Furthermore, I can answer Mr. Walter's questions from experience gained in actual practice:—

Paper-patched or composition bullets will not work in the .25-35 with black or semi-smokeless powder. I have tried them both and some of the bullets would go from 15 to 25 feet to the right on 200-yard range, some would not reach the target at all.

I made a mould and experimented with paper-patched bullets, after having the rifling tapered in front of the chamber. I shot bullets weighing as high as 160 grains, patched with medium paper, with fine results, using the full load of 19 grains of Lightning powder. Also shot bullets weighing as low as 60 grains, patched, with good results.

If you will obtain the new No. 9 copper U. M. C. primer, you can reload as high as fifteen or twenty times, service load. Sometimes a shell will split the first shot. This is exceptional and seldom happens with me. As I stated, I had no success whatever with King's or black powder, in any shape, in my gun.

As to target practice, here is where the .25-35 will fool you; at least if you have the success I have had. I have the Ideal mould for the alloy bullet No. 257231, Hudson alloy, .10-10-80, 111 grains, bullet resized and lubricated. Use 10 grains Marksman powder, bullet seated in shell, muzzle of shell resized to hold bullet friction tight, no crimp. I have repeatedly had four and five consecutive bulls on German ring target, 200 yards, rest and telescope, and fired 30 shots, all of them better than 21 on same target and range. This charge is about all the bullet will stand, as it tumbles some up to 50 or 75 yards and then apparently straightens up. This load would be all right for 300 yards but would have considerably higher flight than the jacketed bullet, with full load, and being a hard bullet would not expand, as I have shot the alloy bullet through 6 inches of oak with little mutilation. Mr. Newton, of Buffalo, states he has had fine success with the .25-20-86 bullet at 500 yards, with 18 grains of Lightning, as his scores show. I have shot this bullet up to 300 yards with good results, and the regular charge will reach almost anything in sight. I never use the metal-patched bullet except for hunting, most of which is for woodchucks, and for which especial purpose I bought my .25-35, on account of the low flight of the bullet and high power. For woodchucks it cannot be beaten—I caught one under the chin last Saturday, at between 225 and 250 yards, knocking him three feet and he was badly cut up.

So far as the cleaning is concerned, three rags will clean mine perfectly, using "3 in 1" oil, no soda or much elbow grease. I am glad to note that Mr. McLaury has bought a .25-35 and likes it. For a gun crank who is resourceful, there is no limit to the experimenting it offers, combined with the best of results.

Syracuse, N. Y. H. B. Johnson.

A Reloading Query

Will some kind brother who has loaded bulk smokeless powder in brass shells let me hear from him as to how the shells shot?

I have loaded black powder into brass shells for many years, and should very much appreciate any information as to how smokeless powder acts when loaded into a brass shell.

I should be thankful, also, if advised as to manner of loading, size of wads used and so forth. Fred C. Kiefer.

Central Islip, L. I.

Likes the .38-55 Winchester

I would say to Mr. F. F. Wood that I have a .38-55 Winchester which is very satisfactory and is not by any means an expensive weapon to shoot when reloaded ammunition is used.

The U. M. C. company recommends the high power cartridge. I have shot the Savage H. P. load and think it plenty stout for any old bear, but if I wanted a gun for small game, mostly, I would have a .32-40, and use high power loads for big game—either Winchester, Marlin or Savage.

I should like to see an auto-loader to use 220 grains of lead and about 30 grains of powder. I have not yet seen the new .38 S. A. pistol, and am going to get a S. & W. double-action .38.

Washington, Mo. M. L. P.

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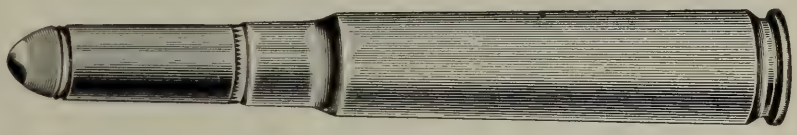

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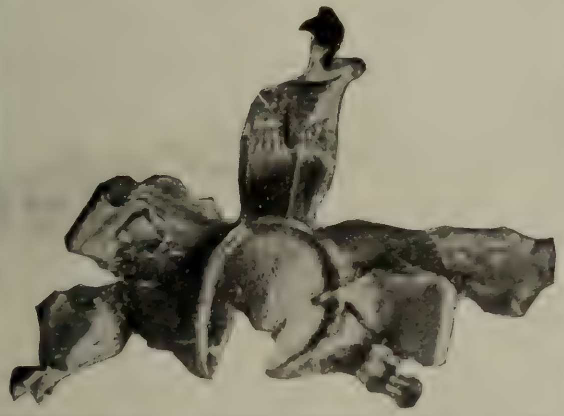

This expanded Steel Jacket of a .33 cal. bullet was extracted from the beef about 4 in. from the surface, the lead of the bullet passing through, leaving a 3-in. rent where **it** went out.

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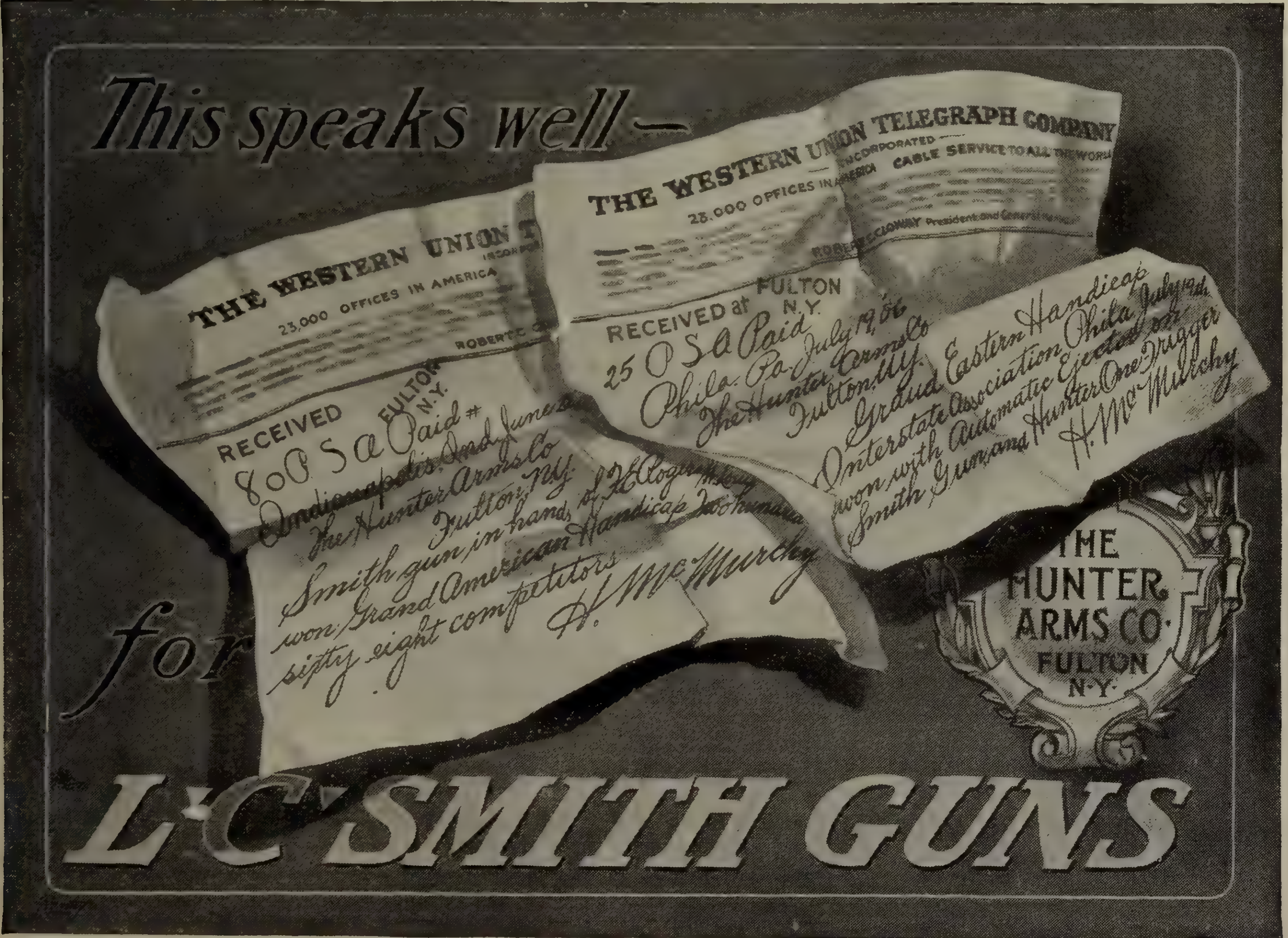

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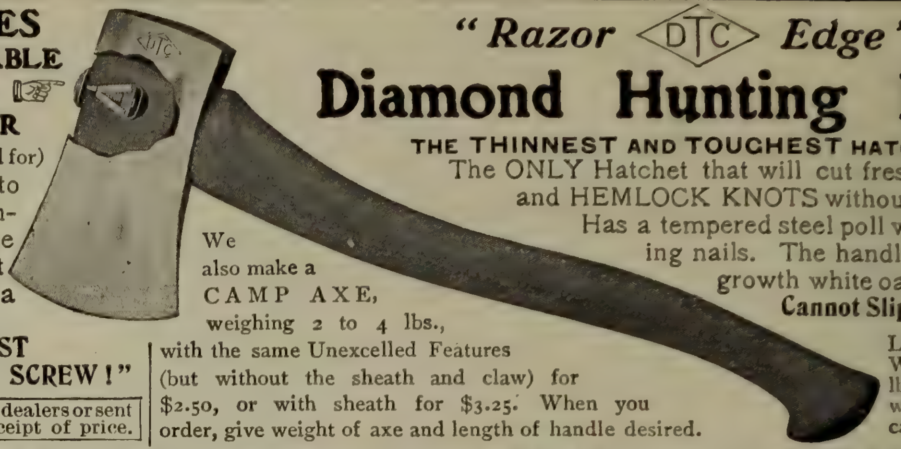

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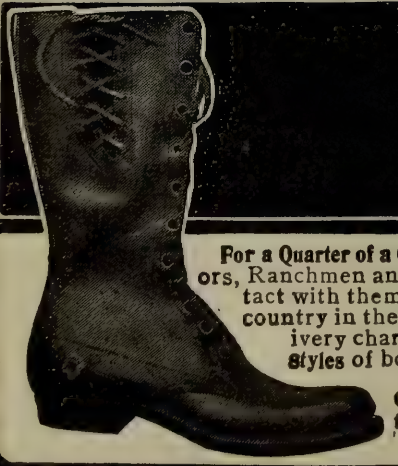

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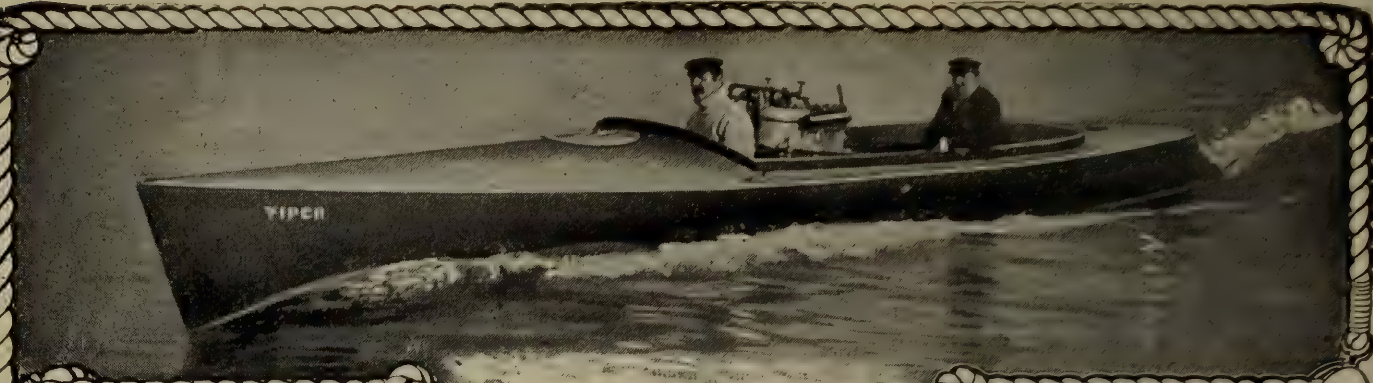

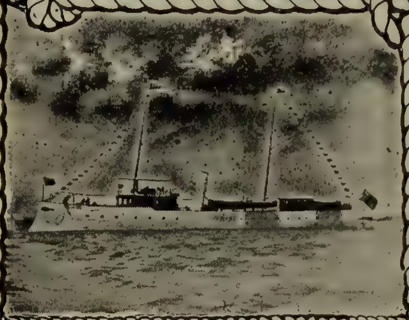

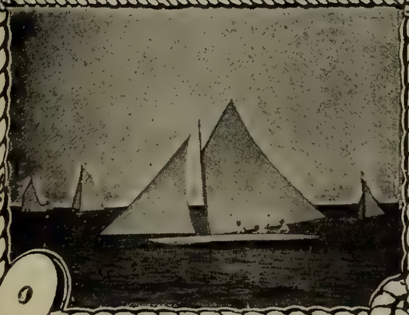

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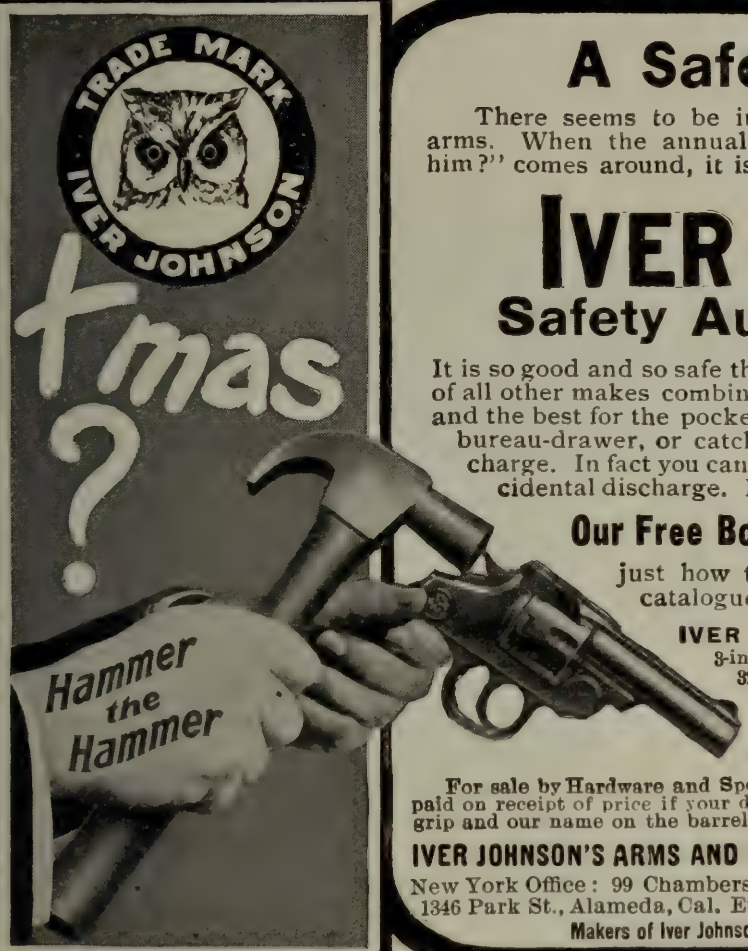

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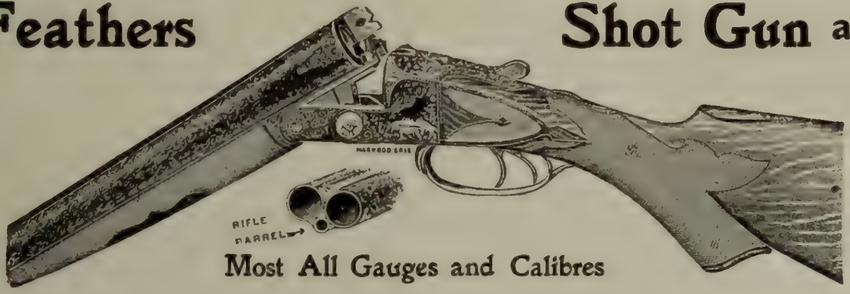

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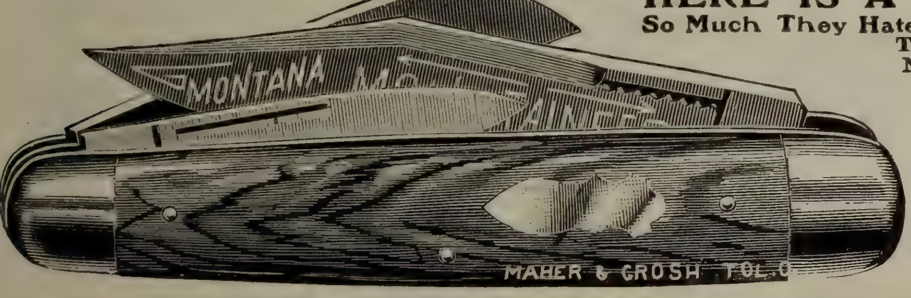

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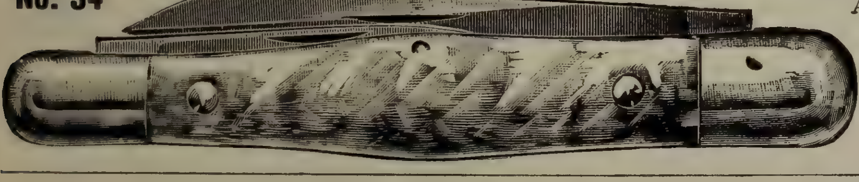

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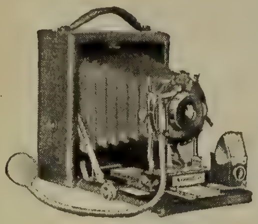

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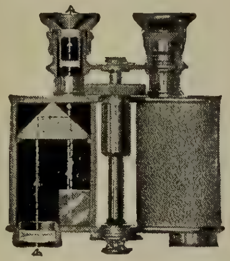

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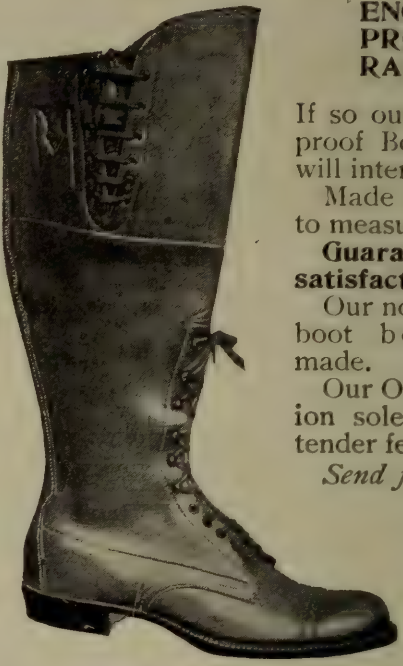

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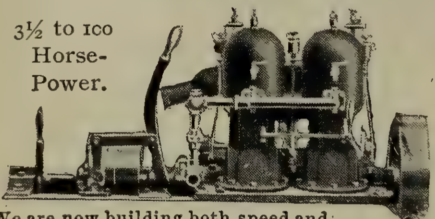

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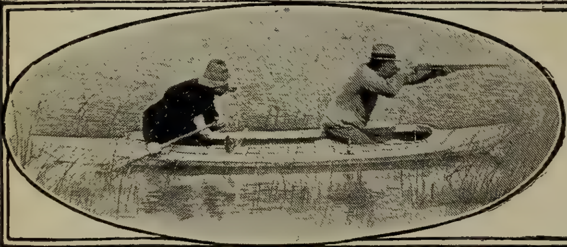

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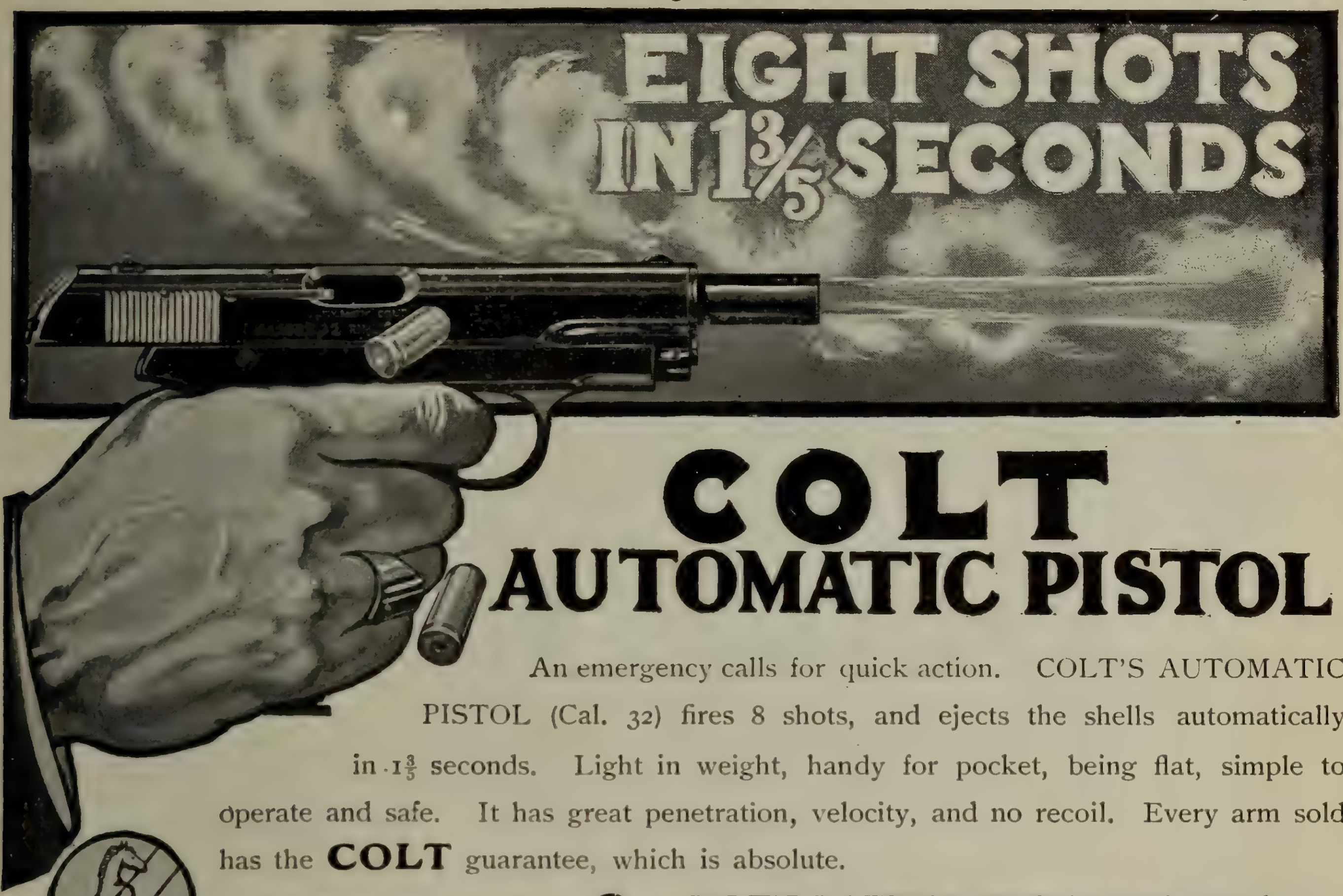

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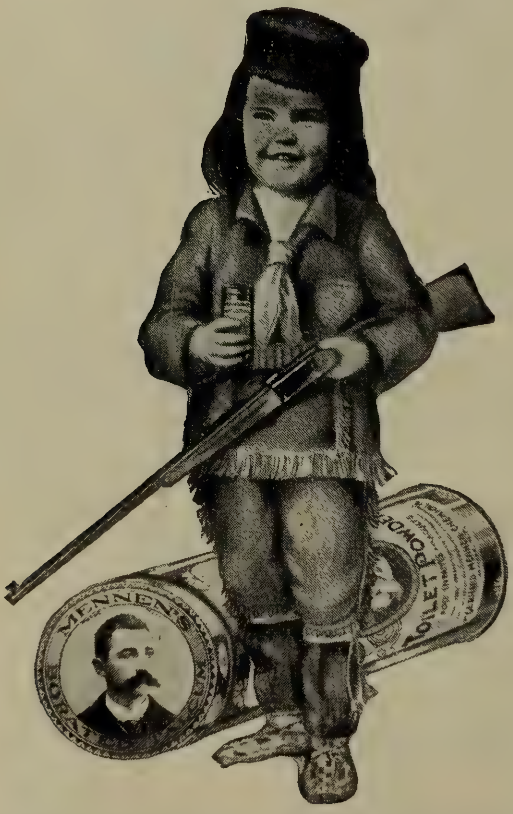

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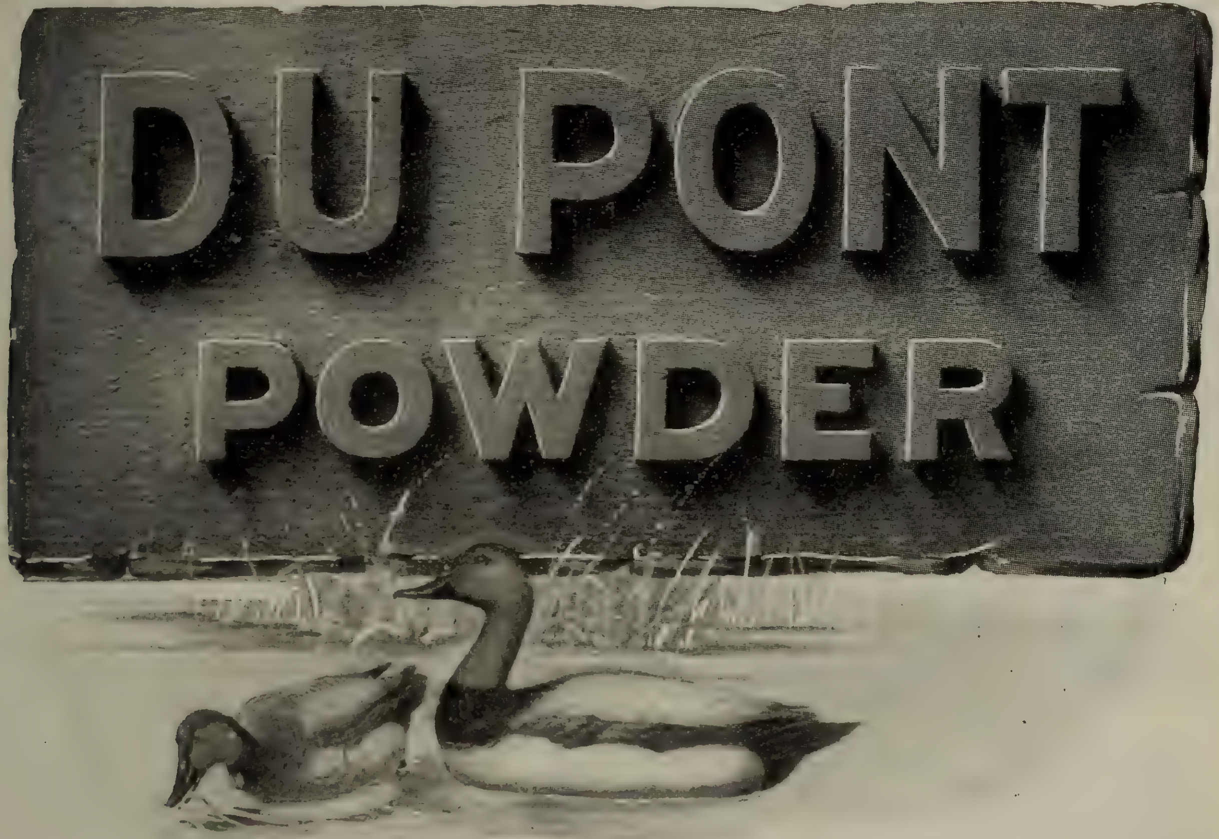

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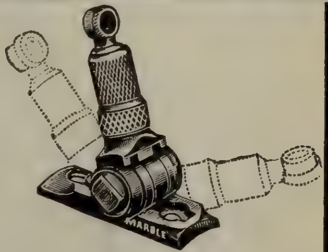

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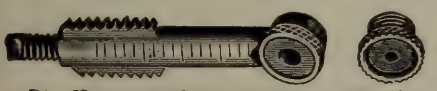

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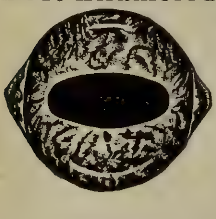

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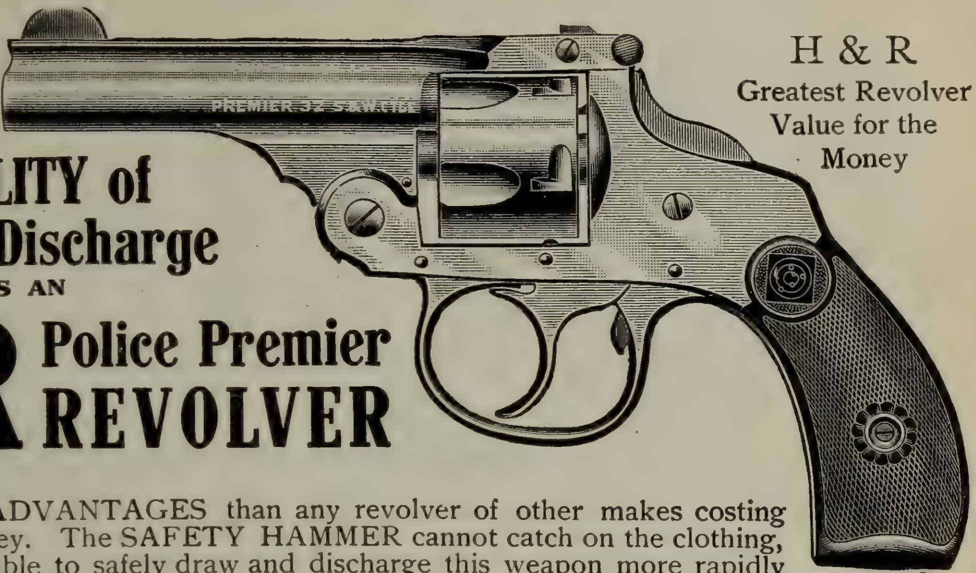
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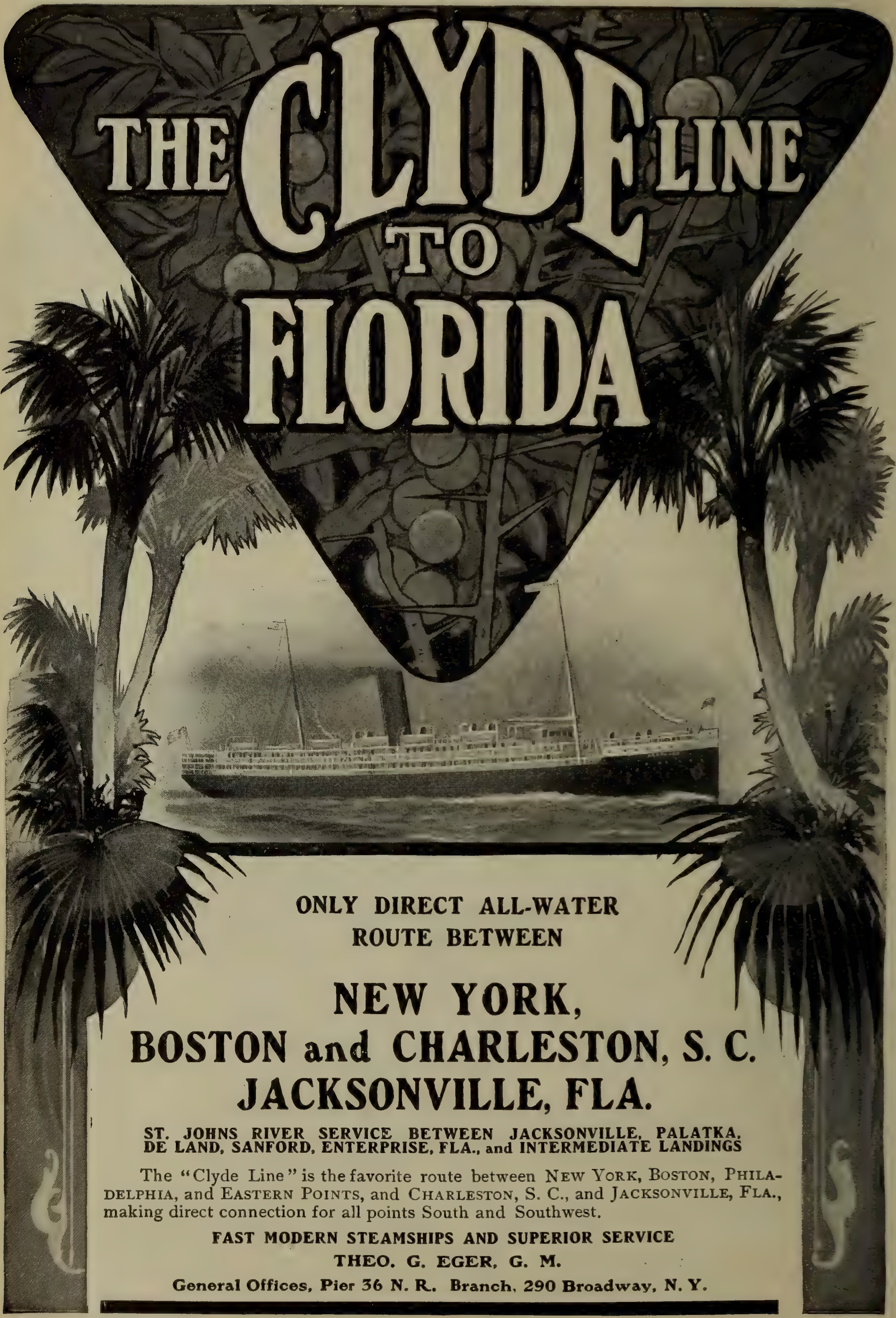

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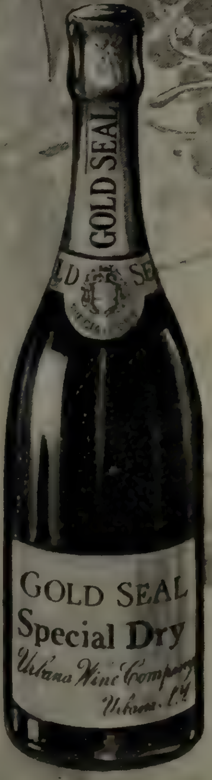

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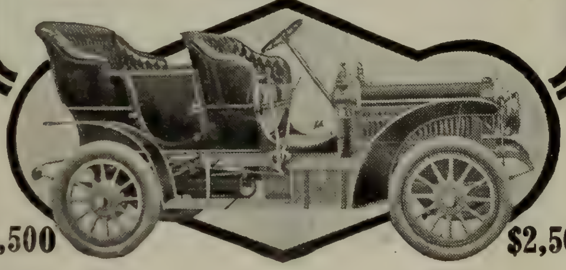

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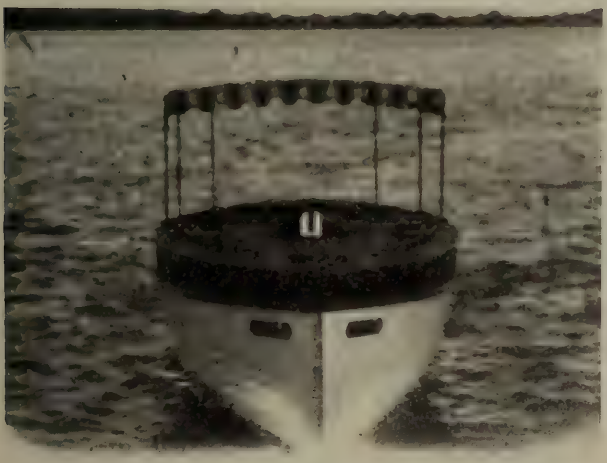

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LIGHTS CIGAR, CIGARETTE or PIPE anywhere, at any time—in wind, rain or snow—on land or sea. THE HARDER IT BLOWS—THE BRIGHTER IT GLOWS. It

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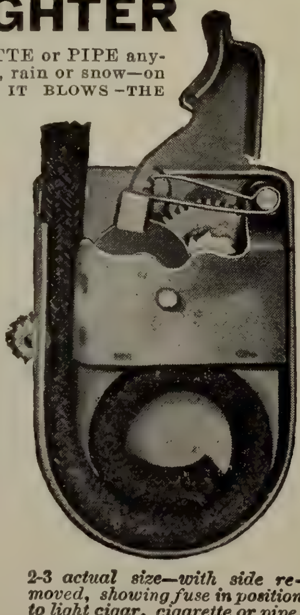

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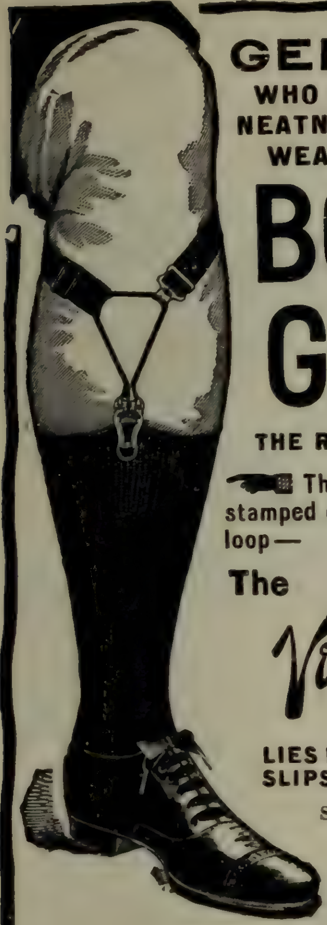

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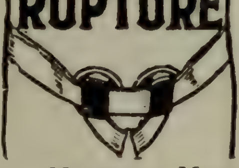

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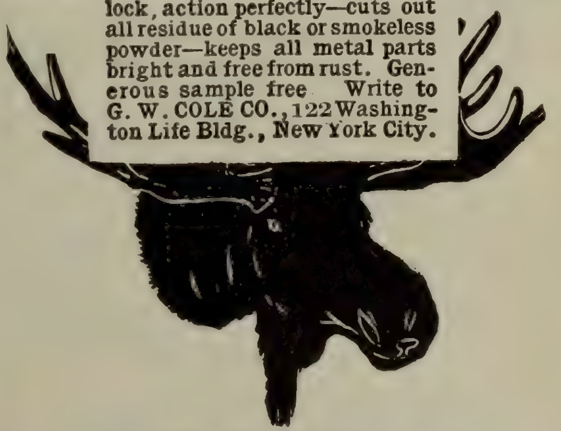

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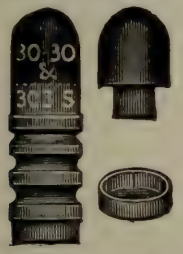

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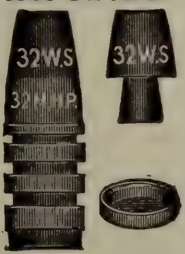

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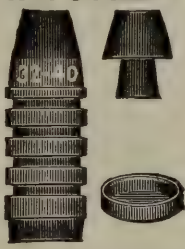

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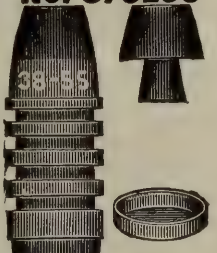

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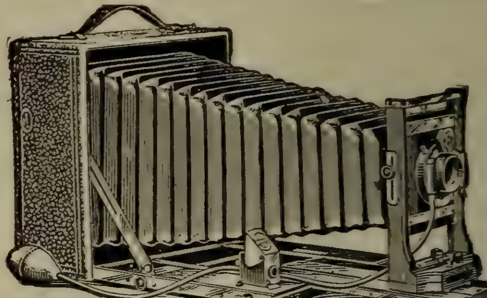

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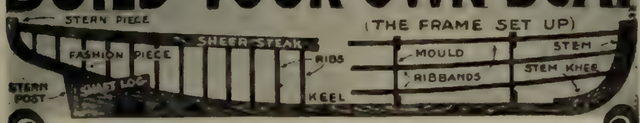

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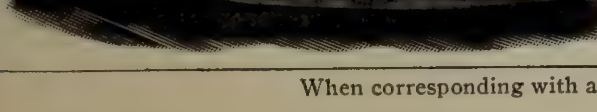

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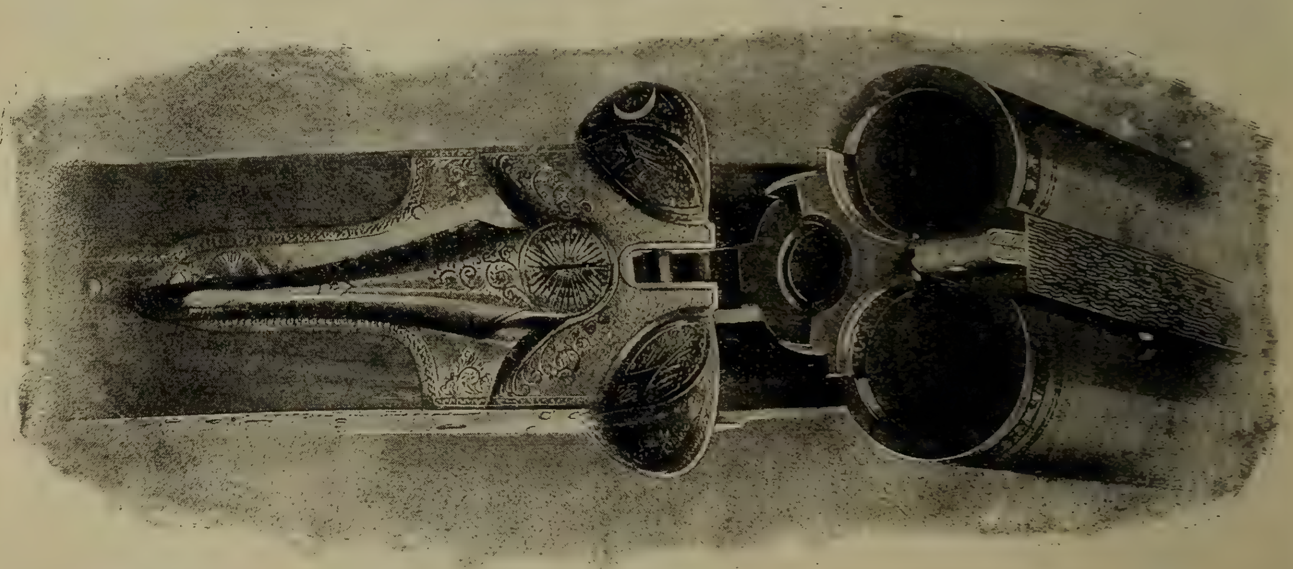

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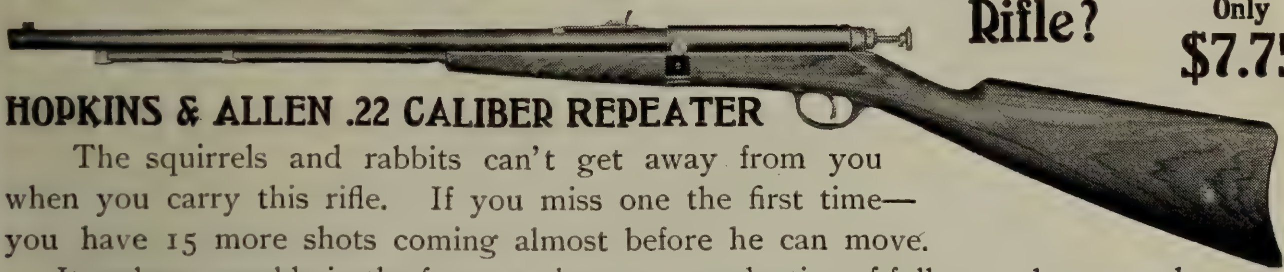

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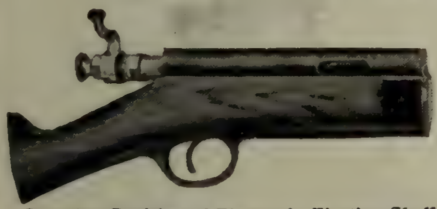

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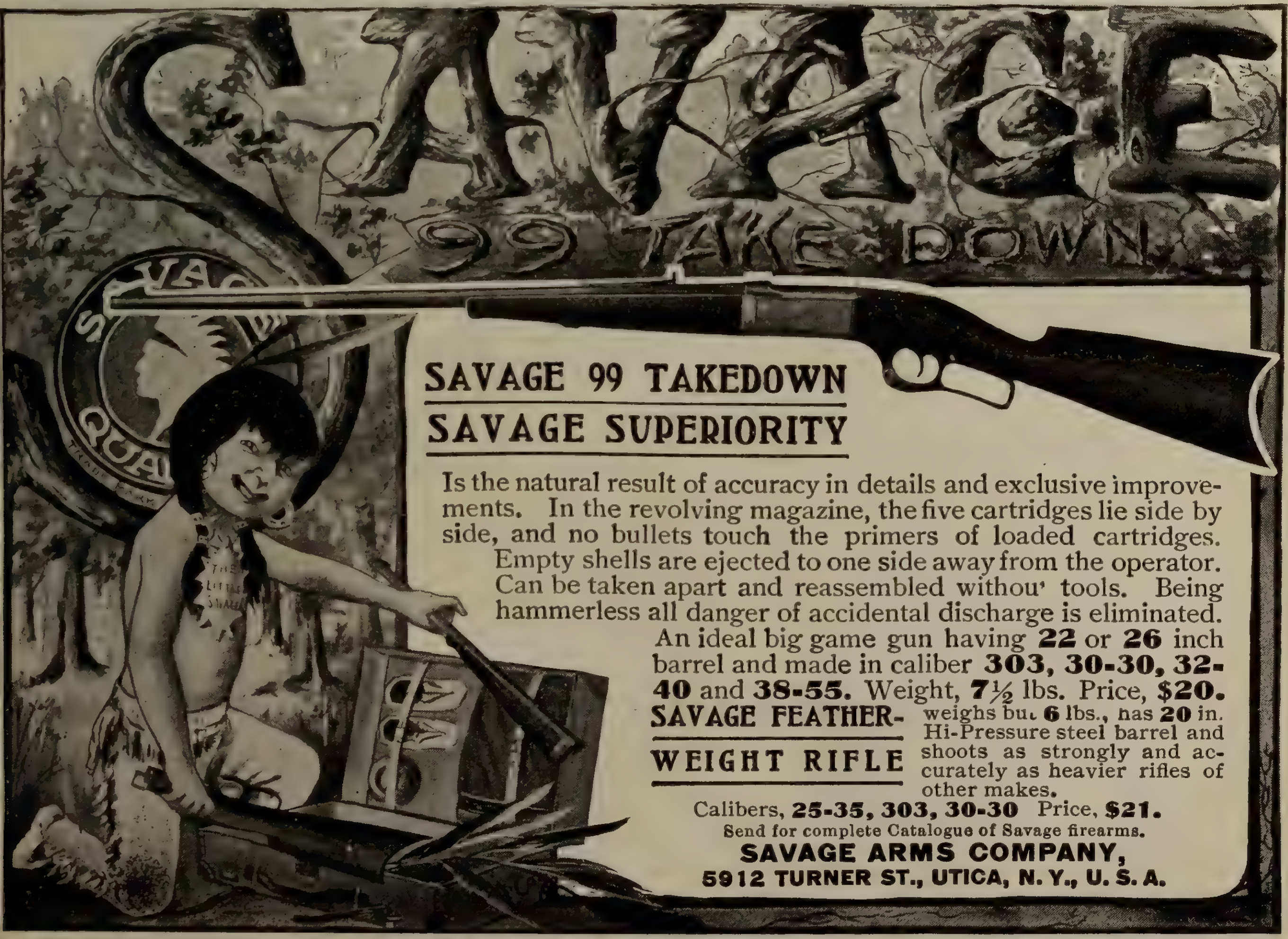

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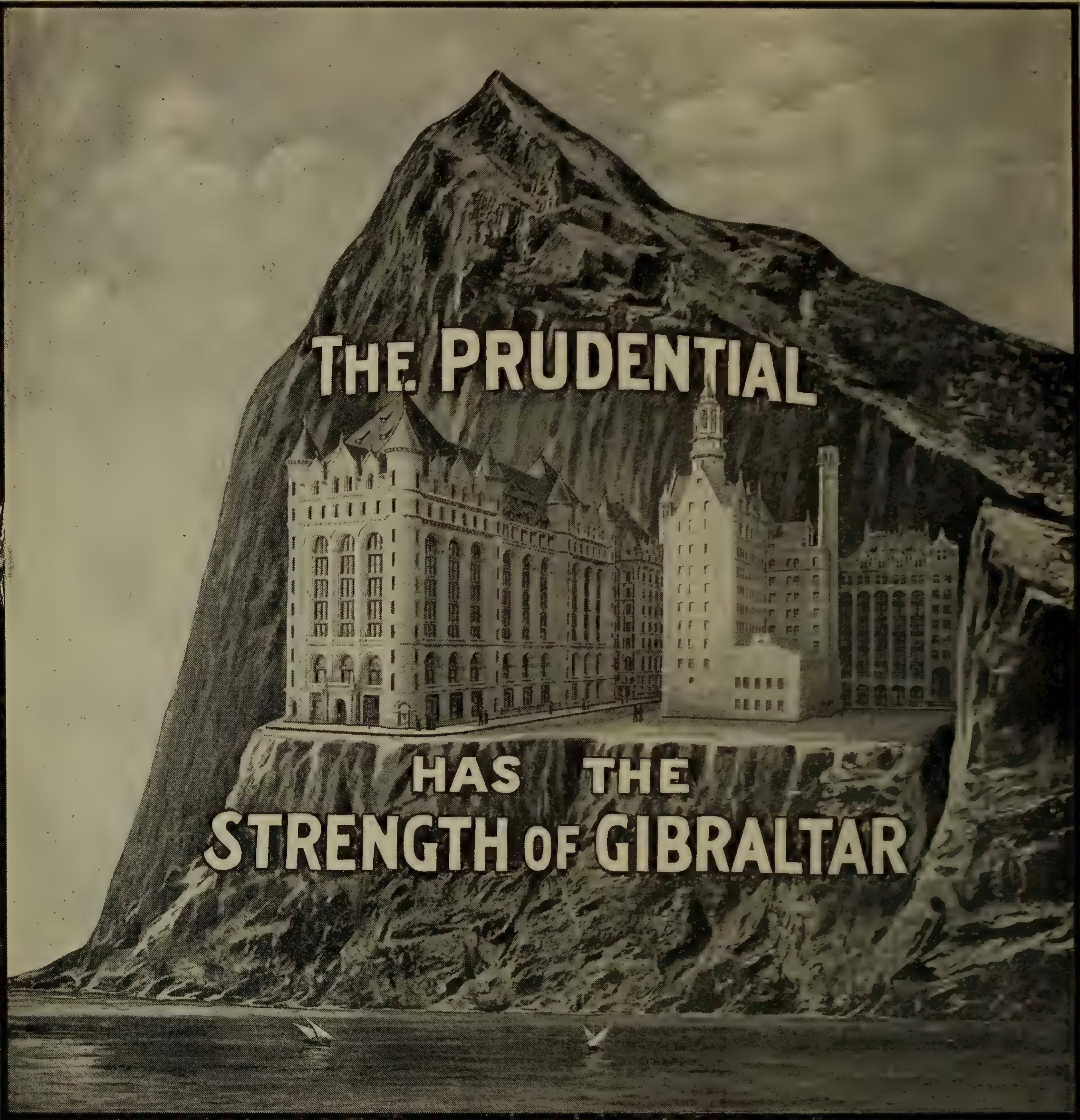

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